

IOWA STATE BYSTANDER.

VOL 3

DES MOINES, IOWA, JULY, 10, 1896.

NO 4.

JOHN L. THOMPSON, Editor.

Send money by postoffice order, money order, express or draft, to THE IOWA STATE BYSTANDER Publishing Company.

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.

All correspondence and communications must be signed by the persons writing the same.

All entertainments, concerts, festivals, etc., for which an admission fee is charged, will be published at the rate of 5 cents per line for each insertion. Lists of presents for anniversaries, weddings, etc., will be charged extra.

ONLY AFRICAN-REPUBLICAN PAPER IN IOWA

National Republican Ticket

FOR PRESIDENT,
WILLIAM MCKINLEY,
OF OHIO.
FOR VICE-PRESIDENT
GARRETT A. HOBART,
OF NEW JERSEY.

Merchants Know the Value of a good advertising Medium—Read our "Ads."

I am a candidate for secretary of state subject to the decision of the republican convention. C. S. BYRRIE, Des Moines, Iowa.

I am a candidate for secretary of state, subject to the decision of the republican convention. GEORGE L. DOBSON, Des Moines.

I am a candidate for secretary of state, subject to the decision of the republican convention. ED. D. CHASSELL, LeMars, Ia.

POLK COUNTY SEMI-CENTENNIAL.

More than twenty thousand people witnessed the exercises at Union Park last Wednesday, and fully twenty-five thousand viewed the immense street parade both in the evening by the cyclist of Polk county with Japanese lanterns. The day was pleasant and the celebration was a success. Fifty years ago the wild sound of the redman, the whistling of the quail and cooing of the prairie chicken held a absolute sway on the prairies and treeless plains of Polk county, but now the roar of the steam and electric cars, the whistling of the factories and workshops; the mighty tread of horses and men on the paved streets and cement walks are precursors of the great progress that the Polk county citizens has made since the landing of the first white man in 1846. In this city where once the squirrel, the rabbit, the deer and the Indian made his peaceful home, is the home of a thrifty, energetic, enterprising class of people with happy homes and beautiful churches, the hand of progress and civilization has made rapid growth in this country.

Since our last issue our national day has come and gone, with its gaieties of attractions. Even the little urchins will tottle along with a smile of contentment on his face, love of liberty in its heart and the fire of patriotism popping from his hands in those noisy fire-crackers. The gentle breeze and floating flag all seemed to know the true importance and significance of the occasion. One hundred and twenty years ago on the Fourth of July the Declaration of Independence was signed declaring these United States forever free from England. An absolutist may ask was it necessary to denounce the British government? We answer, yes. It was necessary for the good of society to right all wrongs and revoke all injustices. It became necessary that the children of Israel should be delivered from Egyptian bondage, and Moses was chosen as their leader. It also became necessary that ancient Egypt, once the cradle of science, by her superstitious and ceremonious ways should be dissolved, and the Persian rulers performed the act. Assyria was likewise dissolved. Ancient Greece, the mother of art, declared her freedom about 400 B. C., and she gained it. Then came Rome. Religious

tion of England's slave was necessary, and this was accomplished in 1832. Later human slavery was abolished in America by the emancipation proclamation. Today the great wrongs and injustices of mob violence and lynch law confront the American people. The people must meet and suppress this evil as other wrongs have been suppressed. The love and patriotism of country can not be taught too much to American children. No one can doubt the colored man loyalty, because of the fact that when he had no country nor freedom his blood was the first to flow to appease British wrath in the person of Crispus Attacker, who fell in the Revolutionary war. Ninety years later, when this union was dissolved, his blood was shed for the preservation of the union and the flag, in the person of Mr. Biddle. If he was loyal in such trying days when he had no country or flag we can not doubt him now.

There is an element we doubt. It is the element that is flooding this country from other lands— anarchist, communist, nihilist and other offals that is dumped upon our land. Restrict such emigration, suppress mob violence and stop lynching, and other minor evils will right themselves.

We can not wait for the world to make us. We are what we make ourselves. Be punctual, honest, and courteous, and you will succeed. The action of the colored man Jack Tice down in Florida, who killed two white men, and fatally wounded two others who attacked his home in search of his 14-year-old son, is to be highly commended. When would-be lynchers get after a colored American citizen if he would defend himself with his life's blood there would be less lynching and more dead white lynchers. Until our men defend themselves and their homes such lynchings will go on. He is a brave man that will fight for home and liberty.

The national democratic platform contains everything but a plank opposed to mob rule or lynch law. The republican party is on record as opposed to this manner of override law and has so expressed itself in unmistakable terms. The reason the democracy is afraid to express itself is because the south might become offended and would consider it a blow at one of this chief industries. The loyal Afro-American will not be long in deciding which party he will support.

Again Professor Booker T. Washington received national honor by Harvard university, one of the oldest and best colleges in America conferring on him an honorable degree. He was the first colored man to receive such a degree. This is an object lesson of what ability, honesty and energy will accomplish. Think of one being born a slave, and now a member of a great educational institution. Let the good work go on.

In another part of this issue appears Chief Justice Harlin's dissent from the majority. In the famous "Gins Crow Car" case of Kentucky, Justice Harlin's opinion rises above prejudice and environments and ejcters the broad field of universal liberty, equal justice according to the law of equity. We think if the U. S. had more such broad minded men as Justice Harlin the world would be better and our court decisions more respected.

Readers we trust that you will patronize the merchants and business houses that advertise with us, because the merchants are depended upon the public for sustenance and we in turn are dependent on merchants for advertisement and sustenance to a great extent. When trading please remind them of the fact that you have or have not seen their advertisements in THE BYSTANDER.

RACE ECHOES.

Brenham, Tex., boasts of a citizen who is perhaps the oldest person living in the United States, if not in the world—Mrs. Mary Marks, colored. She was born in the Wes Indies in 1776. When a child she was stolen by slaveholders and sold in Baltimore. In 1780, when a woman of 45, she was taken to Texas by her master; at 60 she married John Marks, a noted preacher, who raised the money to purchase her freedom. Her husband has been dead a number of years. She is 120 years old.

Detroit Afro-Americans are well represented in political positions. In the sheriff's office there are two; two in the county clerk's; two in the treasurer's; two on the board of public works; two in the city tax office; one in city hall; one circuit commissioner. This is due to union and a united effort.

J. T. Sanders, a young Afro-American of Charlotte, South Carolina, has on foot a plan to open a penny savings bank in that city. He has a capital stock of over \$6,000 already and expects soon to be doing a good banking business. Let the Afro-Americans of Iowa profit by what Mr. Sanders has accomplished. Get together and do something for ourselves and the race.

BREAD, NEGRO AND MONEY

Republican Advocate: When a Negro buys a loaf of bread from a white merchant the Negro gets the bread and the white race has the money. But when a Negro buys a loaf of bread from a Negro merchant the Negro has the bread and the Negro race has the money. This fact, simple as it is, is the secret of the white man's power. Let Negroes clip this out and make your sons and daughters learn it by heart. Acting upon this idea would soon give all our rights before the law. White men vie with each other to carry favor and get our trade.

President Wright, colored, of the Georgia Agricultural college, has this anecdote told of him. At the close of the war General Howard addressed the pupils of a Negro school in Atlanta. The general said, "What shall I tell them in the north when I go back?" A Negro boy sitting in the front row jumped to his feet and cried out, "tell them we are rising." That boy is now President Wright. —Boston Courant.

Mr. Frank R. Stewart of Montana, the only colored man, who entered the Yale-Harvard debate, won the Boyalston prize in the oratorical contest last May.

A state college for colored people has been organized in South Carolina. Hon. Thos. E. Miller is president. Buildings are to be erected at once and it is hoped to have the school opened by next fall. Our Clafin university has for some years past been receiving the state appropriations that will go to support this school, and we understand the separation is made by mutual agreement.

Tuskegee Institute of Alabama, is the only Negro institution of the south giving instructions in scientific dairying. The young men and ladies of the school are taught the very latest methods of making first class creamery butter. This is to be one of the leading industries of the south and Tuskegee is up-to-date in this new industry. Prof. J. W. Hoffman has charge of this line of work, and is the first Negro to make a specialty of scientific dairying in this country.

Congressman Hager was re-nominated on the 89th ballot in the Ninth district. It was a stubborn fight. Mr. Hager is one of the strongest men in the Iowa delegation. It looks now as though the entire Iowa delegation in congress would be returned.

The Afro-American was notable by his absence at the democratic convention in Chicago.

Subscribe for THE BYSTANDER now and keep posted on the pending political questions. It should be read by every family in Des Moines.

The democratic party will not be entrusted with the financial policy of this government again, even if the adopted free and unlimited coinage of silver. The people will not be fooled all the time.

The world calls for young men and women of energy, brain muscle and character to stand against the many evil temptations of life. Young people prepare yourself to meet the urgent requirement of today.

Mrs. Annie E. Hepburn won a great victory in the republican primaries. In the county convention she won another. The people made their choice known at the polls and they made themselves heard in the county convention.

Monday evening at the pleasant home of Mrs. Anna Renix, 1010 Center street, gathered a host of young people led by Attorney W. R. Foster. The occasion was the eighteenth anniversary of Miss Blanche Winnifred. The evening was spent in music, social converse, games, etc. After partaking of a delicate repast, the party left for their respective homes feeling that they had spent a very pleasant time. Those present were: Misses Mandaline Watts, Maple Morton, Gertrude Lewis, Laura Odell, Lizzie Walker, Jeanette Wood, Rose Terry, Anna Smith, Ophelia Wood, Effie Jackson, Bertha Blakey, Messrs. John Brown, Oscar Everhart, Ed Miller, Mode Scott, Joe Wyatt, James Wood, Geo. Wood, Frank Johnson, John Rogers, Howard Williams, Thad Ruff, W. R. Foster.

LEAN UPON YOUR UNCLE HORACE.

Just before the election, brother, Though you skin is dark with tan, With the ballot of a freeman We can recognize a man. "You must lean upon another," Never seek for place in state; We advise you vote for Horace, Learn to labor and to wait.

Chorus— Lean upon your Uncle Horace Chief of democratic clan, For our party gave them freedom, Fought to make of you a man.

We have always loved you, brother, For your real intrinsic worth; Even when we called you cattle, When we thought we owned the earth; Then our dollars were invested In your dark and sunny hide, And we lost our loss most keenly When you ran away or died.

Chorus— 'Tis the late unpleasant struggle, 'Tis the "Old Ape" had set you free, Jefferson, died of our party, Said that men you never be; But he thought you were captured, And we notice things have turned, Just before the time for voting, We would love what once we spurned.

Chorus—

BIKE AND BLOOMERS.

It is said that wood is the fastest surface for bicycle tracks that has yet been discovered.

The ball bearing now so essential to the easy running of a bicycle was patented in 1791.

Algeria is now being exploited as a paradise for wheelmen, combining perfect climate and superb roads.

Four cavalry officers attached to the office of the Belgian minister of war have been replaced by cyclists.

Mr. and Mrs. McElrath, the Chicago couple who undertook to tour the world in the interest of a Chicago newspaper, are reported stranded in Japan.

A Frenchman has equipped his wheel for hill climbing purposes with a pair of direct acting cranks on the front wheel and a second saddle nearer the handle bars.

A Michigan judge has just decided that where a wheelman comes in collision with another vehicle while riding without a lamp, he cannot recover damages for the result of injuries received in such a collision.

The Century Road Club of America has awarded the banner offered to the club riding the greatest number of centuries during the past season to the Lincoln Cycle Club of Chicago. The Lincoln's record is 604 centuries.

In New York the resolution compelling bicyclists to equip their machines with brakes was reported upon unfavorably by the law committee, on the ground that the proposed requirements would impose a hardship upon many riders whose bicycles are not equipped with brakes.

"But why do you imagine women ever took to them in the first instance?" "Oh, I fancy some idiot ran a mark-down sale of trousers."—Detroit Tribune.

Two cows met a "bloomer girl" on a century spin. "What sort of a creature is this?" said one. "It looks something like a man." "Nothing of the kind," said the second, "it's only one of those 'new women.'" "How do you know?" asked the first cow curiously. "Because she has crossed a field to avoid meeting us."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

IN WOMAN'S CORNER.

UP-TO-DATE READING FOR DAMES AND DAMSELS.

The Princess Gown is rapidly growing in favor. It is a style especially adapted to a plump figure, the long, graceful lines giving air to give an air of slenderness. It is a poor policy—indeed, almost a hopeless task—

for an amateur to attempt the princess gown. It requires skillful fingers to give perfection to the style. When well made there is no gown more satisfactory, but when botched there is no gown so utterly hopeless. A handsome model in prune tinted taffeta is made up in this style, fitted the beautiful figure like a glove, and made most severely plain, save for the rich braiding set around the foot as a finish. The front of the gown buttons diagonally from shoulder to belt, and then follows the outlines of the graceful limb to the foot. Small turquoise set buttons are done in rich shades of prune, turquoise blue and black, and relieves the air of severity about the gown. The stock is plain and high and built of turquoise blue velvet, fastened with the studded buttons. The rather small leg o'mutton sleeves are caught close to the arms below the elbow, and finished at the wrist by a smart flare and a row of the turquoise buttons.

Mourning gowns made in this style are especially effective. It forms so good a body for any mode of decoration. A smart princess gown made up in lustreless black silk is enriched with insertions of black silk lace and narrow bands of cut jet. The insertion is let into all the long seams, while each side is edged with the tiny cords of jet, giving an air of exceeding dressiness to the entire gown. The big leg o' mutton sleeves are intersected in rows (running around the sleeves) of the insertion. The entire effect is most novel and decidedly dressy.

Garden Fete Gowns. Recently a very unique garden party was held in some private grounds on East 37th street, New York. The garden belonged to Governor Morgan, and, though now the property of several owners, the grassy lawns and fine old trees are still preserved. The party was given under the auspices of the alumnae of Barnard college, and the gardens were gay with pretty gowns.

A white dotted Swiss there was, most appropriate for this festive occasion. It was made over white taffeta, the seams marked with insertions of white Valenciennes lace through which the silk shone prettily. A row of Valenciennes was set in under the stock collar, and the sleeves were finished with flounces of the lace.

A dainty frock of grass linen was made with a plain skirt, with embroidered band about the bottom.

The waist set cut blouse fashion with a large embroidered yoke over the shoulders, cut in peculiar squares at the edge. Tiny ruffles of lace traced their way down blouse and sleeves, a large green bow at the nape of the neck and a hat of the same color completed the costume.—The Latest.



Rest for Tired Housewives. If a vacation is impossible, try rest, advises a writer on women's work. There is no special satisfaction to the tired, overworked housewife at this season to be told that she must try change of scene and moderate exercise. There is no better preventive of nervous exhaustion, we are told, than regular, unburied muscular exercise. If we could moderate our hurry, lessen our worry and increase our open air exercise a large portion of nervous diseases would be abolished. But the tired housekeeper realizes only too well that it is not exercise she needs half so much as rest. For those who cannot get a holiday the best substitute is an occasional day in bed. Many whose nerves are constantly strained in their daily vocation have discovered this for themselves. A Spanish merchant in Barcelona told his medical man that he always went to bed whenever he could be spared from business and laughed at those who spent their holidays on the tallest mountains. One of the most successful working women in England, who had for many years conducted a large wholesale business, retained excellent nerves at an advanced age, owing, it is said, to the habit of

spending one entire day of each week in bed. If we cannot avoid frequent agitation we ought, if possible, to give the nervous system time to recover between shocks. If the idea of a whole day in bed seems absurd to the tired mother and housewife at least determine to take half an hour's seclusion and rest after lunch, and it will prove a saving and not a loss of time.

Children's Dresses.

A Paris firm in the Rue des Petites-Champs makes a special feature of underlinen and children's dresses. Here is a description of one of the last named: It is of cream printed foulard with a pattern of roses and egalliance, with foliage in dead green. The skirt has gathers at the waist, very closely placed behind. Twelve centimetres from the bottom are two rows of embroidery with eyelets, through which are drawn narrow green ribbon.

The corsage is low necked and is slightly gathered at the waist both before and behind, and a small bouquet of gathers adds to the effect of the décollete. A fringe of mousseline de soie over a transparency of pink silk brings up the body at the neck, where it is trimmed with lace. The tour de cou is ornamented with a small broken collar of mousseline de soie and lace, and at the back are three small bows of green satin ribbon. There is a draped fichu which goes under the waistband; it is of cream mousseline de soie and trimmed with a flounce



and narrow insertion and Mechlin ecru lace.

The sleeves are short and balloon shaped, and are confined at the elbow by a green satin ribbon, which forms a bow. The waistband is of narrow green satin ribbon and fastens behind with a bow; in front two short ends end in bows over the skirt ten centimetres from the waist.

Eugenie's Love of Dress.

There was a sort of intoxication in the very atmosphere of Paris, a fever of enjoyment—a passion for constant amusement, for constant excitement, and among women, for extravagance in dress. This was encouraged by the court with the intention of giving an impetus to trade, and of gaining popularity by favoring constant festivities, and consequently constant expense. In the days of Louis Philippe there had been great moderation in all matters of luxury; the king and queen were aged, sensible and economical; the young princesses were kept within rigid bounds by example above them. But when the emperor came to the throne, after a period of revolution and consequent commercial stagnation, he wished to revive trade and also to give the prestige of splendor to a court which so many did not seem to take in earnest. His beautiful wife, suddenly raised to a supreme position for which nothing in her previous life had prepared her, finding what seemed unlimited means within her reach, keenly enjoyed the possibility of procuring everything that pleased her and enhanced her remarkable personal attractions by all the advantages of exquisite toilet without consideration of cost.

Everything that she wore suited her admirably; others tried to imitate her and the general tone became raised. She had the art of constantly choosing something new and unusual, which attracted attention, so that instead of being satisfied with conventional types of silks and satins, which formerly had been considered sufficient for all occasions, everyone tried to invent something different from others and to improve upon what had been seen before. Consequently, not only in dress, but in all matters of taste and luxury, there was an eager struggle to outvie others, to reach a higher degree of splendor and extravagance became universal. Paris was a sort of fairland, where everyone seemed rich and happy. What lay underneath all this would not bear close examination—the dishonorable acts of all kinds which too often were needed to produce the glamour deceiving superficial observers.

Avoiding Injury from Tanals. If only one pot of tea can be made for a family taking their luncheon at different hours, every housewife should see to it that the tea does not stand with the tea grounds in it longer than from three to five or seven minutes. After that time pour the tea into another pot and throw the grounds away. If you have only one teapot, infuse the tea in some other vessel—pottery of some kind is best—and pour into the pot in this way the injurious effects of the tannin which is drawn out of the leaves after a longer infusion is avoided, and you save yourself, your friends and family from becoming tea maniacs.

The late Mrs. Emily R. Talcott of Hartford, 105, had a great-grandmother who died at 107. Her mother lived to be 100.

CURIOS FACTS.

The world's railroads reach 407,584 miles.

One hundred new words are annually added to the English language.

More than one-half of the vapor in the atmosphere is within six thousand feet of the surface of the earth.

The sacred Bo tree of Ceylon is said to have sprung from a slip of the tree under which Buddha was born.

Lenenhook and Humboldt both say that a single pound of the finest spider webs would reach around the world.

A dealer says there is more steel used in the manufacture of pens than in all the sword and gun factories in the world.

The bones of the skull are arched because in that form the greatest strength is combined with the least weight and quantity of material.

The Saxon village of Eisleben, famous as the birthplace of Luther, is falling into decay as the result of continued earthquake shocks, which began in 1892.

Some workmen in a Gorham (N. H.) carpenter shop have a queer pet. It is a handsome butterfly, which has stayed in the shop all winter and is very tame.

A cow has been known to recognize the picture of a calf, and the tiger is said to be drawn to a trap by the picture of a companion. The timid horse, however, takes no notice of a picture, and a cat will not spring at a painted bird.

An improved snake story comes from Calcutta. Two tame pythons were kept together, when one swallowed the other. The inside snake, feeling uncomfortable in the other's midst, proceeded to eat its way out at the other end.

It is stated that the Salem Museum, Massachusetts, has in its possession a cherrystone containing a dozen silver spoons. The stone is of the ordinary size, the spoons being so small that their shape and finish can be distinguished only by the microscope.

LABOR NOTES.

A court in France has decided that it is not unlawful to aid and abet or influence workmen to strike.

It is proposed to change labor day in Ohio from the first Monday in September to the last Saturday in August.

Boilermakers and iron ship builders may affiliate with the American Federation of Labor after the next convention.

Fifteen hundred employees of the tube works at McKeesport, Pennsylvania, have joined the Iron and Steel Workers' Amalgamated association.

St. Louis Printing Pressmen's union has adopted resolutions recommending the re-election of Theodore Galeskowsky as president of the International Union.

The strike at the Quincy Show Case works shows no noticeable change from a week ago. The men are still out and are determined to wage war to the bitter end.

Every employing baker in Duluth, Minn., has signed the union wage scale. The journeyman bakers are feeling jubilant over the fact and prospects look bright to them.

There is a lumber famine at Cripple Creek and this makes it impossible to give work to any more carpenters than are now in the ill-fated mining town. In fact, the supply of carpenters is in excess of the demand.

There is such a demand for skill, enterprise and work that three times too many people are rushing into electrical occupations. Electricity is being adopted in the gold mines of California and a big increase in this year's yield is assured.

HISTORICAL.

Madagascar was so named by the early explorers, from the Malagasy, or Malays, who inhabited it.

Payne, as far as can be gathered, wrote "Home, Sweet Home" one dreary day in October, 1829, in Paris, far from his own home, and in poor circumstances.

The age order of Presidents when inaugurated was as follows: W. H. Harrison, Buchanan, Taylor, Jackson, Adams, Monroe, Madison, Jefferson, Quincy, Adams, Washington, John B. Harrison, Hayes, Van Buren, Coolidge, Tyler, Arthur, Fillmore, Garfield, Pierce, Cleveland.

The beaver was numerous in localities in the north and west and again in 1188. Wild boars of them much later.

deer were abundant in the mountains of the West and were hunted in California in 1189. Wild boars were common when large tracts of the harbor.

SCRAPES, and of Hartford Bicycles, trustworthy agents, by mail for two-cent stamps.

The figure of Br. J. Conn. on the copper coins is a lambdas are not property Charles U.

In London a publisher book well illustrated through from \$125 to \$250.

London society has developed a new craze—midnight cycling excursions inland to the city.

In Gloucester over 20,000 people have been vaccinated and revaccinated during the present outbreak. There is one firm in Br. putting out a thousand flint guns week for the African trade. A resident of Bulawayo says that up to the present, taking the whole "disturbed" area, about eighty white people have been killed. According to the Lady Cyclist the Sultan some time ago introduced bicycles into his harem for the punishment of refractory wives.

market time, to be fair

FOR.

of Beauty.

Winks.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

ENT.

DES MOINES, IOWA

The bicycle record has been over-topped by the fish yarer.

Corbett now knows what it is to run up against a real fighter.

It is time to stop talking about New Jersey "sneakers."

Miss Kate Horner is the coroner at Pender, Neb., and they say she is very pretty.

Mr. Corbett is fortunate in having received his pugilistic quietus from Mr. Sharkey at this particular time.

It is now officially stated that the number of lives lost in Moscow during the coronation was a few less than 4,000.

The fool joker is almost as dangerous as the didn't-know-it-was-loaded gun.

The old note swindle is being operated among the farmers in Central Illinois.

The city authorities of Cleveland have ordered the drinking fountains through which the Woman's Christian Temperance Union has been dispensing a concoction known as wild cherry phosphate removed.

The women of Ellis, Kan., are making it hot for law-breakers.

For several weeks a protracted meeting has been in progress at Kilmore, Clinton county, Ind., under the directions of Mrs. Mershon.

J. C. Monaghan, United States Consul at Chemnitz, in a report to the state department, writes: "There is now no doubt that New England apples are welcome in the markets of Germany."

Those who are curious as to the result of the last Sunday at the supreme court, Misses Mattie and Edna, who were charged promptly a young Roy, John Kibbidge, delicate young report a good time, them to kill the pastor. St. Paul's A. M. estimate consequence.

Reports from Alaska are to the effect that two persons have discovered a "solid ledge of gold quartz, 600 feet long and 3,000 feet wide, beside which great Treadwell ledge is a mere speck going 100 years night and coming on the eve of the failure of the blueberry crop at West Superior, this is important.

The prince of Wales manifests a disposition to become chummy with Mr. Astor. Mr. Astor is rich and can afford it.

A MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

The Victim a Beautiful Girl Whose Home Was at Bellevue.

DEBUIQUE, July 8.—Bellevue, thirty-two miles below Dubuque, has a murder mystery.

The victim is Minnie Kell, eighteen years old, the beautiful daughter of a widow living on a farm four miles below the town.

She left home alone to go to Joseph Ginter's farm, two miles away, and thence, with the younger members of the Ginter family, to a dancing party at Peter Huff's house, two miles beyond.

She did not appear, and search was made for her. Her body was found lying in a meadow with the market basket she carried, its contents disarranged, resting five feet away.

Her face was badly mutilated and a report that she had been gored by a bull reached town, but it soon transpired that this was impossible, as the meadow contained only yearlings and no footprints of cattle appeared near by.

On the contrary, there was present the evidence that the girl had had a terrible struggle with the murderer. The grass for ten feet in one direction was beaten down. Her skull was fractured in several places and the edges of a bloody stone found by her side fitted into the wounds on her forehead and scalp.

Lying by her side were the broken pieces of the limb of a tree which had been used as a weapon. These pieces bore blood and the hairs of a man and woman, leading the coroner's jury to the theory that Minnie, a powerful girl, had struck the murderer over the head with this weapon and that he had snatched it away from her and broke it over her head. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of murder by some person unknown.

DEBUIQUE, July 9.—Two young men, Chris Eckerteb and Kilborg, son of the man who owns the pasture where the dead body of Minnie Kell was found, were arrested on the charge of murdering the girl. It is proved that Eckerteb was not in Bellevue, as he claims he was, at the time of the murder. It is said the evidence against them is strong.

DEBUIQUE, July 9.—Two young men, Chris Eckerteb and Kilborg, son of the man who owns the pasture where the dead body of Minnie Kell was found, were arrested on the charge of murdering the girl. It is proved that Eckerteb was not in Bellevue, as he claims he was, at the time of the murder. It is said the evidence against them is strong.

DEBUIQUE, July 9.—Two young men, Chris Eckerteb and Kilborg, son of the man who owns the pasture where the dead body of Minnie Kell was found, were arrested on the charge of murdering the girl. It is proved that Eckerteb was not in Bellevue, as he claims he was, at the time of the murder. It is said the evidence against them is strong.

DEBUIQUE, July 9.—Two young men, Chris Eckerteb and Kilborg, son of the man who owns the pasture where the dead body of Minnie Kell was found, were arrested on the charge of murdering the girl. It is proved that Eckerteb was not in Bellevue, as he claims he was, at the time of the murder. It is said the evidence against them is strong.

DEBUIQUE, July 9.—Two young men, Chris Eckerteb and Kilborg, son of the man who owns the pasture where the dead body of Minnie Kell was found, were arrested on the charge of murdering the girl. It is proved that Eckerteb was not in Bellevue, as he claims he was, at the time of the murder. It is said the evidence against them is strong.

DEBUIQUE, July 9.—Two young men, Chris Eckerteb and Kilborg, son of the man who owns the pasture where the dead body of Minnie Kell was found, were arrested on the charge of murdering the girl. It is proved that Eckerteb was not in Bellevue, as he claims he was, at the time of the murder. It is said the evidence against them is strong.

DEBUIQUE, July 9.—Two young men, Chris Eckerteb and Kilborg, son of the man who owns the pasture where the dead body of Minnie Kell was found, were arrested on the charge of murdering the girl. It is proved that Eckerteb was not in Bellevue, as he claims he was, at the time of the murder. It is said the evidence against them is strong.

DEBUIQUE, July 9.—Two young men, Chris Eckerteb and Kilborg, son of the man who owns the pasture where the dead body of Minnie Kell was found, were arrested on the charge of murdering the girl. It is proved that Eckerteb was not in Bellevue, as he claims he was, at the time of the murder. It is said the evidence against them is strong.

DEBUIQUE, July 9.—Two young men, Chris Eckerteb and Kilborg, son of the man who owns the pasture where the dead body of Minnie Kell was found, were arrested on the charge of murdering the girl. It is proved that Eckerteb was not in Bellevue, as he claims he was, at the time of the murder. It is said the evidence against them is strong.

DEBUIQUE, July 9.—Two young men, Chris Eckerteb and Kilborg, son of the man who owns the pasture where the dead body of Minnie Kell was found, were arrested on the charge of murdering the girl. It is proved that Eckerteb was not in Bellevue, as he claims he was, at the time of the murder. It is said the evidence against them is strong.

DEBUIQUE, July 9.—Two young men, Chris Eckerteb and Kilborg, son of the man who owns the pasture where the dead body of Minnie Kell was found, were arrested on the charge of murdering the girl. It is proved that Eckerteb was not in Bellevue, as he claims he was, at the time of the murder. It is said the evidence against them is strong.

DEBUIQUE, July 9.—Two young men, Chris Eckerteb and Kilborg, son of the man who owns the pasture where the dead body of Minnie Kell was found, were arrested on the charge of murdering the girl. It is proved that Eckerteb was not in Bellevue, as he claims he was, at the time of the murder. It is said the evidence against them is strong.

DEBUIQUE, July 9.—Two young men, Chris Eckerteb and Kilborg, son of the man who owns the pasture where the dead body of Minnie Kell was found, were arrested on the charge of murdering the girl. It is proved that Eckerteb was not in Bellevue, as he claims he was, at the time of the murder. It is said the evidence against them is strong.

DEBUIQUE, July 9.—Two young men, Chris Eckerteb and Kilborg, son of the man who owns the pasture where the dead body of Minnie Kell was found, were arrested on the charge of murdering the girl. It is proved that Eckerteb was not in Bellevue, as he claims he was, at the time of the murder. It is said the evidence against them is strong.

DEBUIQUE, July 9.—Two young men, Chris Eckerteb and Kilborg, son of the man who owns the pasture where the dead body of Minnie Kell was found, were arrested on the charge of murdering the girl. It is proved that Eckerteb was not in Bellevue, as he claims he was, at the time of the murder. It is said the evidence against them is strong.

DEBUIQUE, July 9.—Two young men, Chris Eckerteb and Kilborg, son of the man who owns the pasture where the dead body of Minnie Kell was found, were arrested on the charge of murdering the girl. It is proved that Eckerteb was not in Bellevue, as he claims he was, at the time of the murder. It is said the evidence against them is strong.

DEBUIQUE, July 9.—Two young men, Chris Eckerteb and Kilborg, son of the man who owns the pasture where the dead body of Minnie Kell was found, were arrested on the charge of murdering the girl. It is proved that Eckerteb was not in Bellevue, as he claims he was, at the time of the murder. It is said the evidence against them is strong.

DEBUIQUE, July 9.—Two young men, Chris Eckerteb and Kilborg, son of the man who owns the pasture where the dead body of Minnie Kell was found, were arrested on the charge of murdering the girl. It is proved that Eckerteb was not in Bellevue, as he claims he was, at the time of the murder. It is said the evidence against them is strong.

DEBUIQUE, July 9.—Two young men, Chris Eckerteb and Kilborg, son of the man who owns the pasture where the dead body of Minnie Kell was found, were arrested on the charge of murdering the girl. It is proved that Eckerteb was not in Bellevue, as he claims he was, at the time of the murder. It is said the evidence against them is strong.

DEBUIQUE, July 9.—Two young men, Chris Eckerteb and Kilborg, son of the man who owns the pasture where the dead body of Minnie Kell was found, were arrested on the charge of murdering the girl. It is proved that Eckerteb was not in Bellevue, as he claims he was, at the time of the murder. It is said the evidence against them is strong.

DEBUIQUE, July 9.—Two young men, Chris Eckerteb and Kilborg, son of the man who owns the pasture where the dead body of Minnie Kell was found, were arrested on the charge of murdering the girl. It is proved that Eckerteb was not in Bellevue, as he claims he was, at the time of the murder. It is said the evidence against them is strong.

DEBUIQUE, July 9.—Two young men, Chris Eckerteb and Kilborg, son of the man who owns the pasture where the dead body of Minnie Kell was found, were arrested on the charge of murdering the girl. It is proved that Eckerteb was not in Bellevue, as he claims he was, at the time of the murder. It is said the evidence against them is strong.

WOMAN SHOTS HER DAUGHTER AND THEN COMMITTS SUICIDE.

SUMNER, July 7.—Mrs. Ida Fussell, formerly of Fayette, but for the past year first cook at Hotel Tibbitts, of Sumner, shot her little 9-year-old daughter in the back of the head with a revolver and then killed herself.

When the door of her room was broken open she was found to be dead; but the little girl was alive, but unconscious, and the attending physician thought that with careful treatment the child will recover. Mrs. Fussell's husband died about three years ago and since that time she has been despondent.

SUMNER, July 7.—The city of Des Moines and the county of Polk yesterday celebrated their semi-centennial. Two splendid parades, one on the main streets and one up the river, attracted thousands of people.

At Union park a program of great interest was enjoyed by the citizens. The celebration closed with an immense bicycle parade at night.

DEBUIQUE, July 8.—City Marshal Morgan received an application from the sheriff of Jackson county for the use of bloodhounds, if such were to be had, to track the murderer of Minnie Kell. It is thought he is hiding in the dense woods near Bellevue. The excitement is intense.

DEBUIQUE, July 8.—Fire at Dyersville destroyed Scheumel's flouring mill, the jail and several warehouses. Loss, \$10,000 to \$15,000 covered by insurance.

DEBUIQUE, July 8.—Samuel Horine, 74 years old, one of the early settlers of Guthrie county, dropped dead while mowing in his orchard.

DEBUIQUE, July 8.—A boy named Earl Darling, living at Leeds, near Sioux City, held too long to a big fire cracker and his hand was torn to shreds. The hand had to be cut off.

DEBUIQUE, July 8.—A boy named Earl Darling, living at Leeds, near Sioux City, held too long to a big fire cracker and his hand was torn to shreds. The hand had to be cut off.

DEBUIQUE, July 8.—A boy named Earl Darling, living at Leeds, near Sioux City, held too long to a big fire cracker and his hand was torn to shreds. The hand had to be cut off.

DEBUIQUE, July 8.—A boy named Earl Darling, living at Leeds, near Sioux City, held too long to a big fire cracker and his hand was torn to shreds. The hand had to be cut off.

DEBUIQUE, July 8.—A boy named Earl Darling, living at Leeds, near Sioux City, held too long to a big fire cracker and his hand was torn to shreds. The hand had to be cut off.

DEBUIQUE, July 8.—A boy named Earl Darling, living at Leeds, near Sioux City, held too long to a big fire cracker and his hand was torn to shreds. The hand had to be cut off.

DEBUIQUE, July 8.—A boy named Earl Darling, living at Leeds, near Sioux City, held too long to a big fire cracker and his hand was torn to shreds. The hand had to be cut off.

DEBUIQUE, July 8.—A boy named Earl Darling, living at Leeds, near Sioux City, held too long to a big fire cracker and his hand was torn to shreds. The hand had to be cut off.

DEBUIQUE, July 8.—A boy named Earl Darling, living at Leeds, near Sioux City, held too long to a big fire cracker and his hand was torn to shreds. The hand had to be cut off.

DEBUIQUE, July 8.—A boy named Earl Darling, living at Leeds, near Sioux City, held too long to a big fire cracker and his hand was torn to shreds. The hand had to be cut off.

DEBUIQUE, July 8.—A boy named Earl Darling, living at Leeds, near Sioux City, held too long to a big fire cracker and his hand was torn to shreds. The hand had to be cut off.

DEBUIQUE, July 8.—A boy named Earl Darling, living at Leeds, near Sioux City, held too long to a big fire cracker and his hand was torn to shreds. The hand had to be cut off.

DEBUIQUE, July 8.—A boy named Earl Darling, living at Leeds, near Sioux City, held too long to a big fire cracker and his hand was torn to shreds. The hand had to be cut off.

DEBUIQUE, July 8.—A boy named Earl Darling, living at Leeds, near Sioux City, held too long to a big fire cracker and his hand was torn to shreds. The hand had to be cut off.

DEBUIQUE, July 8.—A boy named Earl Darling, living at Leeds, near Sioux City, held too long to a big fire cracker and his hand was torn to shreds. The hand had to be cut off.

DEBUIQUE, July 8.—A boy named Earl Darling, living at Leeds, near Sioux City, held too long to a big fire cracker and his hand was torn to shreds. The hand had to be cut off.

DEBUIQUE, July 8.—A boy named Earl Darling, living at Leeds, near Sioux City, held too long to a big fire cracker and his hand was torn to shreds. The hand had to be cut off.

DEBUIQUE, July 8.—A boy named Earl Darling, living at Leeds, near Sioux City, held too long to a big fire cracker and his hand was torn to shreds. The hand had to be cut off.

DEBUIQUE, July 8.—A boy named Earl Darling, living at Leeds, near Sioux City, held too long to a big fire cracker and his hand was torn to shreds. The hand had to be cut off.

DEBUIQUE, July 8.—A boy named Earl Darling, living at Leeds, near Sioux City, held too long to a big fire cracker and his hand was torn to shreds. The hand had to be cut off.

DEBUIQUE, July 8.—A boy named Earl Darling, living at Leeds, near Sioux City, held too long to a big fire cracker and his hand was torn to shreds. The hand had to be cut off.

DEBUIQUE, July 8.—A boy named Earl Darling, living at Leeds, near Sioux City, held too long to a big fire cracker and his hand was torn to shreds. The hand had to be cut off.

DEBUIQUE, July 8.—A boy named Earl Darling, living at Leeds, near Sioux City, held too long to a big fire cracker and his hand was torn to shreds. The hand had to be cut off.

CUBA.

LONDON, July 6.—The broad statement and sagacity of General Martinez Campos were never more forcibly illustrated than in his speech in the Spanish senate defending his policy in Cuba and appealing for peace. If his advice were followed, there would be a quick end of disorders in the island and of friction with the United States. Campos spoke with caution, yet with boldness. He did not directly attack the policy of the Canovas cabinet. But he did say that during the period of his recent captain generalship he had repeatedly urged the government to carry out home rule reforms. "If I did not carry them out myself," he declared, "it was because the government never instructed me to do so."

The peroration of the speech was a lofty and pathetic appeal to the cabinet and the nation to make whatever concessions were necessary to bring about peace. "Let us end a war," he exclaimed, "in tones of warning and indignation, which costs 20,000 lives and \$100,000,000 annually."

It was the speech of a patriot and of Spain's most far-seeing statesman, as well as ablest and most humane soldier. But it did not find a pleasant sound upon the ears of ministerialists or military politicians of any school. They were better satisfied with the energetic retort of Canovas, who reiterated, amid the applause of the chamber and the galleries, that, while a complete scheme of reforms was ready, not a single concession would be made until the insurrection had been quelled. "We have no peace offering for rebels," was the text of the premier, and the extraordinary credits for the Cuban war were voted without further debate. In the lobby, afterward, Campos stated that to end the war, as the cabinet proposed, would require the military occupation of the island. This, in his opinion, would mean 400,000 men in the next five years and \$1,000,000,000.

HAVANA, July 7.—Campos' early return to Cuba with full power to implant autonomy in the island is generally believed to be the only feasible way to maintain the Spanish flag. The forces are disheartened and the homeless country people are begging in the streets, flocking to the towns in a vain search for work. The misery is widespread.

CHALLENGED TO A DUEL.

AN American newspaper man in Cuba to fight a retired Spanish officer.

HAVANA, July 9.—Bradley Johnson, a newspaper correspondent here, has been challenged to fight a duel by a retired Spanish military officer who was offended by remarks in General Johnson's published correspondence about the Spanish army. The challenger finds himself in a somewhat ridiculous position as the officers in active service refuse to recognize him as their champion. General Johnson, who is an ex-officer of the confederate army, has seen much of war, and is in no wise troubled over the vapors of the self-constructed champion of the honor of Spanish officers. He says if his statements are such as to render necessary a meeting on the field of honor he is perfectly willing to fight when the proper person to meet him is decided upon. News is received that unknown parties have burned the Santa Barbara estate near Baro, province of Matanzas. The estate is owned by Senor Manuel Coronado, editor of La Discusion. The damage is estimated at \$300,000.

GOT THE DROP.

Then He Made His Enemy Eat the Bullet That He Had Carried.

BLUE RIDGE, Ga., July 8.—Jim Tucker, of White Top, N. C., and Frank Edmiston, who lives a few miles across the Virginia line, had trouble which resulted in a shooting affray. Tucker shot Edmiston, the bullet taking effect in the latter's leg. He had the doctors out, the bullet out, and saved it, declaring that some day he would make Tucker eat it. The men met and Edmiston got the drop on his late assailant. Then making him throw his hands in the air, Edmiston put the bullet in Tucker's mouth and made him swallow it. Edmiston jumped on his horse and rode back to his mountain home, apparently satisfied.

Earthquake Shocks in Cyprus.

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 7.—Advices received here from the island of Cyprus say that severe shocks of earthquake have occurred throughout the island and that the inhabitants of the towns of Limos and Larnaca have deserted their houses and taken refuge in the open fields, where they are living in tents.

Can Guide Balloons in the Air.

CONTEVIDE, July 9.—A Spanish resident, an electrician, declares he has discovered the means whereby he can guide balloons any direction in the air. The inventor has been asked by the Spanish government to visit Madrid for that purpose. If found to be practical, may be applied to use in Cuba.

Potatoes baked in their skins should have a piece cut off their ends to allow the steam to escape. This assures their coming out dry and mealy.

Recent Austrian observations in the Mediterranean sea prove that the deepest spot in that body of water is 2,400 fathoms, or nearly three miles.

Queen Victoria is no longer able to walk out to see her old friends, the cottagers. As a matter of fact, she cannot take any walking exercise, and can only cross the room with the assistance of her stick and an attendant.

A sedate wheelman, who is anxious to strictly follow the rules of etiquette, wrote to an Indianapolis paper and asked this important question: "Would it be all right to ride a bicycle to the funeral of a distant connection by marriage, providing you keep behind the horse?"

Professional gossips are common in China. Most of them are elderly ladies, who have regular patrons of the female sex, whose houses they visit and whom they entertain by narrating the news and scandal of the day. They thus earn about enough to maintain them in a life of laziness.

WALL OVER THE WORLD

increased the earnings of our people and, consequently, has diminished our consumption.

On the Threshold of a Continental Struggle.

LONDON, July 7.—Sir Charles Dilke has just announced the British public in a manner that has set diplomats talking. Probably no other man in England is so well acquainted with the trend of European affairs, and when he seriously predicts that Great Britain is on the eve of a fierce continental struggle, the English public begins to think that a conflict is near at hand.

Sir Charles solemnly declares that Great Britain, single-handed, is destined to engage in a terrible struggle with Germany, Russia and France combined. The fight, he asserts, may come at any time within a decade, ostensibly about Egypt, but really on account of jealousy of Great Britain's colonial expansion.

Therefore, Sir Charles urges Great Britain to hold herself free from any alliance which might only prove illusory, and to devote herself to the development of her defenses. The publication of this letter has stirred up the editors of England, and, strange to say, they all with singular unanimity take the same pessimistic view of the continental situation that has been taken by the eminent writer of the alarming note. As showing the tension in regard to the Venezuelan question, the Spectator proposes the question as to what role America will play in the event of such an European struggle, leaving it to be implied that the United States would be likely to espouse the cause of the enemies of Great Britain.

CAST OFF SULTAN'S YOKE.

Provincial Government Formally Elected by the Cretans.

LONDON, July 8.—A dispatch to the Standard from Athens says that the Cretans have elected a provincial government, decided to proclaim the union of the islands with Greece, and expressed the hope that autonomy will be granted the islands under the surveillance of the powers.

Had Not Asked Withdrawal of Troops.

LONDON, July 9.—In the house of commons, Right Hon. George N. Curzon, under secretary of the foreign office, stated that the powers had not asked that the Turkish troops be withdrawn from Crete, but, he added, in consequence of representations on the part of the powers, the porte had suspended military operations in Crete unless the troops should be attacked by the insurgent Cretans.

Shot by Her Drunken Husband.

Detroit, Mich., July 8.—T. H. Otten, a drunken horse shoer, shot his wife, the bullet lodging in her shoulder. He also shot Mrs. Henry Desrousseaux, at whose house Mrs. Otten had been staying, she having left her home on account of her husband's dissipated and dangerous habits. Mrs. Desrousseaux was shot in the abdomen. Both women will probably recover.

More Turkish Outrages.

LONDON, July 9.—A dispatch to the Chronicle from Constantinople says that it is reported that 60,000 Kurds in the Diarbekir district have revolted and are pillaging the villages indiscriminately.

Yale Defeated.

HENLEY, England, July 8.—In the grand challenge cup boat race between the crews of Yale college and the Leander Rowing club, the latter won by a length and three-quarters.

TERSE NEWS.

At San Francisco recently Miss Lillian Ashley, of Boston, whose case against "Lucky" Baldwin for seduction under promise of marriage has been on file several weeks, created a sensation in court by walking over to Baldwin, drawing a revolver and firing at his head. A bystander knocked the weapon aside, so the ball merely grazed his scalp. It is believed the woman's mind is unbalanced.

Ast. Paul dispatch says: The most sensational manifesto in Minnesota's history is that issued by the silver republicans, who refuse to support McKinley for president, Clough for governor, or any of the republican candidates for congress. The prominence of the men signing it attracts widespread attention. Among them are Lieutenant-Governor Frank A. Day, Congressman Charles A. Towne, ex-Congressman John Lind, State Senators Morgan, Sanborn, Howard and Smith.

Bloodshed has again marked the trouble at the Brown Hoisting works, of Cleveland, O. One man was shot dead by a non-union man who had attempted to leave the works on his bicycle and was attacked by a portion of the mob. The police managed with great difficulty to rescue him, and the police detail was besieged in a shop, and had great difficulty in preventing the lynching of his prisoner. Finally a call for troops was made, and two of the four companies under arms were hurried to the scene. The prisoner was finally loaded into a patrol wagon and locked up in the central police station. The troops remain on guard.

The committee appointed by the republican national convention to inform Garret A. Hobart of his nomination for vice-president, performed that duty on the 7th, and Mr. Hobart formally accepted in a short speech.

It is reported the Cretan insurgents defeated the Turks between Kissam, on the northern coast of the island of Crete, and Solino, on the southern coast, killing 200 of them and capturing three of their cannon. The Turks were advancing to raise the siege of Kaudane, in which 1,600 Turkish troops are besieged by the rebels.

The republicans of Nebraska have nominated J. H. Maccoll, of Dawson county, for governor.

A dispatch from Cairo says the cholera returns for June show 4,419 cases and 3,598 deaths.

Chicago dispatch: Three robbers entered the Canal street depot of the Metropolitan Elevated railroad, situated in the heart of the city, and while one of them guarded the ticket agent with a revolver, the others carried off all the money. The robbery was committed while trains were passing through the depot every three minutes.

Chicago dispatch: Three robbers entered the Canal street depot of the Metropolitan Elevated railroad, situated in the heart of the city, and while one of them guarded the ticket agent with a revolver, the others carried off all the money. The robbery was committed while trains were passing through the depot every three minutes.

Chicago dispatch: Three robbers entered the Canal street depot of the Metropolitan Elevated railroad, situated in the heart of the city, and while one of them guarded the ticket agent with a revolver, the others carried off all the money. The robbery was committed while trains were passing through the depot every three minutes.

Chicago dispatch: Three robbers entered the Canal street depot of the Metropolitan Elevated railroad, situated in the heart of the city, and while one of them guarded the ticket agent with a revolver, the others carried off all the money. The robbery was committed while trains were passing through the depot every three minutes.

Chicago dispatch: Three robbers entered the Canal street depot of the Metropolitan Elevated railroad, situated in the heart of the city, and while one of them guarded the ticket agent with a revolver, the others carried off all the money. The robbery was committed while trains were passing through the depot every three minutes.

Chicago dispatch: Three robbers entered the Canal street depot of the Metropolitan Elevated railroad, situated in the heart of the city, and while one of them guarded the ticket agent with a revolver, the others carried off all the money. The robbery was committed while trains were passing through the depot every three minutes.

AT CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, July 7.—At a meeting of the Iowa delegation the following selections were made: Chairman, S. B. Evans; national committee man, Charles A. Walsh; committee on resolutions, J. S. Murphy; credentials, Will A. Wells; permanent organization, R. F. Jordan; honorary vice-president, M. H. King; honorary secretary, S. A. Brewster; member of committee to notify nominee for president, L. T. Genung; to notify nominee for vice-president, W. H. Stackhouse; member of committee on rules, F. D. Bayless.

CHICAGO, July 7.—The sixteenth national democratic convention was called to order at 12:45 p. m. and prayer was offered by Rev. Ernest M. Stires, rector of Grace Episcopal church, of Chicago. The chairman then presented the name of David B. Hill, of New York, for temporary chairman. A minority report from the national committee, signed by twenty-three members, favored the substitution of the name of Senator Daniel, of Virginia. Several addresses were made for each side, and the minority report was finally adopted, 556 to 349.

This was a victory for the silver forces. Senator Daniel was then introduced and made a ringing speech for free silver, which was received with enthusiasm. After the completion of the standing committees, the convention adjourned until to-morrow at 10 o'clock.

CHICAGO, July 7.—Bois was the slogan of 150 democrats at a meeting of the gold standard men to-night. Not a bolt from the convention that was decided against, but a bolt from the ticket and the platform that the convention makes. Every suggestion was received with applause. Every contrary suggestion was received with silence. This is the significant resolution suggested by Mr. Irish, of California, and adopted:

That each sound money delegation select a member to return to his state and get the views of his party on the matter and report back to the chairman (Senator Gray) in July, if possible.

CHICAGO, July 8.—At 10:30 Senator Daniel called the convention to order. The report of the committee on credentials was called for, but as it was not ready, speeches were made by Governor Hogg, of Texas; Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky; Governor Altgeld, of Illinois; ex-Governor Overmeyer, of Kansas; and Congressman Williams, of Massachusetts. The credentials committee then reported on all states except that of Michigan, and the report was adopted. Convention then adjourned until 5 p. m.

When the second session was called to order the credentials committee reported, seating four silver delegates for Michigan, which changed the delegation, under the unite rule, from gold to silver. A minority report favored the gold delegation. After a dozen speeches had been made for each side of the question, a vote resulted in a defeat of the minority report, 368 to 558,

TOLLEY'S ADVENTURE.

"That's finished," said Peterkins, holding up the sketch on which he had been working all the evening. "Perk, where's the corker?"

"Under the bed, I think," said Peterkins. "I threw it at a mouse."

"I'll toss you to see who crawls for it," said Peterkins.

"Done," said Perk, and he left his writing, being unable, as he explained it, to resist the enjoyment of seeing Peterkins "do the crawling," his free translation of "crawl."

"Now, that's a beauty," commented Peterkins, again holding his sketch at arm's length and casting a glance of admiration on it, while the too-confident and unfortunate Perkins was enjoying the fruits of his own fool-hardiness beneath the bed. "That will touch the editor's heart. And the beautiful joke—no, that's too vulgar a word to apply to this diamond of my mind—the beautiful—ah—witticism (that's better) attached to it. I tell you what, Perk, the too—no—the altogether, as it were—or sketch and joke, is simply out of sight, as you are Perk."

"What's it all about?" asked Perk, reappearing. He was covered with dirt, and somewhat disheveled, but looked triumphant in the possession of the corker.

"It's about a married woman and an old sweetheart," answered Peterkins, still admiring his handiwork.

"Here you see Mrs. Moneybags leaning against this low brick wall with utter disregard for the bags she is making in the elbows of her tailor-made gown. In the background is Mr. Moneybags's elegant country house, which the brick wall surrounds. This satisfied young man, who seems to be wondering whether his patent-leather shoes are going to crack, is Old Sweetheart. Says Old Sweetheart, 'Now listen to the beautiful witticism, Perk: "And do you love your husband?" "Passionately," says Mrs. Moneybags. "But when we were engaged you said you could never love another," says Old Sweetheart. "So I did," says Mrs. Moneybags, "but I don't know that Mr. Moneybags was so rich." "Ah, the beautiful joke, the beautiful witticism," cried Peterkins. "Now won't that make a hit, Perk?"

Perk looked out of the window. "It's a beastly night," he said. "I wonder if this rain will ever stop."

"Just like you, Perk," said the other. "I might have known you wouldn't see the point. It takes an acute mind to understand that joke—I mean gem of wit. That's what will impress the editor. He'll think it's so delicate and delicate for him to see—and that will make him accept it."

"There's a cab just stopped at the door," was Perk's answer. He was still looking out at the rain. "I suppose it's some of those people who moved into the flat below to-day. They're dead swells, aren't they, like—like your friend, Mrs. Moneybags?"

"Dead or alive, that's just what they are," remarked Peterkins, "for I heard the mistress say they had an elegant movin' which means, I suppose, that their personal effects comprise more than one bed, two cheap tables, one washstand (Peterkins was taking an inventory of the room), a small bookcase with an array of improving literature in paper covers, and a 40-cent cot made into a couch."

"My dear Pete," said Perk, turning from the window, "you have forgotten to mention our choicest possessions. Allow me to mention a few. There's a mantlepiece, handsomely decorated with a large assortment of highly-scented pipes; item, one large tobacco jar nearly empty; item, a collection of rejected sketches with jokes attached, the said jokes of too delicate a nature to be understood by the average editor of the average society journal; item, one beautiful work of art regularly denominated a growler, with which may also be included six Ceramic pens, sometimes called "stains"; item, one necessary of life known as a chatting dish; item, one hunk of cream cheese in a greasy piece of paper; item, one useful article called a corker, and last, but by no means of least, one bottle of nectar, known to commerce as beer, getting cool in the rain outside the window."

"Perk, you are eloquent," cried Pete. "You convince me that that front room in the hand is better than the rest of this flat in the bush—which it will always be in the bush for us, I'm afraid. Please group the various items known as chatting dish, cheese, corker, and pens, with other items not previously mentioned, and know as knives, forks, plates, and bread, all of which may be found in the soiled linen basket (also omitted from your list of items), and I will attend to the item outside our easement."

Perk was soon stirring vigorously and singing with all his lung power. Here's to the bunny without and fur. Beside it ambrosia pales, sir; Here's to the cotton-tail served upon toast.

The orange-cream rabbit of Wales, sir.

The door opened just then and in

by when it can find a door open. As you left the front door ajar when you entered this edifice, Donnervetter, and also failed to close the portals of this elegant apartment, would you mind undoing the latter half of (another pull) your efforts to assist (another and a stronger pull) some deserving young physician? (Wow! this is a corker, sure, I feel a draft!)

"I'll give you I didn't leave the front door open," said Donnervetter, as he rose.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "What the devil is this?"

Pete and Perk glanced quickly toward the doorway, and what they saw made them open their eyes in astonishment. There stood a most bedraggled and miserable little object, dripping wet from the top of its high-peaked bonnet to its tiny shoes. The worn red coat was soaked through and the condition of the fur that trimmed it added to its miserable appearance. The bright golden hair that hung from beneath the bonnet had lost all its curl, and the diminutive figure, suspended from dripping ribbons in which the color was running, seemed to have ended its usefulness in this world. It was no wonder that Donnervetter had cried "The devil," and all he could do when he recovered himself was to repeat the exclamation, "The devil is doing it."

"No, an angel," Perk's voice sounded shaky. He made a few rapid strides across the room, leaving the rabbit to burn for all he cared or thought, and gathered the wet little bundle of humanity in his arms.

"Don't—o-ll det wet," cried the child, struggling to free itself.

"Bother the wet, little one," he answered, depositing his burden in the chair which Donnervetter had vacated. "Let's get these things out."

"Oo ain't my papa," said the child, looking at Perk critically as he was taking off the bonnet and coat.

"I'm not so fortunate, little one," with a smile, Perk was struggling with the recalcitrant shoe buttons, around which the wet leather had tightened.

"I fought my papa was in here," and the child looked around the room as if to make sure that no point. Donnervetter and Pete, who could not repress a chuckle when Perk's parental relationship was denied, suddenly became solemn as the child's big eyes fell on them. "Do oo know my papa?" The remark was addressed to Pete.

"Don't know, I'm sure," answered that gentleman with a feeble attempt to resume his usual nonchalance. "What's his name?"

"Thist' Papa, and I'm Totty."

"Ask it if it's a boy or a girl," whispered Donnervetter, who felt uncomfortable every time the child glanced in his direction.

"It's a boy, of course," whispered Pete in return. "No use asking that. But to make sure he put the question, 'Boy or girl, little one?'"

"Diri, of course," came in indignant tones, and the emphasis on the last two words, the same that he had used in his equally positive statement that the child was of the other sex, gave Pete an uncomfortable feeling that he had been overheard.

"At any rate he is firmly convinced to this day that children can be sarcastic."

"Let me try her," said Donnervetter, stepping forward. He understood Pete's discomfiture and thought that something should be done to ascertain the child's identity.

"Is your papa a great big man?" he asked in a tone intended to be soothing.

"No, my papa ain't dreat big, but he's bigger'n oo," she said.

"And his name is 'Papa'—wha'."

"Ain't 'Papa' War' thist' Papa."

"And have you any other name except Totty?"

"No; me thist' Totty—papa's Totty, an' mamma's Totty an' nurse's Totty."

"How did you come here, little one?"

It was Perk who spoke, breaking his silence. He had been too busy warming her chilled feet.

"Me don't know. Me thist' came. Mamma tole me to 'tay down 'tairs till she tomed, an' me saw a hogsey fall down, an' me went to look, an' Totty fell down, too, an' dot all wet."

"And what then, little one?"

"Den me felt told, an' de door was open, so me tome right up stairs to find my papa."

"I can't make out exactly what she means," said Perk, and he asked Totty a number of questions in an endeavor to ascertain where she had left her mother. The answers were so unsatisfactory, however, that all three were left as much in the dark as ever.

"What's so name?" asked Totty, suddenly, of Perk.

"Peterkins." And Perk seemed abashed.

"An' wat his name?"

"Donnervetter, for short," said Pete, reviving himself.

"An' wat his?"

"Oh, that's Mr. Perkins, when he's at home, and Perk when he isn't, and as he mostly isn't, it's mostly Perk."

Totty turned her face toward Perk. She was sitting in his lap now, and he had an arm tenderly about her.

"Mistoo Perk," she said, "me like oo; me doss Totty will tist Mistoo Perk."

"Oss, come, now, Totty," cried Perk, in dismay. "You mustn't, you know, I haven't shaved for two whole days, you know, and besides, Totty, young ladies mustn't kiss strange men, like me, you know."

"Papa always tist Totty, an' mamma Alish tist Totty, too."

"Is your mamma's name Alice?"

"Yes, Mamma Alish, an' she dot doid on hair thist like Totty."

Perk blushed crimson. "I think I'll take that kiss, Totty," he said, "if you don't mind the beard." And Totty didn't mind.

It was Perk that broke the silence that followed. "I knew a lady named Alice, once upon a time, Totty." Perk seemed oblivious to the presence of his friends. "She had lovely golden hair, like yours, Totty." Perk's hand was caressing the damp curls. "I haven't seen her for ever so long, Totty, but you bring her back to me." Perk gulped down something. "I think I'll kiss you again, Totty."

"Doodness gracious!" cried Totty, "I'm waiting for a kiss, an' I haven't seen her for ever so long, Totty, but you bring her back to me." Perk gulped down something. "I think I'll kiss you again, Totty."

"Doodness gracious!" cried Totty, "I'm waiting for a kiss, an' I haven't seen her for ever so long, Totty, but you bring her back to me." Perk gulped down something. "I think I'll kiss you again, Totty."

A timid dame on the door, but before Pete could answer the door itself opened and a woman—a woman with terror in her face—entered the room. But the terror disappeared in an instant, and Totty found herself enveloped in a pair of arms that clung tightly to the little form and pressed the child closer and closer still with frantic vehemence while another warm rain fell in torrents over the golden hair.

When Totty's mother had recovered herself sufficiently to apologize for her unceremonious behavior, which she did very prettily, with occasional happy sob and more frantic hugs, she told the astonished witnesses how Totty came to be lost. "We moved into the flat below to-day," she said, "and I came back to-night, bringing Totty in a cab. The cabman's name was changed (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with a strict injunction not to stir until I returned. And when I did return Totty was gone." This was the story.

Who Is Mr. Perk, Totty?

more hugging and a great deal of kissing, and again the warm rain.

Pete, with his lighted pipe growing unconformably hot in his trousers pocket, where he had thrust it, and was changing (he never can) so I told him to drive me to the nearest drug store, leaving Totty sheltered in the vestibule, with

CITY NEWS

FRIDAY, JULY 10, 1936.

Mrs. Sarah Granville's mother, who has been quite sick is some better.

The old settlers will hold their annual picnic on or about the first of August.

Miss Zella Davis is dangerously ill of typhoid fever, but is resting fairly well.

Owing to the grand lodge being centrally located this year it will be represented.

Miss Edith Birney has gone to Detroit for an extended visit with relatives and friends.

Lula and Bessie Jackson are visiting their grandmas, Mrs. Mary Wilson of Keokuk.

Miss Ola Worthin of Colon spend the Fourth in Des Moines, attending the convention.

Miss Anna Logan, sister of Mrs. J. H. Shepard, is expected in the city the first of August.

Miss Bertie Hicklin has gone home to St. Joseph. She will return in the fall to attend school.

A grand street parade and entertainment the 16th at the grand lodge at Muckahinoek.

Ye editor has been selected to deliver the emancipation oration in Mercer county, Mo., August 26.

Will Jones of Oskaloosa, passed through the city on his way to Adel. He attended the bicycle races at Adel.

Edward Moseley is in business for himself at the corner of Seventh and Walnut. He cleans and repairs men's clothing.

Miss Zella Davis has been very sick this week. Sunday a doctor was called. Her many friends will be glad to learn that she is improving.

Mrs. Andrew Vaughn is very sick at her home on Oak street. She has been ill some time. It is hoped that she may soon recover.

Mr. Wm. Mash's aunt, who has been visiting here for several days, returned to her home in Kansas City, after a very pleasant visit.

Messrs. George H. Clegg, E. T. Banks, John Hardy and J. H. Shepard will attend the annual session of the grand lodge at Muckahinoek.

A large meeting of the Pathfinders was held Monday evening. Next Monday another meeting will be held. All members requested to be present.

Miss Bertha Langford spent the Fourth visiting her former home at Osceola and renewing friends and acquaintances. She reports a splendid time.

The literary society at the First African Church of Christ was well attended Monday evening and a good program rendered. Mr. Wm. R. Foster is the presiding officer.

Rev. Wilson, presiding elder for Iowa, Burn's M. E. church passed through here from Omaha enroute to Ft. Madison to attend their annual conference last Wednesday.

Miss Pennie Taylor, who has been attending the Afro-American league and visiting Mrs. Hyde, returned to her home Monday, well pleased with her visit. She is attending high school at Ft. Dodge.

Mr. J. C. Fremont of Lake City, Iowa, lectured at the court house last Tuesday evening on "The Money Question." He is a good lecturer and understood his subject well. He is making a tour of the state.

Two or three boys who are going about the city representing that they are soliciting for something, and get money in advance never to return again. It is a dangerous practice and should be stopped at once.

"Lean Upon Your Horse" is the title of a song handed us by Mr. Daniel Seiler of this city. He was first lieutenant in a Negro regiment during the late war. He was a brave soldier and is a strong and loyal republican.

In fact, all the Duma chorus society will give a social Thursday evening, July 16, at the residence of Mrs. Joseph Hamilton, 706 East Walker street. Refreshments, good music and a good literary program. All are invited to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph LaCour and daughter, Marguerite, arrived in the city from their home in Mt. Pleasant. They are visiting the parents of Mrs. LaCour, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Blagburn.

The young men are preparing for a fraternal meeting. The audience addressed by the young Afro-Americans. It will be a ratification of the McKinley and Garrett A. Hohart, who sang songs taken by the party from all over the country. It will be a meeting for all—men and women.

Peter Hudlin, of Phillipsburg, Kan., is in the city and will remain a month. His wife is very sick at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Blagburn. Saturday Mrs. Hudlin has a very severe attack of illness and her life at one time her life was despaired of. She is improving gradually.

There was not an Afro-American girl or boy graduate from the public schools in this city this year. This should cause parents to think seriously of their duty. It is astonishing to see the numbers of young men and women who promenade the streets at night and during the day. Do their parents know where their children are, and what kind of company they keep? They should know by all means.

The song service at the A. M. E. church was very well attended Sunday evening. The information was composed of people from all over the city, who enjoyed the service very much. Very appropriate remarks by Rev. T. Reeves.

popular as well as elevating and entertaining. Soloists were Mrs. Walter Birney, Mrs. Wm. Coalsen, Mrs. J. T. Blagburn, Mrs. J. F. Blagburn and Messrs. J. E. Moseley, and George I. Holt. Other members of the choir taking part were: Mrs. Edward Johnson, Mrs. Joseph Shepard, Miss Wicks and Messrs. Edward Johnson and Douglass Miller.

Wednesday Polk county celebrated her 50th anniversary. The exercises were held at Union Park and were very elaborate and appropriate.

Most Worshipful United Grand lodge of A. F. and A. M., will convene in its fifteenth annual communication July 14, 15, and 16 in the hall of Cedar Grove lodge Muckahinoek, Iowa.

The rule or ruin policy of the Afro-Americans of this city lost them a constabulary in Des Moines township. It is the old story over again. More pride in success and race advancement would have avoided this mortifying state of affairs.

The H. B. S. R. held a call meeting at the home of Mrs. Bell to make preparation for memorial services in memory of Harriet Beecher Stowe, which will be held in the near future. All members are requested to meet at Mrs. Holt, 507 Eighth street, July 13 to complete the arrangements.

The Ladies' Afternoon Social club met with Mrs. Windsor on B street. The club was opened in regular order by the president, Mrs. Fletcher. Fancy work was taken up until 4 o'clock after which the hostess served an elegant lunch. The club was visited by Mrs. W. Hamet and Mrs. Merry. The club adjourned to meet with Mrs. B. Griffin, 1529 Capital avenue.

The water work question has been reopened by a decision of the district court. Every point at issue was decided in favor of the water company. The city is paying out a great deal of money in litigation that would be better spent in building new works to be owned and operated by the city, and that are adequate to the growing demands of an increasing and prosperous city.

St. Paul's A. M. E. church, corner Second and Center streets, Rev. T. Reeves, pastor. Sunday school at 3 p. m., T. E. Barton superintendent. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. by pastor, subject, "We can all trust God, but who of us can God trust?" Epworth League at 7:20 p. m.; regular service at 8 p. m., "God drives the stars, but he persuades man because man is not a machine." Good music all invited.

The Athenian literary program to be given at the First African Church of Christ, Monday evening, July 13, is as follows: Song, society solo, Joe Wyatt; duet, Messrs. Mable Morton and Minnie Weeks; recitation, Miss Edie Jackson; instrumental solo, Miss Josie Rivers; recitation, Miss Emma Watson; solo, Mrs. F. M. Brown; violin solo, Mr. E. Ellison; journal, Mrs. Lomack; critic, Exercises being promptly at 8 sharp. All are invited.

Special Correspondence to the Bystander. Miss Cora Lee Bird have gave to Hannibal, Mo., to visit with her aunt, Mrs. J. E. Braxton.

Mrs. Estella Mason and daughters went to Ottumwa to spend the Fourth. They also visited in Albia.

Miss Hallie MacBird is visiting Mrs. G. H. Brown of Oskaloosa.

Mr. Q. D. Early of Des Moines visited with the Misses Birds one day last week, spending the Fourth at Albia.

Quarterly meeting was held here this week.

Special Correspondence to the Bystander. Rev. Malone and Mrs. I. Broadest are on the sick list.

Mr. Wilson died Monday. He was a good husband and father, and leaves a wife and three children to mourn his death.

Mrs. F. Bland visited in Canton, Mo., this week. Miss Lucy also spent Sunday there.

Professor Drain is home again, Sunday he lead the Christian Endeavor meeting, and all were delighted.

The Sunday schools contemplate a boat excursion this month.

Mrs. Hackett is visiting out of the city. Mr. S. Jones and Miss M. Givens were married last Friday. Success.

The Odd Fellows of Hannibal, Mo., were entertained the Fourth by the Odd Fellows of this place.

The Knights gave quite a profitable entertainment July 4.

Special Correspondence to the Bystander. Mr. Quincey Early of Des Moines was in the city two or three days this week.

Miss Henrietta Jones gracefully entertained a number of friends at tea Sunday evening.

Rev. and Mrs. Griffith of Mucky visited friends and relatives in the city this week.

Mr. W. G. Davis of Centerville returned home July 2 to spend the Fourth with his parents.

A merry crowd left Albia at 8 o'clock July 4, for Bab's Crossing, accompanied by the Albia cornet band. Fifteen men were also represented. Speaking, music and games composed the program.

Mrs. Della Mason and daughter Stella were Albia visitors the Fourth.

Mrs. Meadows of Ottumwa, spent the Fourth in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Burt Jones and master Charles Davis and Elmer Folson attended the races at Oskaloosa July 3 and 4.

Mr. Schofield spent two days in Oskaloosa this week with his daughter, Laura.

Star tabernacle, No. 33 gave a social at their hall Saturday evening.

Mr. Hughes, formerly of Des Moines, lectured in the park here Monday evening.

Mr. J. H. Carter and sister of Mt. Pleasant, visited Albia the Fourth.

Silver Convention. Washburn will sell tickets at half rate on July 19th, 20th, and 21st, to Silver Convention at St. Louis, Mo. For information apply to any agent, or Horace Seelye, Commercial Agent, 220, Fourth street, Des Moines, Iowa.

Special Correspondence to the Bystander. Jennie Tubbs is visiting his uncle, Mr. W. H. Mayes of Marengo.

Miss Rhoda Waldon of Savanna, Mo., is in the city visiting her sister, Mrs. Thomas Watson.

Several young men entertained their friends at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. Hughes Saturday evening.

Mrs. L. B. Bright and little Mable Hill of Davenport are in the city visiting friends.

Rev. Smothers, an evangelist from Indiana, passed through the city Monday enroute to Colfax, where he will hold a

camp meeting. He delivered a very able discourse in the A. M. E. church Monday evening.

Mr. Paul Waldon was a delegate to the county convention held in this city Tuesday. Jason Green was chosen delegate to the congressional convention held in Ottumwa.

Mesdames C. Miller, J. Miller and Bright drove to Colfax Sunday, where the day was pleasantly spent at the home of Mrs. Wilson, sister of Mrs. Bright.

After spending several months in this city, Miss Nicey Thompson returned to her home in Keokuk Tuesday morning. She was accompanied by Miss Hattie Mays, who will remain indefinitely.

Mr. Paul Waldon spent the Fourth in Marshalltown with friends.

A number of young people gave a fare well party Munday evening at the home of Mr. John Miller in honor of Miss Nicey Thompson's departure. A good time is reported.

The A. M. E. Sunday schools celebrated the Fourth by a picnic at Lamb's Grove.

Mrs. L. B. Bright entertained a number of her friends at the home of Mrs. Ellen Miller on Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Maude Walker of Keokuk. It was a very well affair. The young ladies were beautifully attired in summer costumes. Mrs. Bright wore a handsome satin gown of camelion effect. The evening was pleasantly spent in playing games and dainty refreshment were served.

After spending several months in the city Mrs. J. G. Coates and little daughter, Juanita, departed Thursday for St. Louis to join Mr. Coates where they will make their future home.

Mrs. Jason Green entertained several of her lady friends at dinner Friday in honor of Mrs. Bright.

Mr. Ole Cunningham spent several days in the capitol city this week.

MARSHALLTOWN NOTES. Special Correspondence to the Bystander. The presiding elder of St. Paul visited here last Sunday.

The community is in a state of excitement over the refusal of J. H. Sundell to serve Fred Wright, Luke Raglin and a companion at his dining room. They say they were told they could eat at the lunch counter, but not at the tables. Action was commenced at once against the proprietor.

Mesdames I. L. Brown and George L. Suter entertained a merry party of young people at the home of the latter on east Bromley street on the Fourth, complimentary to Miss Adelia Howard of Albia, Iowa, and Miss Leach of Newton. Refreshments were served and games of various kinds were enjoyed.

Robert Jackson and his mother spent the Fourth in Cedar Rapids with Mr. and Mrs. J. C. White.

Miss Anna Woods left last Saturday for Waverly, Iowa, for a two weeks visit with her mother, Mrs. J. Sirrell, thence she will go to Chicago, where she will meet Mrs. J. L. Woods on her return from New York and other eastern points. They will visit Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Simon and Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Jones, returning about August 1.

Albert Walker will leave for Omaha next Sunday, where he will visit his old friends and school mates and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Walker.

Mr. Samuel Becks will leave for a few days visit in Waverly with Mr. and Mrs. Jackson Sirrell in the near future.

Messrs. G. W. Green and Fred Wright were employed during the Fourth in Cedar Falls by James Waters.

James Sellers the noted pugilist, and his wife were wheeling on last Saturday night on a bicycle built for two.

OTTUMWA NOTES. Special Correspondence to the Bystander. The A. M. E. church and the Second Baptist church gave a picnic Thursday at Franklin Park.

George Shaw of Centerville, spent the Fourth in the city visiting relatives and friends.

Mrs. Mason and daughter Stella were the guests of Mrs. Fowler Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Lee and Mrs. Kimbrow of Oskaloosa were the guests of Mrs. Field over Sunday.

Mrs. James D. Gardner of Burlington is expected soon to visit relatives and friends.

ALBIA NOTES. Special Correspondence to the Bystander. The original will of G. H. Blanchard of Lexington, Mass., has been filed in the probate court, Cambridge. Blanchard died some time ago, leaving a wife and thirteen children, and as no will could be found the members of the family presented to the court a copy of a will, as near as they could remember that of their father, and that the husband and father had left a will, but it could not be found. A day or two ago house cleaning began at the Blanchard house in Lexington, and the carpet in the front hall was taken up. Lying underneath some papers on the floor was the lost will, and it was taken to court and filed. The will bequeaths one-sixth of his property to his wife and the remainder is to be divided equally among his children.

God's Message. The Gospel is not a message of wrath, a message about hell, but it is one of peace, and joy, and love, and mercy. What it teaches is alike for the individual and for society.—Rev. B. Fay Mills.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN. The wedding presents and trousseau of Princess Henriette of Belgium, which were recently sent to the villa of her husband, the Duc de Vendome, near Neully, filled 170 boxes and weighed eleven tons.

Mrs. Cleveland has been putting on flesh rapidly in the past few years, and is now said to weigh nearly 180 pounds. As she neither skates nor plays golf nor tennis, and the president objects to bicycling for married women, she has taken to walking as hard as she can go from 10 to 12 every morning.

A BROKEN FRIENDSHIP.

It Was Terminated by a Bullet in a Frontier Town.

It was in the early days of a town in southwestern Kansas. The deadly "45" was the most respected law of the place, and daily and nightly in the half-dozen saloons which the embryo city supported was congregated as rough a set of men as could be found in any town of the size west of the Mississippi, spending the time in gambling and carousing, says the Detroit Free Press. Monarch of all the roughs was Ed Prather. He had all the notches in the handle of his trusty .45, signifying that by his hand eight human beings had been sent to their long home. Prather's bosom friend was Billy Wells and he, too, was a "bad man," in the western acceptance of the term. Damon and Pythias were not more fraternal than these two desperadoes. When one was seen the other was always near. If one got into trouble the other was always on hand to assist him. The tragic end of this friendship came one summer morning. Prather had just successfully "stood off" a sheriff and his posse, and the crowd of roughs was congregated in his saloon congratulating him, drinking to his health and celebrating the occasion by filling themselves up with whisky. It was known in western vernacular as "forty rod" preliminary to terrorizing the town. Suddenly Prather drew his revolver from the scabbard and saying: "Boys, watch me put a hole through Billy's hat," fired.

There was a yell of agony and Wells fell to the floor wounded to the death. "My God, have I killed him?" were Prather's first words. Then, throwing down his revolver, he sprang to the side of the wounded man just as the last quiver came over the prostrate form and the soul went to render its account.

For the first time in years a solitary tear coursed down the hardened features of the man whose hands were now stained with the blood of a fellow-creature, but, ashamed of this momentary evidence of emotion, he hastily brushed away the tear and, turning to the bar, called "Drinks for the crowd," and the carousal went on.

This was one more chapter added to the history of frontier life.

WHEN THE CLOCK STOPS. Dose It with Kerosene Oil and Be Surprised at the Result.

Did you ever try doctoring a clock that wouldn't go with kerosene? If not try it next time your timepiece ceases to tick. The effect is admirable, the method simple, says the San Francisco Chronicle. If it is a clock that the oil will not injure—of metal, wood, china or marble—place it in a bowl and pour about a pint of oil into the back. Place it face downward and let it stand over night. Even if the face be of paper and gets completely soaked with the oil it will do no harm. The kerosene will evaporate within a few days and leave it perfectly clean. If after this treatment the clock will not go it is because there is something radically wrong with it. Some essential part must be broken. A little piece of enamel clock given to a Christian present two years ago and which had never run over six hours at a time when subjected to this treatment a few weeks since has taken to behaving itself like a well-conducted timepiece. A French clock which had not gone for years suddenly took to keeping time after its kerosene bath, and a common little nickel-plated alarm clock that had apparently served its allotted term, that had lost its glass and become generally battered, started into renewed life and usefulness. The theory is very simple, of course. The kerosene cleans the works and removes any clog of oil and dust that may be interfering with the machinery. If you have any doubts about the efficacy of this treatment try it on an old and inexpensive clock first; it cannot possibly do any harm.

High Price for a Mezzotint. A recent price was obtained recently for one of the earliest mezzotints known—namely, "The Execution of St. John the Baptist," by Prince Rupert of Bavaria. The price was long regarded as the inventor of the art of mezzotint engraving, but it has been shown that he learned it of a lieutenant-colonel in the service of the Landgrave of Hesse. The prince, who played such an important part in the civil war, introduced the art of mezzotint engraving in England. The above mentioned example is one of great rarity, and the specimen which appeared in the Challoner-Smith sale at Sotheby's a few years ago realized about £50; the example sold here referred to above fetched the very high amount of £300.—London Times.

Where the Will Was Kept. The original will of G. H. Blanchard of Lexington, Mass., has been filed in the probate court, Cambridge. Blanchard died some time ago, leaving a wife and thirteen children, and as no will could be found the members of the family presented to the court a copy of a will, as near as they could remember that of their father, and that the husband and father had left a will, but it could not be found. A day or two ago house cleaning began at the Blanchard house in Lexington, and the carpet in the front hall was taken up. Lying underneath some papers on the floor was the lost will, and it was taken to court and filed. The will bequeaths one-sixth of his property to his wife and the remainder is to be divided equally among his children.

God's Message. The Gospel is not a message of wrath, a message about hell, but it is one of peace, and joy, and love, and mercy. What it teaches is alike for the individual and for society.—Rev. B. Fay Mills.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN. The wedding presents and trousseau of Princess Henriette of Belgium, which were recently sent to the villa of her husband, the Duc de Vendome, near Neully, filled 170 boxes and weighed eleven tons.

Mrs. Cleveland has been putting on flesh rapidly in the past few years, and is now said to weigh nearly 180 pounds. As she neither skates nor plays golf nor tennis, and the president objects to bicycling for married women, she has taken to walking as hard as she can go from 10 to 12 every morning.

FOURTH SESSION

Afro-American Protective Association Holds Another Interesting Session.

FIRST DAY.

The Fourth annual session of the Afro-American Protective association met in Des Moines at the Grant club rooms, July 3 for a two day's session. It was called to order by the president, R. N. Hyde at 3 p. m. Minutes of the previous session were read and approved. It was agreed that the abbreviation of the association should be discontinued and the name written in full. In the absence of Miss Whitsett, Mr. Penny Taylor of Ft. Dodge was elected recording secretary. Mr. Willet of Des Moines was appointed chairman of the insurance committee to fill A. G. Clark's place. After other routine business the association adjourned until the following day at 11 o'clock a. m.

SATURDAY, JULY 4.

Called to order by president. Prayer by Rev. T. Reeves. Minutes of Friday's session read and approved. After a motion by E. G. McAfee the chair appointed the usual committees. The chair then announced the following committees:

Credentials, W. R. Foster, G. McAfee, A. Burrell.

On rules, H. F. Sawfoot, Williams Coalsen, F. H. Hill.

On resolutions, A. L. Bell, J. L. Thompson, Rev. Reeves, Dr. E. F. Johnson and Mrs. R. A. Wilburn.

The committee on rules reported as follows: That no man be permitted to speak longer than five minutes nor more than twice on the same subject before a vote is taken. And that all resolutions be submitted to the committee on resolutions.

E. S. Willet offered a resolution asking that the name of the association be changed to Afro-American league. It passed unanimously.

The committee on resolutions reported in part as follows:

The president then made his annual address. He said in part: "It is gratifying to me to note the growth of our organization. Before it was organized the people of our race in one city had very little information as to the members of their race in other cities, but in four short years we have come fully in touch with each other through the order and are posted as to what our race is doing and accomplishing in the several cities and towns. It has enabled us to greatly elevate ourselves through concerted action, and the benefits are sure to increase as the organization grows. I think we are neglecting the education of our children. Great progress has been made in this direction, but there is room for more, and the education of the children of the colored people should be encouraged by us in every way."

On learning of the sad and sudden death of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the famous author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the following resolution was adopted:

Therefore, be it resolved by the Afro-American league of Iowa, in convention assembled, that it is with deep sorrow and sympathy that we bow in submission to the will of the Great I Am. In her we realized a friend, dear, true and loyal; and that we send our heartfelt sympathy and condolence to the bereaved relatives. Also that a copy be forwarded the relatives and a copy kept by the league.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, H. F. Sawfoot; first vice, F. P. Davis; second vice, A. Burrell; third vice, A. L. Bell; recording secretary, Miss P. Taylor; corresponding secretary, Rev. Reeves; attorney for the order, C. H. Woodson; state organizer, R. N. Hyde; statistician, J. L. Thompson; reading clerk, E. S. Willet. The Iowa State Bystander was made the official paper of the order. The chair announced the following appointments:

Executive committee—R. N. Hyde, J. H. McDowell, E. G. McAfee, U. S. Jones, W. P. Shields.

Insurance committee—I. E. Williamson, L. A. Wiles, George A. Taylor, W. S. Page, Charles Ruff.

A resolution was adopted recognizing the Chicago Inter Ocean as friendly to the colored race and the advancement of their interests.

THE FAIR

504-506-508 E. LOCUST ST.

We have a big lot of Ladies' \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00 and \$2.50.

Tan Oxfords, all square toes, and now we proceed to cut prices. The smaller you wear the cheaper they are:

Size 2 1/2 38c
Size 3 48c
Size 3 1/2 58c
Size 4 68c
Size 4 1/2 78c
Size 5 88c
Size 5 1/2 98c
Size 6 \$1.08
Size 6 1/2 1.18
Size 7 1.28
Size 7 1/2 1.38
Size 8 1.48

Don't let this remarkable chance escape you.

Wabash Summer Excursion. June 1st our summer excursions will be on for points east. Good returning until October 1st.

For information apply to Horace Seelye, Commercial Agent, 220 Fourth street, Des Moines, Iowa.

One Fare for the Round Trip to Washington, D. C.

Tickets on sale July 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th, via Wabash Line. For information apply to 220 Fourth street, Des Moines, Iowa.

MOERSHELL & DUFFY,

621 WEST WALNUT.

GOOD BYE PROFITS

Hot weather Goods have got their orders-- Move quickly, they must.

Ladies' Jersey Ribbed and Swiss Vests..... 4c and 10c
Ladies' Swiss Ribbed Vests, 15c value for 30c 49c 75c
Ladies' Silk Umbrellas..... 98c—Their value, \$1.39
Ladies' Silk Gloves..... 25c—Their value, 40c
Ladies' snow white Swiss Handkerchiefs..... 16c—Their value, 25c
5/8 inch English Serges, navy blue and black—
For shirts or dresses..... 49c—Their value, 49c

Ladies' Jersey Ribbed Vests..... 4c
Ladies' Swiss Ribbed Vests, 15c value for 30c 49c 75c
Ladies' White Muslin Skirts—bargains at..... 78c, 49c, 45c
Ladies' White Muslin Gowns, \$1.40 value for..... 75c
Ladies' White Muslin Empire Gowns, \$1.40 value for..... 98c
Ladies' white muslin drawers, assorted lot, worth up to \$1.25 choice..... 59c
Ladies' wash wrappers—bargains at..... 75c, 98c and \$1.39
Wash floods are going fast. Who still have pretty styles for 1 1/2c 5c, 7c, 9c, 12 1/2c, 15c, 18c, 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c, 55c, 60c, 65c, 70c, 75c, 80c, 85c, 90c, 95c, 1.00, 1.10, 1.20, 1.30, 1.40, 1.50, 1.60, 1.70, 1.80, 1.90, 2.00, 2.10, 2.20, 2.30, 2.40, 2.50, 2.60, 2.70, 2.80, 2.90, 3.00, 3.10, 3.20, 3.30, 3.40, 3.50, 3.60, 3.70, 3.80, 3.90, 4.00, 4.10, 4.20, 4.30, 4.40, 4.50, 4.60, 4.70, 4.80, 4.90, 5.00, 5.10, 5.20, 5.30, 5.40, 5.50, 5.60, 5.70, 5.80, 5.90, 6.00, 6.10, 6.20, 6.30, 6.40, 6.50, 6.60, 6.70, 6.80, 6.90, 7.00, 7.10, 7.20, 7.30, 7.40, 7.50, 7.60, 7.70, 7.80, 7.90, 8.00, 8.10, 8.20, 8.30, 8.40, 8.50, 8.60, 8.70, 8.80, 8.90, 9.00, 9.10, 9.20, 9.30, 9.40, 9.50, 9.60, 9.70, 9.80, 9.90, 10.00, 10.10, 10.20, 10.30, 10.40, 10.50, 10.60, 10.70, 10.80, 10.90, 11.00, 11.10, 11.20, 11.30, 11.40, 11.50, 11.60, 11.70, 11.80, 11.90, 12.00, 12.10, 12.20, 12.30, 12.40,