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IOWA STATE BYSTANDER.

VOL. 5. DES MOINES, IOWA FRIDAY DECEMBER 23, 1898. No. 29

HOLIDAY NUMBER.

Reliable . . .

GIBSON COAL,

Gibson Coal Mining Co. PHONE 75. 611 Locust St.

THE BOSTON MARKET

assures you courteous treatment, and low prices for good meats. The most complete line in the city. Backbones, Spareribs,, Hocks, Chitterlings and all kinds of pork cuts always on hand. Come and see us. J. A. POWERS, Proprietor.

310 Sixth Avenue

J. M. McPherrin
—DEALER IN—
Coal, Wood, Hay, Corn
OATS, CHOP FEED, ETC.
Mutual 'Phone 386.
505 School Street
Des Moines, Iowa.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.
An endless variety of Silver Novelties, Watches, Jewelery, Diamonds, Silver and Silver Plated ware.
Jewelery made to order.
CORNER SIXTH AND LOCUST,
R. N. BROMLEY.
Call early and leave orders

W. P. CHASE Co

Games, Toys, Dolls and Holiday Goods.
You all know the place-7th and Locust, the Big Bicycle Store

John A. Sandholm Co.,

Druggists

Leading line of Pure Drugs and Sundries. *Kirkwood Pharmacy & 601 E. Locust*

GO TO
HARTUNG
For
Christmas Presents
418 East 6th street

Go to
Champagne & Son's Laundry
First class work.
816 818 W. Grand Avenue
'Phone 171.

GOLD FISH.

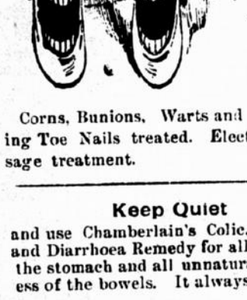


Most elegant and attractive of all pets: require little care. **Many new varieties of odd shapes and beautiful colors.** We ship everywhere in the U. S. and guarantee safe arrival.
JUST THE THING FOR PRESENTS.
Select early and we will keep them for you. Illustrated catalogue of Fancy Fish, Cage Birds, Rare Sea Shells, etc., free.
IOWA SEED COMPANY,
613-615 LOCUST ST., DES MOINES, IOWA.



was raised on HARDING'S Ice Cream. 'Phones 517 762 W. Ninth street

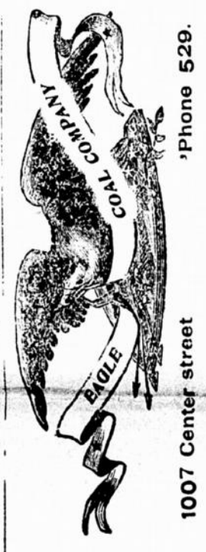
To ease your mind, first ease your feet by going to STAPLES, the Chiropodist



Over 607 Walnut Street

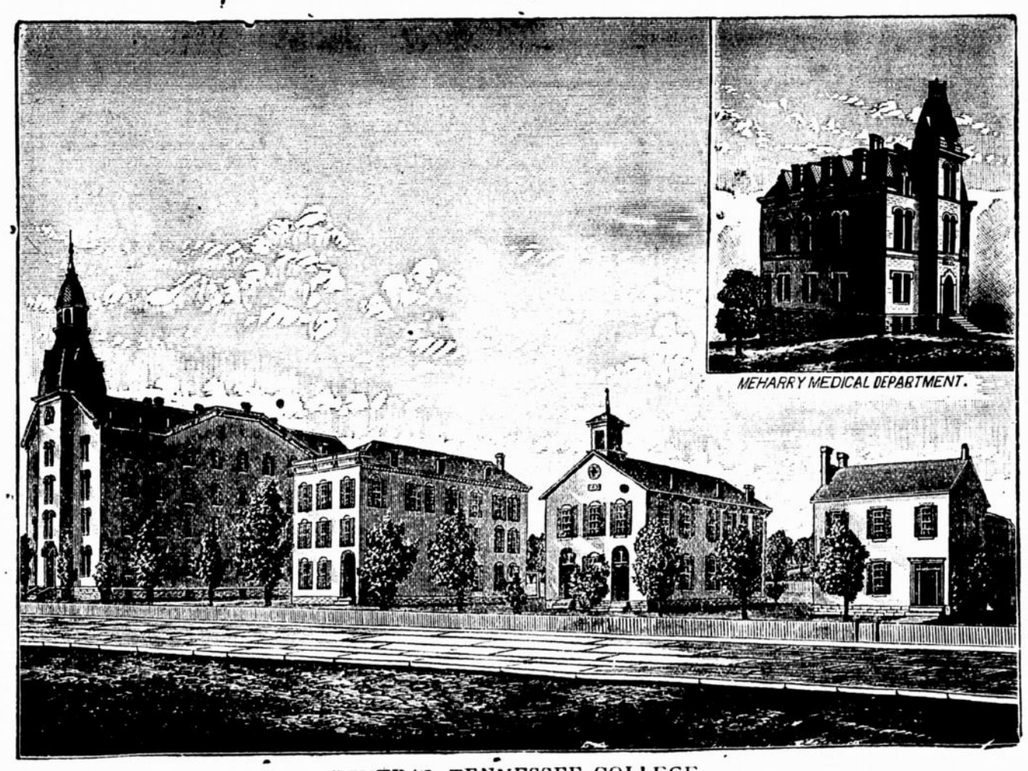
Corns, Bunions, Warts and Ingrowing Toe Nails treated. Electric Massage treatment.

Keep Quiet
and use Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for all pains of the stomach and all unnatural loosen, ess of the bowels. It always cures.



'Phone 529.
1007 Center street





MEHARRY MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

CENTRAL TENNESSEE COLLEGE.

It affords us much pleasure to present in this issue of the Bystander the cut of the above named institution, which is supported by the Freedman's Aid and Southern Education Society of the Methodist Episcopal church. It is 32 years old; located in the south-west part of the city of Nashville, Tenn., consisting of seven substantial brick edifiices and four plain frame buildings with over forty teachers with J. Braden, D. D., president. It has both colored and white teachers, also colored and white students which number over 500 students in all its departments. They have all the English Studies, Normal, College, Music, Law, Medicine, Dentestry, Pharmacy, Theological, Mechanical, Business and African training school. Bishop J. M. Walden, D. D., L. L. D., of Cincinnati; Ohio is president of the general officers. The famous Meharry Medical College which was organized in 1876, the main building is 40x60 feet, four stories high, built of brick, in addition to this there is the Dental and Pharmacheutical Hall; containing a Clinical Amphitheater, a Dental Infirmary Dental Laboratory, a Laboratory for Analytical Chemistry, a Historical laboratory and a Museum. It has conferred the Degree of M. D. on 340 students. This institution is but one of the many institutions now located in the South for the higher education and christain evangelization for the Negro in the South. For futher perticulars write to Prof. Braden in care of the college.

THE EAST SIDE
CUT RATE DRUG STORE.
LAWRENCES
634 East Grand avenue.

Higgins Pharmacy
Sixth and Grand Avenue.
THE FINEST LINE OF
CANDIES
IN THE CITY
PHONE 617.

STUDENTS HOLIDAY RATES.

The D. M. N. and W. R. R will sell round trip tickets limited to Jan. 4th., 1899, to Students and Teachers of colleges and Universities, at one and one-third fare or the round trip.

R. N. CALKINS, G. P. A.

A Big Holiday Sale. Of Pianos.

The Kimball Piano Co., will commence one of their BIG PIANO SALES next Monday, DECEMBER 12th. They have two car loads to start with and Mr. Weir ordered another car load yesterday.

Any body can buy a piano at the prices and terms that will be offered. Go and see them at 407 Walnut street and learn full perticulars.

A New Book.

"Progress of a Race" or "The Remarkabe Advancement of the American Negro," written by H. F. Kletzing, A. M. and W. H. Crogman, A. M., Professor of Clark University, Atlanta, Ga., with interduction by Booker T. Washington, is just out and put in the hands os our worthy citizen, Mr. J. T. Blagburn 379 School street. It is a very interesting and useful, and should go into the homes of every family. Price $2.25, Morocco binding, and $1.50 for common binding. For further perticulors write or send in your orders by mail postage prepaid.

Does Your Head Ache?

Are your nerves weak? Can't you sleep well? Pain in your back? Lack energy? Appetite poor? Digestion bad? Boils or pimples? These are sure signs of poisoning.

From what poisons.

From poisons that are always found in constipated bowels.

If the contents of the bowels are not removed from the body each day, as nature intended, these poisonous substances are sure to be absorbed into the blood, always causing suffering and frequently causing severe disease.

There is a common sense cure.

AYER'S PILLS

They daily insure an easy and natural movement of the bowels.

You will find that the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

with the pills will hasten recovery. It cleanses the blood from all impurities and is a great tonic to the nerves.

Write the Doctor.

Our Medical Department has one of the most eminent physicians in the United States. Tell the doctor just how you are suffering. You will receive the best medical advice without cost. Address,

DR. J. C. AYER,
Lowell, Mass.

A prominent English landlord was one day riding across a common adjacent to his preserves when he overtook one of his tenants, who was also mounted. After the usual salutations they rode on in silence for some minutes, when the tenant slightly spurred his horse, a balky animal, whereupon it dropped to its knees. "What is the matter with your horse?" asked his lordship. The embarrassed tenant remarked by way of explanation that his steed always acted that way when there was game to be found. A moment later, to the tenant's satisfaction and surprise, a frightened hare jumped out of some bushes near by. This so impressed the landlord that he at once drove a bargain by which he secured the tenant's bare-backed beast in exchange for his own fine mount, perfectly saddled. With much agility the tenant leaped on to his new horse, and all went well until they came to a mill stream, whereat the landlord's nag immediately balked. A drive with the spurs brought it again to its knees. "Hello! what's up now? There's no game here," said his lordship. "True, my lord," was the ready reply; "but I forgot to tell you 'ee's as well for fish as 'ee is for game."

A Doubt.

She contemplated him scornfully. "You have made me what I am!" he protested. "Yes," she replied, coldly; "I was merely wondering if you were worth making over." For the mind of woman is nothing less often than it used to be.

Diamond "C" Soap is made by the Cudahy Packing Co. of South Omaha. Sold by grocers everywhere.

It is estimated that during the present century 30,000,000 men have lost their lives in war.

The Sheffield Milling Co., Faribault, Minn., enjoys an enviable reputation. Their GOLD MINE brand of FLOUR has no equal. Try it and be convinced. All grocers or flour dealers.

The expense of running an Atlantic steamer for three years exceeds the cost of its construction.

There is only one genuine Diamond "C" Soap. See that the name is on the wrapper.

All the women of Hawaii are expert equestrians, and they all ride astride.

ONE GOOD DEALER WANTED in every town where not represented.

NOXALL PURE MIXED PAINTS

Finest and most durable. Colors always uniform and guaranteed.

ENTERPRISE PAINT MFG. CO., Makers, Chicago.



A Natural Black is Produced by **Buckingham's Dye** for the Whiskers.

50 cts. of druggists or R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

PENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS. JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D. C. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs. in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

Dr. Kay's Renovator, GUARANTEED to cure dyspepsia, constipation, liver and kidney diseases, biliousness, headaches, etc. At druggists, 25c and $1.00.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water**

CURE YOURSELF! Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request.

CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents contagion. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

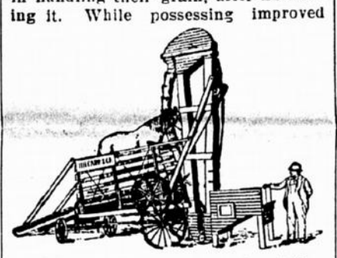
Current Notes of Interesting and Instructive Discoveries and Inventions.

Typhoid Carried by Flies.

The commission of medical experts appointed to make scientific investigations of the condition of the United States army camps to discover the cause of typhoid fever in them has reported unanimously to the war department that the common fly is responsible for the infection. The commission was composed of Major Lee, Dr. Vernon C. Vaughn and Dr. Shakespeare, of Philadelphia, all prominent surgeons and members of the army medical corps. It was of the utmost importance to ascertain definitely the cause of the infection, from which none of the camps seemed to be free. The Engineering Record remarks that the conclusions of the commission, while of the most positive character, will be received as simply confirmatory of a belief long held and expressed by sanitarians, that insects play a prominent part in the distribution of the germs of cholera, typhoid and other filth diseases. In camps where the water supply was excellent and the drainage good, typhoid still spread. Masses of soldiers, and sometimes every man in a tent, would be prostrated at a time. Infection of the food was indicated, and an increase of the disease was noted following rainy weather, which drove the flies to the shelter of the tents. Flies there were by the million in all these camps, and it was found they fed on fecal matter from the hospitals and the sinkholes, were present in swarms in the tents, and at mealtime shared the food of the soldiers. Infinitesimal as must have been the germ conveyed by a single fly, the millions of them carried enough to inoculate through the food a large number of men. The report appears to be of the greatest importance as bearing on the sanitation of camps in temperate or warm climates. No more forcible indictment could be drawn against the privy system of disposal of fecal matter, nor any stronger argument framed for the water carriage of excreta. The commission recommends a new pattern of sink for use in camps, with water connection, even where connections cannot be made with the sewers, and provision for disinfection as matter is deposited.

A Portable Elevator.

We give in this issue an illustration of a unique portable combined power and elevator, for the east, economical and expeditious handling of farmers' grain and seeds. For years farmers have labored at a great disadvantage in handling their grain, after harvesting it. While possessing improved



machinery of almost every description for the best and most economical manner for raising their grain, they have lacked the necessary device for the easy handling and loading of same. This lack of proper convenience has prevented many farmers from disposing of their crops direct in the large distributive markets which this device will, through supplying a long-felt want, place them on a parity with their home grain shippers, and make it possible for every farmer to put his grain direct on to the primary market, thus obtaining all that it is possible to secure for it and thereby save an unnecessary middleman's profit.

There are 40,000 grain buyers or middlemen in the United States, with costly elevators at nearly every station, who must make an average of $5,000 per year, which means a total of $200,000,000 per annum made entirely off from farmers. This in twenty years with compound interest would amount to the stupendous sum of $8,000,000,000, a very unjust tax to be levied entirely on one industry. How long will farmers continue to submit to it?

A New Illuminant.

A new process for the utilization of slag from an iron furnace has just been invented by a Chicago iron worker, the invention being likely to work wonders in the near future, seeing it is intended to become a formidable rival to the new acetylene gas. The product produced from the slag is ethylene, a gas of which one cubic foot is equal to 15 of the ordinary coal gas. Briefly told, the process for producing this new material is as follows: The slag from the iron furnace, while in a molten state, is poured into a converter shaped like a Bessemer vessel, and powdered coke poured into air blast. This powdered coke is forced through the melted coke, the converter being tipped backwards and forwards meanwhile. The mass is then passed between carbon electrodes, conveying a powerful current, and becomes converted into a material, which being poured into moulds and allowed to cool, forms a substance somewhat like glass, and twice as heavy as coal. This substance is termed carbolite, and is put on the market in tins protected by a wooden casing. Each pound will produce five cubic feet of gas in a similar manner to carbide of calcium, the particular gas being what is known as ethylene. The automatic plant for generating this gas from the material is easily fitted up in a simple and inexpensive manner, the cost of piping being slight, and the maintenance of plant merely nominal. According to the Scientific American, heat or power can be produced at one-tenth of the present cost.

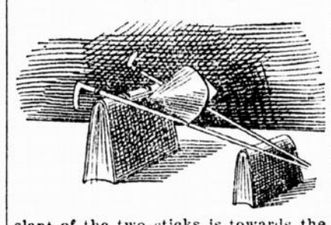
As to Sofa Cushions.

The sofa cushion has become as much a part of the home wardrobe as the shirt waist is of the personal outfit. The newest cushion today is the one whose cover is made of the famous canvas work in cross stitch. The beauty of this cross stitch work is in its possibilities of infinite gradations of color; with an intricate design one can use ten or fifteen shades of the worsteds. The pillow is finished with a ruffle combining two or three rows of inch wide ribbon of the shades employed in the canvas work, stitched together or embroidered with herringbone or buttonhole.

A Picture Puzzle.

We give you as a picture puzzle, this week, an illustration of what the scientists call a paradox in gravity. The cut represents two walking sticks lying on two books of different height. At a point just beyond the lower book, the sticks touch each other, and at the other end they part, forming the figure of the letter V.

Upon the sticks as a body, formed by two pasteboard cones glued together. Please observe particularly that the



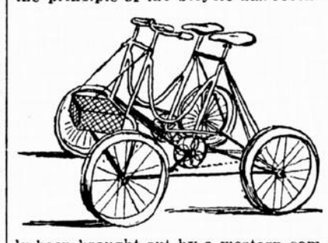
slant of the two sticks is towards the end where they touch each other; that is to say, the touching point is "downhill." Now, if we place this double cone at the middle of the sticks, and release it, what will be the result? In which direction will the cone roll? Give the reason with your answer. Two Club Monogram books will be awarded on Thursday, as usual.

Matches Without Phosphorus.

It is announced from England that a new way to make matches has been invented by a citizen of that country, Kohlmann Rosenthal, and a Berlin chemist, Dr. Von Komocki. The special peculiarity of these matches is not one that makes them any more serviceable to those who use them, but the ingredients of the preparation put on the tips are such that it is now possible to dispense with phosphorus in the manufacture of matches. Phosphorus in its original form, and as used in the production of matches, is a pale yellow, waxy substance, that is highly inflammablt and is also poisonous. It has been noticed that the employes in a match factory are liable to suffer from a disease called "phossy jaw," "match disease" or "flute." This malady is a decay of the lower jaw bone, and is often attended with intense pain. For this reason it has long been considered desirable that a new way should be found to make matches. This as it seems has now been done. To be sure, a modified form of phosphorus—not poisonous, red in color and less liable to take fire—has been tried in manufacturing these very useful articles; and to insure greater freedom from accident it has been customary to put the red phosphorus, not on the tip of the match, but in a composition that coats one side of the box that contains the matches. Unless these "safety" matches are struck on the side of the box they will not ignite. For some reason that is not generally understood it is practically impossible to induce manufacturers to use red phosphorus in making common matches. Thus they seem to show a heartless disregard of the health of their employes. On the other hand, the manufacturers say that the disease can be avoided if the employes use proper care. It is hard for the public to get at the truth of the matter. Anyhow, the inventors of the new match declare that their matches will light when scratched anywhere, and yet they contain no phosphorus. A patent will be taken out on the process before it is made public. It is reported that the Rosenthal-Komocki match can be made as cheaply as the common match, and, therefore, cheaper than the "safety" match.

Railroad Inspector's Wheel.

A railroad inspection car built on the principle of the bicycle has recent-



ly been brought out by a western company, which builds such railroad supplies. With two men in the saddles, a speed of almost that of an ordinary railroad train can be secured. The construction is exceedingly light and the running easy.

Suited for Once.

"John," she asked, "how do you like this hat on me?"

"Oh, I dunno," he answered. "Have you bought it?"

"No, not exactly. I brought it home on approval. I intend to take either this or another one, which is $5 more than this, but I thought—"

"Say, Florence," he interrupted, "that's the most becoming hat I ever saw you have on. Telephone to them first thing in the morning that you'll take it, so as to make sure they'll not sell it to anybody else."—Chicago News.

Consistent.

"Did you climb the Alps?" asked the young woman.

"No," answered Mr. Cumrox, "we meant to, but we couldn't get accommodations anywhere except on the second floor of a hotel that had no elevator. So we went right away."

STORYETTES.

One day, when Sir Walter and Lady Scott were roaming about their estate, they saw some playful lambs in a meadow. "And" said Sir Walter, "'tis no wonder that poets from the earliest ages have made the lamb the emblem of peace and innocence!" "They are indeed delightful animals," said Lady Scott, "particularly with mint sauce!"

The vicar of Skegby, England, was conducting a marriage where the bride was a regular attendant at Sunday school. When she was asked: "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" she replied: "Yes, verily, by God's help, so I will, and I heartily thank our Heavenly Father, who hath brought me into the state of salvation."

One morning Emperor William, who has a great penchant for building churches, was riding in his carriage on Unter den Linden, when and old gentleman espied him from a distance, and immediately bared his head which was as bald as a billiard-ball. Suddenly the old gentleman felt somebody touching his shoulder, and heard a voice behind him saying: "Say, old man, you had better cover you head, for wherever the emperor notices a bald spot he'll surely build a church."

A small Scotch boy was once summoned to give evidence against his father, who was accused of making a disturbance in the streets. Said the bailie to him: "Come, my wee man, speak the truth, an' let us hear all ye ken about this affair." "Weel, sir," said the lad, "d'ye ken Inverness street?" "I do, laddie," replied the magistrate. "Weel, ye gang along it and turn into the square, and cross the square——" "Yes, yes," said the bailie, encouragingly. "And when ye gang across the square ye turn to the right and up High street, and keep up High street till ye come to a pump." "Quite right, my lad; proceed," said the magistrate; "I know the old pump well." "Weel," said the boy, with the most infantile simplicity, "ye may gang and pump it, for ye'll no pump me."

Mark Twain, in his account of the German language, tells how "the intelligent German plunges into a sea of verbiage and comes up on the other side, like a dog, with his verb in his mouth." The same idea is illustrated in a story, told in the Century, of a lady who once listened, through an interpreter, to a speech made by Bismarck. All went well for a time, as the low voice of the pains-taking translator rendered with some adequacy the thought of Bismarck. Then there were short pauses, followed by rapid little summaries of what had been said. As these grew more and more frequent, the lady became irritated. Finally there was an entire cessation on the part of the interpreter, and yet Bismarck was going right on with ever-increasing vehemence. There were constant calls from the lady of "What's he saying? What's he saying?" and an increase of impatience proportionate to the growing violence of the speaker. Finally the wretched interpreter could stand the strain no longer, and, turning with a gesture of fierce resentment to his excited employer, he hissed: 'Madam, I am waiting for the verb!"

Can You Solve This Puzzle Verse?

"A simple go-between am I,
Without a thought of pride;
I part the gathered thoughts of men,
And liberally divide.
I set the soul of Shakespeare free,
To Milton's thoughts give liberty,
Bid Sidney speak with freer speech,
Let Spenser sing and Taylor preach,
Though through all learning swift I glide,
No wisdom doth with me abide."

If you can solve the foregoing, and send the correct answer to George H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Old Colony Building, Chicago, together with a two-cent stamp, he will send you what it calls for.

Riches sometimes fly away from the honest man and light on the perch erected by the other fellow.

A. B. Stickney, president of the Chicago Great Western Railway, has received the following cable from London: "London, December 7, 1898. A. B. Stickney: Reported here that Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe and Rock Island & Pacific have given notice of boycott against Chicago Great Western Railway. Is it true, and what will it amount to?" The following is A. B. Stickney's answer: "Their last boycott increased the west-bound business of the Chicago Great Western Railway to Kansas City from less than four to more than ten per cent. Too early to say how profitable the present boycott will be."

About the time an elevator boy gets a little way up in the world some one is sure to call him down.

VERY LOW RATES.

Via the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway.

Semi-monthly excursions to the Southwest. The greatest opportunity to visit Texas, the empire state of the union, unparalleled as to resources and products and with an area exceeding all the Eastern and Middle states. The statistical reports of products as compiled by the commissioners of Texas indicate this section as having the greatest possible advantages in its mild and equable climate and in the variety and productiveness of its soil. For further information, descriptive pamphlet and dates of excursions, apply to T. B. Cookerly, D. P. A., Des Moines, Iowa.

It is easier to tell a fool by his laugh than any other way

Go South This Winter.

For the present winter season the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company has improved its already nearly perfect through service of Pullman Vestibuled Sleeping Cars and elegant day coaches from Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis and Chicago, to Mobile, New Orleans and the Gulf Coast, Thomasville, Ga., Pensacola, Jacksonville, Tampa, Palm Beach and other points in Florida. Perfect connection will be made with steamer lines for Cuba, Porto Rico, Nassau and West Indian ports. Tourist and Home Seekers' excursion tickets on sale at low rates. Write C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., for particulars.

A man should associate with his equals or live alone.

Holiday Excursions.

Excursion tickets will be sold at all stations on the North-Western line (C. & N. W. R'y, C. St. P. M. & O. R'y, S. C. & P. R'y and F. E. & M. V. R. R.) to all other points on this system and on the Union Pacific Railroad, within 200 miles of the selling station, at greatly reduced rates, December 24, 25, 26 and 31, 1898, and January 1 and 2, 1899, good until January 4, 1899. Apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y for full particulars.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A Variety of Jokes—Gibes and Ironies Original and Selected—Flotsam and Jetsam from the Tide of Humor—Witty Sayings.

Zola.

When you come across the ocean,
Mister Zola, kindly say
That you haven't any notion
That you'll give us all away.
For we're quite disposed to mention,
Mister Zola, sir, that we
Do not like the strong attention
Which we might expect from thee.

We're averse to being treated,
Mister Zola, on the plan
That our morals are all fetid
In the social garbage can.
While we know you are a wonder,
Mister Zola, and a wit,
If you spoil us, well, by thunder!
We shan't like it, sir, a bit!
—Cleveland Plaindealer.

A Useless Question.



Neversweat Nicodemus—Are you a single man, Tolliver?

Tattered Tolliver—Say, if I was double I'd be in a dime museum.

Waiting.

The Colonel—"Say, what have you got against our congressman, anyway? I know he doesn't belong to your party, but really he doesn't deserve all the harsh things you say of him in your paper. I wonder if there will ever come a time when you will be pleased to come out and say that he has done the right thing—when you will have a word of praise for him?"

Editor of the Weekly Hidebound—"Oh, yes, I've got an article in type now, in which I praise him very highly; in which I say that he never did a dishonest thing in his life and ought to be numbered among our greatest men. He'll die some day and then I'll print it."

Not Down to the Bottom.

"You boast of your greater civilization!" exclaimed the Indian contemptuously.

"Haven't we a right to?"

"No, sir. The Indian has been dragged down by your influence, but he is still superior. He may drink intoxicating liquor. But he doesn't smash the bottles on the ashphalt for bicycles to run over."

No Gentleman.



"They say that music stimulates the growth of the hair."

"That's queer; whenever I sing, Harry grabs a whole lot of his hair out."

Tried to Make It Up.

"Waiter," said the bicyclist at the little country inn, "bring me three eggs and boil them four minutes."

Fifteen minutes elapse, and the waiter returns with one egg.

"Very sorry, sir, our eggs is out. This is the only one we had left—but we boiled it twelve minutes, sir."—Harper's Bazar.

Never Swore.

"Witness," said the cross-examining lawyer, "are you willing to swear that the prisoner was smoking a pipe at the time?"

"No, sir," replied the witness, "I never swear. But I am willing to bet you £5 to a shilling that he was."—London Punch.

Same Thing.

"I understand that she had an uncle who committed suicide."

"Well, yes, you might call it that. He stole a horse out in Arizona."

A Question of S.



Mrs. Tracy—"You would not part with your little wifey for all the money in the world, would you, my dear?"

Tracy—"Not much! Money talks, but there is not enough of it in the world to take your place."

Can't Call the Bluff.

"What do you call that eminence?" asked the tourist.

"We don't call it nothing," answered Pieface Johnson. "That there, I guess, is the only bluff in this country that ain't been called."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Slanderous.

McSwatters—"You don't have to use any brain work in playing golf."

McSwitters—"That's why it's so popular with society."—Syracuse Herald.

Theory.

"I wonder why Fillups drinks so much?"

"I've had an idea that he does it to get the taste of his conversation out of his mouth."

The World's Supply of Wheat.

An English expert claims that the wheat producing soil of the world is unequal to the strain that will be put upon it. Even now when the food supply is ample, thousands die because their disordered stomachs fail to digest the food they take. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters strengthen and tone up the stomach and digestive organs.

Speaking of fireworks, David was the original giant cracker.

Mud has a tendency to make the average mortal melancholy.

A woman loves her dog all the more when another dog whips it; a man will get rid of his.

Save the wrappers around Diamond "C" Soap. They are worth money.

To make 1,000 watch movements by hand would cost $80,822; by machinery they are produced at an expense of $1,799.

WANTED—Case of bad health that RIPANS will not benefit. Send 5 cents to Ripans Chemical Co., New York, for 10 samples and 1,000 testimonials.

A thief may take a thing easy, but he always takes it hard when he is caught.

Dropsy treated free by Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, of Atlanta, Ga. The greatest dropsy specialists in the world. Read their advertisement in another column of this paper.

You may laugh and grow fat yourself, but you must use corn for your hogs.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

The man who is dissatisfied with his work is never happy.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & Co.,
Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The sun's rays in winter are highly appreciated.

There's only one soap in the world for me,
That's the soap they call the Diamond "C."

It is always easy for a hypocrite to cry.

CHEAPEST DAILY IN THE WORLD.

The Des Moines DAILY NEWS is the only dollar daily in the world. Its subscription price is $1 a year, 75 cents for six months, 50 cents for three months, 25 cent a month. The dollar rate has been in force over three years, and is no experiment, and it has increased the circulation of the NEWS to 25,000, far the largest of any Iowa daily. The DAILY NEWS is a member of the Associated Press, and gives a daily telegraphic news report, and all the news of Iowa and the world, condensed for busy people. Its Saturday issue contains attractive pages for women and children, and valuable literary matter. The Saturday issue is alone worth the price of the paper. Be up with the times, read a daily paper and keep posted. Address, THE NEWS, Des Moines, Iowa.

After marriage a girl becomes too economical to cry on her husband's coat collar.

$15.00 PER WEEK.

We will pay a salary of $15 per week for man with rig to introduce Perfection Poultry Mixture in the country, the greatest egg producer on earth. Address with stamp. Perfection Mfg. Co., Parsons, Kansas.

Prudent.

She—You know I love you, but don't you think we had better not marry until you get an increase of salary?

He—Oh, we won't have to live entirely on my salary. I have been looking around a little, and I think I know where I can get you a position also

After the Play.

"And how did you like Miss Ravenrant in her new role?"

"Oh, fine. She wore some of the most exquisite costumes I ever saw."

Hope for the future is a tacit admission of evil in the present.

Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer

Is an excellent remedy for children. Mrs. Wm. M. Frogue, Columbus, Kan. 25c. a bottle.

The fireplace is the nicest corner now at nights.

Theory.

"I wonder why Fillups drinks so much?"

"I've had an idea that he does it to get the taste of his conversation out of his mouth."

The World's Supply of Wheat.

An English expert claims that the wheat producing soil of the world is unequal to the strain that will be put upon it. Even now when the food supply is ample, thousands die because their disordered stomachs fail to digest the food they take. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters strengthen and tone up the stomach and digestive organs.

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Is an excellent remedy for children. Mrs. Wm. M. Frogue, Columbus, Kan. 25c. a bottle.

The fireplace is the nicest corner now at nights.

Improved Mathematics.

"What are you working on now?" was asked of a man who is always inventing but never invents.

"Nothing very big just at present. I'm about completing a method for calculating compound interest with a rubber stamp."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The man who starts out to meet trouble never has to go half way.

Lane's Family Medicine.

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

It isn't necessary for a man to be an artist in order to draw attention.

Coe's Cough Balsam

Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

At life's banquet the scum is often mistaken for the cream.

A catalogue of 300 prizes suitable to every taste and condition mailed on inquiry. Prizes given for saving Diamond "C" Soap wrappers. Address Cudahy Soap Works, South Omaha, Nebraska.

Isn't it strange how people can treat you coldly when they get hot at you?

We will forfeit $1,000 if any of our published testimonials are proven to be not genuine. THE PISO CO., Warren, Pa.

A gossip always thinks she was cut out for a journalist.

"A Perfect Type of the Highest Order of Excellence in Manufacture."

Walter Baker & Co.'s



Breakfast Cocoa

Absolutely Pure, Delicious, Nutritious.

..Costs Less Than ONE CENT a Cup..

Be sure that you get the Genuine Article, made at DORCHESTER, MASS. by

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.

ESTABLISHED 1780.

Diploma and Gold Medal Awarded Chicago Scale Co. for best Stock and Hay Scales at Omaha Exposition. Official Scales Stock Pavilion, World's Fair, Chicago, 1893. Require no pit. Steel Frames. Irons for Stock Racks. Scales for all purposes. Best Quality. Lowest Prices. Warranted.



Also at Wholesale Prices: Sewing Machines, Safes, Bicycles, Blacksmiths' Tools, Feed Mills, Corn Shellers, Engines, Boilers, Plows, Scrapers, Wire Fence, Stoves, Saddles, Harness, Buggies, Sleighs and hundreds of useful articles. Catalog free. Address CHICAGO SCALE CO., 296 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

Wheat Wheat Wheat

"Nothing but wheat as far as the eye could reach on either side: what you might call a sea of wheat," was what a lecturer speaking of Western Canada said while referring to that country. For particulars as to routes, railway fares, etc., apply to CANADIAN GOVERNMENT AGENT, Department Interior, Ottawa, Canada, or to N. Bartholomew, 306 Fifth Street, Des Moines, Iowa.

STRANGE BUT TRUE

You can get a Gold Watch worth $15.00, warranted for five years, (ladies' or Gent's) for 25 cts. For particulars address with stamp

HOLBROOK & McNAMARA, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

$20 A WEEK, steady employment, selling Peerless Flavoring Powders. Goods guaranteed. IOWA SUPPLY CO., Marshalltown, Ia.

DR. KAY'S LUNG BALM for coughs, colds and throat disease.

W. N. U. Des Moines. No 52.—1898.

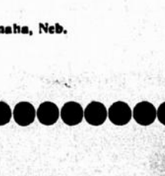
When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

DEWEY'S PROJECTILES struck to knock out.

So do the pains of **NEURALGIA.**

So does **ST. JACOBS OIL.**

Pain surrenders—subdued, knocked out, and captured.



"A FAIR FACE MAY PROVE A FOUL BARGAIN." MARRY A PLAIN GIRL IF SHE USES

SAPOLIO

Burlington Route

In a Tourist Sleeping Car--

Personally conducted—via the Burlington Route—that's the way to go to California.

Why? Because you don't change cars; you make fast time; you see the finest scenery on the globe.

Your car is not so expensively finished nor so fine to look at as a palace sleeper, but it is just as clean, just as comfortable, just as good to ride in. AND NEARLY $20 CHEAPER.

The Burlington excursions leave Omaha and Lincoln every Thursday, reaching San Francisco Sunday and Los Angeles Monday. Porter with each car. Excursion manager with each party. For folder giving full information, write to

J. FRANCIS, G. P. A., Burlington Route, Omaha, Neb.

Iowa State Bystander.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY THE BYSTANDER PUBLISHING COMPANY,
320 FIFTH STREET, ROOMS 11 and 12.
IOWA 'PHONE No. 899.

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

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year.....$1.50
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Three months.....50
All subscription payable in advance.

J. L. THOMPSON, EDITOR.
J. H. SHEPARD, MANAGER.

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.

IOWA'S LEADING COLORED PAPER.

CITY NEWS

$1.00 pays for the Bystander for one year.

Go to Clark & Brown for room and boarding. Meals 15 cents.

Subscribe for the BYSTANDER while it is only $1.00 per year.

If you want a Picture that is beautiful go to PEARSON'S.

Miss Della Richardson, spent Sunday at her home in Clive.

Miss Ruth Lewis, spent a part of last week at her home near Clive.

Mrs. Richard Hudson, of Newton made our city a brief visit last Monday

If you want a Picture that is beautiful go to PEARSON'S.

Mrs. J. E. Meadows has a class in music and desires a few more scholars, or write at No. 776 W. 9th St.

I X L Laundry is not surpassed for pearly white and neat finish, 'Phone No. 424.

Subscribe for the BYSTANDER while it is only $1.00 payable in advance and get our beautiful holiday number.

When you want a fine Photograph go to PEARSON'S, Studio Co., East Sixth and Locust,

BARGAINS AT THE FIRE SALE now going on at LEWIS E. BOLTON'S 413 and 415 East Sixth St.

FIRE SALE NOW GOING ON and great bargains in Christmas goods at LEWIS E. BOLTON'S, East 6th St.

We wish to receive a Xmas present of $1,00 for the Bystander from many new as well as old subscribers.

Mrs. Harrison Gould, left last Saturday for a visit at her old home in Cameron and other points in Mo., she will be joined by her husband this week.

Mrs. Wm. Mash left Monday to spend the holidays at the home of her husband in Mo., where she will visit with her husband's relatives.

Miss Maude Watkins, of Albany Mo. will spend the holidays in the Capital City visiting her brother. While in the city she will be the guess of Mrs. J. H. Shepard.

Joseph Hamilton our East Side member of the city fire department will leave this week, on a visit to Illinois his old home, where he will spend several days.

New York store unloading sale of Millinery $3.00, $4.00 $5.00 trimmed hats for $1.98.

The first entertainment of the Christian Endeavor Society will be given at the A. M. E. church Monday evening Dec. 19th.

There will be a large number of visitors in our city during the holidays, especially during the League.

Mrs. Clark, of Oskaloosa, is expected to visit her daughter, Mrs. B. J. Holmes on Park street.

Mrs. James Johnson left for Sweet Springs, Mo., to spend the holidays with her parents.

Miss Ida Burnett will leave Monday for Omaha to spend the rest of the winter there,

Mr. A. W Harding and family have moved into the beautiful new three story building. Read his ice cream ad elsewhere.

Extra low prices on holiday goods at New York store, 317 Walnut E. Wolf proprietor

Extra low prices on holiday goods at New York store 317 Walnut, E. Wolf, proprietor.

E. Wolf's New York store 317 Walnut. One lot of 50 trimmed hats $2.00 and $2.50 quality, for Saturday only 98 cents.

WANTED—SEVERAL TRUSTWORTHY persons in this state to manage our business in their own and nearby counties. It is mainly office work conducted at home. Salary straight $900 a year and expenses—Definite, bonafide, no more, no less salary. Monthly $75. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope, Herbert E. Hess, Prest., Dept. M, Chicago.

CENTER STREET CANDY KITCHEN
1059 Center Street.
Christmas Candies at 10c per lb, Bread at 4c per loaf.

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Christmas Candies at 10c per lb, Bread at 4c per loaf.

Maple Hall left Thursday for Washington, Iowa, to spend the holidays with her grand parents.

The Christian Endeavor society entertainment was quite well attended last Monday evening.

Owing to the Afro American League meeting to be held in our city next Monday, there will be no meeting of the P. L. D. Literary society. Frank Blagburn, President; Selma Stanton, Secretary.

The holiday number of the Bystander will be on sale at the following places: J. T. Blagburn, Savery House, E. A. London Mnchakinock, Mrs. Wade Cedar Rapids, Mrs. Tillman Clinton, and this office.

Attorney A. L. Bell, who has been here visiting friends and relatives went up to Stuart this week to visit his parents.

The following towns have selected delegates to attend the State Leagne meeting: Des Moines, Youngstown, Marquisville, Boone. Albia, Ottumwa, Centerville, Dubuque, Newton and Keokuk.

A very nice surprise party was given last Tuesday evening on Miss Perline White at their pretty home on East Walker street. A good sized crowd was present and all enjoyed themselves.

Mr. Norris Bryant, who was sentenced to the penitentiary for several years, was pardoned last week by Gov. Shaw, through the efforts of attorney Woodson. He had only served about one year and a half.

Rev. Reeves' children has been sick this week.

Program for the men's meeting next Sunday at the A. M. E. Church 1st prayer by Chaplain, 2d paper by T. S. Ruff subject The Solution of the Southern Negro is dependent upon the efforts of the Educated Negro of the North: Third. Address by Wm. Frazier: The Negro As a Soldier: Paper. Attorney I. E. Williamson: Paper. Mr. E S. Willett.
W. H. Humbard. President
Mrs. J. B. Rush, Secretary

The card party given by Misses Maud Cleggett and Bell in honor of Mr. Albert Bell last Friday evening was quite well attended and a very enjoyable time was had by those present, singing music, games and conversation was indulged until a late hour when an excellent lunch was served. The young ladies understand how to make it pleasant for all.

Mr. Frank Blagburn will leave Monday for Washington D. C. to attend the National Council meeting there.

League Banquet Program.

The local league submit the following program for the banquet held here at Kortz Hall, over 312 West Fifth st., Monday evening, the 26th. J. L. Thompson, Toast Master: Welcome Address by Rev. T. Reeves: Response in behalf of the visitors, W. P. Shields, of Sioux City: address, Influence of Negro Women upon her race by Miss May Davis, of Albia. History and object of the League. R. N. Hyde: Present condition of the Southern Negro, by attorney George H. Woodson, of Muchakinock: solo, Mrs. J. H. Shepard: address, Influence of Negro men upon his race by editor Geo. E. Taylor, of Oskaloosa. The menu at the supper will consist of eight courses. Program will begin promptly at 8 o'clock.

TWO POINTED QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

What is the use of making a better article than competitor if you can not get a better price for it?

Ans.—As there is no difference in the price the public will buy only the better, so that while our profits may be smaller on a single sale they will be much greater in the aggregate.

How can you get the public to know your make is the best?

If both articles are brought prominently before the public both are certain to be tried and the public will very quickly pass judgment on them and use only the better one.

This explains the large sale on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. The people have been using it for years and have found that it can always be depended upon. They may occasionlly take up with some fashionable novelty put fourth with exaggerated claims but are certain to return to the one remedy that they know to be reliable and for coughs, colds and croup there is nothing equal to Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For sale by all Druggist.

PHOTOGRAPHS
of the strictly UP-TO-DATE Kind and made by
Edinger
605 Walnut street,
Des Moines, Iowa.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

How often do we hear of men and women even from the lower walks of life to those of the higher plan of excellency speak and eulogize their country, especially is this so among the colored population of Americs, why is this? It sometimes seems egotistic and fanciful for us to do this, when we only think and well remember the many gross injustices and inequalities done our race in their country, yet we as a race have shown gratitude for ingratitude. We have proven beyond a santillia of doubt that we are the truest and best lovers of our country then any other nationality. In every extream emergency during the short life of this republic, when the sacred honor of our country was in need, when foreign or internal foes sought to destroy it. Their loyalty and love of country aros spontaneous and burst forth in some grand act for this country though, he himself a vassal in that country. Our success we need not mention because history tells though written with more or less prejudice at least with but little intention of giving any special crepit or praises to the colored American except as mere history of their loyalty. The love of country can not be too strongly taught to all races of America because the destiny of America rest in the love of country. Its institutions and the respect of its law.

PARENTS DUTY TO THEIR CHILDREN.

The children in this generation have almost gone astray from that true path of manhood and womanhood which alone leads a nation to success. This cause, is the failure of parents to teach, train and dicipline their children while young, as a rule they don't use that due care as they should. You should know their associates, keep them off of the streets after night have them at home studying their books or learning music. You should make your home pleasant and attractive for them: teach them to love one another and to always avoid idleness and bad company. Parents, it is a duty that you owe from past experiences to be very careful in the raising of your children.

TWO NORTHS AND TWO SOUTHS.

How pleasant and how inspiring to read of one country, one flag one race united into one homogenious composite unit. In this country the expression is true in many respects but some not. There are two Norths, one selfish, grasping, corrupt and lawless, made up of anarchists, strikers and trusts. The other North, unselfish, liberal, pure and just made up of philantrophists, patriots and promoters of benefaction. There are two Souths, one proud quarrelsome, vindictive unmerciful composed of murders, redshirts and mock aristocracy. There is another South, generous, merciful, chivalrous and law abiding made up of philantropists, patriots and defenders of law. The last North and South are the united North and South or at least should be, it is our kind and when it begins to labor to destroy the evil and sentiment of the other North and South, greater accomplishments will come to America then ever before. The past must be forgotten new ties formed based upon the true worth of man his morals and qualifications and not upon his past conditions or nationality.

CHRISTMAS

The regular annual church festivities which is held in honor of the birth of Christ, hence on the 25th., of December we have what is called Christmas day which is and has been celebrated by all christian nations centuries and centuris ago in some form or another, but in America, its observations are becoming more imposing and more interesting by virtue of its universality. Our method of celebrating is also quite different to that of other countries some nations celebrate it in solemnity. We in gayety and cheerfulness. When one read in pristine history and see the wonderful advancement of the human race since the birth of Christ 1898 years ago. We cannot contemplate with any accuracy, the future of human race 1,000 years hence, however while we are here we should enjoy life and seek to make the world better as did Christ. Let Christmas day continue to bring joy to all both old and young.

THE NEEDS OF OUR RACE

In this age of progress and commercial competition in life. What our race needs as a whole is more push, energy, education and morals with ambition, courage and backbone enough to resent all wrongs and stand up in a manly and noble way for our rights. We need more men and women of muscle, brain and power fit to cape with every duty of life. We need more tillers of the soil more in the agricultural pursuits, more to enter the veriad and different avenues of trade where we may soon become independent, then the race can meet any other race on the equal high plain of advancement. Seek to have some commodity, skill or art that the world wants and we assure you that then there will be no race problem or prejudice or inequalities.

A REMINDER OF SLAVERY DAYS.

Jefferson Logan, our well-to-do and popular colored citizen who has solved the race problem so far as he is concerned by taking care of himself and winning the respect of everybody, hands us the following clipping from a weekly paper published at Savannah Mo.:

AN OLD LANDMARK.

When workmen ripped off the weatherboarding of the Stamp house on Main street an old log house was disclosed with all the earmarks of a primitive, pioneer cabin. And such it is.

It was built over half century ago by Moses Logan, a colored man, and was one of the first of the houses built on the present site of Savannah. It was built of hand-hewn walnut logs and notwithstanding their long battle with time and the elements, they are firm and sound yet.

"Chinked up" with clay and pinned down with wooden pegs, it recalls to many an old-timer the days when our now fertile plowlands were forests, roads a mere trail though the woods' and settlements," not town, where few and far between.

The Moses Logan mentioned in the above clipping was the father of our citizen, Jefferson Logan. Moses Logan was a slave and bought has own freedom sometime prior to 1850 his wife's freedom and that of two sons, the boys being babies. In 1858 he gave up trying to buy the freedom of the remaining members of the family and Jefferson escaped to Iowo in 1862, coming up by way of Bedford to Des Moines in April of that year.

The Bystander Wishes all a Merry Xmas.

With this issue of our paaper, we have tried to give our readers some interesting reading and examples of race encouragement. The issue is quite expensive yet we hope by showing our young people the faces of men who have made a success in life and the younger class that are striving to succeed, that it will induce others to do likewise. We wish each of our many readers a merry merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

What the True Course of our Afr-American League Should be.

The coming together next Monday of many delegates from various branch Leagues all over Iowa will be watched with a good deal of interest by all people, therefore we should come here with that calm, steady, firm, conservative spirit and broad mind and unite ourselves together map out a plan or form a bill if necessary that will rid this country of mob, lynching and other unjust laws also to protect each American citizen wheather in America or the isles of the sea, be he white or black foreign or native born; in the enjoyment of his life, liberty and rights as a common citizen. We should act ourselves not hastly or passionately, but seek in an honest and earnest manner to enlist all law abiding honest thinking white citizens in our cause, asking them to do their plain duty and to join with us to rid this republic of the great increasing gnawing evil of lawlessness that will (if unchecked) sooner or latter will eat out the life and liberty of our republic and then she like other ancient republics will crumble to the earth. Let us not come here next week for self-aggrandizement, speech making or passing resolutions, but to do business, map out plans take steps inaugurate some method and work to that method that will give permanency and stability to our organization.

ALBIA NEWS.

Mr. Geo. E. Taylor of Oskaloosa was in Albia on business this week.

Mr. Coles of Des Moines is in our city for a short visit.

The A. M. E. Sunday School will render a very interesting programme at the A. M. E. church on next Saturday evening and they cordially invite all to attend.

The P. L. D. Literary Society will give the following programme at the next meeting. Song, by the club; Select reading, Dosie Jackson; Solo, Miss H. Jones; Guitar and Mandolin duett, Miss Delia Davis and Mr. John Thomas; Recitation, Warn Mines; Song, Mr. E. H. Butler; Journalist, Delia Davis; Recitation, Miss Nellie Grayson; Debate, Resolve the pen is mightier than the sword; Affirmative, Mr. E. Butler; Negative, Miss May Davis.

The D of F will hold their public installation at Duncan hall on Dec. 26, all are invited to attend.

Mr. Ben Grryson has been repairing and fixing up his home for the last week.

MUCHAKINOCK NEWS.

The five year old girl of Wm. Carey that was reported last week to have been badly burned, died the same night. The funeral was held at the A. M. E. church Wednesday, Rev. Wm. Williams officiating.

Mrs. Alice Massy of Evans, is visiting relatives here at this writing.

J. M. Sears has returned from Va, and brought the sad news of his father's death while there.

The Masonic Lodge bid fair to be in the lead this Christmas in catering to pleasure seeking public, don't miss their entertainments the 27th. and 28th,

There is considerable talk of a double wedding here Christmas.

J. E. Buxton of Vermont ex-Superintendant of the Con Coal company is paying his friends a visit, and will probably spend Christmas here.

Special to the BYSTANDER.
KEOKUK NOTES.

Death with its sickle visited the home of William Shortridge and took from the family circle the dear wife, Mrs. Sadie Shortridge departed this life Monday, Dec. 12, 1898. Although her death had been expected for sometime, it was a sad blow to the family and those who knew her. She was a faithful and a consistent christian a member of the Episcopal church. Her death was truly that of a christian's calm and peaceful like a tired child in its mother's arms, so she fell a sleep in Jesus arms. The funeral services were held at St. Mary the Virgin's, Rev. McElrane delivered the sermon. Those surviving are Mr. Shortridge, mother two brother and grand-mother.

COLORED MEN IN PUBLIC DEPARTMENTS of the U. S.

Departments -	Employes,	Amounts
State, foreign appointments	14	$47,000
Treasury	387	270,981
Agricultural	41	20,620
General postoffice	37	25,160
Interior:		
Secretary office	18	12,900
General land office	21	25,800
Indian affairs	6	3,700
Pension office	83	60,280
Patent office	37	21,120
Education	2	760
Railroad commission	1	720
Geological survey	15	6,170
Recorder of deeds	16	6,400
Recorder of deeds on salary	7	7,740
Freedman's hospital	2	3,900
Census clerk	1	480
Totals	688	$546,006

The Foreign Rdpresentatives.

Colored foreign rearesentative:
Hayti—Envy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, William F. Powell of New Jersey; salary, $5,000
St. Thomas, West Indian—Cosul, Mahlon Van Horne of Rhode Island; $2,500.
Asuncion—Cousul, John N. Ruffin of Tennessee; $1,500
La Rochelle—Consul, George H. Jackson of Connecticut, $1,500.
Bahls, Brazil—Cousul H. W. Furniss of Indiana; $2,000.
Tamatave—Consul, M. W. Gibbs of Arkansas $2,000.
Cape Haitien—Consul, L. W. Livingstone of Florida; 1,000.
Vladivostock, Russia—Consul, Richard T. Greener of New York; 2,500.
Liberia—Minister resident and Consul general, Owen L. W. Smith of North Carolina; $4,000.
Liberia—Secretary of legation, James R. Spurgeon, of Kentucky; 1,500.
Sierra Leone—Consul John T. Williams of North Carolina; $1,590.
Santo Domingo—Consul, Campbell L. Maxwell of Onio; $2,000

CEDAR RAPIDS BUDGETARIAN.

Death has been in our midst and taken from us a young life. Our community was very much shocked when on the morning of the 14th the news spread abroad that Miss Addie Boney was dead. She was one of the unfortunate ones to fall a victim to that dreaded disease, consumption, which in a very short time has taken her to her reward. Miss Boney was a bright and intelligent student of the high school, was assistant organist of the A. M. E. S. S. school and loved by all. She was in her 19th year. Her funeral occurred last Sunday at the A. M. E. church conducted by Rev. Rhinehart. She leaves a mother, two brothers, two sisters and a host of relatives and friends to mourn her loss.

Mrs. M. B. Hatcher, of St. Paul, who spent a month's visit with Mrs. G. N. Wade, left last week for her home.

The Christmas tree and exercises of the A. M. E. church will be held Christmas eve night.

A bright bouncing boy brought sunshine to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Martin last week. Mother and baby doing well at this writing.

Misses Emma Oliphant and Attie Price expect to spend Christmas in Ottumwa.

Miss Cleopatra Van Camp has returned from a long visit in the east.

Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Van Camp had the misfortune to get part of their household goods destroyed by fire two weeks ago. We do not know the extent of their loss.

Mrs. Laura Martin is on the sick list.

The Light House society meets Friday night with Mrs. Geo. Tyler of Fifth street.

Everyone is expecting a Christmas present.

Mrs. Ously has moved in from Kenwood Park.

BOONE NEWS.

Mr. George Brown was visiting in Fraser Sunday.

The Sunday school will have a Christmas tree on Dec. 26th. All are cordially invited to attend.

The First Baptist church of Fraser was dedicated Sunday. Mr. Terry, of Boone, was one of the speakers: his subject was "Afro-American Churches."

Mrs. W. M. Robinson united with the church Sunday evening.

On December 27th the Progressive Club will have an entertainment. The members are steadily improving, so you should not fail to be in attendance.

The local branch of the Afro-American League held a meeting Monday evening at Mr. Geo. Brown's. Mr. John T. Washington was chairman and Fred Anthony was secretary. Mr. Washington was appointed delegate to the convention.

OSKALOOSA NOTES.

Mrs. Robert Johnson, who has been ill for some time past, is able to be about her household duties again.

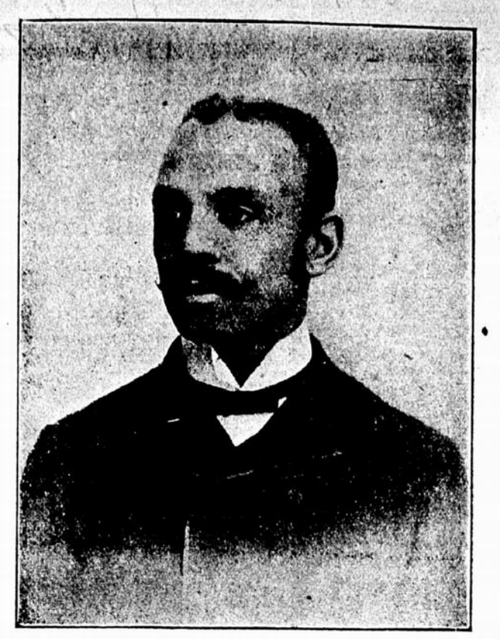
Wm. Tate, a sufferer from deafness, has gone to Des Moines to take treatment.

Luther Burton, the 13-year-old son of Rev. Burton, was sent to the Industrial School at Eldora by Judge Dewey on petition of the father. The lad was guilty of incorrigible conduct.

On Monday night there was a mass meeting of the colored people of the city at the A. M. E. church. The meeting was called to select delegates to the State Protective League, which meets in Des Moines December 26. The meeting resulted in the formation of the Negro Protective Association of Oskaloosa, which is to be a permanent organization and to be auxiliary to the State and National League, of which Mr. Geo. E. Taylor, of this city, is president. The delegates chosen were Geo. E. Taylor, chairman; Rev. A. W. White, Rev. J. S. Benton, A. W. Black, S. M. Cratic, Joe Wing.

Attorney George H. Woodson went to Ottumwa Tuesday morning on professional business and continued his trip to Des Moines.

Miss Eva Creig, of Grinnell, en route to Memphis, Tenn., spent several hours in our city calling on relatives and friends.



J. Frank Blagburn the young man who has the honor of holding the first elective office in this county, probably the state, that of Market Master of Des Moines. He was born in this state raised in this city, attended the Wilberforce College and was recently selected as one of the delegates to to attend the National Council Meeting in Washington, D. C., during the holidays.

Elmer Williams will spend the holidays in Des Moines, visiting with friends.

Chas Clay, of the Birdsall, will visit with his mother at Muscatine during the latter part of holiday week.

Mr. Alexander gave a very pretty birthday party at his home east of the city. About 16 people from here attended, and the way they enjoyed themselves was huge. Card playing and dancing was indulged in until a reasonably late hour, when light refreshments were served in a delightful manner. At an extra late hour all returned to their homes, feeling that they had spent a most enjoyable evening.

MUSCATINE NEWS.

Mrs. Young and Mrs. Searcey gave a grand flower parade Friday evening, December 16, at Stine's hall. The affair was grand and was executed with great skill. The audience was not large as was expected, as it was given for the A. M. E. Church.

Miss Stella Lyons, of Galesburg, Ill., was the contralto singer in the flower parade, and the people of Muscatine were pleased with her singing. Miss Lyons was the guest of Mrs. Young. A pleasant time was spent Monday evening at Rev. Searcey's in honor of Miss Lyons and Mrs. Young. The race problem was thoroughly discussed and was followed by solos and recitations, after which refreshments were served. A delightful time was spent by all present. Miss Lyons left on an early train for her home Tuesday morning. She reports having had a pleasant visit while in Muscatine.

BELL'S WONDER.

A sure cure for Piles, Corns, Bruises, Cuts and Skin diseases in their worst stages and forms.

For any information address the manufacturer,

MRS. ELIZABETH BELL,
Stuart, Iowa.

Concession for American.

Washington, Dec. 21.—The bureau of foreign commerce of the state department has published the terms of a concession by which Martin Roberts, an American citizen, undertakes to operate the Guatemala Northern railroad, running trains daily between Porto Barrios and El Rancho. He is to receive $15,460 monthly and 2 pesos for each new tie laid down. The employes are required to understand Spanish.

Death of Col. T. W. Osborn.

New York, Dec. 21.—Col. Thomas Ward Osborn is dead at his home in this city, aged 65 years. He won distinction at the battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, in the latter engagement having commanded the artillery of the Eleventh corps on the crest of Cemetery ridge. After the war he was chief of the freedmen's bureau in the south and subsequently United States senator from Florida.

Knaak Acquitted at Berlin.

Berlin, Dec. 21.—The Provincial court has acquitted Frank Knaak of New York of the charge of leze majesty, in referring to Emperor William as a "sheep's head," because, as it appears, Mr. Knaak was intoxicated when he committed the offense. A member of the United States embassy was present during the court proceedings.

Death in New York Fire.

New York, Dec. 21.—Two women were killed and another woman and a man so severely injured that they probably will die as the result of a fire Tuesday at the residence of C. H. Raymond, at West End avenue and Seventy-third street.

Changes in Hawaiian Bill.

Washington, Dec. 22.—The Hawaiian bill has been somewhat changed by the house subcommittee on territories. The qualifications of senators and representatives were modified so that instead of a property qualification of $2,000 property valued at not less than $1,000 will be sufficient.

Liliuokalani Makes Protest.

Washington, Dec. 22.—Ex-Queen Liliuokalani has sent to the senate a formal protest against the appropriation of the crown lands of Hawaii by the United States.

Secret Died with Keely.

Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 22.—The announcement was made at the annual meeting of the Keely motor stockholders Tuesday that the inventor's secret died with him.

ENTIRE ARMY WIPED OUT.

Chinese Troops Killed In a Powder Explosion.

THREE THOUSAND ARE DEAD.

Houses Covering a Square Mile Leveled at Hang-Chow—Proclamation Issued at Paris Calls on the People to Upset the Government.

London, Dec. 22.—A dispatch from Shanghai to a newspaper here says a powder magazine situated in the center of the Chinese camp at Hang-Chow exploded, leveling a square mile of houses. It is estimated that 3,000 soldiers were killed, including the general commanding the forces.

The American and French missions are both supposed to have been damaged, but it is said there were no fatalities among the Americans.

CALLS ON THE PEOPLE TO RISE.

Paris Anti-Semitic League Issues a Proclamation.

Paris, Dec. 22.—A proclamation issued by the Anti-Semitic league has been posted throughout the city, recalling the government's declaration in the chamber Monday relative to the existence of the secret dossier.

The proclamation asserts that Dreyfus betrayed the country and was justly condemned, therefore the government should put an end to the revision proceedings and deal vigorously with the insulters of the army.

Concluding, the proclamation declares that if the government fails to do so the people will assume the exercise of their rights upon the ground that the country is threatened.

Fear Revolution in France.

Paris, Dec. 22.—The presidency of France is likely to become vacant as one of the results of the Dreyfus agitation. The city is filled with rumors of Orleanist and republican plots and there is talk in some circles of a revolution before New Year's. President Faure has said privately that he is thoroughly tired and disgusted with the situation and wants relief from the cabinet quarrels and disorders in the chamber.

FOR MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP.

Ex-Gov. Altgeld Forms a New Party at Chicago.

Chicago, Dec. 22.—The municipal ownership and Chicago platform party was born Tuesday. Ex-Gov. Altgeld named it. The nominating petitions, which will be circulated in his behalf at once, will contain the new party name as a caption. The ex-governor said last night that it is his intention to ignore the regular organization of the democratic city convention for a nomination for mayor. He said: "I am going to run for mayor and I will be the candidate of the municipal ownership and Chicago platform party."

Pensions for Confederates.

Washington, Dec. 22.—Senator Butler of North Carolina Tuesday gave notice of an amendment he will introduce to the pension appropriation bill, pensioning ex-confederate soldiers. The amendment follows: "That from and after the passage of this bill every pension law now on the statute books shall apply to every invalid soldier, widow, minor child, dependent relative, the army nurses and all other persons who may be able to prove their claim under the present pension laws, without regard to whether said soldier was enlisted in the federal or confederate service of the civil war of 1861-65, provided that those enlisted in the confederate service shall not draw any back pensions prior to the passage of this bill, but their claim under existing laws shall begin and become operative with the passage of this bill."

Condemns McKinley's Policy.

Madrid, Dec. 22.—Senor Pi y Margall, the republican leader, is loud in his condemnation of President McKinley's policy in the new American possessions, as he understands that policy. He demands that the cortes, instead of ratifying the peace treaty negotiated at Paris, insist that the Antilles and the Philippine islands shall be independent.

Secretary Bliss Has Resigned.

Washington, Dec. 22.—Secretary Bliss has returned to Washington, and in conversation with some of his official callers admitted that he had resigned, to take effect Jan. 1. Who his successor will be nobody seems to know. It is the general opinion that a western man will be selected.

Shell Wilden.

A ROMANCE

CHAPTER I.

It was a glorious spring day. The old oak hall in the spacious hall of the Wilderness has just announced slowly to all those whom it may concern that noon is past. Again the house has sunk into stillness, save for the distant echo of a fresh young voice singing, from very gladness of heart, at broken intervals.

Going down a long passage covered with frayed cocoanut matting and opening the thick oak door one comes upon what seems to be the only inhabited room in the house. Here again is space—ample space, and a lofty ceiling—though certainly, as regards any modern luxuries in the way of furniture, the apartment is bare enough. A faded drugget covers the center of the floor, eked out round the edge by oil-cloth which has long since failed to boast more than faint visions of pattern. An old square piano with a short yellow keyboard stands open at one end of the room littered with music; some half-dozen chairs of no particular pattern, and most of them of an uncompromising nature, are hidden under snippings of dark blue print and mysteriously-shaped pieces of lining; the shabby old sofa is also piled with various articles of feminine attire.

Both windows are thrown as high as the sashes will permit, so admitting the genial sunshine and sweet flower-scented air—before one stands a very practical-looking sewing machine, before the other is an old wicker table strewed with fashion-plates and paper patterns.

Bending over the solid table which stands in the middle of the room is Shell Wilden. She is at present making a determined onslaught with a pair of formidable scissors on a section of the blue print before mentioned. She has ceased singing for the moment; her brows are slightly puckered, whilst her keen grey-green eyes follow anxiously the line to be taken by her shears. There is a decision and energy in every curve of her girlish rounded figure as she leans over the work; the right sleeve of her dark dress is pushed up nearly to the elbow to allow of free play, so disclosing a plump, rounded arm of almost snowy whiteness.

Shell's fine pure white skin is her one personal attraction; but, as her sister Ruby often remarks, she pays for it dearly, for Shell's complexion is accompanied by a wealth of wavy shimmering red hair, faintly marked eyebrows, and a pair of eyes which are positively pale green in certain strong lights, though they deepen almost to brown under strong emotion or in the gloaming of a summer evening. A little below the middle height, with a round, childish face, with that speak so often when her lips wisely silent that her sister many a time takes umbrage at aggressive looks.

She just finished her critical work, and is again breaking unconscious song, when the door quickly, admitting a tall, graceful man of some thirty summers. Right spring costume sets off her classical beauty to advantage.

Ruby, for she it is, differs from her sister as much in temperament and complexion as in form and expression. No stranger at first sight would have taken these two young women to be related, yet such of their acquaintances who were addicted to the pursuit of psychological inquiry were fond of pointing out that behind the widely different manifestations of the personality of each there was the same original force and insistence.

"Did you get it?" questions Shell, pausing at her work, and looking a little blankly at her sister's empty hands.

"Get it! Get what?" asks Ruby, clearing a space upon the sofa, and sinking down upon it languidly.

"Why, the tape, of course! I haven't an inch left; and how can I get on with the kiltings without tape?" cries Shell, with a pathetic ring in her voice.

"Dear me, your mind never seems able to soar above dress-making!" says Ruby, slightly shrugging her shoulders. "We got the tape all right—fortunately Violet remembered it."

"Has Vi got it, then?" asks Shell, in no way affected by her sister's low opinion of her intellect.

"Got it!" sneers Ruby. "You surely don't imagine, child, that we are going to burdens ourselves with parcels on such a broiling day as this?"

"I surely did not imagine that even you would make any poor errand-boy tramp a whole mile to bring a few pieces of tape that would have fitted into your pocket if you were ashamed of carrying them openly," responds Shell with spirit.

Then there is a period of silence, during which Shell looks quite stern and even haughty, while Ruby does not appear to be altogether as self-satisfied as she would wish to be—possibly because it irritates her to see Shell more at ease than herself. Shell meanwhile sews steadily on, and the conversation threatens to come to a sudden termination, when a somewhat sarcastic glance from Shell causes it to revive.

"There is no greater mistake than bringing parcels oneself," pursues Ruby in an injured tone—"parcels are such a nuisance! and why should one do errand-boy's work—they are paid for it?"

Shell makes no answer, but, bending over the table, begins to fit a tissue paper pattern on her stuff, making a scornful and expressive grimace of contempt at her sister's affectation.

"I know you dote on carrying parcels; but then you do so many things purposely to annoy that it is no use attempting to stop you," continued Ruby, sighing gently.

Shell still keeps silent, only smiling knowingly at her pattern as she twists it from side to side.

"You were very wise not to go down into the town this morning," Ruby goes on after a short pause. "Not that there was much sense in the excuse that you hadn't time, for I see you have been wasting it in the grounds"—pointing with her sunshade to a large vase full of lilac which stands in the center of the chimney piece. "It is so absurd to put flowers in this horrid old room."

Shell turns her head sharply and smiles at the mauve and white plumes behind her.

"I just couldn't resist them," she says softly. "I took a rush round the grounds before setting to work, and I felt I must bring a bit of sweetness back with me."

Ruby is not listening to the explanation; her eyes are gazing absently through one of the open windows.

"We heard some news in the town," she observes with a deliberate suddenness.

"Did you?" returns Shell carelessly, as she continues to adjust her pins.

"Yes—Robert Champley is expected home next week."

"Is he?" says Shell, pausing suddenly in her work and opening her green eyes to their fullest extent. Then she continues musingly—"Poor fellow!"

"Your pity seems rather ridiculous," observes Ruby impatiently. "A man with over two thousand a year is not to be pitied."

"Not even when he has lost the only person who could make that two thousand a year worth having?" queries Shell, with a curl of her lip.

"Absurd! He must have got over his wife's death by this time," says Ruby, tapping her sunshade restlessly on the carpet; "besides, he has his children."

"Poor little things!" muses Shell, with a short sigh.

"Why poor? Of course he will marry again; and they will be well looked after."

"Will they?" says Shell dubiously. "I am sure I hope so; besides, it remains to be proved that Robert Champley will marry again—I think it very doubtful myself."

"As if you, a child of nineteen, could possibly form an opinion!" exclaims Ruby. "Why, you were a perfect baby when his wife died—I wonder that you can even remember her."

"Let me see—I must have been sixteen," remarks Shell, with provoking accuracy, "because I know it happened four years since; and I shall be twenty the day after to-morrow."

"Of course you would remember him—I didn't exactly mean that," owns Ruby—"only at that age you could not possibly understand much of his character. Now poor Clara used to say that I comprehended him so thoroughly—nearly as well as she did. You know Clara and I were close friends."

"I always thought Mrs. Champley was Garnet's great friend," observes Shell, with just a shade of unbelief in her tone.

"At one time," admits Ruby in some confusion; "only after Garnet married and went to India I took her place."

"No one person can take another's place," says Shell decidedly. "I know Garnet corresponded with Mrs. Champley up to the time of her death—I have often heard mamma say so."

"I am very glad that he is coming home," pursues Ruby, ignoring this last allusion of her sister's intimacy with Mrs. Champley. "I have often felt it a weight on my mind that I have not been able to carry out dear Clara's wish, and look after her children."

Shell has straightened her back, and now stands staring full at Ruby with such a quizzical glance that her sister says with an impatient flush—

"Well—have I said anything so very extraordinary? You look as if you were going to eat me."

"Well, it certainly sounded odd, to say the least of it," replies Shell, resuming her work," to hear that you were going to look after Robert Champley's children. I should imagine that he is pretty well able to look after them himself."

"As if a man could possibly know anything about the training of children!" answers Ruby contemptuously. "Of course he can't. I promised their poor mother that I would do my best to look after them, and I shall allow no conventional scruples to prevent my fulfilling that promise."

"I am quite sure you won't," says Shell in a low tone to her work. Then suddenly a happy thought strikes her. "Perhaps he won't have the children home," she says, with a hopeful laugh—"he can't do better than leave them where they are, at his sister's."

"Ah, but she is going abroad for her health; and it is solely because he must now take charge of the children himself that he is coming home!" rejoins Ruby, with a triumphant gleam in her fine brown eyes.

"Well, I suppose it is easy enough to get competent nurses when one has plenty of money," says Shell; and then, dismissing the subject with an impatient shrug of her shoulders, she asks, holding up a long narrow piece of tissue paper, "Will you have your back cut in four parts or six?"

Ruby's mind soon descends to the practical, advancing to the table, she at once enters into the most minute instructions for the cutting out of her dress.

"I think this pale sateen such a sweet shade," she says, holding up a bit of the material admiringly. "I have half a mind to get a pale pink, too."

"If so, please look sharp!" remarks Shell, in a tone of anything but keen delight. "I like to get all the summer dresses over in one batch and not keep on at it for months."

"But, my dear Shell," expostulates Ruby, "I thought you liked cutting out and fitting. I am sure you always tell mamma so; besides, you are so clever at it."

"Oh, I don't mind!" admits Shell, rather crossly. "Of course one of us must play at being fond of it, since we can't afford a maid. Only it does rather annoy me for any one to be so insane as really to imagine that I prefer working on a morning like this to being out of doors;" and she heaves a sharp little sigh as she glances out at the waving tender-green boughs of the newly-budded trees.

"Why that heart-rending sigh, my sweet sea-Shell?" asks a tall, willowy girl with blue eyes, who has just entered the room. As she speaks she lays her arm caressingly around the girl's firm shoulders.

"She is quite overcome at the prospect of cutting me out a second washing dress," answers Ruby, in a tone which implies, "Hasn't she an unfortunate temper?"

"Oh, dear—and I was just going to ask her to fix my buff print, because she is so clever at that sort of thing!" says Violet, in a tone of consternation.

"All right, Vi dear—I adore cutting out," laughs Shell. "Bring your buff print by all means—and any other material that you can lay your hands on. 'In for a penny, in for a pound.' It is a pity that we are not all three the same figure—in that case I could cut out half-a-dozen at the same time."

"Do you seriously mean you would be kind enough to do more than one—because there is my new flannel tennis-frock to arrange?" asks Violet coaxingly.

"I'll do it," answers Shell rather shortly—"only, if I do all the cutting and fixing and trimming, I must bargain that you and Ruby help with the machine work."

"Yes, dear, of course—only that stupid old machine will never work for me," responds Ruby, with a vicious look at that useful but inartistic piece of furniture.

"I'll make it work for me, or I'll know the reason why!" laughs Vi, seating herself before the machine and commencing to arrange her cottons. "Now, Shell, toss me over your skirt, child!"

"How can you be so energetic, Vi, after our long walk?" says Ruby, rising from the sofa with a slight yawn. "I have quite a headache with the heat and must rest till lunch, or I shall be fit for nothing during the remainder of the day;" and then she leaves the room with a languid step, and the "click, click" of the old sewing machine echoing pleasantly in her ears.

(To be Continued.)

REMEDY FOR SEASICKNESS.

Sir Henry Bessemer's Ship, Which Proved an Utter Failure.

A quarter of a century ago the late Sir Henry Bessemer tackled the problem which thousands of his fellow countrymen tackle every year in vain—the problem of finding a remedy for seasickness. Mr. Bessemer's idea was to secure a quiet haven of rest in the midst of the vessel at sea, where the voyager might remain and defy seasickness with ease and dignity. His plans first began to take shape in 1869, though they did not arrive at the point of practical experiment until five years later. He perceived early that the notion of gaining steadiness by suspension of axis, as in the ship's lamps or compass, would not suffice, for though the compass is by means of its suspension on a double axis retained in a horizontal plane, it nevertheless rises and falls with the pitching of the vessel. Hence, in applying the principle to a saloon, it was necessary to go to the middle of the ship's length, where the pitching is practically nothing, and to the middle point of her breadth also, where there is little or no motion. Freely suspended objects, such as pendulums, begin to oscillate whenever their point of suspension is moved; the transit of the passengers to and fro would produce motion, and the action of the wind on the sides of the vessel would cause the same effect. Mr. Bessemer believed that he had overcome these difficulties by the application of hydraulic power.

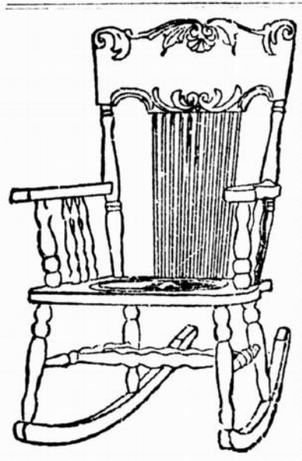
The hydraulic power was certainly arranged with extreme ingenuity, and the large salon, weighing 140 tons, and suspended in the midst of the vessel, could be moved with a touch. In order to make room for the salon the engines and boilers were moved from the usual places which they occupied in the old paddle steamers to points on either side fore and aft of the salon and duplicate sets of boilers and engines wer provided—"in order to shorten" the dreaded channel voyage. The hydraulic suspension was not the only ingenious device which was depended upon to keep the salon steady. The great speed of the ship—she was expected to attain very high speed, although in practice the speed never exceeded 13½ knots—was trusted to diminish the pitching, and she was given a low freeboard, forty feet long at each end. The effect of this freeboard, so it was believed, would be to cut the waves, ship part of them on the low deck, and so balance the vessel.

The Bessemer inaugurated her first trip to Calais by smashing the old Calais pier—the hydraulic steering gear failing to act at a critical moment—and as a matter of fact the hydraulic appliances for steadying the salon were not tried, the real reason being that they were not finished. Subsequent experiments were equally unsatisfactory. The swinging salon did not behave at sea in the same way as the steam-rocked model which Bessemer had been studying on land. In comparatively calm water—which still might have enough swell to be unpleasant—it would not act at all. Moreover, the boat was really too large for Calais harbor. Her fate was sealed by the bankruptcy of the company that owned her, and in 1876 she was sold by order of the liquidators. The buyer removed the salon and its machinery, discarded the hydraulic steering gear and built the freeboard to the level of the rest of the deck. In this commonplace guise the old Bessemer had a career, and only differed from the less stuffy channel boats in having four paddle-wheels instead of two.—Philadelphia Record.

To accept and believe a statement without adequate and dispassionate investigation is an intellectual crime of the first order.—Allan North.



STUPENDOUS CHRISTMAS BARGAINS AT HASSENBUSCH & CO. Prices that are astoundingly low. A Gigantic Aggregation of World-Beaters. An unequaled selection of Christmas gifts—useful and practical. The bigger the bargain, the smaller the price. Nothing has ever or will ever be offered to equal HASSENBUSCH & CO.'S Big Bargain Boom.



Hassenbusch & Co. Christmas Rocker. $1.99

Regular price is $3.00. It is strong and substantial, turned spindles, high back, solid wood seat. Back is handsome embossed carving. It's a big Rocker at a little price.

(Packing 25c Extra.)

Can furnish in mahogany or oak finish.



$9.75

Hassenbusch & Co.'s Christmas Combination Bookcase

Equal to any $20.00 Combination Bookcase. This cut does not do justice to the beauty of this beautiful library case. Take your tape line and follow these dimensions. This wonderful library case is 66 inches high, 37 inches wide, 11 inches deep. Handsomely carved, with French plate beveled glass.

(Packing $1.00 Extra.)



$3.75

Hassenbusch & Co.'s Christmas Ladies' Desks

Strong, as well as handsome. Can be ordered in either Oak or Mahogany finish. Height is 44 inches, width 33 inches, depth 14 inches.

Just the thing for a practical Christmas present. Convenient for home use.

(Packing 50c Extra.)

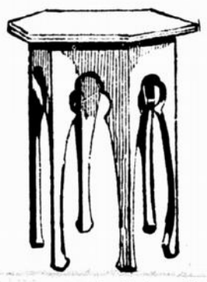
DECEMBER REDUCTIONS

Solid Oak Sideboards with large bevel mirror, worth $15.00, reduced to....	$10.75
Hadsommely Carved Sideboards, worth $17.50, reduced to.....	$12.50
Six-Foot Extension Tables, antique finish, worth $4.00, reduced to.....	$2.75
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Steel Ranges, with warming closet, worth $35.00, reduced to.....	23.50
Bedroom Sets, 3 pieces, antique finish, worth $12.50, reduced to.....	$9.90
Solid Oak Bedroom Sets, nicely finished, worth $20.00, reduced to.....	$12.50
Iron Beds, white enamel, brass-trimmed, worth $3.50, reduced to.....	$2.48
Iron Beds, with brass rods across foot and headboard, worth $8.00, reduced to.....	$5.75
Cook Stoves, No. 7 size, good cookers and bakers, worth $12.50, reduced to.....	$7.50

Children's Rockers Hassenbusch & Co.'s assortment of Children's and Misses' Rockers is very large. Good, Strong Rocker..... 85c

Smyrna Rugs $1.50 Reversible, size 30x60. Handsome patterns.

Fancy Lamps $1.50 Hand Decorations. Very beautiful designs.



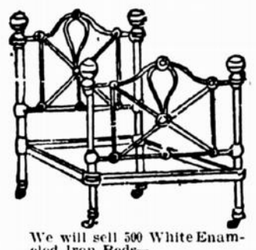
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823 WEST WALNUT STREET, COR. NINTH.



We will sell 500 White Enameled Iron Beds—worth $3.50—this week..... 2.48

SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

Feb. 15—Battle ship Maine blown up in Havana harbor.
April 20—President authorized by congress to intervene in Cuba with army and navy.
April 22—Blockading proclamation issued. First gun of the war fired by gunboat Nashville in capturing the prize Buena Ventura.
April 23—President calls for 125,000 two-year volunteers.
April 25—War with Spain is declared.
April 29—Cervera's fleet sails for Cuba.
May 1—Rear Admiral Dewey destroys entire fleet of Admiral Montejo in Manila Bay.
May 11—Ensign Bagley killed at Cardenas.
May 19—Cervera's fleet seeks refuge in Santiago de Cuba bay.
May 25—President calls for 75,000 additional volunteers.
June 3—Hobson sinks the Merrimac in Santiago harbor and is taken prisoner with seven volunteers who accompanied him.
June 10—Six hundred United States marines landed at Caimanera.
June 13—Camara's fleet sails from Spain.
June 22—Shafter's army lands at Baiquiri and Siboney.
July 1—Lawton and Kent and rough riders take San Juan Hill, losing 231 men, with 1,364 wounded.
July 3—Cervera's fleet destroyed by Sampson's squadron.
July 17—Toral surrenders Santiago and eastern portion of Cuba.
July 25—Gen. Miles lands in Porto Rico near Ponce.
July 26—Spain proposes peace through French Ambassador Cambon.
July 31—Battle of Malte, near Manila.
Aug. 12—Spain and United States sign peace protocol defining terms.
Aug. 25—United States peace commission named.
Nov. 28—Final terms of United States accepted by Spain at Paris.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

A handy mucilage or blacking bottle has been designed, having a removable cap, which keeps the liquid from drying up when not in use, a sponge being inserted in the nozzle with an outlet through which the gum is fed to the surface.

Bags are supported for filling by a handy new holder, composed of a base carrying an upright post, with a curved band at the top, adapted to grip the mouth of the bag and hold it open, the band being adjustable on the post for bags of different lengths.

WOMEN WHO COOK.

The Princess Louise, marchioness of Lorne, is an accomplished cook and is familiar with the rationale of every department of house-wifery.

Clara Morris (Mrs. Frederick Harriott) is an accomplished cakemaker, but tells her admiring friends: "Now don't count the eggs and butter and cream, for I must have everything galore, galore!"

Mrs. Hetty Green says that the talent for cooking comprehends the talent for all other womanly success. Probably Socrates would have defined it so because it is another expression of the power of constructing.

Lord Dufferin's second daughter, the Lady Hermione Blackwood, is a late re-enforcement to the ranks of ladies learning the virtues of apple soup and orange-flower drinks for the sick. She is a probationer in the Chelsea hospital at London.

May Riley Smith, the poet who wrote "Let Us Gather Up the Sunbeams" and "Sometime," is one of the most accomplished housekeepers in America. It is a picture to see that lavender flower-like lady, in exquisite costume, go into her kitchen and, only turning back the lace frills at her wrist, prepare a dainty dinner for a partie caree. But her housekeeping arrangements are an edition de luxe and as dainty in their domain as the appointments of her drawing-rooms in theirs, says What to Eat.

The Comtesse de Caze of Angers, but who lives part of the year in Paris, has written a charming letter to a circle of ladies in the south describing her own duties as nurse and lady president of societies for the relief of the wounded during the Franco-Prussian war; often she was kept busy binding wounds, nursing or going to funerals all day. Some days there would be scarcely an interim for dejeuner between the attendance at the funerals from morning till night. She pays a high tribute to the virtue of fresh lemons for keeping well soldiers in condition and curing sick ones.

CHURCH AND CLERGY.

There are now 20,000 Indians in school outside the five civilized tribes.

Ballington Booth says that on Manhattan Island there are 500,000 young men who do not enter a church.

"Many a man," once said Phillips Brooks, "can say 'I did the things my father told me, but the man I am, my mother made me.'"

The originality of some wags is all picked up in the street.

ON THE STAGE.

Gladys Wallis has joined William H. Crane's company to appear in Eugene W. Presbrey's new comedy, "Worth a Million."

It is said Lottie Collins' recent attempt at suicide resulted from grief over the condition of her 8-year-old son, who was born blind and has now become deaf.

Investigation has proved that the estate of the late Fanny Davenport was much overvalued, it is said, and that her husband, Melbourne MacDowell, will receive no more than $25,000 and Miss Davenport's plays, about $30,000 being divided among other relatives.

Ellen Beach Yaw made her debut in London recently and was well received. London commended her without referring to those high notes which used to be her chief stock-in-trade. It was the exploitation of them that enabled her to travel through this country with financial profit.

The present year's membership of the Anglo-Chinese College at Foochow makes it the largest Christian college in China. It has this year 260 students.

The First Church of Christ (Scientist) of Boston, Mass., received this month 952 new members, making now a total membership in that church of over 12,000.

It is stated that Zola is working hard to make up his lost time in the Dreyfus suit and is engaged on a series of novels whose heroes are to be the four evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

The Observer says they have a breezy vicar in England who in answer to the remark of the Bishop of London that the clergy are the queerest people in the community charges that while this is so the Bishops are queerer still, for they are recruited from the ranks of the clergy.

The proposition of the Methodist Church to raise $20,000,000 as a thank-offering for the completion of twenty centuries of Christian history is, says the Outlook, the largest sum ever asked for in the interest of any denominational work. It is thought that the Methodist Church can raise the amount.

BEWARE OF THESE.

Lady's slipper poisons in the same way as does poison ivy. The bulbs seem to be the most harmful. Lilies of the valley are also poisonous.

The berries of the yew have killed many persons, and it is pretty well known nowadays that it is not safe to eat many peach pits or cherry kernels at once.

Origin of the Business—How It Has Been Built Up.

The announcement that the Night Lunch-Cart Company, in which Worcester people are the chief stockholders, has just declared a dividend of 18 per cent on a capital stock of $25,000, while it may seem astonishing to some people, is really a pretty small profit in comparison with those made by some of the lunch carts in Worcester in the early days of the industry. Three or four hundred per cent on the investment was not at all uncommon. One of the pioneers in the lunch-cart line in this city at one time boasted that he started without any capital and made over $10,000 in a few years' time, says the Worcester Gazette.

He was sorry afterward that he made the boast, as it induced a great many other people to go into the business in competition with him, and thus cut down his profits materially in the next few years. Another local lunch-cart man says that before the coming of the hard times of 1893 he frequently took in as much as $50 a night from one cart, and on Saturday night he has done from $10 to $25 better than that. During the hard times there were a good many nights when a cart occupying the same stand took in less than $7, and $10 or $12 was considered an exceptionally good night. The number of lunch carts doing business in Worcester decreased during the hard times, and there have never been so many carts on the street.

The night lunch-cart business, originated in Providence, R. I., was perfected and developed in Worcester, and now there is a chain of lunch carts extending from Bangor, Me., to Denver, Col. A man named Scott originated the night lunch cart. He had at one time been in the restaurant business and had accumulated a modest fortune, which was swept away in the Vineland, N. J., real estate speculation bubble. Returning to Providence almost penniless he started in to build up his fortune anew by peddling lunches on the streets at night. At first he used to take a large basket on his arm and a can of coffee in his hand. Then he got a second-hand baker's wagon and a horse and used to drive about selling lunches from the cart. By degrees the baker's wagon evolved into a cart that resembled a small freight car with windows in it as much as anything else. Sam Jones brought the idea to Worcester, and a little later took it to Springfield, and in the course of a few years there was hardly a town of any size in New England that did not have one or more lunch wagons doing business on its streets.

IOWA STATE BYSTANDER.

By BYSTANDER PUB. CO.

DES MOINES, - - - IOWA.

As a masher the steam roller is a success.

A title makes a little man great and a great man little.

An old bachelor says a woman's tongue is an organ without stops.

The good points of a great many people seem to have been broken off.

Woman's work is never done—unless she gets some other woman to do it.

It's better to accept some statements than to bother hunting up the proofs.

It's easy to convince the plain woman that handsome is as handsome does.

There should be more leisure for men of business and more business for men of leisure.

It is only when a man dies that every one of his good qualities comes to the surface.

A man expects other men to show his wife courtesies abroad that he never thinks of showing her at home.

War talk in France is largely for the purpose of forgetting Dreyfus, but it may some day bring to France the glory of getting whipped.

A western university is teaching the art of getting married gracefully. What they want in Chicago, however, is the art of getting divorced in that way.

Suggested by the Chicago Times-Herald that perhaps Justice doesn't understand the French language. That isn't the trouble. The bandage over her eyes has slipped down to her mouth.

Life is made up of contrasts. In all things they vividly affect us, and are made to supply much both of our happiness and wholesome dicipline. Sickness imparts an exquisite sensation to returning health, which the uniformly robust cannot know; sorrow gives birth to a joy only the afflicted can taste; and long fear and anxious suspense end in a rapture, in the hour of hope. All the darkness, indeed, of this world is but to show off its light; all its frailty to direct us to Almighty strength; and all its short lived scenes to prefigure what is undying and eternal.

Wordsworth's apostrophe to duty, "Stern daughter of the Voice of God!" is made clear by a remark of Admiral Sampson, quoted by Mr. I. N. Hollis, in his essay, "The Navy in the War with Spain," published in the November Atlantic. "In a conversation last fall," writes Mr. Hollis, "I suggested a method of increasing the pay of officers as an inducement for continued good service and study, and the admiral said, 'No, that won't do. The word inducement is bad. You will get the best work out of officers from a high sense of duty, and not otherwise.'" No increase of pay nor prospect of prize-money would have been an "inducement" to Somers and his crew, ninety-four years ago, to sacrifice themselves in an effort to destroy the Tripolitan fleet. The deed of Hobson and his men, and that of Cadet Powell, in waiting close under the Spanish batteries in a steam launch to carry back the Merrimac's crew, were not induced by hope of pecuniary reward or even by the desire of promotion. Terrors were overawed by a high sense of duty." They were her bondmen.

If a drawee accepts a draft and orders the bank to change it to his account would such a charge to the customer's account require a stamp? Also, in case a draft is presented and accepted, which is duly stamped, and the bank of the acceptor, acting under general instructions, paid it, or in case of a note, and charges the same to the customer's account, should such a draft or note, or the charge made, require a stamp? These two questions were recently sent to the commissioner of internal revenue for a ruling, and in answer he says that if the acceptance of a draft is accompanied by an order to the bank to pay the same and charge to the account of the drawee, this accompanying order requires in addition a 2-cent stamp as an order for the payment of money. In case of a bank's paying a note and charging same to account of the depositor no liability to stamp occurs thereby, unless some written direction is given by the maker of the note to the bank, which is in effect an order to the bank to pay the amount of the note from funds to the credit of the maker of the note; this order would require a 2-cent stamp. It is not the charge by a bank to a depositor's account which is taxable, but the order authorizing the bank to make such charge.

Mere acknowledgment of a fault does not excuse its past commission or license its future continuance. Some persons seem to imagine that the open proclamation of what they call their "besetting sin" insures to them a certain individual property right in it. The honesty of their confession encircles it with a kind of aureola, and their pet fault or sin becomes their idol. Frankness, sincerity, and open-mouthed honesty, are an essential of righteous confession, but they have no power to issue licenses.

The girls of Bridgeport have organized against the young men who take up their time without matrimonial designs. That is right; but it is rather tough to make a young man propose in advance of proceedings as a guarantee of good faith. Dear, dear! Suppose the proposal should be accepted?

Our Spanish friends are reminded of Grant's words during the Tilden-Hayes controversy. "I will have peace if I have to fight for it," said Grant; and that is the voice of the American people today.

WHAT XMAS BROUGHT

CHAPTER I.



THE heavy rumble of the long passenger train from the West had not yet died away, and clouds of smoke still marked its onward course, as a man walked slowly along the streets of a busy Eastern town. There was nothing in his appearance to especially distinguish him from the many men who passed along the same streets. He was simply a gentlemanly appearing man, no longer young, tall and well formed, resolute of face, and with hair that was turning gray.

He was well but quietly dressed, and walked with the step of one tired from travel, the chest thrown forward as it to breathe, in all its sweetness, the pure air free from the dust and smoke of locomotives.

It was Christmastide. At no other season are shop windows so enticing, nor so many people on shopping bent, wearing that conscious look betraying the purchases that are meant to be concealed.

All this, to say nothing of the venders of evergreen and the heaps of pine and cedar about church doors telling of the Christmas trees within. Once when opposite one of the best looking houses, he walked more slowly for a little way, looking up at the house across the street, as if in expectation of seeing some one.

Turning into another street, he paused before a rather pretentious house just long enough for a glance at all the windows, and shortly afterward a trim maid opened the door in response to his ring, and he was ushered in. Then, following the maid's anouncement, came the quick light tread of feet down the stairway and a woman who, in a feminine way, was like the man waiting in the drawing room, rushed into the room and into his arms with a welcome full of tears and smiles and exclamations of "Oh, Bob! Bob! Why didn't you let us know? I am so glad to see you!"

"Just started on an impulse. Didn't know really that I would come until an hour before I was off. I thought, too, it would be pleasant to surprise you all, and then when I was here I wished you had known of my coming. It was almost uncanny, as if I had been dead, coming along the old streets and finding them all changed and meeting only strangers along the way."

The reunited brother and sister, for such they were, sat for a long time, exchanging reminiscences of the past and information of the present, until they were interrupted by a young girl, scarcely yet a woman, who, rosy cheeked and bright eyed, came tripping into the room.

"This is Nellie, Robert, your eldest niece. Your uncle, from Oregon, my dear."

"Not baby Nell!" exclaimed the gentleman, in surprise, while the young lady in question released herself from his embrace with something like a pout, half indignant, as is the manner of very young ladies at being regarded as only little girls.

The uncle was quite unconscious of the little assumption of dignity, and the mother, more observant, passed it by, saying: 'She has been round helping the Fairlee girls, Tom's daughters, decorate for a party they are to give tomorrow night. Did you have a pleasant morning, Nellie?"

"Oh, yes! More fun! Only Grace and I were making some little joke about Miss Patience under the mistletoe, and we thought she heard us. We went into the library for some wreaths she was making for us, and we imagined that she looked flushed and hurt. Isabel was real cross with Grace and me about it, and we were sorry as could be, for she is so sweet and nice."

"You girls, I fear, are very thoughtless," said her mother, soberly, looking across at her brother, who had picked up a newspaper with which to shield his face from the heat of the open fire, and who remarked in a reminiscent way: "Well well! I think I remember one or two little tots of Tom Fairlee's, mere babies, and now they are giving parties!"

A little later Miss Nellie went into the dining room, where her mother was adding a few extra touches to the luncheon, and left Uncle Robert musing before the fire.

* * * * * *

CHAPTER II.

Miss Patience had heard the thoughtless words. She handed over the shining garlands on mistletoe to the merry girls who ran into the library for them, then dropped her hands listlessly into her lap as she looked far away through the window—not at the holiday sights without, but down a long vista of years at a girlhood as gay and impulsive as Gracie's and Nellie's own. It was not so strange that they should laugh at the idea of any one caring to surprise Aunt Patience under the mistletoe bough, nor that to their sixteen or seventeen years thirty-five should seem a period of life entirely remote from all thought of romance.

When hearts are fresh and sympathetic and loving, as Miss Patience had always been, the touch of years falls lightly. But it had come to her once before, a kind of revelation, this realization that youth was past. An old-time friend, one of those overhonest persons who must say the truth and the whole truth even at a venture of saying a little more, on meeting her for the first time after a lapse of years, had followed up her first greeting with, "How you have changed, Patience! But then you can't deny that you are no longer young."

Miss Patience, who would never have thought of denying it, although it had scarcely occurred to her before, said she did not doubt that she had changed.

Alone in her own room, she fastened her door and threw the blinds wide open that the unpitying light might fall as severely as possible on the face she studied in her mirror.

It was a pleasant face and a youthful one. But Miss Patience saw only the coming of the crows' feet around her eyes, the tiny lines settling about the corners of her mouth and in the soft, brown waves of hair the shining of a few gray threads.

She wasn't weaker than most of us, perhaps. Yet she had closed the blinds a little sadly.

Youth is beautiful and a precious possession to us all. Who is there among us who would not for its beauty, its hope and even its ignorance, give in exchange a goodly portion of such store of knowledge, experience or success as the added years have brought?

On that other day she had folded away a favorite gown or two as no longer suited, with their touches of bright color and frivolous adornment, to her sober years. But now she tried to put away in some secret chamber of her woman's heart certain sweet memories and a few fond hopes. For, like that revelation of her lost youth, came the consciousness that the sweetest things that had come into her life—would ever come into it—were only memories now.

"Aunt Patience, we're ready for the wreath for the doorway," roused her from her reverie.

She hastily gathered up the green for the wreath not yet begun, and went to work making it as carefully as if that were the day before a Christmas of seventeen years ago, and she was wondering if Robert Bently would linger after the other guests were gone and tell her the secret she knew he wanted to tell. He had waited. She would never forget how he looked standing there under the chandelier, and she had thought him surely the handsomest lover in all the world. Even now her cheeks burned as she remembered how slight had been her resistance when he said: "But, Patty, you're under the mistletoe. It's my right to kiss you, you know."

Why should these old memories come crowding upon her after all these years? In the afternoon she donned a street dress and went out. "Sitting over the fire all morning has made me mopey," she said.

CHAPTER III.

In another handsome home a young girl sat dreamily rocking before a glowing fire when the doorbell rang.

"Not callers, I hope," and it was with a gesture of impatience that she took the card the servant brought in. But her face brightened as she glanced at the elegant script.

"Oh, it's Miss Fairlee! Show her right up here."

"Indeed, Miss Patience," she said, impulsively, when she had seated her visitor in the warmest corner, "I don't think any one else would be quite so



YOU NEEDN'T SAY A WORD, PATTY

welcome as yourself this afternoon. You always seem so glad to see people happy, and I am very happy indeed."

There was, by way of emphasis, a little wave of one pretty hand, and Miss Patience was not slow to discover that it was meant as well to direct attention to the ring that sparkled on the third finger.

"You see," as she grew more confidential, "Will said he meant to wait until tomorrow, but he couldn't, and—" as the bright color rose in her face—"I am very glad he did not, for I am so happy."

Miss Patience went down to the street again feeling that, in a certain sense, her calls were likely to prove a failure.

There was a flurry of snow in the air, and she turned homeward.

"I might just as well," she thought, "for clearly I am not in accord with the season, nor with other people."

She was annoyed and impatient with herself, for, try as she would, she could not forget that in that far-away time she had been a little unjust to Robert. She had been proud of him, ambitious for him; but how proud of him and how dear his success would be to her she had not let him know. And he, high-spirited and sensitive, had misunderstood.

'Twas nothing, really nothing more than "trifles light as air," but there had opened that breach between them, and he had gone off West somewhere.

The letter she was tempted to write and which, she left sure, would have brought him home again fast enough, she had been a little too proud to write, and now she did not even know where he was. His own family had not heard from him for a long time.

"Married, of course, long ago. And one would think me pining because I am not married, too, and at being an old maid instead."

She laughed a little scornfully at herself, and changed her mind about going home.

"I shall just make a different round of calls from that I had planned," she decided.

The next bell that she rang was that of a plain, little house on a plain, narrow street. The weary face of the black-robed woman who opened the door brightened when she saw who her visitor was.

"I hope you will excuse me," she said, as she took up the work basket beside her chair, "but my mending has been accumulating, and some of it must be done today."

Miss Patience assured her that she would enjoy her call the more, knowing that it was not an interruption, and added, with a laugh:

"I suppose every one almost is busy excepting myself this afternoon, and I ought to be at home this minute putting the finishing touches on a few little gifts, but I thought I could do it tonight. Are you quite ready for your little ones?"

"There are no gifts to prepare. I don't much mind telling you, Patty, we have been friends so long. This year I have had only my little income, and, with Nellie's illness in the fall, there was only enough left for the bare necessaries. While their father was alive Christmas was always such a happy time with us that I have dreaded to tell the children they must expect nothing this year. It seems a pity to dispel these little childish illusions while their faith is so sweet and strong, but I must talk to them tonight. If only Harry were with us again! We could be happy together if we are poor."

The poor woman was crying hysterically now, and Miss Patience stroked the work-worn hand in silent sympathy.

Mary Robertson had always been so proud and reserved. It must be a sore heart, indeed, that could induce her to say so much.

"Haven't we loved each other all our lives, Mary?" asked Miss Patience, softly. "Let me play Santa Claus for your little ones this once. I have no one of my very own to make happy, and my pleasure, I think, will be greater than theirs."

Mother love was stronger than pride, and when Miss Patience came out of an uptown establishment late in the evening her purse and her heart were alike light.

A turkey and cranberries, a big package of toys dear to the hearts of children, with a couple of new books and a bunch of hothouse flowers had been sent to the little house on that back street. A bundle of warm flannels had gone with a basket of fruit to an invalid girl in a poor tenement.

As Miss Patience fastened up her wraps for the homeward walk something very like happiness shone in her face.

As she entered the hall one of the little girls was scurrying upstairs, a mysterious something hidden in the folds of her dress.

"Aunt Patience," called the child over the balustrade, "Papa's brought some one to dinner. He said if I saw you come home, I must tell you to come right on in. They're in the back parlor," and she was off to the nursery.

"I wonder who it can be?" thought Miss Patience, as she parted the portieres.

There were her brother and his wife, the two older girls and, just rising above the back of an easy chair, the top of a man's head.

"Here she comes now," said Mr. Fairlee; "we were just speaking of you, Patience."

Miss Patience stopped suddenly in the middle of the room. The face of the man who had risen, tall and erect, by her brother's side was one she remembered very well. His hair was turning gray—grayer than her own, yet he looked as if time and fortune had dealt kindly with him. As he came toward her with outstretched hand, there was something in his face that carried her back to that other Christmas time when he had told her he loved her, and she had thought him the handsomest lover in all the world.

"Don't you know me?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes, Robert," she said, simply.

What this tall, bronzed stranger saw was a fair, fresh face, for all its five-and-thirty years, the color heightened by the dark fur trimmings of her dress, and the eyes full of a shy, sweet gladness at his coming that he had scarcely dared to hope he would ever see again.

He quite forgot that any one was looking; or, if he remembered, he did not care, for he took the upturned face between both his hands and tenderly kissed one soft, pink cheek.

Then he said, with something of the old roguishness: "You needn't say a word, Patty, for you walked right under the mistletoe."

And Miss Patience, who had only that very morning laid her life's little romance in its grave, what if she did feel a sudden dread of being laughed at? Conscious as she was of the smiles on the faces of her brother and his wife, and that most mischievous of nieces, Grace, looking at her in wide-eyed amazement—what did it matter? Had not all of hope and happiness, and almost youth itself, come back to her with this happy Christmas eve and her old love? It is not necessary to say that Brother Bob had company on his return to Oregon, and that Aunt Patience was no longer an old maid, but a blushing bride.—New York Ledger.

Freaks of the Mauser.

"Those Mauser bullets did some mighty queer things," said a wounded soldier the other day to a New York Commercial Advertiser man. "As long as they were flying through the air they went straight enough, but when one struck a man's body there was no telling what it would do. Sometimes it would be straight through him, bones and all, and go zipping on to plug some poor fellow half a mile away, perhaps. And then, again, it might chase around inside him like a hen with her head cut off. I saw a man who was hit in the right eye by a Mauser. The ball, instead of lodging in his brain, went through his temple and down the side of his face in front of his ear, just under the skin. It kept on under his skin, leaving a red track all the way, went down the side of his neck, over his shoulder and down his back. Near his waist it came out. The man is getting well. Another man was shot in the left breast. The ball went through his chest, turned down, went through his liver, plowed its way through the muscles of his right thigh and came out near his right knee. It's mighty queer the way those balls go sometimes. I suppose they hit bones and glance, but that won't account for it always. Another queer thing is that most all the men were hit between the belt and the knee. The Spaniards fired low."

The Cheerful Idiot.

"Say?" asked the cheerful Idiot, "was it Poe, Tennyson or Longfellow who wrote that ode to the laundry girls?" "Perhaps you are alluding to Hood's 'Song of the Shirt,'" said the literary boarder. "No," said the Cheerful Idiot, "I mean that one about 'Wring Out, Wild Bells.'"—Indianapolis Journal.

His Only Chance.

Mr. Buyer—Mr. Green, there seems to be something the matter with the horse I bought of you yesterday. He coughs and wheezes distressingly, and I think perhaps he is wind-broken. What would you advise me to do? Jay Green (promptly)—Sell him as quickly as you can; jes' like I did.

MAN THAT GOT THERE

HE MADE A GREAT UNIVERSITY OF YALE.

Timothy Dwight, Retiring President, and His Services for "Old Eli"—He Has Wielded a Powerful Influence in Educational Affairs.

(Special Letter.

The resignation of Timothy Dwight from the presidency of Yale university will relieve from active duty one of the most celebrated men of culture and letters connected with an American institution of learning. President Dwight has asked to have his resignation go into effect at the end of the present college year in June, but every effort is being made to induce him to reconsider his decision and to continue to hold the reins of government over the sons and officials of old Eli until the summer of the second year of the new century. President Dwight has been the head of Yale university since 1886, when on May 20 he was unanimously chosen by the corporation of the college to succeed Dr. Noah Porter, who had resigned six months before. Timothy Dwight is a thorough product of Yale influences. He is a grandson of the famous Dr. Timothy Dwight, who was president of the college from 1795 to 1817, in the stirring years of the new republic. His father was James Dwight, a merchant, and he was born at Norwich, Conn., in 1828. He entered Yale at the age of 17 and graduated with high rank in 1849. After graduating he entered Yale a second time as a theological student, and at the same time became a tutor in the college. After four years of work among the students Mr. Dwight resigned his professorship and went abroad, devoting his time again to study, which he pursued at Bonn and Berlin. After a three years' sojourn in foreign countries he returned to America and again became associated with the life of the New Haven university, being named Buckingham professor of sacred literature in the theological school, a position he retained until asked to occupy the presidential chair, left vacant by the resignation of Noah Porter. Professor Dwight was also a member of the American committee for the revision of the English version of the bible.

It is largely owing to the personal zeal of the retiring president that Yale developed from a college into a university. This important advancement was effected at the opening of the new year following his acceptance of the office, and since the initial term of President Dwight Yale has steadily increased in size, scope and importance. During his wise superintendency many new buildings have been added



TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D., LL. D.

to the college halls, among the most notable being Dwight hall, a dormitory named in commemoration of T. G. Lawrence, the Kent chemical laboratory, the library donated by S. B. Chittenden of Brooklyn, lecture and recitation rooms. Many of the departments of the university were increased in usefulness by large donations, and the number of students almost doubled the record of previous years—never during the term of any president has so much money been left to Yale university. Timothy Dwight is a practical financier, and he governed the university wisely and well.

President Dwight has been honored with various degrees. In April, 1869, he was pronounced a doctor of divinity by the Chicago Theological seminary. Yale gave him the same title in 1886. Harvard made him an LL. D. in the year of the centennial and Princeton followed suit in 1888. He is the author of "The True Ideal of An American University," "Commentary on the Gospel of John, Translated from the French of F. Godet, with Preface, Introductory Suggestions and Additional Notes," and is editor of several volumes of the American edition of Meyer's "Commentary on the New Testament." He is also the author of many writings on college topics compiled for different magazines.

In an interesting article in the Forum of 1887 President Dwight tells the public how he was educated, beginning, as Henry Ward Beecher advised, "by securing the right father and mother." The father's cultured ancestry is well known, while he says of his mother that "so strong was her determination that her children should be educated that, as I have often thought, if there had been only one school or college in the country and that one in Oregon, she would have taken her family there regardless of all difficulties and hardship and would at any cost have secured for them the blessing which she so highly prized." All through life President Dwight has been an advocate of the theory that intellectual stimulus must come primarily and most forcibly from family influences. He says:

"Education is like religion in many respects. The children of a household grow most easily and naturally in the religious life not when the parents are always talking about it and pressing it upon them, but when the atmosphere of the house is so full of religion that they do not think of leading any other life. And in the same way, when parents make their children sharers in a true intellectual life possessed by themselves and make the house full of the sense of the blessedness of knowing, the minds of the children will surely awake to the knowledge and will be educated as the years go on. My own mind was awakened in this way. The years of manhood have not done for me all that I could have wished or all that they may have done for many others, but the impulse given me in my early home made me rejoice in the working of my own mental powers, and whatever I may accomplish or fail to accomplish to the view of others I have found so much delight in this working and in observing it that I am sure that I shall never intellectually go to sleep. And so my answer to the question, 'How I was educated?' ends where it began: 'I had the right mother.'"

TURF QUEEN QUITS.

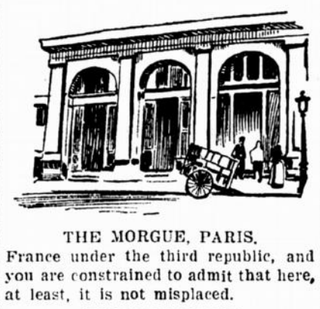
Lexington, Ky., Letter: The retirement of Mrs. Ella Offut Pepper from the turf, after one of the most brilliant seasons of success ever scored by a Kentucky devotee of the thoroughbred, is considered a great loss to turf sports. She had one of the best stables out the past season. She placed the horses in the hands of that astute turfman and trainer, H. Eugene Leigh, and his successful preparation and selection of jockies, coupled with his skill in placing the horses in company they could defeat, won for Mrs. Pepper large sums of money in stakes and purses, and in bets with the bookmakers. Stories are told of big amounts being wagered on single events, and it is said that on one race Mrs. Pepper won besides the purse something like $3,000 from the layers of odds. When the season was over many of her friends advised her to keep the horses and to race them next year, but she declined this advice and offered the horses at public outcry. She shrewdly saw that the horses would bring more money when their prestige was fresh in the minds of prospective purchasers, besides she would be taking no risks on the horses dying or getting out of condition. Then she wanted the money for a purpose, and that purpose was to assist her husband, Colonel James E. Pepper, in again getting a controlling interest in the distillery that bears his name. It will be remembered that Colonel Pepper failed during the early part of last year and that Mrs. Pepper, who had money in her own right, bought in the property, including the thoroughbreds. Mrs. Pepper, who has been the means of restoring the colonel to his old position in the distillery, was one of the most beautiful women in Kentucky, when as Miss Ella Offutt she was a social favorite in Louisville, Shelbyville, Lexington and other Kentucky cities.



MRS PEPPER.

FAMOUS BUT GREWSOME.

There are some subjects that have been too well thrashed out to enlarge upon nowadays. Among these is the Paris morgue. The small, cold, gray stone building, close under the shadow of Notre Dame, with the water flowing round it down below on three sides—the Seine, through which so many of its guests have to pass—has made a deep impression on the mind of every person with the slightest degree of sensibility who has seen it. Stepping out of the bright sunlight outside into that chill, stone-flagged, dimly lighted home of the homeless, the contrast can hardly fail to strike even the least impressionable. The most callous instinctively lowers his voice to a whisper. Outside, under the trees in the garden, just across the road, little bare-legged children were running about merrily, as happy and as careless as the chirping birds in the green foliage overhead, whereas here—. As you turn back to cast a last glance at the gloomy building you will observe, cut into the stone over the doorways, "Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite."—the legend that decorates every public building in



THE MORGUE, PARIS.

France under the third republic, and you are constrained to admit that here, at least, it is not misplaced.

Fall Flowers.

In present offerings of swell retail millinery departments, flowers are not neglected. They may be seen in combination with dainty lace, winter fur and soft, rich, many-hued velvet. Foliage is used rather sparingly. Gorgeous velvet roses with violet leaves find very general favor, as do roses combined with the lighter shades of silk. The larger the flowers themselves, the more satisfactory they seem to be from the wearer's view point. In fact, not a few of the present offerings out-nature nature, both in size and brilliancy of hue. Other flowers are popular, yet none so much so as the rose. The widespread vogue of velvets for all sorts and descriptions of hat trimming has forced flowers toward the background somewhat, although a good assortment of the counterfeit blossoms is an essential feature of all well-regulated stocks.

Where the Rule Failed.

Wallace—"The way to get a thing done properly is to do it yourself." Ferry—"Oh, I don't know. I have a distinct and painful recollection of trying to enamel my bicycle once."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Good Digestion

Waits on appetite, or it should do so, but this can be only when the stomach is in a healthy condition. Hood's Sarsaparilla sotones and strengthens the stomach that it digests food easily and naturally and then all dyspeptic troubles vanish.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. Price $1.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills. 25 cents.

After the Wedding.

The woman in black—He's her third, you know, but she really blushed like a young girl all through the ceremony.

The woman in mauve, yellow and green—I don't wonder! Just look what she was marrying!

THE HOPE OF THE CONTINENT.

Western Canada the "Bread Basket of the Empire."

The attention directed to the wheat fields of western Canada during the past year has caused thousands of settlers from different parts of the United States to make their homes there during the past few months. They report that their experience corroborates what had been told them of that wonderful country, and they are sending back to their friends most favorable reports. During the past summer a number of Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota editors visited western Canada, and the following extracts are from a very flattering letter written for the Germania of Milwaukee by its able contributor, Prof. Sheridan:

"The numerous elevators along the line, towering so far above the surrounding country that they may be seen for many miles distant, sufficiently indicate that the chief industry is the growing of wheat. At the village of Indian Head more than a million bushels of wheat were marketed last year. This was but a fraction of the amount of the same product marketed at the larger cities of Brandon and Regina. At Indian Head the representative of the Germania was told by a farmer that he was about to harvest his third crop of wheat from the farm upon one ploughing given it the fall of 1895, the crops of the current year and of last year having been sown upon the stubble of the preceding crop. This farmer expected a yield of not less than forty bushels to the acre. The farms are very large. The absence of hills and rocks contributes to making farming on a large scale an easy matter. There was an abundance of evidence that the country surrounding the cities named above is an extensive region of fertile lands, furnishing as great an opportunity for cattle-raising and dairying as for the growing of wheat."

"We were surprised to find here a rich growth of nearly every species of cultivable plant known in Wisconsin. Various species of trees were growing, showing that its soil and its climate are favorable to the growth of forests. The writer had never seen a more promising growth of wheat, oats, and garden vegetables than was observed here. The experimental farm of Wisconsin, located at Madison, produces nothing better."

"The people along the line of the railroad, however, assured us that we were still far distant from the northern limit of the wheat-growing b[elt] and that five hundred miles fart[her] north wheat and other agricult[ural] products were cultivated with suc[cess]. The inhabitants do not depend [for] upon the growing of wheat, but [on] vast acres in raising cattle. The ing grain and vegetables showed a plentiful supply of rain had during the current year."

"From this city (Calgary) our was taken north 200 miles to Ed[mon]ton, a town of 5,000 people sit[uated] on the north Saskatchewan river. country at this point is beautiful, senting very much the appearanc[e of] many sections in central and sout[hern] Wisconsin. The people are engage[d in] mining for gold, and in raising wh[eat,] potatoes and cattle; dairying is followed. This valley seems to b[e] vored with sufficient rainfall to duce a luxuriant growth of grain and vegetables. The soil is very fertile and timber is abundant. Fields of wheat were observed that promise a yield of forty bushels per acre. The many good farmhouses seen from the railway are evidence of the prosperity of the settlers. Edmonton is the terminus of the road and the place where the overland expeditions start from for the Yukon, it being about 800 miles from Dawson City."

"The members of the association made the acquaintance of the Canadians of the Northwest and learned something of the vast extent of their territory and of its great resources, which are destined to make it our most formidable commercial competitor in the world's markets for the sale of agricultural products. We learned that the Northwest Territory of Canada, instead of being a barren waste, as taught by our geographies of a quarter of a century ago, is capable of sustaining an empire of fifty millions of people."

For further information apply to Canadian Government Agent, Department Interior, Ottawa, Canada, or to N. Bartholomew, 306 Fifth St., Des Moines, Iowa.

The woman whose fur coat is finished and ready to wear is the one wishing for a cold snap.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

Men take opposite sides on the money question, but the majority are on the outside.

There Is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over one fourth as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Good is the negative quality. Happiness is a delusion of the heart.

A man often has more respect for his servant than his servant has for the man.

No men have more shortcomings than those who are always behind time.

Be careful of your thoughts, for they are liable to break into words at any time.

It is too often true that Love is only asked to tea while Hate is a regular boarder.

Man gets ready for winter by saving money; woman gets ready by making money fly.

IOWA STATE BYSTANDER.

By BYSTANDER PUB. CO.

DES MOINES, - - - IOWA.

As a masher the steam roller is a success.

A title makes a little man great and a great man little.

An old bachelor says a woman's tongue is an organ without stops.

The good points of a great many people seem to have been broken off.

Woman's work is never done—unless she gets some other woman to do it.

It's better to accept some statements than to bother hunting up the proofs.

It's easy to convince the plain woman that handsome is as handsome does.

There should be more leisure for men of business and more business for men of leisure.

It is only when a man dies that every one of his good qualities comes to the surface.

A man expects other men to show his wife courtesies abroad that he never thinks of showing her at home.

War talk in France is largely for the purpose of forgetting Dreyfus, but it may some day bring to France the glory of getting whipped.

A western university is teaching the art of getting married gracefully. What they want in Chicago, however, is the art of getting divorced in that way.

Suggested by the Chicago Times-Herald that perhaps Justice doesn't understand the French language. That isn't the trouble. The bandage over her eyes has slipped down to her mouth.

Life is made up of contrasts. In all things they vividly affect us, and are made to supply much both of our happiness and wholesome dicipline. Sickness imparts an exquisite sensation to returning health, which the uniformly robust cannot know; sorrow gives birth to a joy only the afflicted can taste; and long fear and anxious suspense end in a rapture, in the hour of hope. All the darkness, indeed, of this world is but to show off its light; all its frailty to direct us to Almighty strength; and all its short lived scenes to prefigure what is undying and eternal.

Wordsworth's apostrophe to duty, "Stern daughter of the Voice of God!" is made clear by a remark of Admiral Sampson, quoted by Mr. I. N. Hollis, in his essay, "The Navy in the War with Spain," published in the November Atlantic. "In a conversation last fall," writes Mr. Hollis, "I suggested a method of increasing the pay of officers as an inducement for continued good service and study, and the admiral said, 'No, that won't do. The word inducement is bad. You will get the best work out of officers from a high sense of duty, and not otherwise.'" No increase of pay nor prospect of prize-money would have been an "inducement" to Somers and his crew, ninety-four years ago, to sacrifice themselves in an effort to destroy the Tripolitan fleet. The deed of Hobson and his men, and that of Cadet Powell, in waiting close under the Spanish batteries in a steam launch to carry back the Merrimac's crew, were not induced by hope of pecuniary reward or even by the desire of promotion. Terrors were overawed by a high sense of duty." They were her bondmen.

If a drawee accepts a draft and orders the bank to change it to his account would such a charge to the customer's account require a stamp? Also, in case a draft is presented and accepted, which is duly stamped, and the bank of the acceptor, acting under general instructions, paid it, or in case of a note, and charges the same to the customer's account, should such a draft or note, or the charge made, require a stamp? These two questions were recently sent to the commissioner of internal revenue for a ruling, and in answer he says that if the acceptance of a draft is accompanied by an order to the bank to pay the same and charge to the account of the drawee, this accompanying order requires in addition a 2-cent stamp as an order for the payment of money. In case of a bank's paying a note and charging same to account of the depositor no liability to stamp occurs thereby, unless some written direction is given by the maker of the note to the bank, which is in effect an order to the bank to pay the amount of the note from funds to the credit of the maker of the note; this order would require a 2-cent stamp. It is not the charge by a bank to a depositor's account which is taxable, but the order authorizing the bank to make such charge.

Mere acknowledgment of a fault does not excuse its past commission or license its future continuance. Some persons seem to imagine that the open proclamation of what they call their "besetting sin" insures to them a certain individual property right in it. The honesty of their confession encircles it with a kind of aureola, and their pet fault or sin becomes their idol. Frankness, sincerity, and open-mouthed honesty, are an essential of righteous confession, but they have no power to issue licenses.

The girls of Bridgeport have organized against the young men who take up their time without matrimonial designs. That is right; but it is rather tough to make a young man propose in advance of proceedings as a guarantee of good faith. Dear, dear! Suppose the proposal should be accepted?

Our Spanish friends are reminded of Grant's words during the Tilden-Hayes controversy. "I will have peace if I have to fight for it," said Grant; and that is the voice of the American people today.

WHAT XMAS BROUGHT

CHAPTER I.



THE heavy rumble of the long passenger train from the West had not yet died away, and clouds of smoke still marked its onward course, as a man walked slowly along the streets of a busy Eastern town. There was nothing in his appearance to especially distinguish him from the many men who passed along the same streets. He was simply a gentlemanly appearing man, no longer young, tall and well formed, resolute of face, and with hair that was turning gray.

He was well but quietly dressed, and walked with the step of one tired from travel, the chest thrown forward as if to breathe, in all its sweetness, the pure air free from the dust and smoke of locomotives.

It was Christmastide. At no other season are shop windows so enticing, nor so many people on shopping bent, wearing that conscious look betraying the purchases that are meant to be concealed.

All this, to say nothing of the venders of evergreen and the heaps of pine and cedar about church doors telling of the Christmas trees within. Once when opposite one of the best looking houses, he walked more slowly for a little way, looking up at the house across the street, as if in expectation of seeing some one.

Turning into another street, he paused before a rather pretentious house just long enough for a glance at all the windows, and shortly afterward a trim maid opened the door in response to his ring, and he was ushered in. Then, following the maid's announcement, came the quick light tread of feet down the stairway and a woman who, in a feminine way, was like the man waiting in the drawing room, rushed into the room and into his arms with a welcome full of tears and smiles and exclamations of "Oh, Bob! Bob! Why didn't you let us know? I am so glad to see you!"

"Just started on an impulse. Didn't know really that I would come until an hour before I was off. I thought, too, it would be pleasant to surprise you all, and then when I was here I wished you had known of my coming. It was almost uncanny, as if I had been dead, coming along the old streets and finding them all changed and meeting only strangers along the way."

The reunited brother and sister, for such they were, sat for a long time, exchanging reminiscences of the past and information of the present, until they were interrupted by a young girl, scarcely yet a woman, who, rosy cheeked and bright eyed, came tripping into the room.

"This is Nellie, Robert, your eldest niece. Your uncle, from Oregon, my dear."

"Not baby Nell!" exclaimed the gentleman, in surprise, while the young lady in question released herself from his embrace with something like a pout, half indignant, as is the manner of very young ladies at being regarded as only little girls.

The uncle was quite unconscious of the little assumption of dignity, and the mother, more observant, passed it by, saying: 'She has been round helping the Fairlee girls, Tom's daughters, decorate for a party they are to give tomorrow night. Did you have a pleasant morning, Nellie?"

"Oh, yes! More fun! Only Grace and I were making some little joke about Miss Patience under the mistletoe, and we thought she heard us. We went into the library for some wreaths she was making for us, and we imagined that she looked flushed and hurt. Isabel was real cross with Grace and me about it, and we were sorry as could be, for she is so sweet and nice."

"You girls, I fear, are very thoughtless," said her mother, soberly, looking across at her brother, who had picked up a newspaper with which to shield his face from the heat of the open fire, and who remarked in a reminiscent way: "Well well! I think I remember one or two little tots of Tom Fairlee's, mere babies, and now they are giving parties!"

A little later Miss Nellie went into the dining room, where her mother was adding a few extra touches to the luncheon, and left Uncle Robert musing before the fire.

* * * * * *

CHAPTER II.

Miss Patience had heard the thoughtless words. She handed over the shining garlands on mistletoe to the merry girls who ran into the library for them, then dropped her hands listlessly into her lap as she looked far away through the window—not at the holiday sights without, but down a long vista of years at a girlhood as gay and impulsive as Gracie's and Nellie's own. It was not so strange that they should laugh at the idea of any one caring to surprise Aunt Patience under the mistletoe bough, nor that to their sixteen or seventeen years thirty-five should seem a period of life entirely remote from all thought of romance.

When hearts are fresh and sympathetic and loving, as Miss Patience had always been, the touch of years falls lightly. But it had come to her once before, a kind of revelation, this realization that youth was past. An old-time friend, one of those overhonest persons who must say the truth and the whole truth even at a venture of saying a little more, on meeting her for the first time after a lapse of years, had followed up her first greeting with, "How you have changed, Patience! But then you can't deny that you are no longer young."

Miss Patience, who would never have thought of denying it, although it had scarcely occurred to her before, said she did not doubt that she had changed.

Alone in her own room, she fastened her door and threw the blinds wide open that the unpitying light might fall as severely as possible on the face she studied in her mirror.

It was a pleasant face and a youthful one. But Miss Patience saw only the coming of the crows' feet around her eyes, the tiny lines settling about the corners of her mouth and in the soft, brown waves of hair the shining of a few gray threads.

She wasn't weaker than most of us, perhaps. Yet she had closed the blinds a little sadly.

Youth is beautiful and a precious possession to us all. Who is there among us who would not for its beauty, its hope and even its ignorance, give in exchange a goodly portion of such store of knowledge, experience or success as the added years have brought?

On that other day she had folded away a favorite gown or two as no longer suited, with their touches of bright color and frivolous adornment, to her sober years. But now she tried to put away in some secret chamber of her woman's heart certain sweet memories and a few fond hopes. For, like that revelation of her lost youth, came the consciousness that the sweetest things that had come into her life—would ever come into it—were only memories now.

"Aunt Patience, we're ready for the wreath for the doorway," roused her from her reverie.

She hastily gathered up the green for the wreath not yet begun, and went to work making it as carefully as if that were the day before a Christmas of seventeen years ago, and she was wondering if Robert Bently would linger after the other guests were gone and tell her the secret she knew he wanted to tell. He had waited. She would never forget how he looked standing there under the chandelier, and she had thought him surely the handsomest lover in all the world. Even now her cheeks burned as she remembered how slight had been her resistance when he said: "But, Patty, you're under the mistletoe. It's my right to kiss you, you know."

Why should these old memories come crowding upon her after all these years? In the afternoon she donned a street dress and went out. "Sitting over the fire all morning has made me mopey," she said.

CHAPTER III.

In another handsome home a young girl sat dreamily rocking before a glowing fire when the doorbell rang.

"Not callers, I hope," and it was with a gesture of impatience that she took the card the servant brought in. But her face brightened as she glanced at the elegant script.

"Oh, it's Miss Fairlee! Show her right up here."

"Indeed, Miss Patience," she said, impulsively, when she had seated her visitor in the warmest corner, "I don't think any one else would be quite so



YOU NEEDN'T SAY A WORD, PATTY

welcome as yourself this afternoon. You always seem so glad to see people happy, and I am very happy indeed."

There was, by way of emphasis, a little wave of one pretty hand, and Miss Patience was not slow to discover that it was meant as well to direct attention to the ring that sparkled on the third finger.

"You see," as she grew more confidential, "Will said he meant to wait until tomorrow, but he couldn't, and—" as the bright color rose in her face—"I am very glad he did not, for I am so happy."

Miss Patience went down to the street again feeling that, in a certain sense, her calls were likely to prove a failure.

There was a flurry of snow in the air, and she turned homeward.

"I might just as well," she thought, "for clearly I am not in accord with the season, nor with other people."

She was annoyed and impatient with herself, for, try as she would, she could not forget that in that far-away time she had been a little unjust to Robert. She had been proud of him, ambitious for him; but how proud of him and how dear his success would be to her she had not let him know. And he, high-spirited and sensitive, had misunderstood.

'Twas nothing, really nothing more than "trifles light as air," but there had opened that breach between them, and he had gone off West somewhere.

The letter she was tempted to write and which, she left sure, would have brought him home again fast enough, she had been a little too proud to write, and now she did not even know where he was. His own family had not heard from him for a long time.

"Married, of course, long ago. And one would think me pining because I am not married, too, and at being an old maid instead."

She laughed a little scornfully at herself, and changed her mind about going home.

"I shall just make a different round of calls from that I had planned," she decided.

The next bell that she rang was that of a plain, little house on a plain, narrow street. The weary face of the black-robed woman who opened the door brightened when she saw who her visitor was.

"I hope you will excuse me," she said, as she took up the work basket beside her chair, "but my mending has been accumulating, and some of it must be done today."

Miss Patience assured her that she would enjoy her call the more, knowing that it was not an interruption, and added, with a laugh:

"I suppose every one almost is busy excepting myself this afternoon, and I ought to be at home this minute putting the finishing touches on a few little gifts, but I thought I could do it tonight. Are you quite ready for your little ones?"

"There are no gifts to prepare. I don't much mind telling you, Patty, we have been friends so long. This year I have had only my little income, and, with Nellie's illness in the fall, there was only enough left for the bare necessaries. While their father was alive Christmas was always such a happy time with us that I have dreaded to tell the children they must expect nothing this year. It seems a pity to dispel these little childish illusions while their faith is so sweet and strong, but I must talk to them tonight. If only Harry were with us again! We could be happy together if we are poor."

The poor woman was crying hysterically now, and Miss Patience stroked the work-worn hand in silent sympathy.

Mary Robertson had always been so proud and reserved. It must be a sore heart, indeed, that could induce her to say so much.

"Haven't we loved each other all our lives, Mary?" asked Miss Patience, softly. "Let me play Santa Claus for your little ones this once. I have no one of my very own to make happy, and my pleasure, I think, will be greater than theirs."

Mother love was stronger than pride, and when Miss Patience came out of an uptown establishment late in the evening her purse and her heart were alike light.

A turkey and cranberries, a big package of toys dear to the hearts of children, with a couple of new books and a bunch of hothouse flowers had been sent to the little house on that back street. A bundle of warm flannels had gone with a basket of fruit to an invalid girl in a poor tenement.

As Miss Patience fastened up her wraps for the homeward walk something very like happiness shone in her face.

As she entered the hall one of the little girls was scurrying upstairs, a mysterious something hidden in the folds of her dress.

"Aunt Patience," called the child over the balustrade, "Papa's brought some one to dinner. He said if I saw you come home, I must tell you to come right on in. They're in the back parlor," and she was off to the nursery.

"I wonder who it can be?" thought Miss Patience, as she parted the portieres.

There were her brother and his wife, the two older girls and, just rising above the back of an easy chair, the top of a man's head.

"Here she comes now," said Mr. Fairlee; "we were just speaking of you, Patience."

Miss Patience stopped suddenly in the middle of the room. The face of the man who had risen, tall and erect, by her brother's side was one she remembered very well. His hair was turning gray—grayer than her own, yet he looked as if time and fortune had dealt kindly with him. As he came toward her with outstretched hand, there was something in his face that carried her back to that other Christmas time when he had told her he loved her, and she had thought him the handsomest lover in all the world.

"Don't you know me?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes, Robert," she said, simply.

What this tall, bronzed stranger saw was a fair, fresh face, for all its five-and-thirty years, the color heightened by the dark fur trimmings of her dress, and the eyes full of a shy, sweet gladness at his coming that he had scarcely dared to hope he would ever see again.

He quite forgot that any one was looking; or, if he remembered, he did not care, for he took the upturned face between both his hands and tenderly kissed one soft, pink cheek.

Then he said, with something of the old roguishness: "You needn't say a word, Patty, for you walked right under the mistletoe."

And Miss Patience, who had only that very morning laid her life's little romance in its grave, what if she did feel a sudden dread of being laughed at? Conscious as she was of the smiles on the faces of her brother and his wife, and that most mischievous of nieces, Grace, looking at her in wide-eyed amazement—what did it matter? Had not all of hope and happiness, and almost youth itself, come back to her with this happy Christmas eve and her old love? It is not necessary to say that Brother Bob had company on his return to Oregon, and that Aunt Patience was no longer an old maid, but a blushing bride.—New York Ledger.

Freaks of the Mauser.

"Those Mauser bullets did some mighty queer things," said a wounded soldier the other day to a New York Commercial Advertiser man. "As long as they were flying through the air they went straight enough, but when one struck a man's body there was no telling what it would do. Sometimes it would be straight through him, bones and all, and go zipping on to plug some poor fellow half a mile away, perhaps. And then, again, it might chase around inside him like a hen with her head cut off. I saw a man who was hit in the right eye by a Mauser. The ball, instead of lodging in his brain, went through his temple and down the side of his face in front of his ear, just under the skin. It kept on under his skin, leaving a red track all the way, went down the side of his neck, over his shoulder and down his back. Near his waist it came out. The man is getting well. Another man was shot in the left breast. The ball went through his chest, turned down, went through his liver, plowed its way through the muscles of his right thigh and came out near his right knee. It's mighty queer the way those balls go sometimes. I suppose they hit bones and glance, but that won't account for it always. Another queer thing is that most all the men were hit between the belt and the knee. The Spaniards fired low."

The Cheerful Idiot.

"Say?" asked the cheerful Idiot, "was it Poe, Tennyson or Longfellow who wrote that ode to the laundry girls?" "Perhaps you are alluding to Hood's 'Song of the Shirt,'" said the literary boarder. "No," said the Cheerful Idiot, "I mean that one about 'Wring Out, Wild Bells.'"—Indianapolis Journal.

His Only Chance.

Mr. Buyer—Mr. Green, there seems to be something the matter with the horse I bought of you yesterday. He coughs and wheezes distressingly, and I think perhaps he is wind-broken. What would you advise me to do? Jay Green (promptly)—Sell him as quickly as you can; jes' like I did.

MAN THAT GOT THERE

HE MADE A GREAT UNIVERSITY OF YALE.

Timothy Dwight, Retiring President, and His Services for "Old Eli"—He Has Wielded a Powerful Influence in Educational Affairs.

(Special Letter.

The resignation of Timothy Dwight from the presidency of Yale university will relieve from active duty one of the most celebrated men of culture and letters connected with an American institution of learning. President Dwight has asked to have his resignation go into effect at the end of the present college year in June, but every effort is being made to induce him to reconsider his decision and to continue to hold the reins of government over the sons and officials of old Eli until the summer of the second year of the new century. President Dwight has been the head of Yale university since 1886, when on May 20 he was unanimously chosen by the corporation of the college to succeed Dr. Noah Porter, who had resigned six months before. Timothy Dwight is a thorough product of Yale influences. He is a grandson of the famous Dr. Timothy Dwight, who was president of the college from 1795 to 1817, in the stirring years of the new republic. His father was James Dwight, a merchant, and he was born at Norwich, Conn., in 1828. He entered Yale at the age of 17 and graduated with high rank in 1849. After graduating he entered Yale a second time as a theological student, and at the same time became a tutor in the college. After four years of work among the students Mr. Dwight resigned his professorship and went abroad, devoting his time again to study, which he pursued at Bonn and Berlin. After a three years' sojourn in foreign countries he returned to America and again became associated with the life of the New Haven university, being named Buckingham professor of sacred literature in the theological school, a position he retained until asked to occupy the presidential chair, left vacant by the resignation of Noah Porter. Professor Dwight was also a member of the American committee for the revision of the English version of the bible.

It is largely owing to the personal zeal of the retiring president that Yale developed from a college into a university. This important advancement was effected at the opening of the new year following his acceptance of the office, and since the initial term of President Dwight Yale has steadily increased in size, scope and importance. During his wise superintendency many new buildings have been added



TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D., LL. D.

to the college halls, among the most notable being Dwight hall, a dormitory named in commemoration of T. G. Lawrence, the Kent chemical laboratory, the library donated by S. B. Chittenden of Brooklyn, lecture and recitation rooms. Many of the departments of the university were increased in usefulness by large donations, and the number of students almost doubled the record of previous years—never during the term of any president has so much money been left to Yale university. Timothy Dwight is a practical financier, and he governed the university wisely and well.

President Dwight has been honored with various degrees. In April, 1869, he was pronounced a doctor of divinity by the Chicago Theological seminary. Yale gave him the same title in 1886. Harvard made him an LL. D. in the year of the centennial and Princeton followed suit in 1888. He is the author of "The True Ideal of An American University," "Commentary on the Gospel of John, Translated from the French of F. Godet, with Preface, Introductory Suggestions and Additional Notes," and is editor of several volumes of the American edition of Meyer's "Commentary on the New Testament." He is also the author of many writings on college topics compiled for different magazines.

In an interesting article in the Forum of 1887 President Dwight tells the public how he was educated, beginning, as Henry Ward Beecher advised, "by securing the right father and mother." The father's cultured ancestry is well known, while he says of his mother that "so strong was her determination that her children should be educated that, as I have often thought, if there had been only one school or college in the country and that one in Oregon, she would have taken her family there regardless of all difficulties and hardship and would at any cost have secured for them the blessing which she so highly prized." All through life President Dwight has been an advocate of the theory that intellectual stimulus must come primarily and most forcibly from family influences. He says:

"Education is like religion in many respects. The children of a household grow most easily and naturally in the religious life not when the parents are always talking about it and pressing it upon them, but when the atmosphere of the house is so full of religion that they do not think of leading any other life. And in the same way, when parents make their children sharers in a true intellectual life possessed by themselves and make the house full of the sense of the blessedness of knowing, the minds of the children will surely awake to the knowledge and will be educated as the years go on. My own mind was awakened in this way. The years of manhood have not done for me all that I could have wished or all that they may have done for many others, but the impulse given me in my early home made me rejoice in the working of my own mental powers, and whatever I may accomplish or fail to accomplish to the view of others I have found so much delight in this working and in observing it that I am sure that I shall never intellectually go to sleep. And so my answer to the question, 'How I was educated?' ends where it began: 'I had the right mother.'"

TURF QUEEN QUITS.

Lexington, Ky., Letter: The retirement of Mrs. Ella Offut Pepper from the turf, after one of the most brilliant seasons of success ever scored by a Kentucky devotee of the thoroughbred, is considered a great loss to turf sports. She had one of the best stables out the past season. She placed the horses in the hands of that astute turfman and trainer, H. Eugene Leigh, and his successful preparation and selection of jockies, coupled with his skill in placing the horses in company they could defeat, won for Mrs. Pepper large sums of money in stakes and purses, and in bets with the bookmakers. Stories are told of big amounts being wagered on single events, and it is said that on one race Mrs. Pepper won besides the purse something like $3,000 from the layers of odds. When the season was over many of her friends advised her to keep the horses and to race them next year, but she declined this advice and offered the horses at public outcry. She shrewdly saw that the horses would bring more money when their prestige was fresh in the minds of prospective purchasers, besides she would be taking no risks on the horses dying or getting out of condition. Then she wanted the money for a purpose, and that purpose was to assist her husband, Colonel James E. Pepper, in again getting a controlling interest in the distillery that bears his name. It will be remembered that Colonel Pepper failed during the early part of last year and that Mrs. Pepper, who had money in her own right, bought in the property, including the thoroughbreds. Mrs. Pepper, who has been the means of restoring the colonel to his old position in the distillery, was one of the most beautiful women in Kentucky, when as Miss Ella Offutt she was a social favorite in Louisville, Shelbyville, Lexington and other Kentucky cities.



MRS PEPPER.

FAMOUS BUT GREWSOME.

There are some subjects that have been too well thrashed out to enlarge upon nowadays. Among these is the Paris morgue. The small, cold, gray stone building, close under the shadow of Notre Dame, with the water flowing round it down below on three sides—the Seine, through which so many of its guests have to pass—has made a deep impression on the mind of every person with the slightest degree of sensibility who has seen it. Stepping out of the bright sunlight outside into that chill, stone-flagged, dimly lighted home of the homeless, the contrast can hardly fail to strike even the least impressionable. The most callous instinctively lowers his voice to a whisper. Outside, under the trees in the garden, just across the road, little bare-legged children were running about merrily, as happy and as careless as the chirping birds in the green foliage overhead, whereas here—. As you turn back to cast a last glance at the gloomy building you will observe, cut into the stone over the doorways, "Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite."—the legend that decorates every public building in



THE MORGUE, PARIS.

France under the third republic, and you are constrained to admit that here, at least, it is not misplaced.

Fall Flowers.

In present offerings of swell retail millinery departments, flowers are not neglected. They may be seen in combination with dainty lace, winter fur and soft, rich, many-hued velvet. Foliage is used rather sparingly. Gorgeous velvet roses with violet leaves find very general favor, as do roses combined with the lighter shades of silk. The larger the flowers themselves, the more satisfactory they seem to be from the wearer's view point. In fact, not a few of the present offerings out-nature nature, both in size and brilliancy of hue. Other flowers are popular, yet none so much so as the rose. The widespread vogue of velvets for all sorts and descriptions of hat trimming has forced flowers toward the background somewhat, although a good assortment of the counterfeit blossoms is an essential feature of all well-regulated stocks.

Where the Rule Failed.

Wallace—"The way to get a thing done properly is to do it yourself." Ferry—"Oh, I don't know, I have a distinct and painful recollection of trying to enamel my bicycle once."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Good Digestion

Waits on appetite, or it should do so, but this can be only when the stomach is in a healthy condition. Hood's Sarsaparilla so tones and strengthens the stomach that it digests food easily and naturally and then all dyspeptic troubles vanish.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. Price $1.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills. 25 cents.

After the Wedding.

The woman in black—He's her third, you know, but she really blushed like a young girl all through the ceremony.

The woman in mauve, yellow and green—I don't wonder! Just look what she was marrying!

THE HOPE OF THE CONTINENT.

Western Canada the "Bread Basket of the Empire."

The attention directed to the wheat fields of western Canada during the past year has caused thousands of settlers from different parts of the United States to make their homes there during the past few months. They report that their experience corroborates what had been told them of that wonderful country, and they are sending back to their friends most favorable reports. During the past summer a number of Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota editors visited western Canada, and the following extracts are from a very flattering letter written for the Germania of Milwaukee by its able contributor, Prof. Sheridan:

"The numerous elevators along the line, towering so far above the surrounding country that they may be seen for many miles distant, sufficiently indicate that the chief industry is the growing of wheat. At the village of Indian Head more than a million bushels of wheat were marketed last year. This was but a fraction of the amount of the same product marketed at the larger cities of Brandon and Regina. At Indian Head the representative of the Germania was told by a farmer that he was about to harvest his third crop of wheat from the farm upon one ploughing given it the fall of 1895, the crops of the current year and of last year having been sown upon the stubble of the preceding crop. This farmer expected a yield of not less than forty bushels to the acre. The farms are very large. The absence of hills and rocks contributes to making farming on a large scale an easy matter. There was an abundance of evidence that the country surrounding the cities named above is an extensive region of fertile lands, furnishing as great an opportunity for cattle-raising and dairying as for the growing of wheat."

"We were surprised to find here a rich growth of nearly every species of cultivable plant known in Wisconsin. Various species of trees were growing, showing that its soil and its climate are favorable to the growth of forests. The writer had never seen a more promising growth of wheat, oats, and garden vegetables than was observed here. The experimental farm of Wisconsin, located at Madison, produces nothing better."

"The people along the line of the railroad, however, assured us that we were still far distant from the northern limit of the wheat-growing belt and that five hundred miles farther north wheat and other agricultural products were cultivated with success. The inhabitants do not depend upon the growing of wheat, but upon vast acres in raising cattle. The growing grain and vegetables showed a plentiful supply of rain had fallen during the current year."

"From this city (Calgary) our train was taken north 200 miles to Edmonton, a town of 5,000 people situated on the north Saskatchewan river. The country at this point is beautiful, presenting very much the appearance of many sections in central and southern Wisconsin. The people are engaged in mining for gold, and in raising wheat, potatoes and cattle; dairying is also followed. This valley seems to be favored with sufficient rainfall to produce a luxuriant growth of grain and vegetables. The soil is very fertile and timber is abundant. Fields of wheat were observed that promise a yield of forty bushels per acre. The many good farmhouses seen from the railway are evidence of the prosperity of the settlers. Edmonton is the terminus of the road and the place where the overland expeditions start from for the Yukon, it being about 800 miles from Dawson City."

"The members of the association made the acquaintance of the Canadians of the Northwest and learned something of the vast extent of their territory and of its great resources, which are destined to make it our most formidable commercial competitor in the world's markets for the sale of agricultural products. We learned that the Northwest Territory of Canada, instead of being a barren waste, as taught by our geographies of a quarter of a century ago, is capable of sustaining an empire of fifty millions of people."

For further information apply to Canadian Government Agent, Department Interior, Ottawa, Canada, or to N. Bartholomew, 306 Fifth St., Des Moines, Iowa.

The woman whose fur coat is finished and ready to wear is the one wishing for a cold snap.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

Men take opposite sides on the money question, but the majority are on the outside.

There Is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over one fourth as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Good is the negative quality. Happiness is a delusion of the heart.

A man often has more respect for his servant than his servant has for the man.

No men have more shortcomings than those who are always behind time.

Be careful of your thoughts, for they are liable to break into words at any time.

It is too often true that Love is only asked to tea while Hate is a regular boarder.

Man gets ready for winter by saving money; woman gets ready by making money fly.

RACE ECHOES.

Thore are 749 colored physicans, 450 lawyers and 354 editors in the United States.

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In the colored schools of the South there are 238,000 pupils and 20,000 teachers.

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For advanced education, there are 150 schools and seven colleges administered by Negro presidents.

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Out of the 25,530 Negro schools in the South, 2,250,000 Negroes have learnod to read and the majority of them to write.

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The Paragon Printing and Publishing Co., New Orleans, is the largest and best equipped Negro printing office in the world.

—

There are 247 Negroes now in European Universities from the South.

—

Virginia has 650,000 Negroes who have the control of 4 colleges, 13 high schools, 4 building associations, 6 Y. M. C. Associations, 2 insurance companies, 2 land companies and 1 bank.

—

Chicago has a colored population of 40,000. There are over 40 churches, 42 colored letter carriers in the city and 150 men holding office under the local government.

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At the elections held reccently not less than 30,000 full-blooded American Indians in all parts of the union had the opportunity of stepping to the polls and voting for candidates of their choice, ou a perfect equality with white men. Out of this total number about 21-000 Indian voters had the right to cast their ballots in States west of the Mississippi River; 2,000 others in the Territories of Arizona, New Mexico, and Oklahoma for delegates in Congress, and 7,000 in the older States east of the Mississippi, along the Atlantic seaboard and in the midd'e West and South.

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Remember the Maine. Remember the killing of the postmaster ... and his family at Lake City ... Carolina, Remember the ...mington, N. C., outrage. Remember that this is the land of the ... and the home of the brave. ...ember and don't you forget ...-Standard,

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Among the property owners of ...hmons, Virginia, the following ... some of the prominent, Mrs. ...ttie T. Lewis, $150,000: Mrs. ...nnie C. Thompson, $15,000; W. I. Johnson, $15,000; A. Hayes, $12,000; William Lyons, $10f000 John Oliver, $10,900; Dr. S. H. Dismond, $8,000; J. B. Harris, $7,000; and many other men of wealth that could be mention-

—

Hampton and Johnson were at the Olympie, Chicago, last week. Chicago Opera House, week of the 5th Haymarket week of Dec. 12th.

—

Bob Armstrong (colored) and Peter Maher, the big Irish champion, have been matched to fight in Jannary. It will probably take place at New York.

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The only colored man who enjoys the distinction of having a division of Chicago named after him was Rev. John Dawson who died recently at Avondale Ill.

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Miss Jessie Alvin of Ft. Worth Tex. is the publisher of the American Knights of Liberty Journal.

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According to Tom ORourke's statement Dixon will not box any one else until he meets Ben Jordan, who is expected to arrive in this country some time in December.

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The Alabama Jubilee Singers composed of the following excellent vocalists Mrs. Eva Turner, Miss Laura Ford, Mrs. Louisa Harrison, Wm. B. Williams, Eskett Powell, Albert S. D. Teylor, Wm. Lias and Frank Farser, gave one of their uniqne entertainments on the 24th, of November at St. Louis, to an enormous big house. They were compelled to display the S. R. O. sign as early as 8,30.

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The McClain Lodge, No 1. B. O of C. P. of Indianapolis, is increasing in membership most rapidly. At the last regular meeting on the 5th, a number of new candidates were present and made the trip to the forest to roam with the Buffaloes. The session was pleased on this occassion, to have with them the Supreme Organizer, Mrs. Billy McClain who was in the city with, Rush's European Sensation company, also Lieut. Edin and Corporal J. H. Gag-law Ringgold who are now members of Co. B. Indiana Separates, now now stationed at Chickamauga Park, Ga. A most enjoyable time time was had by all present.



Mr. Frank Fields is a young successful business man of Keokuk. He was born in Clark county, Mo., came to Iowa 8 years ago and embarked into the tonsorial business where he enjoyes a good trade, he is a member of many secret societies.



But few boys are better known or better liked than Lee Blagburn the youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Blagburn. He was born in Iowa March 11th., 1880 attended the public schools of this city, was elected three times as Page in the Iowa State Senate, was employed three years at Walter Scott as Soda water Dispensor. He is now with Curtis Stream comapny Pharmacists as clerk, he is industrious and courteous to all and will no doubt succeed in life.

What Christmas Means.

It means, peace and good will toward man.

It means, that every broken heart, will one day be bound up and healed.

It means: the birthday, of the one who was sent to reveal the Father's love to us.

It means, that Christ, was born to tell us of an everlasting Father and of his everlasting love.

It means, that the righteous, shall go free, and that everlasting joy shall be their portion.

It means that the poorest, the most forlorn, the most forsaken and outcast, can have eternal love, eternal life, eternal joy.

It means, that God so love the world that he gave his only son, that whosoever beleiveth in him should not perish but have everlasting life.

To the worshiper, the birth of Christ means, the birth of worship.

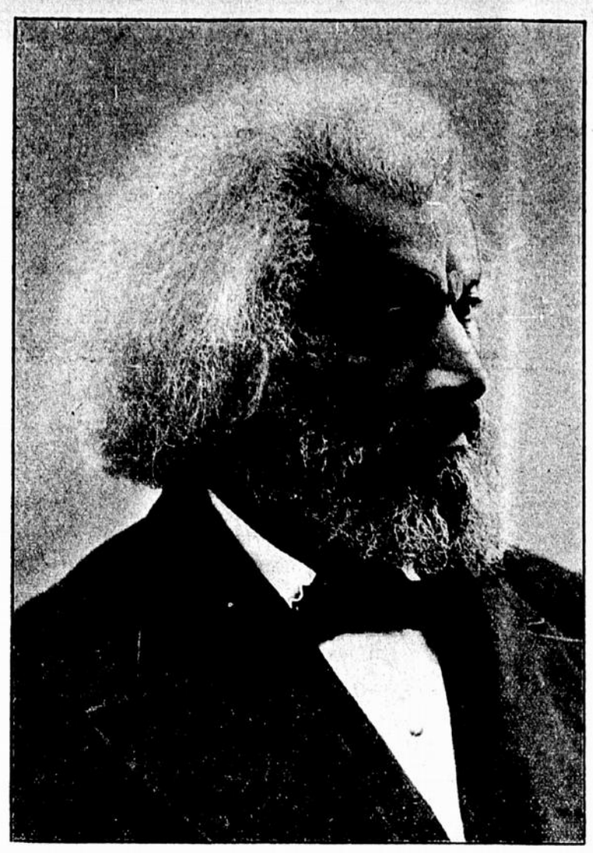
This is knowing Christmas in its highest and noblest sense, in its truest conception. Knowing it in that spirit from which we derive the surest happiness.

No one who will thus accept Christmas will experence other than the deepest thrills of pleasure on that day.

It will be the genuine love for man kind, which will make Christmas the happiest day of the year, the day when harsh or cruel words will be out of place; with such a day and its good deeds before us it will make all man our brothers, and if this has not been our Christmas in the past, let us try at least to make it such a Christmas this year, not by worshiping Christ less, but by loving one another more and we should try and make the Christmas of 1898 such a Christmas. This is what we mean when we say to every one, rich or poor, sick or well "We wish you all a merry Christmas."

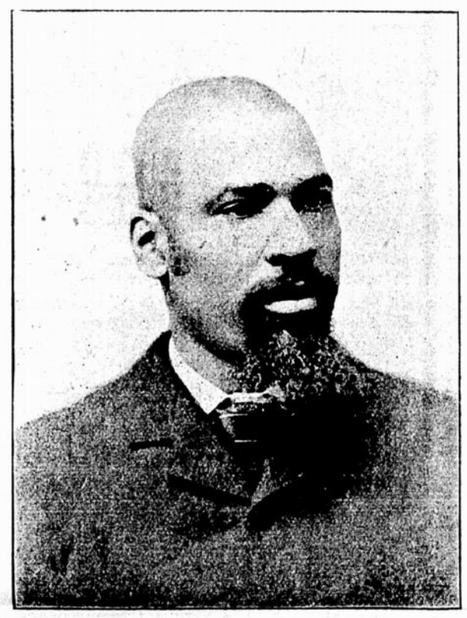


Hampton H. Woodward one of Keokuk leading citizens who came to Keokuk in 1865 and lived there every since making a good and trusted citizen. He was born in Thomasville, Ga. in 1852 and is now embloyed by the Keoukuk and Western Ry.



THE LATE HON. FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

The name of Mr. Douglass is sung, honored and eulogized by all civilized races. He was one of the greatest orator, diplomit and journalist that America has yet produced: the father of of his race and champion of human liberty. His name, history and works are too well known by every American youth for our comment.



R. N. Hyde, whose cut appear above is one of the successful business men of our city, having lived here nearly 20 years. He is the patentee of the famous H and H preperation, also the sole owner of the "Electric Fan and Carpet Duster," and at present is the president of the Afro-American State League of Iowa. He is an active politician and a race man, well liked by all.

NEGRO CHIVALRY.

What a Southern White Woman Has to Say.

The following extract from a most interesting article taken from the New York Sun of last Sunday, by a southern white woman is in line with what was recently said by us in these columns. First, the Christian heart is in the South and secondly, contact between the best citizens, white and colored will greatly minimize race friction.

"A Southern woman whose family is the one white family on a cotton plantation in lower South Carolina, a tract embracing 5,000 acres and peopled with colored tenants numbering 35 families in all, maintains that the Negro is as chivalrous and kindly by nature as the white man, and that the asumption that his presence is a menace to the white women of the South is most unfair. In speaking of recent disturbances in the South and the comments and statements which they have provoked, she said:

"I and my girl friends, young women who happened to be visiting us, habitually walked and rode and drove everywhere on that plantation and in the surrounding country, in out-of-the way lonely roads and wood tracts, wherever we happened to want to go. We never met with anything but respectful and kindly treatment and the men of the family never seemed to apprehend that we would be in danger. The Negro has as much chivalry and courtesy in mind for the native Southern woman or for any white woman as a white man has, and is willing and ready to do her service on the slightest intimation that she needs such.

"I have read of lynchings and of the need for them, but in each case with the feeling that there was another underlying cause, some harsh, browbeating treatment of the Negro that culminated even if indirectly, in form of outrage. I doubt seriously if a true-born Southern lady, one whom the Negroes respected as such, was ever subjected to rude treatment by a Negro tenant or employee. And the unfortunate woman victim of lynching events will in nearly every case, be found to be associated with the common, underbred, Negro-hating order of white men in the Southern white population, people whose fathers never owned much of anything, mentally or materially and who are jealous of the Negro's advancement and fitness for places of trust.

"A seperation between the races is out of the question: there are too many ties to bind them together, and whatever report to the contrary, the people who have studied the Negro and know him best will maintain that he is kindly and straightforward and tender hearted, the reverse of the brute that he portrayed. He loves peace and sunshine and rhythm, and would far rather be docile and pleasant than sulky. He is easly led, and that is the chief stumbling block."

Des Moines Company Heard From.

Special to the Bystander.

MACON, GA. Editor Bystander and many readers. I take pleasure to write a few items and give you an idea of our new home at Macon Georgia. We have been here three weeks we landed here at night in the middle of a large cotton field. There was nothing but cotton and soldiers to be seen amidst a few scattered log houses inhabited by old colored settlers This camp is situated about three miles from Macon and a half mile from Jeff Davis old prison where men work for 40 and 50 cents a day. Co. M. has been doing guard duty around there for several nights, but failed to see Jeff's Gost. This is an old fashioned country. You can see men driving oxen hitched to buggies and wagons coming down the pike every day. They ride and drive them to church, horses are scarce here. Well we just seen the Sixth Virginia regiment released from prison they number in all about eleven hundred and the cries and howls of joy could be heard for miles. The 3rd, 6th, 7th, and 10th regiment are all camped in one field, making about five thousand colored soldiers in one body. You can judge what a noise we can make The 6th was arrested for mutiny and was released the 8th of December and once more restored to free American soldiers.

This is fine weather here, flowers are in bloom, trees are green, men go to and fro in their shirt sleeves everyday. Sickness in our company todate none, except Henry Swan who is at Fort Thomas Hospital where he has been about thirty days. Dan Jackson came back to his company and regiment Sunday 4th. of December. There has been one accident in our regiment since we arrived, one Wm. Hamilton a member of Co. K. killed himself by shooting himself through the heart with a Springfield rifle. We had no accident or trouble on our way from Lexington as was stated by some papers. Well we are proud as we have just received our new guns, they are called Kragjorgrsions and they are very pretty six shooting guns, shooting a 30 calibre steel ball and will shoot three miles. We are proud of them and could be seen next morning at day brake in line waiting for roll call, some stayed up with them all night.

Lieutenant McAfee is adjutant of the second battalion, he is just what the tailor ordered. But Wilburn is all O. K. Todd in kitchen as usual but is not as good a cook as in the west. The cattle here are raised on cotton seed, which does not make the meat the best. Co. M. has a fine quartette composed of the following boys Elmer Wabb, Robert Samuels, Erarcisco Jeffries, Marshall Townsley, Sargent Geo. Parks and John Williams and others to numerous to mention. They sing the songs that are late and up-to date only. When they open up to sing they cause hundreds to flock to listen to their voices. Co. M. does not look as she did when located on fourth st. in Des Moines. The boys are soldiering now and stand second to none among the thousands that are here. We took the prize for having the finest decorated and elegant street here last week. None of our boys have done anything to disgrace themselves or their regiment since they have been soldiers, so we are proud of one another. Capt. Amos W. Brandt is always with his company as a mother with her child. A tender hand of Capt. Brandt can be found at the sick call of any one of his men. We will entertain President McKinley here on the 19th and will be reviewed by him. Trip to Cuba doubtful. Pay day to-morrow. Xmas is near at hand we wish all our friends a "Merry Christmas" as we can not be with you, we will have some fun in the cotton just the same.

JOHN W. RAILEY.



This is the home of one of the pioneer colored families of southern Iowa. It is Andy Thompson's farm home, located in Decatur county, five miles west of Decatur City. Mr Thompson came from the bonds of slavery in Missouri 36 years ago and settled on this place that he now owns When first settling there it was a wild prairie, not even a small switch could be found, hence the above improvements. This shows what a man can do by industry, and hard work; a rolling stone gathers no moss. Mr. Thompson owns nearly a quarter section of land.



Mr. Jas. Washington a Sioux City business man one who has made a financial success in his business enterprises. He owns and control a grocery store also a blacksmith shop and if he continues to have good luck he will soon have a nice little sum for himself and pleasant family.

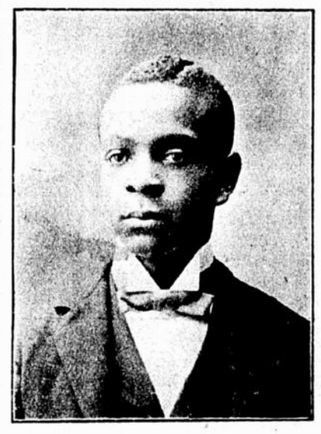
Colored Men In Business

Beyond doubt, the Richmond Planet has the finest, most extensive and well equipped printing establishment we have ever seen owned by colored men. The intrepid and fearless John Mitchel Jr., is the editor and owner of this establishment. The most interesting and perfectly unique printing works is situated on Fourth street near Broad, in its own building, a very commodious three story structure, which is occupied from top to bottom with the various branches of the work of this publishing house. News papers, and job presses, engine room, business offices, editoral rooms, composing rooms, sterotyping rooms, store room for job work supplies, and store room for the white paper used on the Planet, tell the story how this large building is wholy given up to this one work. The Planet office gives steady employment to about fifteen persons, bookkeepers, compositors, engineers, pressmen, and other employes. The Planet must be seen to be appreciated.

We doubt if there be any other business enterprise in the United States which reflects more credit upon the financial and business qualities of the race, than the bank and other institutions owned and controled by the United Order of True Reformers, whose headquarters is in Richmond. The building is a most imposing brick structure, with four or five large stores on the first floor, now entirely used as for the various departments of the Order, one of which includes the bank which is well equipped and in its arrangement and appearance will not suffer by comparision with any similar institution, then there there are the real estate, supplies, newspaper and other departments.

On the second floor the many comfortaible and cosy lodge rooms are to be found, while the third floor is one great theater with a commodious stage, and a seating capicity of fifteen hundred persons. There are about fifty persons daily employed in this building as cashiers, tellers, clerks, stenographers, typewriters, copyists, porters, janitors, etc.

If Negroes fail to draw inspection and zeal and courage from such monuments of race energy and achievements then the case is a hopeless one. There is a peculiar educational value to all these enterprises. They call us from indolence, inactive and sloth to an earnest endeavor along industrial and business pursuits. There is plenty of standing room on top and may we all get there.—The Ledger.



The above picture is the well known and popular young men of Des Moines, Harry W. Hughes who was born here 21 years ago and graduated from the regular High School course in the class of 1897 and immediately entered the employment of W. L. White large shoe store as clerk and the only colored shoe clerk we have. Harry is very bright, entergetic and industrious and we hope he will succeed.



The band cut as you will observe is the famous Muchakinock band of Muchakinock, Iowa. This band is the best and oldest colored musical organization in Iowa. It was first organized in the spring of 1880 in Stanton Va. through the untiring and presistant efforts of Geo. Lewis and John Orpin. It consisted then of 15 pieces with the following officers, Frank Woodard, President; R. S. Brown, Secretary; Churchman Taylor, Treasurer; and Geo. Lewis, as instructor they advanced very rapidly considering that over half was unacquainted with music. Mr. Lewis was succeeded by John Orpin (white) as instructor. Later R. S. Brown was elected director which position he held until he went to Chicago to Attend the Medical College then J. H. McDowell was elected, resigning in 1895, and F. G. Goggings which place he held for two years, during that time the band improved wonderfully and it was during that time the band improved wonderfully and it was during that time that they purchased their new uniforms costing about $700.00 Mr. Gogging located in Colfax they then elected Prof. H. A. Larue (white) of Oskaloosa whose picture appears in the cut he resigned about one month ago to accept a position in Elis Brooks Band in Chicago and Mr. Lewis London was elected director. This band has played in several of our large cities through the state on different occasions winning the applause of the public. Their skill simply shows what push, unity, and energy can accomplish. It is wonderful to see what skill especially when the fact is known that each of them are hard laborers in the mines.

They are at present in search of a Negro graduate in Music to whom they can give a lucrative position as clerk in the general store of W. A. Wells and Co. and the band will also pay him for tuition. For particulars address

E. A. London, Lock box No. 6. Muchinock Iowa.

At the present time the organization consists of the following named persons:

Lewis London, Bb cornet; H. C. Lee, 2d Bb cornet; Chas. Brook, Eb clarionet; Ben Tate, Bb clarionet; Joe Tate Bb clarionet; John Rhodes, Bb clarionet; Lenford Willis, Bb cornet; Lewis Perkins, saxophone; Ed. Miles, solo alto; James Jones, alto; Peter Cary, alto; E. A. London, 1st slide trombone; Wm. Reasby, 2d trombone; Thos. Turner, tenor; Wm. Thomas, euphonian; R. D. Blakey; bass; J. H. McDowell, bass; Been Green, snare drum; Fred Drew, bass drum; M. O. Henderson, drum major; Lucian Cary, property man. Officers: Peter Cary, President; E. A. London, Secretary; Lewis London, Treasurer.

IOWA STATE BYSTANDER.

By BYSTANDER PUB. CO.

DES MOINES, - - - IOWA.

DECEMBER FRIDAY 23.



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Katherine D Tillman

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The Christmas Bells were ringing
With a loud romantic chime,
And people gladly viewing and inspecting what they find,
To cheer their little ones
Who eagerly wait to cheer,
His birthday which happens in Dec., each following year.

How the little ones will watch to see
Santa Clause with his bells,
And think of many a dreaded hour before he will appear.
Besure and hang your stockings,
Where he can see each one.
For Santa a good old fellow and is always full of fun,
And I know he will remember each and every one.

Miss STELLA PIERSOn

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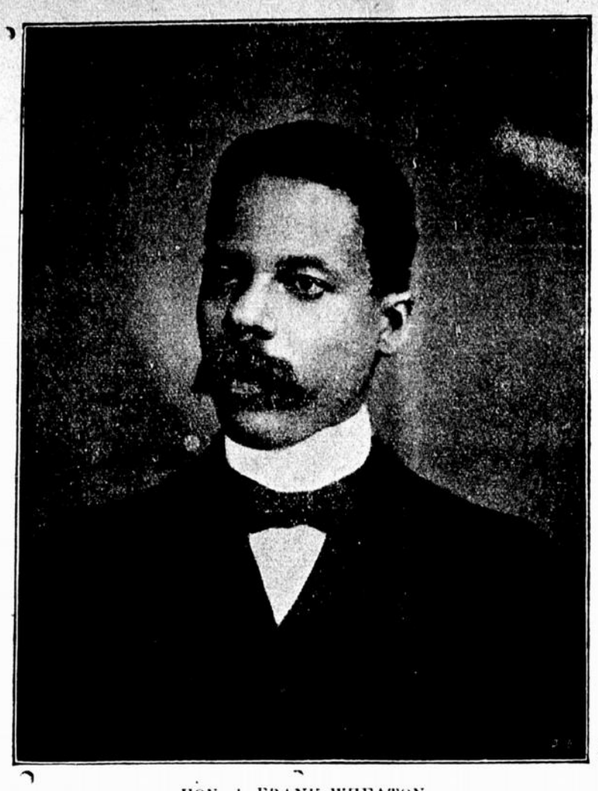
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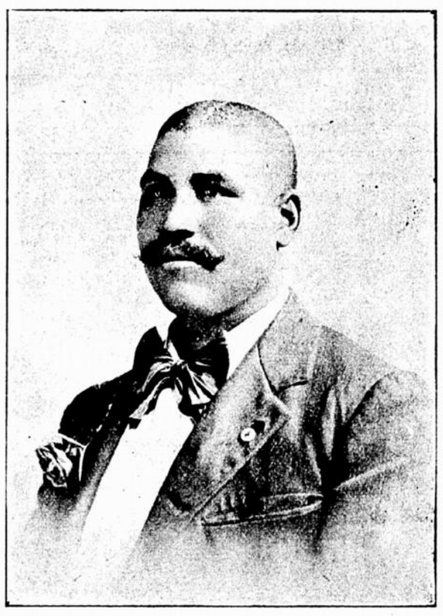


HON. J. FRANK WHEATON.

We are glad to present to our readers the likenessof J Frank Wheaton of Minneapolis, Minn., who was elected at our last November election as a member to the Minnesota legislature from the 42d District: the first colored man that was ever nominated and elected to the legislature in the state. He run ahead of the republican ticket. also his running mate. who received 500 majority, while Mr. Wheaton received nearly 1000 majority. He is an Attorney at Law. was assistant reading clerk of Minneso a House of Representatives. was a delegate to the republican National Convention in 1896, and at one time deputy clerk of the Municipal court. He has a good practice: a fine speaker. and will no doubt make an influential. hard working member of the legislature



Professor L. A. Wiles of Muchakinock, Ia., is well known to the colored people of Iowa, especially the 6th Congressional district. He was born in Flordia 37 years ago. attended the Hampton Normal schoo four years: came Iowa immediately after leaving school, where he taught seqool in Muchakinock for several years, also several in Virginia An active worker in church and Sunday School: was appointed clerk in the Census Bureau at Washington, D.C., in '91 and served until 95: returning home and in '98 accepted a place in the Folding room of the House. He is a bright and intelligent man



J. L. Woods of Marshalltown. Iowa, who is chief electrician of the Soldiers' Home in Marshalltown, is one of the reliable and trusted young men of color in Iowa. He came to Marshall county 9 years ago from East Oakland, Cal., where he was born. After attending the Agricultural College of Ames he entered the electrical department at the Soldier's Home where he has been every since. He is a 33 degree Mason and of high standing in other secret societies.

Midland Grocery & Market

1012 & 1014 Center Street.

Allways gives bargains in both Departments.

We have a full line of strictly first-class—Brand new GOODS and our prices are easy—20 per cent under the regular retail price.

All 12½c per pound Meats goes at 10c. Every thing in fact goes at a saving price. Now is it worth your time to envestigate. Come and price every thing.

Phone No. 715 J. E. FORD, Mgr.

THE LAST WEEK.

The last week and the biggest week of all—for people will for the most part put off and reserve their decisions till the last few days before the arrival of the Jolly St. Nicholas. As usual—THE FAIR—in our holiday preperations—inclines to the useful rather than the frivolous. Wherever you may live, your holiday shopping tours will not be complete without a visit to THE FAIR.

Christmas Footwear

Slippers, of course. The line gets better and better every season. You are sure of getting just what you want, any kind of style, from our wonderfully big assortment. The prices are most important.

Men's fancy, velvet embroidered Slippers—of good quality—For..... 50c

Men's good brown leather Slippers—imitation seal—For..... 75c

Home Made Comforts

Less than you can make them for. Each Comfort contains five full pounds of clean batting, ten yards best 36-inch silkoline, one skein Germantown zephyr yarn—all for..... 1.50

Handkerchiefs

Some very enticing values in this Department. Hundreds of dozens of new ones opened for tomorrow's business.

75c all linen, hand embroidered Handkerchiefs..... 50c

35c all linen, hand-embroidered Handkerchiefs..... 25c

Christmas Tree Suggestions

Silk Mufflers—extra values—50c to..... 1.50

Ruffled Silkoline Pillow or silk Headrests, 26c—ruffled French Satine Pillows—for..... 50c

THE FAIR

504-506-508 Locust Street.



REV. G. M. TILLMAN.

Rev. Tillman is one of the rising youny ministers of this state. He was born in Pennsylvania, 1861 on a farm. At the age of 17 he left home and went to Wilberforce College, where he remained four years taking a Theological course. later he joined the Iowa Conference, holding some good charges with success. He is recently from Keokuk but now of Clinton charge.

THE GILBERT

CHOP HOUSE

BY EXPERIENCE COOKS-

Short Order and Meals

NICE FURNISHED ROOMS

BY DAY OR WEEK.

217 South Market St. Ottumwa, Ia.

—THE VALUE OF—

Spectacles

Depends on the fitting. We make them to fit any eyes. Diseases of the Eyes, Ear, Nose and Throat cured.
Consultation Free.
DR. F. DUNCAN & SONS,
311 W. Fifth St., Des Moines, Iowa.

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KNOWS THAT MUNGER'S LAUNDRY is the best in the city. Try them and be decided.

220 THIRD ST.

PHONE 579.

SHANK BROS.,
FUNERAL DIRECTORS.
517 MULBERRY ST.
Telephone Nos. 686 and 689.

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FLOWERS

At any time of the year, for any occasion where Flowers are used, you can get them, home grown and fresh cut every day, from

BLAIR THE FLORIST

306 Sixth Ave., Des Moines.

P. O. Address, Box 283. Telephone 460.

Funeral, Party and Wedding Decorations gotten up in latest styles, and at moderate prices. Boxes of fine flowers for presents line and personal wear.

The BYSTANDER does all kinds of job printing. Give us a call.

MOERSHELL, DUFFY & FOTHERINGHAM

621 Walnut Street.

SANTA CLAUS is here and will sell on FRIDAYand SATURDAY.

35c values in Cups and Saucers, for..... 19c

25c values in Story Books and Novels, for..... 19c

15c values Stuffed Dogs and Cats, for..... 8c

15c values in Hand Miraors—For..... 10c

75c values silver plate Tea Spoons, for a set..... 50c

50c values in colored Glove Boxes, for..... 35c

40c values in Silver Cups, Drums and Atomizers, for..... 25c

65c values in steel Train Cars, For..... 45c

10c values in Children's Christmas Books, for..... 5c

Ladies' Japonet Handkerchiefs, silk embroidered..... 5c

Ladies' lace cornered Handkerchiefs, for..... 5c

40c values in ladies' Aprons and fancy collars..... 25c

Plain silk and check Ribbons—all colors..... 5c

25c values in fancy Doylies—For..... 15c

39c values in Men's Mufflers—For..... 25c

$1.50 values in Ladies' Muffs—For..... 98c

$3.50 values in wool Dress Patterns..... $1.98

$1.00 tan Blankets—For..... 69c

$1.40 ladies' wool Shirt Waists—for..... 98c

$3.00 values in ladies' Dress Skirts, for..... $1.98

$6.50 values in ladies' Jackets..... $3.98

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REICHARD BROS.

Big Drug Store is filled wtih Christmas gifts, Toys, Dolls, Albums, Toilet Sets, Wines and Perfumes. 419 Walnut St.

Shoes Shoes Shoes

AT OUR

Big Stock Reducing

Money Saving Sale

All broken lots placed on sale as follows all

$2.50, $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00 values

GO AT

$1.50 $2.00 & $2.50

While they last

Remember the place

JNO R. HILL Shoe Store

Formerly Harris-Emery Shoe Department

616 Walnut Street.



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THE BEST PLACE IN THE CITY TO BUY

Skates, Sleds, Air Rifles, Pocket Knives, Razors, Shears, Oil Heaters.

Clothes Wringers from $1.00 to $5.00.

AND THE PLACE IS

DAWSON'S Hardware Fifth 314 street.

Cut Rate Book Store

725 Walnut Street.

Holiday Books—Just Opened

A fine line of Books, Bibles and Albums, Dictionaries and Encyclopedias.

We can save you one half on any book we handle. Give us a call and be convinced.

J. E. HOYT, Manager.

STUDENTS HOLIDAY RATES.

The D. M. N. and W. R. R. will sell round trip tickets limited to Jan. 4th, 1899 to Students and Teachers of colleges and Universities, at one and one-third fare for the round trip.

R. N. CALKINS, G. P. A.

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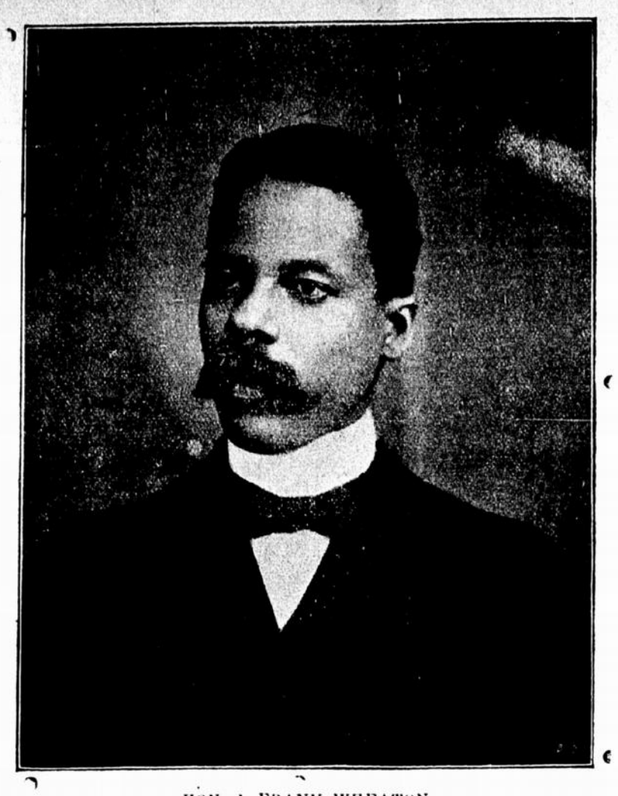
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Alonzo W. Draine, who is one of the most highly respected young men at his home and one of those who have made a great success of life; is a resident of Keokuh. He was born in Mountgomery Co. Mo., May 5th 1874 When very yonng, his parents moved to Keokuk and ne entered the public schools from which he graduated in the class of '94 so well did he stand with his class that he was selected to deliver one of the principal orations at the commencement. Later he was elected prineipal of the public school of Wentzville Mo., where he taught for three years with good sati-faction. For years he was secretary of the Eastern Missouri Teach-Association. In 1897 he accepted a position with McGrath Bro., one of the leading drug houses in Keokuk. In manors he is genteal, courteous, dignified and an honor to our race.

ACTIVE SOLICITORS WANTED EVERY where for "The Story of the Philippines" by Murat Halstead, commissioned by the Government as Official Historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camps at San Francisco, on the Pacific with General Merritt, in the hospitals at Honolulu, in Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manila, in the insurgent camps with Aguinaldo, on the deck of the Olympia with Dewey, and in the roar of battle at the fall of Manila. Bonanza for agents. Brimful of original pictures taken by government photog.aphers on the spot. Large books, Low prices. Big profits Freight paid. Credit given. Drop all trashy unofficial war books. Outfit free. Address, F. T. Barber, Sec'y., Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.



HON. J. FRANK WHEATON.

We are glad to present to our readers the likenessof J Frank Wheaton of Minneapolis, Minn., who was elected at our last November election as a member to the Minnesota legislature from the 42d District: the first colored man that was ever nominated and elected to the legislature in the state. He run ahead of the republican ticket, also his running mate, who received 500 majority, while Mr. Wheaton received nearly 1000 majority. He is an Attorney at Law, was assistant reading clerk of Minneso a House of Representatives, was a delegate to the republican National Convention in 1896, and at one time deputy clerk of the Municipal court. He has a good practice; a fine speaker, and will no doubt make an influential, hard working m mber of the legislature



Professor L. A. Wiles of Muchakinock, Ia., is well known to the colored people of Iowa, especially the 6th Congressional district. He was born in Flordia 37 years ago, attended the Hampton Normal schoo four years: came Iowa immediately after leaving school, where he taught school in Muchakinock for several years, also several in Virginia An active worker in church and Sunday School: was appointed clerk in the Census Bureau at Washington, D.C., in '91 and served until 95: returning home and in '98 accepted a place in the Folding room of the House. He is a bright and intelligent man



J. L. Woods of Marshalltown, Iowa, who is chief electrician of the Soldiers' Home in Marshalltown, is one of the reliable and trusted young men of color in Iowa. He came to Marshall county 9 years ago from East Oakland, Cal., where he was born. After attending the Agricultural College of Ames he entered the electrical department at the Soldier's Home where he has been every since. He is a 33 degree Mason and of high standing in other secret societies.

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