

LOCAL NEWS.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1914.

Read our Ads. every week for good Bargains by first-class houses.

Have you paid your subscription? Rev. Lynch was a Des Moines visitor this week. Newell's for furniture. 618 and 620 West Locust street.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Cravens' little girl is getting better. The editor of this paper was sick several days this week.

Before purchasing your furniture, see Newell Bros., 618 and 620 West Locust street.

Dick Wright, of Marshalltown, was in the city a few days this week. He is father of Herbert R.

Extra copies of THE IOWA STATE BYSTANDER can be obtained from our agents at 5 cents per copy.

Miss Hammit, of Kansas City, Mo., sister of Mr. Will Hammit, is in the city and will remain indefinitely.

Monday evening the St. Paul A. M. E. church choir sang to a good sized audience at Grace M. E. church.

Address ALL letters and communications to "THE IOWA STATE BYSTANDER, Des Moines, Iowa."

Rev. Caston will preach at the East Side Baptist church Sunday morning and evening. All cordially invited.

Miss Stella Burnhugh reports a very pleasant visit in the city of Lincoln, Neb. She was thereabout four weeks.

Services will be held Sunday morning and evening at Burn's chapel on Des Moines street. Rev. Raikes, pastor.

Miss Eva Robinson and Miss Stella Burnhugh left Thursday for Marshalltown, where they will remain several days.

Services at St. Paul's A. M. E. church Sunday morning and evening. Music by the excellent choir. Rev. Clark, pastor.

Mrs. Douglas Miller is improving slightly, but her many friends are anxious about her condition. Little Guy is considered out of danger.

Rev. Clark is getting along nicely and if he meets with the proper support and encouragement the church debt will be a thing of the past.

Peter Hudlin is visiting friends in the city for a few days. He hails from Kansas and does not like his location very well, but will return in a few days.

When in need of coal patronize the Coal Palace. It is the leading coal firm of the city, and for prompt and efficient service is unequalled. 317 Sixth avenue.

Mrs. Miller and daughter, mother and sister of Douglas Miller, are in the city from Mt. Pleasant, called here by the serious illness of Mrs. Douglas Miller.

By mistake some of our subscribers received THE BYSTANDER of November 2 instead of November 9. This was purely a mistake and will be righted on application.

There is a counterfeit \$10 note in circulation. We live in constant fear, for it has been so long since we handled one of that size that we would make an easy victim.

It is reported that the Aborn House will again employ colored men. Mr. Risley is a good hotel man and knows that guests cannot be properly cared for without competent employees.

There will be a grand musical concert given at the East Side Baptist church Monday evening, November 16th. An excellent program will be rendered. Let every one be present.

All persons not receiving this paper regularly will please report to this office at once, so we can trace the error to where it belongs. Papers are carefully prepared for the mail at this office.

A very enjoyable party was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elliston's on Second street Wednesday evening. A goodly number were present and each one was well entertained and sumptuously dined.

Mr. and Mrs. George Morton entertained a number at their friends Wednesday evening. Music, cards and social converse consumed the greater part of the evening. Oysters and unfermented wine were served as refreshments.

The entertainment given at the A. M. E. church Thursday evening was fairly well attended. The program was well rendered and equally well received. After the rendition of the program a social was held in the church parlors.

See that your neighbor takes THE IOWA STATE BYSTANDER. You should be interested in having a good paper to represent you in Des Moines and in Iowa. Des Moines should furnish 1,000 colored subscribers alone. We can easily get 600 white subscribers.

The ladies of the afternoon social club met Wednesday with Mrs. J. H. Shepard at 1058 Fifth street. After regular business with a large membership present, the hostess served a most delightful lunch. The club adjourned to meet with Mrs. Lewis Washington on West Center street.

The Golden Leaf Club gave a most delightful entertainment last Friday evening, Nov. 9. The program was well rendered and consisted of recitations, quartettes, drills, etc. The club is composed of young ladies interested in upbuilding of the church. The

society is a worthy one and should be encouraged.

There will be a musical and literary entertainment given at St. Paul's A. M. E. church Thursday, November 22. Program: Opening Chorus. Thirty Voices Reading. Miss Cora Bass Solo. Tracy Blagburn Recitation. Nettie Woods Ladies' High School Quartette. Reading. Zella Davis Solo. Blanche Bonik Duo. G. Holt and Ed. Mosely Tableau. "Rock of Ages." Mable Berry Solo.

MASONS WILL ENTERTAIN.

On Thursday evening, Nov. 20, North Star Lodge No. 2 will entertain their friends in their hall at the corner of West Sixth and Walnut streets. A special effort has been made to provide good music and other entertainment as will make the evening enjoyable and profitable to all who are present. An elegant supper will be given free to all who have tickets of admission.

The programme: Welcome address by J. W. Shepard, W. M.; Elliston's orchestra; "Masonry From a Woman's Point of View." Mrs. R. A. Wilburn; Recitation, address by Rev. T. J. Caston; tenor solo, "O Thou Who in My Inmost Soul" (from "Ermani"); Prof. G. I. Holt; "Masonry's Benefit to the Community as Seen by a Lady." Miss Bessie Stewart; address by J. D. Reeler, G. M.; grand march to supper; grand promenade.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

On Tuesday evening the society assembled with a fair audience considering the fact that other meetings were being held in the city on the same evening. A few remarks were made by the president, after which Mrs. Morton sang a solo, which was well received and highly appreciated. Miss Agnes Roy delivered a declamation in a very pleasing manner. There were three numbers following which had to be omitted owing to the inability of persons to be present. Miss Mabel Berry and Mesdames J. F. Blagburn and A. L. Bell have been diligent workers in literary and musical development and were greatly missed by the audience. The journal, which was read by Miss Stella Burnhugh, was excellent in composition and thought. All of the various subjects she wrote about were well presented and were interesting and gave food for thought and reflection. She is growing in favor as a journalist. She set an enviable example by being present at each meeting and ready to perform her duty.

The program for next Tuesday evening, at the A. M. E. church at 8 o'clock sharp, will be as follows: Paper, W. A. Searcy; Recitation, Miss F. Gertie Davis Solo; Miss Mabel Berry Recitation; E. G. McAfee Solo; J. F. Blagburn Recitation; "Plain Talk"; Thad. S. Ruff Declamation; Miss P. Lankford Journalist; Miss Zella Davis Critic; E. G. McAfee.

It is expected that all those who are engaged in literary work or are in sympathy with the young people in this work will lend their presence if not their talents to the society each Tuesday evening.

OSKALOOSA NOTES.

Special Correspondence to Iowa State Bystander. Will Mason, now of Burlington, was an Oskaloosa visitor last week.

The young men's social club under the management of Mr. Alexander, of Burlington, seems to be a little weak-footed, and a new club under the supervision of the young men of the city is now on foot. Doubtless it will be a success, as our boys are noted for their social activities.

A small crowd of Oskaloosa people attended the glove contest of Harry Lemar vs. Jim O'Brien at Evans last Tuesday evening. The result was that the former proved himself far the most clever.

Rev. J. A. Jones, of Leavenworth, Kansas, is now passing through this section of the country preaching the gospel. He is a good speaker and all that heard him would willingly do so again.

Miss May Lafayette and Miss Minnie York visited Evans this week. Ben Tanoll, of Chicago, is spending a few days with Oskaloosa people.

The Renix Bros., of Des Moines, made a two days stay in Oskaloosa last week. They were accompanied by some elegant music and were highly complimented by all that heard them.

John Woodson, of Des Moines, has been an Oskaloosa visitor for the past week.

Miss Josie Lewis is recovering from a week of severe illness of heart trouble. Presiding Elder Wm. E. Wilson, of Omaha, Neb., was in the city Tuesday. Mr. Wilson has many friends in Oskaloosa, having preached here two years.

Wesley Martin, of Hadrick, is visiting in Oskaloosa and will probably locate here.

A telegram was received announcing the death of John Marshall, of Galesburg, Ill. John was born and raised in Oskaloosa, and had made many friends. All will sympathize deeply with the bereaved family.

Miss Stella Byrd and Mrs. Mose Hall were Muchakinoek visitors one day this week. Mr. and Mrs. Comodore Lee entered Rev. Jones and wife at tea Friday evening.

A reception—Mr. Jordan Wilson and Mrs. Fannie Findley were married at the A. M. E. parsonage by Rev. S. B. Jones.

Rev. S. B. Jones and wife, and Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Clark were visitors in Muchakinoek, last Thursday, the guests of Mrs. C. V. Foster.

Wayman Lyceum of A. M. E. church under the leadership of Miss May Buckner, rendered a splendid program last Wednesday evening. Refreshments were served by Mesdames A. G. Clark, Cora Jones, Matilda Wilson and Miss Brown. The attendance was large and a nice sum was realized.

The A. M. E. church will serve a grand dinner and supper Thanksgiving. At night the choir will render a program, opening with chorus "Hallelu." Queen Esther is booming. Prof. Roberts says he never had a better chorus.

KEOKUK NOTES.

Special Correspondence to Iowa State Bystander. Rev. William Stevens Perry, D. D., L. L. D., bishop of the Episcopal diocese of Iowa, will officiate and preach in the church of St. Mary the Virgin this evening. The choir will be assisted by Rev. McLavain, rector of St. John's church, and the rector of St. Mary the Virgin, Rev. Dr. Hartley. The service will be choral.

Mrs. W. H. Jones is quite sick at her home on Concert street with the rheumatism. On Concert street with the rheumatism.

Mrs. Jennie Harris and children are still confined to their homes by sickness.

Mr. and Mrs. Gross are improving. Mrs. Martin Bland is quite sick.

The ladies of the Seventh street Baptist church open a fair this evening in their parlors for the benefit of the church.

A meeting was held at Mrs. Martin Bland's for the purpose of organizing a woman's club. Mrs. Nellie Bland read a paper.

Master Johnnie Smith is on the sick list.

Mrs. A. C. Bettis has returned from Louisiana, Mo., where she was called by telegram to attend the funeral of her husband's niece.

Mrs. Brown and Mrs. O'Neal, of Canton, were in the city last week visiting Mrs. F. D. Bland.

CLINTON.

Special Correspondence to Iowa State Bystander. Rev. L. J. Phillips has moved his family to the city.

J. T. Culberson came Monday night from Belle Plaine to vote and did vote a straight Republican ticket. He left Tuesday night.

Mrs. Hattie Epps of Dubuque, Iowa, is visiting her brother, E. Epps, on 4th street.

Mrs. Hillman is slowly improving. Mrs. J. T. Culberson expects to spend a few days in the country visiting her mother during Mr. Culberson's absence from the city.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Jones died Nov. 2, after a brief illness. Death came entirely unexpected. He was ten years old. Besides his father and mother he leaves a brother and seven sisters to mourn his loss.

Cards are out for the marriage of Mr. W. A. Richardson and Miss Alice Jackson on the 4th.

Mr. A. A. Bush was elected township clerk, the second colored officer the county ever had. His majority was over 500. He is a young man of great ability, and the outlook for the colored citizens is better now than ever before.

The Busy Bees will give their first entertainment Wednesday evening, the 4th, at Frank Cooper's, 835 10th avenue.

The young people agreeably surprised Rev. L. J. Phillips and his wife Wednesday evening. Grandma Turner is on the sick list. M. O. Culberson is on the sick list.

AFRAID OF CONFLICT.

From the New Orleans Picayune. One thing is certain, and that is that the people of this city cannot permit the commerce of this great port to be wrecked and ruined by any sort of violence. Neither race conflicts nor any other sort of conflicts must be allowed to destroy a great shipping industry. The labor of both white and black is needed. Laborers of all classes and both races have their rights, and the protection of these rights and their rights must be maintained without any failure or default. Protection for all laborers in all their rights, the right to work or the right not to work, is an absolute necessity, and it devolves on the mayor and the city police to give that protection fully, fairly and decisively. If they will not, or can't, then the duty falls on the governor.

A Necessary Institution.

Editor—Great Scott! I'll be ruined! Why did you buy all those dry goods? Wife—Do you see that thing in your paper? "See what?" "This paragraph about fool women spending all day shopping without buying anything. I'd have you know that I am not one of those fool women, no, indeed."

How They Go.

Cigar Dealer (disconsolately)—I've lost another steady customer for my imported cigars. Friend—Who? "Wilkins." "Dead?" "Yes, gone off on a wedding tour." "He'll come back." "Yes, and then he'll begin smoking 'twofers.'"

A Summer Angel.

He—Do my eyes deceive me? No, it is true. One year ago, on this very rock, you promised to become my wife. She (a summer belle)—Did I? Well, never mind; you shall have the privilege of imagining that I kept my promise.

Married Too Young.

Friend—Why do you send your husband's clothes to a tailor, when all they need is a button? Mrs. Manifold—Well, the fact is my husband married so young that he never learned how to sew on buttons.

Something Gained.

Inquirer—Does a fish diet strengthen the brain? Philosopher—Perhaps not; but going fishing seems to invigorate the imagination.

Not at all Curious.

Old Fisherman—You didn't fish long this morning. Amateur (tremulously)—Shar-sharks out there. "Oh! Scared the fish, did they?" "I—I didn't want to see whether the fish were scared or not."

Some Exceptions.

Wife—There now! This paper says that married men can live on less than single men. Husband—But, my dear, all of haven't wives who take in washing.

The Pages of Congress.

Fifty of the brightest boys of the United States are employed at the National Capitol as pages to the Forty-ninth Congress. Little fellows from twelve to sixteen years of age, each with a round, shining silver badge on the lapel of his coat labeled with his number, they run in and out of the halls, now darting through the aisles under the very nose of a member who is making a great speech, now carrying great armfuls of books to one Congressman, and now taking a letter to post for another, or bringing a glass of water to the man who is speaking.

Here one is moving about with a great album in which he asks each of the members to write his name; and there, others are busy taking the cards of ladies in the reception rooms to some Congressman whom they wish to call.

The pages of Congress are gathered from the four quarters of the United States. They are chosen by the sergeants-at-arms of each House, and represent nearly every State. The pay of a page is \$2.50 a day, for the session, including Sundays, though there is no work for them that day. They generally save some of their money, but they must spend enough of it to keep themselves well dressed. They do not have a very hard time, and on ordinary days their hours are from 9 o'clock until the House adjourns at 4 or 5. About half of their Saturdays are holidays, as the Congress often adjourns from Friday or to Monday.

The daily sessions begin at noon, but the boys must be present earlier, and file each Congressman's bills for him. After Congress meets they have plenty to do in running errands. During a night session they grow very sleepy, and as a general thing they are asked to remain. When a member wants a page he claps his hands, and the pages, who, when not busy, are generally standing about the speaker's desk in front of the House, or sitting on the stairs leading to the Speaker's chair, run to him for their orders.

Is the position a good one for the boys? Well, on the whole, and for, perhaps, one session, yes. Their associations are not bad, and if bad boys are discovered among those chosen, they are quickly dismissed for fear they may corrupt the others. The duties of a page compel him to be polite and gentlemanly, and he learns a great deal. During the recesses of the House they often discuss among themselves bills and questions which would be thought beyond their comprehension, and they delight in aping their congressional masters.

There are thirty-six pages in the House of Representatives, and fourteen in the Senate. Two of the House pages are mounted, and it is their duty to carry letters and messages on horseback for Congressman from the Capitol building to all parts of the city. They ride to the Capitol, put the letters in a leather pouch, which they carry by a strap across their shoulders, and then ride off to answer to them.

Sometimes these boys carry notes to the President, sometimes to the Secretary of War, sometimes to the Attorney General, and in fact, to all the great departments of the Government. They enjoy their work, and they are a little envied by the boys who stay under the Speaker's chair. He seemed to have a mother-faced man who presides over the House, has a page for himself, as have also the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House and its clerk.

Often before the House and Senate meet, they hold a miniature Congress of their own. One of the boys gets into the speaker's chair, and holds the ivory gavel. Another stands as clerk, and behind the clerk's desk, while others scattered about the room make speeches just as the Congressmen will do an hour later.

The prince of pages and the father of them all is Isaac Bassett, who now has charge of the pages of the Senate and the House. Fifty-five years of age, when he was a black-haired boy of twelve, Daniel Webster, then a Senator, took him on his knee, and asked him if he would not like to be a page. He has been in the employ of the Senate ever since, and during his whole service he has not been absent from duty twenty days. Youth's Companion.

A Base Ball Dog.

The rival nines were made up of boys under thirteen, and Major. As I reached the ground, it was his inning, and his master, who claimed the privilege of striking for him, was at the bat. The dog was right behind with one paw in advance, and his eyes on the striker. In came the twisters, and Major made several false starts; but, finally, as the ball went scudding from the bat, off he rushed for first base, his ears flapping, his plumbe tail out straight behind. But the short stop was too nimble for the dog, and just before he reached the base, the ball arrived there, and he came slowly back, his tail hanging low, and a very mournful expression in his great eyes.

"Major's out—side—out!" cried the boys, and immediately conceiving a method by which he could retrieve this disaster, the dog seemed to regain his spirits, dashed into the field, and was speedily in his position as left fielder, before any of the others had reached their places.

In the preliminary "pass around" that preceded the play, Major was not left out, and I saw that the balls that were thrown at him directly were quite as swift as those delivered from base to base, and in justice to him, I never saw him "maut." When a ball was thrown at him, he settled back and dropped his great twitter jaw, into which the projectile seemed to fit him, with tail wagging, he would hasten to carry the ball to the next player. He was equally proficient with low balls, either catching them in his mouth or stopping them with his broad chest, and in fielding he could not be outdone. When he caught a ball, he carried it in, and he needed to be the nearest thrower, and not a few players were put out by his quick motions and activity. St. Nicholas.

Can You Tell Us Why?

A man's tooth stops aching as soon as he reaches the dentists? A small dog has a more extensive lung power than a large one? Why a butcher always weighs his hand when you buy meat of him? Why the fool killer does not surround the man who has a new story? Why a dude who wants his moustache shaved off does not bring it with him.—Toronto Grip.

The New York Sun pronounces the late Henry Robinson Richardson "not merely the first architect of our country, but of our age, the greatest that has lived in many centuries."

AMERICAN FABLES.

THE RAT AND THE PEASANT. A Rat who found himself caught in a Trap Appealed to the Peasant to be Released on the grounds that he had never Stolen any of the Cheese.

"As to that," replied the Peasant, "while you have failed to get at my Cheese, it was only because your Presence forced me to put it Beyond your Reach."

Moral—The Tramp who hasn't Stolen a Horse Deserves no Special Credit.

THE FLY AND THE OX. While the Ox was Grazing in his Pasture a Fly came Along and Abused and Insulted him in an Outrageous Manner, and finally Challenged him to Combat.

"I cannot Accept," replied the Ox. "While your Abuse does me no Harm, a Victory over you would bring me no Credit."

Moral—The President vs. the Bunting Bugle.

THE GOAT AND THE FAWN. A Goat which had Fallen off a Lodge was loudly Complaining of his Ill-luck, when the Fawn came along and observed:

"Although you met with a Fall it has saved you from the Wolf lying in wait beside the Path you would have Traveled."

"If we didn't have horns we might break our legs.—Detroit Free Press.

When Men Flee. Had a hungry lion been turned loose, had a mad tiger been released from its cage, had a terrible serpent made its appearance among men, there would have been a frightened rush and a sinking of hearts, but no such feeling of terror as felt upon men when the shout was suddenly heard:

"Look out for the mad dog!"

There was a wild, desperate rush for places of safety. There were women at the doors—children in the street—but men fled away and left them to take care of themselves. That cry had struck the heart with such a chill as the peril of fire or flood or the battlefield can never bring. It was God's mercy that the brute paused for a moment as the head of the street—not in fear—not for observation—but to turn and writhe and twist and savagely bite his panting sides and tired legs.

A mastiff which would almost rival a lion in size and strength—his jaws dropping a yellowish foam—his black breast flecked and spotted—his eyes blazing the fires of a thousand agonies his lips drawn back to show his terrible teeth, and men and women and children knew that his bite meant death to its most awful form. That one precious moment saved a dozen lives. As the brute ceased tearing himself and continued his way, the street was clear of human life. There were horses hitched here and there. The poor beasts seemed to realize that some awful danger menaced. With ears pointed forward—with eyes dilated and full of fear—with flanks heaving and nostrils flaring and nostrils waiting their fate. The sight of living objects seemed to arouse a new fury in the dog, and he sprang at the breast of the nearest horse and left a great patch of blood and froth to mark the spot his fangs had entered.

A second—a third—a fourth— and then he desisted. He seemed to have been seized with sudden fear. He crouched under a wagon and whined and trembled as if expecting punishment. The horses nervously lifted their feet, and he shrank away. A wandering cur came around the corner, barked loudly at the stranger in the village, and the brute so terrible a moment before groveled in the dust and howled in dismay.

It is so with proxymism of madness. He soon rose up, slunk off down the street, and when finding himself followed, he turned aside into an open gate to hide himself. The hand of Providence was in it. He entered a paddock from which there was no escape, and a trembling hand closed the gate upon him. It was not a moment too soon. The fires of madness blazed up again and sent the blood boiling through every vein, and fear was no longer in control. He dashed about the inclosure snapping at every stick and chip and bark-scaring at the bounding-flying his froth over the grass and high up on the fence.

Now, as the head and shoulders of a man appeared above the fence to observe his movements, the dog became the incarnation of ferocity. His eyes blaze anew; his fangs gleam through bloody foam; his bush-stands erect; his tail lashes the ground in subdued fury. He moves toward the fence—creeping—writing—choking back his agonies for the moment while he scores another victim. Creep—creep—the foam dripping—the fangs clashing—the muscles gathering for one mighty effort. Now, with a terrible growl he springs, some sure of his vengeance, but he strikes the boards and falls back on the ground to writhe and twist and tear his own flesh again.

Other men appear. Guns are being brought out to shoot the brute. The sound of human voices enrages him to fury. He goes rushing about snapping, snarling, vindictive. Wounds but add to his fury for the time, and the hands which hold rifle and revolver tremble as the weapons are pointed. By and by, worn out with his exertions and weakened by loss of blood, he stands and faces his enemies. In those blazing eyes is Terror. In those fangs is Ferocity. In that dripping foam is Death. When he finally sinks down and dies a town draws a long breath of relief. Not fire, nor flood, nor cyclone, nor epidemic would have so unerved men and frozen the hearts of women.—Detroit Free Press.

Couldn't sell on Credit. Mr. S., an importer in the Swamp in New York, told a friend the other day that he hadn't known so dull a time as this in all the twenty-nine years he had been in business. "Why," said he, "to show you how bad trade is, a man was passing by my place yesterday when I had always refused to trade. I was so anxious to make a sale that I called him in showed him some stock and invited him to buy on credit. He looked a little astonished, but after a pause he said: 'No, I guess not; the price is low and the terms are satisfactory, but I don't see what I could do with the skins.'—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

It is said that a flour mill at Plankinton, Dak., has been run for the past five months by steam produced by the heat of flax straw. The cost of running the mill by the flax straw power is but a trifle more than half what the cost was when coal was used.

As a general thing the vitality of woman comes favorably that of man. As a particular thing we have noticed that widows invariably survive their husbands.

THE HUB. THE NEW SHOE STORE.

BARGAINS FOR MEN. To-morrow--Saturday--You can buy \$2.00 Shoes All Kinds for \$1.40.

BARGAINS SATURDAY for WOMEN. 300 Pairs of Ladies', \$2.00. \$2.50 Shoes at \$1.48.

Come To-morrow Sure. Mention this Paper.

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Best and Cheaps MEATS, FISH, POULTRY, BUTTER OYSTERS. Same old stand. Phone 782. 316 WEST SEVENTH ST.

UTICA.

WE DON'T WORRY

About things you don't want, and that is the reason we haven't said much about free-wool prices for winter overcoats. The weather has been so warm that we could not have interested you if we had tried and so we have confined our talk almost entirely during the past two weeks to the subject of free wool prices for winter suits. But now the weather is likely to make you think about overcoats, so we leave the \$8, \$10, and \$12 cassimere and cheviot suits sale, which is crowding our immense store with customers from all parts of Iowa. For \$8 you can buy an overcoat that was made to sell for \$10. \$10 and \$12 will buy one that was made to sell for \$12, \$13.50 and \$15.

Our past sale is the heaviest we have ever had. Cassimere pants from \$1.50 to \$5.00.

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25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT ON ALL TRIMMED HATS.

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