

LOCAL NEWS.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1894.

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

Have you paid your subscription?

Ask our agents for THE BYSTANDER. Rev. Lynch was a Des Moines visitor this week.

Are you a subscriber for THE BYSTANDER?

Newell's for furniture. 618 and 620 West Locust street.

John D. Reeler visited in Chicago several days this week.

Remember this paper needs your assistance if we would succeed.

Mrs. Ben. Hall has been sick for several days, but is now convalescent.

The past has been good, the present better, we look to you for the future.

Mrs. E. T. Banks is somewhat improved after several days of severe sickness.

Get your clothes cleaned and dyed at the Des Moines Dye Works—Mutchler & Son, 221 West Locust.

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

Send in your name as a subscriber to THE IOWA STATE BYSTANDER, the only colored newspaper in the state.

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

Presiding Elder Hardison is in the city. He has lost none of his religious vigor. He will probably be here Sunday.

Mrs. W. H. Scott, who has been visiting her friends and relatives at Fayette, Mo., for the past month, returned home Sunday looking hale and hearty.

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.

The Masonic entertainment will occur on the evening of Thanksgiving. They invite all their friends and well wishers to be present and spend a pleasant evening with them.

The Ladies' Afternoon Social Club met on Wednesday with Mrs. Lewis Washington. After regular business the hostess served a delightful lunch and the club adjourned to meet with Mrs. W. A. Seary, 726 Ninth street.

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.

There will be a special musical and preaching service at the East Side Baptist church Sunday evening. Preparations have been going on for some time and it is proposed to have a grand evening service. The pastor, Rev. J. L. Gaston, who has been to Macon City, Mo., attending a meeting of the college board will be present.

Rev. A. H. Chase, M. D., of Boston, Mass., a returned missionary from Africa, was the guest of Rev. J. L. Thompson last week. The doctor has been in Africa for thirteen years and will return to Africa in January. He is now lecturing in this country. The doctor was born in Oxford, England, and graduated from the medical department at Yale and theological department at Boston University.

Mr. Gordon has purchased the barber shop owned by John D. Reeler. Mr. Gordon was formerly of St. Louis and came to this city to make his future home. He came highly recommended as a gentleman and a barber of unusual skill. Mr. Reeler has been proprietor of the shop for the past eight or nine years and had a large patronage. He has other interests demanding his attention and he will devote his time to them in the future.

SIR KNIGHTS MEET. At a regular communication of King Solomon, commandery No. 6, held Thursday, the following officers were elected: E. C. Sir C. S. Stewart; Generalissimo, Sir Fred Jackson; Capt. General, Robert Webster; treasurer, James Todd; recorder, G. H. Clegggett; prelate, T. E. Barton. Tuesday evening Hiram Chapter No. 7 elected the following officers: H. D. Keeler; scribe, Companion E. Jackson; treasurer, Companion T. E. Barton; secretary, Companion G. H. Clegggett. The officers were duly installed on Wednesday evening.

MUSICAL TREAT. The following very excellent program was rendered at the East Side Baptist church last Monday evening: "Blessed the People," choir; invocation; instrumental duet, Messrs. Walter and Ambrose Jackson; solo and chorus, "Poor Old Frank's" recitation, Miss Chandler; solo, "Erie on the Rhine," Mrs. Elliston; instrumental music, "Haunted House," recitation, Mrs. Lewis; duet, "Tell Us Merry Birds," Mrs. Elliston and Prof. Brooks; quartette, "Anno Domini," Mrs. Elliston, Rose Terry, Messrs. Kinney and Brooks. The entertainment was a grand musical treat and solicited round after round of applause.

A GOOD CONCERT. The concert and social given at the A. M. E. church Thursday evening were very successful. The program as published in THE BYSTANDER of last week was with a few exceptions carried out. Every member on the program acquitted himself nobly. The young ladies' quartette was exceptionally good, the Misses Porter, McCravens, Walker and Hildin rendering several

fine selections. Tracy Blagburn's bass solo, it being his debut, was good. It will suffice to say that the concert was a musical treat for all present. The entire program as rendered, owing to shortness of time could not be presented. The social was largely attended and the refreshments choice and plentiful.

THE LITERARY. The presence at the literary Tuesday evening would hardly form a corporal's guard. The programs have been of a high character but those most interested in their execution have absented themselves on several of the previous occasions. A special effort is being made for next Tuesday evening. Debate—Resolved, "That there is no Negro problem." Affirmative, W. R. Frazier, Thad Ruff. Negative, A. L. Bell, John Hardy.

DEATH. Died—Mrs. Douglas Miller, of Park street, after a lingering illness of several months. Deceased came to Des Moines in 1877 and was married to Douglas Miller in 1881. She was widely known and highly respected by a large number of friends. By her sad death removes from our midst a kind and cheerful woman, who but to know was to love her. As a loving wife and mother she died the family home will be brought to bear great suffering. The funeral occurred Thursday at 3 p. m. from the church, where a large number of friends assembled to pay their last tribute of respect. A husband and two children mourn her death. Universal sympathy is extended to the bereaved family.

EIGHTEENTH ANNIVERSARY. The beautiful home of Constable Chas. Stewart on Twenty-fifth street was the scene of a memorable and delightful event last Monday evening. The occasion was the eighteenth anniversary of their daughter Bessie, who is well known and universally loved. She has long been a resident of Des Moines, having been educated and grown to womanhood in our midst. With her eighteenth anniversary and the party given by her parents marks the young lady's debut. It also gives evidence to the fact that a young lady of education and accomplishments has become a valuable annex to Des Moines society.

The home was most beautifully decorated with roses and chrysanthemums and all within presented a scene of brilliant splendor. When one entered the door the first persons beheld were the family circle neatly grouped together and presenting a picture of contentment and happiness. Miss Edith Birney also assisted the family in entertaining. The scene was indeed a lovely one, little Charles, Jr., held in his father's arms, lending additional beauty to the quietude. The dining room was neatly arranged and the genial C. C. Lewis served those present with esopeloped oysters, coffee, ice cream, cake and fruit. After all had dined they repaired to the parlors where singing, instrumental music and social conversation occupied the remaining time previous to the departing of the guests.

The presents Miss Bessie received were numerous and valuable, not in price alone, but as tokens of the high esteem in which she is held. As a young lady she is worthy of the esteem in which she is held, as her affable ways and her observance of the golden rule are exemplary. May the future be as bright and cheerful as the present. All congratulated the family and bespeak for them many years of happiness, and the debutante many years of usefulness and comfort to her many friends and parents.

LAST OF THE SERIES. We hereby announce that the last series of concerts will take place Thanksgiving evening, Nov. 29, at the A. M. E. church. It will be termed the old folks concert and we cordially invite all to attend. The cast of characters is as follows:

- Mrs. J. C. Berry.....Sarah Ann Peabody
Mabel Berry.....Marjandy Sharp
Mrs. Hall.....Becky Sharp
Mrs. A. O. Smith.....Debby Sharp
Mrs. L. R. Palmer.....Minerva Sharp
Mrs. L. A. Birney.....Penelope Cornstalk
Mrs. L. A. Blackburn.....Peggy Cornstalk
Mrs. E. W. Williamson.....Elizabeth Plunkard
Mrs. L. Hamilton.....Jerusha Lightweight
Miss Alice Berry.....Mary Jane Careful
Mrs. J. E. Gordon.....Dorothy Ann Sharpedge
Mrs. W. Warrick.....Phyllis Evergreen
Mrs. Gardner.....Polly Moreland
Mrs. Hooker.....Peggy Littleton
Mrs. Gordon.....Dorothy Ann Sharpedge
Mrs. Cosdon.....Eliza Steplight
Mrs. Crockett.....Hannie Marie Doolittle
J. C. Berry.....Nathan Peabody
W. E. Williamson.....Dewy Bettingill
I. E. Williamson.....Phyl Plunkard
Ed Mosely.....Josiah Sharp
Humard.....Deason Marapple
Level.....Ichabod Peas
C. C. Lewis.....Sam Makeup

As it is given for the benefit of the church we are putting forth every effort to make it a success and desire your patronage.

Mrs. J. C. BERRY, Manager. We have been here since 1871—the cheapest and best dye works—Mutchler & Son, 221 West Locust.

WANTS TO BE KICKED INTO NOTORIETY. "Shoo Fly Editor" of a Negro Paper.

What a gigantic piece of humbuggery is that which is being worked upon the Negroes of the country by the right honorable Frederick Douglass and Miss Ida B. Wells. Their anti-lynching projects, which only costs the people when they lecture from \$100 to \$200 for each of them to make a single speech. When they wind up, the Douglass-Wells combine will have the money and lynching will still be practiced.

A SUFFERER. Beggar—I'm a sufferer, sir, and— Man—What kind of a sufferer are you? Fire, marine, accident, cyclone— Beggar—I'm sufferin' from drought, sir.

Man—Get out. You never were on a farm in your life. Beggar—I know it, sir; but the drought is what I'm sufferin' from. I hain't had a drink for four days, sir.

An Explanation. Mrs. Hasdust—That Mrs. Upper-crust called to-day and left her card with "P. P. C." marked on the corner. I wonder what it means.

Mrs. Rollingwealth—Oh, I believe she is going out of the city and she wants you to know that she is going to travel in a Pullman palace car. The vulgarity of some folks is just terrible!

RICHARD THIRD.

I will now write a few personal recollections of Richard Third. This great monarch, of whom so much has been said, pro and con, but mostly con, was born at Featheringay Castle, October 2, 1452, in the presence of his parents and a physician, whose name has, at this moment, escaped my treacherous memory.

Richard was the son of Richard, duke of York, and Cecily Neville, daughter of the earl of Westmoreland, his father being the legitimate heir to the throne, by descent, in the female line, so he was the head of the Yorkists in the "War of the Roses."

Richard's father, the duke of York, while struggling one day with Henry VI, the royal jackass that flourished in 1400, prior to the conquest of the fool killer, had the misfortune while trying to wrest the throne from Henry to get himself amputated at the second joint. He was brought home in two pieces, and ceased to draw a salary as a duke from that on. This cast a gloom over Richard, and inspired in his breast a strong desire to cut off the heads of a few casual acquaintances.

He was but eight years of age at this time, and was taken prisoner and sent to Utrecht, Holland. He was returned in good order the following year, his elder brother, Edward, having become king, under the title of Edward IV. Richard was then made duke of Gloucester, lord high admiral, knight of the garter, and earl of the suspender.

It was at this time that he made the celebrated bon mot relative to dogs as pets. Having been out the evening before, attending a watermelon recital in the country, and having contributed a portion of his clothing to a barbed-wire fence, and the balance to an open-faced Waterbury bull dog, some one asked him what he thought of the dog as a pet.

Richard drew himself up to his full height, and said that, as a rule, he favored the dog as a pet, but that the man who got too intimate with the common low-browed bull dog of the fifteenth century would find that it must certainly hurt him in the end.

He resided for several years under the tutelage of the earl of Warwick, called "the king-maker," and afterward, in 1470, fled to Flanders, remaining fled for some time. He commanded the van of the Yorkist army at the battle of Barnet, April 14, 1471, and Tewksbury, May 4th, fighting gallantly at both places, and afterward admitting it in an article which he wrote for an English magazine.

He has been accused of having murdered Prince Albert, after the battle, and also his father, Henry VI, in the tower a few days later, but it is not known to be a fact.

Richard was attainted and outlawed by parliament at one time, but he was careful about what he ate, and didn't get his feet wet, so, at last, having a good preamble and constitution, he pulled through.

He married his own cousin, Anne Neville, who made a first-rate queen. She got so that it was no trouble at all for her to reign while Dick was away attending to his large slaughtering interests.

Richard at this time, was made lord high constable and keeper of the pound. He was also justiciary of North Wales, seneschal of the duchy of Lancaster, and chief of police on the North side.

His brother, Clarence, was successfully executed for treason, in February, 1478, and Richard, without a moment's hesitation came to the front and inherited the estates.

Richard had a stormy time of it up to 1481, when he was made "protector and defender of the realm," early in May. He then proceeded with a few neglected executions. This list was headed, or rather beheaded, by Lord Chamberlain Hastings, who tendered his resignation in a pail of saw dust soon after Richard became "protector and defender of the realm." Richard laid claim to the throne in June, on the grounds of illegitimacy of his nephews and was crowned July 6th. So was his queen. They sat on this throne for some time, and each had a scepter with which to welt their subjects over the head and keep off the flies in summer. Richard could wield a scepter longer and harder, it is said, than any other middle weight monarch known to history. The throne used by Richard is still in existence, and has an aperture in it containing some very old gin. The reason this gin was left, it is said, was that he was suddenly called away from the throne and never lived to get back. No monarch should ever leave his throne in two much of a hurry.

ACT AND FANCY.

Men's corsets are constantly kept on hand for sale by Gotham tailors. A farmer living near Tiffin, O., found one of his valuable steers dead, hanging with his head caught between two branches of a hardwood sapling on a hillside on his farm.

The church is sometimes so crowded that the people on the rear seats can't reach the mourner's bench, but the deacon never fails to worm his way through with the contribution box.

In a garden at Caledonia, N. Y., a bed of flowers has been laid out, twenty-two feet long, to represent a huge trout. The gills, fins, and eyes are represented by different colored flowers.

Mrs. Alexander, a lady of over 60 years of age, employed in the government printing office in Washington, has just married a man of over 80, and has resigned her position to fulfill her domestic duties.

What is claimed to be an original water color portrait of Washington, painted on ivory in 1756 by J. Lacon, owned in Springfield, Mass., is offered to the government for the modest little sum of \$250,000.

Vacuous Dude—A most chawing afternoon faw a walk, Miss Brightside. The soft breeze that blow have weally made my head feel much bettah. Miss Brightside—Then I suppose you must be a homeopathist, like cures like, you know.

Fogg says he objects to Parson Smith, because he is such a gross flatterer. He tries all he can to make his congregation believe they are dreadfully profound people. In fact, he thinks—or pretends to think—they are so very deep that it requires three-quarters of an hour's preaching to fill them up.

An albino baby was born recently at Harrisburg, Pa. It has a shapely little head, luxuriously covered with hair as white as snow, of fine texture, and softer than silk, and the indications are that it will have similar eyebrows. The eyelashes are long and white, and beneath them are pink eyes of wonderful brilliancy.

Many years ago a resident of Yakima, Washington territory, planted six hundred \$20 gold pieces in a stone jar at the foot of a tree in that place. It had been buried so long that roots as large as a man's wrist had grown over the jar. He left for the east a few days ago, but before going dug up the jar and carried off the coin.

"Tain't so," triumphantly exclaimed Bobbie from his perch on top of a chair, gazing down on Algernon's head. "What is not true?" doubtfully asked his sister Maud. "Why, you said Aigy was so green that grass was growing from the top of his head, and [determinedly] there ain't any there." How Maud explained the situation is unknown.

A lad who was learning his Sunday-school lesson with the words, "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that"—here the boy paused, forgetting the next word, and then proceeded with a prominent voice—"Sullivan in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Son-in-Law—I tell you, sir, that your daughter's conduct makes my life insupportable. I wish you would find some way of bringing her to reason. Father-in-Law—You know very well that I have tried everything. Neither my advice nor my reproaches have the least effect. However, content yourself; if she remains incorrigible I will disinherite her!

"Penelope," says a New York lady to her little Boston niece, "will you see how high the thermometer is, please?" "Yes, auntie, it is just even with the mantelpiece." "Thank you," said little Penelope's aunt, who was equal to the occasion, "and now will you see how high the mercury is?" "Seven degrees, Fahrenheit, auntie," replied the Boston miss.

A well-known minister was sent south from New Jersey a few years ago to labor among the colored people. They received him with many demonstrations of joy, and at the first meeting which he held one colored preacher prayed for him with great earnestness thus: "O Lord! bless dis yer dear brudder what's come down do norf to preach de gospel to us. 'Noint him wid de kerosene ile ob salvashun, and set him on fire."

The British bark Lydia was about to sail from Duboy, Ga., a few days ago, and Steward Harrisman begged Capt. Lowry not to carry him to sea, saying that he was sick. The captain said that he must go. "I'll poison you on the trip," said the steward. The captain laughed at the threat and walked away. When his back was turned, Harrisman pulled a revolver and fired at him. The bullet just grazed Lowry's hand, but he fell at the shot, whereupon the steward, terrified at his deed, sent a bullet through his own heart.

The Genesee river, in New York, is surprising manufacturers along its banks by its increasing volume of water from year to year. Some years ago, in common with other streams of the state, the water diminished, and the mills and factories that had depended on it for power were obliged to use steam. The Rochester Democrat says that millers who have not used their wheels for years are getting back to them, much to their financial advantage. No explanation is given for this condition of the river.

Ball-players in Pittsburgh are talking about the smart young catcher of an amateur club, who was remarkable for catching batsmen out on foul tips even when the bat didn't seem to strike within three or four inches of the ball. An investigation revealed that the catcher had a gum band attached to his glove, and when he desired to foul out a man he would raise the band with one finger, and when the ball passed under the bat release it. The band would snap against the glove and all within hearing would hear a supposed foul tip.

A Game of Checkers Did It. Pavid Brooks was manager of the Pittsburgh office when a boy named Andrew Carnegie was a messenger in it at a salary of \$3 a week. He had just arrived with his father and mother from Scotland, the land of his birth. That was little more than thirty-six years ago, yet to-day he is the famous millionaire ironmonger of Pittsburgh.

Andrew Carnegie has said: "I owe my rise in life to a game of checkers." I will explain to you what that remark means. The elder Carnegie was a molder in a pottery. Like many Scotchmen he was very fond of playing checkers or draughts. In Pittsburgh at that time was a well-known all-house, in one room of which those who loved to play checkers were wont to assemble. Among them were Carnegie and Brooks, and in this way the two men became acquainted. Carnegie's son also came there at times with his father, and he, too, tested David Brooks' prowess at draughts. One day the elder Carnegie remarked that he did not know what to do with his son. "Send him down to my office and I will make a messenger boy of him," said Mr. Brooks. The next day he began his new employment. The lad was intelligent and industrious. Manager Brooks had an old telegraph instrument fitted up in the office, and when the messenger boys were not engaged he showed them on his how to tick out the Morse alphabet. With this instruction young Carnegie soon became a skillful operator.

Thomas A. Scott was at that time superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad in Pittsburgh. He had a telegraph instrument rigged up in his office and wanted some one to manipulate the key. Manager Brooks recommended young Carnegie, and he was employed. He showed such aptitude in managing the movement of trains by telegraph that he was transferred to the superintendent's office in Altoona. There he continued to attract the attention of Thomas A. Scott, and was rapidly pushed along. He was given opportunities to engage in some coal and oil speculations that were successful, and afterward made money from the first sleeping cars that were built. Now, as I have said he is the millionaire ironmonger of Pittsburgh, and the same canny Scotchman, who, when Col. Scott was financially embarrassed, was, it is said, the only man requested to assist him who declined the invitation.

Who Discovered America? An ingenious argument has recently been published urging the claims of the Chinese to be the discoverers of America. The books of Ancient Chinese historians are now in existence which describe a country called Fu-Sang, visited by Buddhist priests about A. D. 500.

The accounts of the people, products, etc., of this flowery land show it to be Mexico. The same voyagers brought home reports of a fog-bound country which, so it is supposed, was Alaska. Maps exist in China over a thousand years old in which the coast-line of America from California to Alaska is vaguely indicated.

First Puigdes holds that America was first peopled, ages before the visit of the Buddhist priests, by Arcarits, who passed across to Alaska by boats or on the ice, during long winters. As a proof of the ready communication between the two continents, he cites an account from Charlevoix of the missionary Pere Grollon, who preached in the wilderness of the Northwest and was afterward sent to Tartary. There he met a Huron woman whom he had known in Canada. She was a slave to Chinamen who had brought her across Behring Straits.

Every schoolboy is now familiar with the proofs that Erik the Red crossed from Iceland to Greenland, in A. D. 986, and Leif, one of his comrades, visited the Southern coasts.

The old dispute among schoolboys as to the relative honors due to Columbus and Vesputius are mild compared to the fierce battle of antiquarians concerning the claims of these ancient voyagers.

After all, it concerns us much less to determine whether a Chinaman, an Italian, or a Scandinavian first discovered America, than to know how the Chinaman, Swedes, Italians and Anglo-Saxons who are in it now will conduct themselves.

Men of every race have met here in the sight of the world to decide whether men, disregarding all distinctions of rank, of wealth, and even of education, can govern themselves by common sense, truth, moderation and religion; or whether they will become slaves to greed, blind prejudice and ignorance.

Every boy who reads these words will spend his life in improving one side of the question or the other. Which will it be?—Evening.

The Alum Was Extra. "Shave?" "Yes," and the customer drops into a chair. The operation is performed without chloroform.

"How much?" "Fifteen cents." "But I thought this was a ten-cent shop?" "It is, for a plain shave, but I happened to cut a gash in your chin and used alum on it. Five cents extra for alum."—Washington Critic.

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. THE HUB Bargain - Shoe - Store, 607 Walnut St. Des Moines. Iowa.

POWELL MEAT MARKET. FLOWERS. Best and Cheaps MEATS, FISH, POULTRY, BUTTER OYSTERS. Same old stand. Phone 782. 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 pant sale is the heaviest we have ever had. Cassimere pants from \$1.50 to \$5.00.

SOULES & FLEMING, 503 and 505 Walnut Street. GIBSON BROS., DEALERS IN HARD AND SOFT COAL, And Feed of All Kinds. Oak Park Exclusively. Office, 607 School Street.

AMERICAN SAVINGS BANK, DES MOINES, IOWA. Cor. East Fifth and Locust Sts. CAPITAL \$75,000. E. S. Harter, President. F. E. Elliott, Vice Presidents. Wm. L. Shepard, Cashier. A. B. Elliott, Assistant Cashier. DIRECTORS: J. N. Hoberberger, H. H. Swope, J. W. Randolph, G. D. Elyson, Wm. L. Shepard, E. S. Harter, N. W. Smith, J. S. Brown, F. E. Elliott.

I. X. L. LAUNDRY, 515 EAST SIXTH ST., Telephone 424. DES MOINES. For fine work and facilities, not excelled. Agencies desired. D. L. HAYWARD, W. E. HOLCOMB.

HEREFORD BULLS! Will exchange for Corn or Good Notes. GEO. S. REDHEAD, 319 Fourth St. Des Moines, Ia.

Ramsey Barber Supply Co., General Barbers' Supplies. Grinding and Conceiving Under Our Own Supervision. Satisfaction assured. 215 Fifth St., Des Moines, Ia.

GUNTHER'S CANDIES AT WALTER SCOTT'S DRUG STORE. 208 SIXTH AVE. DES MOINES.

J. O. FREBERG, TAILOR. Rooms 1, 2 and 3, Over 609 Walnut St. DES MOINES, IOWA.

ICE CREAM. HARDING SUPPLY CO., A. W. HARDING, Manager. Sweet Cream, Sweet Milk, Buttermilk, Staple Groceries, Fruit. Ice cream orders for parties and families a specialty. Telephone 647. 702 W. 9th St., Des Moines, Ia.

T. F. C. MORGAN, MERCHANT ;:; TAILOR. LATEST STYLES OF SAMPLES ON HAND. Cleaning and Repairing Neatly Done. 226 W. Third Street, Des Moines, Iowa.

EDWARD F. JOHNSON, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Des Moines, Iowa. Hours: 9 to 11 a. m.; 1:30 to 3:30 p. m.; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m.; Sundays, 10 to 11 a. m. Office, Corner Sixth and Locust Sts. Residence, 729 Ninth St. Phone 450.

ORDER YOUR COAL—OF THE—Oak Park Coal & Mining Co. Main Office, Sixth & State Sts. Phone 10.

THE OLD PIONEER HARNESS SHOP. Established in 1855 by Father Dippert. W.M. E. DIPPERT, SUCCESSOR. 314 Seventh Street.