LOCAL NEWS.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1894.

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

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. F. KEEFNER, GROCERIES.
LEVI BENDER, GROCERIES.
MULLER & BENNET, GROCERS.
C. S. LITTLER, GROCER.
CHARLES STREGLITZ, GROCER.
MOERSHELL-HORNE CO., MILLINERY.

R. D. Turner returned from Missouri Thursday.

Rev. Caston left Thursday for Macon and other cities.

Mrs. Clay Lewis has been on the sick list for several days.

Miss Eldora Green, of Newton, spent Christmas in the capital city.

Mrs. Holmes and mother, Mrs. Lee, left Monday evening for Oskaloosa.

E. T. Banks went to Davenport Wednesday night on Masonic business.

Dr. Edward Johnson, we are informed, spent the holidays in Polk City.

Mrs. C. F. Topson has been sick at her home for some time. She is somewhat improved.

Miss Mason, of Mt. Pleasant, an able teacher of our race, attended the teachers' association.

Miss Eldora Green, of Newton, and U. S. Jones, of Albia, attended the Pathfinder banquet.

U. S. Jones, of Albia, visited in Des Moines this week and paid THE BYSTANDER office a visit.

Mr. Foster, the genial weigh-master of Muchakinock, and his son, were seen on our streets during the Xmas festivities.

Died—The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Blagburn, Thursday evening. Sympathy is extended to the bereaved family.

There will be a free will offering and entertainment at St. Paul's A. M. E. Church the first Sunday in January. All are invited to attend.

THE IOWA STATE BYSTANDER will be found on sale at the barber shop of Thurman Brown, on Fourth street, and also at T. E. Barton's shop on the corner of Fifth and Locust streets.

Mrs. Robert Richardson, a former resident of Des Moines, arrived in the city Wednesday and is at the home of Mr. Jeff Logan. She will remain several days and then go to Savannah, Mo.

Mr. Henry Craven has entire charge of the city circulation of THE IOWA STATE BYSTANDER and he is now actively engaged in the work. He will call on every family in the city for subscriptions and also upon those who desire to pay.

All enertainments, festivals, concerts, etc., for which an admission fee is charged will hereafter receive notice in this paper at the rate of 5 cents per line. We make a decided reduction from our regular rates. Benefit entertainments for the poor and needy will be advertised free.

There was a very select tea given by Mr. and Mrs. Burnaugh last evening. Only the most intimate friends were present. Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, Mr. and Mrs. Berry, Mr. and Mrs Gordon, Mr. Dorra, Mr. Rogers, of St. Louis, Mr. Moseley, Misses Berry and Burnaugh. A very dainty lunch was served in six courses.

The society event which took place Christmas evening was a grand success The new hall at Ninth and Center streets was well and artistically arranged and everything needed for such an occasion was in readiness. The music was furnished by Prof. Elliston's orchestra and the refreshments were served by Mr. and Mrs. Harding. A goodly number were present. The Young Men's Social Club deserves great praise for the manner in which the affair was conducted and those present were well entertained and look forward to another such enjoyable time.

You should have seen "Happy John" Brown walking for the cake.

Christmas eve was very appropriately celebrated by a Christmas tree at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. James Breeden, Mrs. Golden, Miss Eva Robinson and Edith Stanton. A goodly number were present to enjoy the festivities. After the rendition of several musical selections the guests repaired to the Xmas tree, there to behold a neatly and artistically decorated tree laden with beautiful and useful presents. A bountiful repast was afterwards served by the affable hostesses, which consisted of nearly everything good to eat. The opossum and sweet potatoes vanished like mist before the morning sun and everyone present were reminded of the saying "it is good to be here."

For some time past dances or balls have been given in various parts of the city. The dancing part is all right under certain conditions. But these affairs of which we speak throw aside good behavior and violate all decency. Cigarettes, bad whiskey, profane and boisterous language are a few of the ingredients that assist in making the evening "enjoyable." The number of young men—who have pleasant homes, kind and affectionate parents and interesting and cultured sisters—who attend these bawdy affairs is alarming. It is surprising to see young men seeking such company in preference to a happy and refined family circle or the homes of intelligent friends. We will publish the names of all who attend these dances and it may serve as a warning.

A FATAL ACCIDENT.

A very sad and fatal accident occurred Monday afternoon, resulting in the death of Mrs. Waddy, whose former home was in Macon City, Mo. She had been a resident of Des Moines but a few months, having come here with her husband from Appanoose county. Mr. Waddy was a coal miner and was employed at the Christy mines until a few weeks ago when himself and family removed to the vicinity of the Clifton Heights mines.

A shot gun was kept about the house and in moving the household goods from one house to another, the gun being placed on the lounge, was accidentally discharged, the lead taking effect in the abdomen of Mrs. Waddy, who lived but a few minutes after the accident.

She was a loving wife and mother and bore a good Christian character. A husband and several children mourn her death. She was 64 years of age at the time of her death. The family have the sympathy of the community in their bereavement.

LET DES MOINES LEAD.

Mr. Thos. McDaniels is a man of industry and enterprise. He believes in good, old-fashioned solid comfort at home—the Mecca of all good husbands. He has recently made some substantial improvements in his property on Sixth avenue. He has made additions in such a manner as to cause his friends to inquire for his residence and to ask if he has not removed. Besides additions he has put in hot and cold water in every room in the house, several bath rooms, and has a furnace that heats the entire residence from top to bottom. His home is as neat and comfortable as any in the city. He believes that there can be no better place found for the expending of surplus means than in the home and for the comfort of his family. His most estimable wife has ably assisted him in acquiring some of the best property in the city, and they can go on through life's paths in comfort and ease, feeling that each has an equal share in the competence and prosperity which they have acquired. The homes of Des Moines people, acquired and being acquired, are not excelled by any city. Let the good work go on.

WILL RECEIVE CALLERS.

The members of Naomi Court No. 3, assisted by a number of ladies, will receive calls January 1st, 1895, from 2 p. m. until 9:30 p. m., at Masonic Hall, corner West Sixth and Walnut streets. Mesdames C. A. Cleggett, C. S. Stewart, L. P. Lewis, M. E. Brown, J. H. Shepard, F. D. Jackson, H. D. Woods, E. S. Willett, Thomas Williams, E. T. Banks, G. W. Denny, A. Baker, A. L. Bell, T. A. Clark, C. Clemens, I. E. Williamson, J. H. Poindexter, W. A. Searcy, D. A. Basfield, G. I. Holt, J. T. Blagburn, E. Douglas, A. Langford, J. H. Breeden, Wm. Coalson, W. D. Morton, M. N. Bell, Misses Agnes Roy, Zella Davis, Bessie Stewart, Mattie Robinson and Anna Davis.

LOST.

Edward Moseley, who has been representing an insurance company in this city, has severed his connection and made a contract with an old and established company of Waterloo, and will represent it in the southeastern part of the state with headquarters at Ottumwa. Edward is a good boy, a good insurance agent and thoroughly reliable in what he says and does. He has many friends here who have appreciated his efforts to get into a new branch of business and who hope that he will stick to it and make a prominent man in insurance circles. He has ably assisted the IOWA STATE BYSTANDER in many ways and it heartily recommends him as an honest and capable young man.

A MISFORTUNE.

The entertainment given at St. Paul's A. M. E. church Xmas evening under the management of Miss Mabelle Berry was very largely attended. The program was well prepared, however owing to the fact that a fire took place, a post having caught from the extreme heat of the furnace, together with other minor misfortunes, it was not fully carried out. Those who appeared on the program acquitted themselves nobly.

OBITUARY.

Finley Hayes, an old resident of this city, who died a few days ago, was buried Monday from Burns' M. E. church, Rev. T. A. Clark conducting the ceremony. He was man of middle age and enjoyed a large circle of friends. A number of his relatives live in the city, among them his mother, Mrs. Smith. Sympathy is extended to the family in their great bereavement.

ZOLA, the French sensational writer, is coming to America to lecture and to gather materials for a book. Following the example of English Editor Stead, the distinguished Frenchman may give us something very much in his native vein under the title "If Zola Came to Chicago."

JAMES REID was hanged for murder in England the other day. There was some doubt of his guilt, but unhappily Robert Buchanan, the playwright, wrote a letter in his defense. Buchanan is a notorious scolder and grumbler, and it is the fashion in England as elsewhere to dissent from his opinions, so Mr. Reid was duly hanged.

SPAIN has decreed the abolition of public executions, the ostensible reason being that anarchists and others about to be executed abused the occasion by making incendiary speeches or posing as martyrs. The country which once led the civilization of Europe has lagged behind in this particular.

SCIENCE shows that possible danger lurks in everything. Butter, for instance, may contain pathogenic germs, and every one knows how bad they are. So, also, it is shown in the London Lancet, that bread contains many kinds of living bacteria. And the conclusion is reached that many unaccountable diseases may be eventually traced to the agency of bread.

FRANK'S BEAR HUNT.

"So you think you would like to go bear-hunting with me, do you? Well, well!"

Uncle Frank struck a match, and, between puffs of his cigar, as he lighted it, looked quizzically at little Frank.

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed little Frank, who was not so little at all, being thirteen and "nearly half-past," as little Margery said. He pressed closer to Uncle Frank and looked eagerly into his face.

"I've heard you tell such lots of stories about bear-hunting, Uncle Frank, and I'm sure you were not so much older than I the first time you went bear-hunting with Uncle Will—your Uncle Will."

"I was seventeen, Frank."

"Well, that's only four years older."

"I was nearly eighteen, in fact, and

"Old Bill Told Lots of Stories."

I was a great deal too young to have patience and knowledge enough to watch for game. To know how to fire off a gun isn't everything."

"Oh, I know. But I've learned lots about the bear's habits, in school—about where he lives and how he feeds, and how he prowls about at night, and all that."

Uncle Frank laughed at the flushed face of the would-be hunter.

"I think I wasn't much older than you, Frank, when I had an accidental bear-hunt. Did I ever tell you about it?"

"No, no! Tell it now!"

"It was about twenty years ago, of course, and bears and other big game were more plenty than to-day in the mountains of Eastern New York. It was up among the Sullivan county mountains that I had my first bear hunt. I was spending a summer up there, at a place among the mountains we'll call Petersville, because that isn't its name, and two of my chums, particular chums up there, and I thought we'd go camping out in the woods for a week."

"What was their names, uncle?"

"Oh, I don't remember. 'Tom' and 'Sam' will do for names, Margery, eh? And Tom said: 'We might have a chance to go bear-huntin', so we'll take our guns along to be ready for them."

"Now, the utmost we had ever shot with these same guns were birds, because the only things they carried was bird-shot, but I don't believe we thought much about that. As we were starting, old Bill Green, a well known hunter of the village, said to us: 'It's just about a good bear's season, boys, and I'm goin' up the mountains myself to look for a bear's skin. So I'll camp out with ye a night or two on my way up.'

"We were glad to have old Bill Green along. He built a good fire in our camp that night, for there was no chance of a bear or any other animal so near the town. Old Bill told lots of stories over the fire. To hear him tell stories you'd have thought he had killed all the bears within three hundred miles of this place and that not one of them weighed less than 1,000 pounds.

"'Yes, this same old rifle's done good work,' Bill would say, nursing it fond-

A Queer Black Shadow Seemed to Move.

ly. And we each looked at Bill's rifle and wished we could get a chance with it ourselves.

"Old Bill was a wily old hunter. He didn't run all over looking for bears, here, there and everywhere. He knew the places in the hills, where the bears' dens had been, year after year. He knew all the best bears' feeding places. And he could tell at what time of year the bears would come down to the stream's edge for food, after their long winter's sleep, and where the best berries grew and where were to be found in profusion the wild potato roots, which the bears loved.

"So it happened that by the second day, when we had penetrated further and further into the brush, and higher and higher up the hills, old Bill had filled our heads so full of bear and bear habits that we could see and hear nothing else. We watched for bears' tracks along every opening. For bears, Bill said, liked a clear road when they could find one. We eagerly examined every patch of berry bushes and every clump of wild lilies, if perchance we might find marks of Mr. Bear's ravages in search of his dinner.

"I think now that old Bill was rather amusing himself with us. He could not have seriously meant to go bear hunting with three greenies like us. I suppose he meant to leave us the next day and go higher up the mountain himself. But chance favored our youthful ardor and checked Bill's laughter at us. The afternoon of the second day we had crept quietly up the side of a mountain stream and were sitting near the head of it. It was a place where Bill had declared he had shot a huge bear only last spring. We sat there quietly, watching the trees and brush, when Bill laid his hand softly on mine.

"'Hush!' he said.

"I'd been 'hushing' all the time, but I did it harder after that. And we began to hear a low growling, and the brush far off under the trees shook and rattled, and we could hear twigs snapping and see the leaves shaken off the young trees as they swayed before some huge unsee thing walking under them. Bill listened intently, then whispered again. "It's a bear calling her cubs," said he. The bear had got wind of us, of course, but if she was willing to make off the other way we were quite ready to let her. For Bill had impressed upon us the danger of green hunters meddling with a bear when she had her cubs with her.

"But I knew I was horribly disappointed. I could not sleep that night, thinking of the bear we had missed. For in the night, while the rest lay sound asleep on the leaves they had collected for beds, I sat up and leaned against a stone and longed with a terrible longing that my chance to kill a bear should come. I picked up old Bill's rifle from where it lay beside him. Lifting it cautiously, I looked over it and wondered when I could get such chances as he had had.

"It was a half-cloudy night. The moon peeped out now and then, but it was gloomy in the little clump of trees on the edge of which we were lying. Just in front of us was a broad stretch of open grass, and then other trees stretched up the mountain side.

"While I looked across the open a queer black shadow seemed to move near the trees on the further side. I watched it closely. 'It is coming this way!' I thought. And in a minute the black shadow came from out the trees and walked out on the open grass. Then my heart thumped till I could hear it. It was a bear!

"He came slowly on. My heart stood still then and my hands got cold. Then suddenly—I don't know how I ever did it—I lifted old Bill's rifle to my shoulder, took a sight at the black shadow and fired. The shot rang out through the hills. I heard a loud growl almost a roar. Old Bill and the boys started up.

"'Gee whiz! What is it?' cried Bill.

"I hadn't nerve enough to tell him what it was, but he found it quickly enough, for the strange part was this: If I had been a hunter as long as old Bill I couldn't have fired a cleaner or a surer shot. The bear was dead almost as soon as we got to him. But I think old Bill always thought it was the rifle that did it, and not me at all.

"'That rifle couldn't miss a bear,' I

"'That rifle couldn't miss a bear,' he said proudly afterwards."

"And yet you say a boy as big as I couldn't go bear hunting," protested Frank, reproachfully.

"I mean, of course, not deliberately," replied Uncle Frank. "You couldn't go bear hunting deliberately and be successful. But if it all happens some day by accident, as my first bear hunt did, then, of course, it's all right."

Then Uncle Frank's eyes twinkled again, and he got up and lit another cigar and left Frank to think it out.

Birds and Lightning.

The question has lately been asked in England whether birds are ever killed on the wing by lightning. Several observers have answered it in the affirmative by recalling instances in which they have actually seen birds thus killed. Doubt seems to have been entertained as to whether a bird on the wing is not protected from lightning by virtue of it being separated from contact with the earth.

But even the mere shock caused by the passage of a lightning stroke through the air near it might be sufficient to kill a bird without any actual electrical contact. How great such a shock is, in many cases, every one knows who can recall the crashing sound of a near-by thunderbolt.

Some observers assert that birds are peculiarly sensitive to the approach of a thunder-storm, and almost invariably seek early shelter from it, as if fully aware of the peril of remaining upon the wing when there is lightning in the air. But for this exhibition of caution the number of birds killed by lightning would probably be far greater than it is.

It would be interesting to know whether birds possess and instinctive knowledge of the danger of perching in tall, exposed trees in the open field during a thunder-storm. A correspondent of the "Companion" has the impression that they are in the habit of congregating in the forest undergrowth and in the shrubbery on such occasions. This might be mainly due, however, to a desire to find shelter from the rain. —Youth's Companion.

Identifying Your Own Baby.

Suppose that 100 babies are left in the nursery of that Presbyterian church which has set up a nursery for the care of babies while their mothers are in church, is it certain that every mother can pick out her own baby when the service is ended? According to the bachelors in the church, all babies under 2 years old look so much alike that nobody could tell one from an other, except by the dress. According to the mothers in the church, any mother could pick out her own baby from a thousand babies if the whole of them wore dresses of the very same kind. The mothers laugh at the bachelors and the bachelors put questions to the mothers. We can tell these bachelors that they are ignoramuses. The fond mother of an unparalleled baby could pick her baby out from among all the other babies in the wide world. Babies don't look alike any more than grown people. Let the bachelors ask their own mammas.—New York Sun.

A Scholar at Eight.

James Mill began the instruction of his son, the future economist, in Greek at 3 years, and conducted it so relentlessly that before he was 8 the young John Stuart—who had meanwhile found time to devour Hume, Robertson and Gibbon—had already read the whole of Herodotus, Xenophon's "Anabasis," "Cyropaedia" and "Memorabilia" of Socrates, parts of Lucian and Isocrates and six of the "Dialogues" of Plato; that is to say, vastly more than is required for admission to any and far more than is taught in most of the colleges of this country.—Babyhood.

Queer Coincidence.

Here, says a correspondent, is a little story of a coincidence that is true: Mr. K. H. Stone was in our office when a couple of callers from Cleveland Ohio, came—one a Mr. Kilbourne, of the "Ohio Merchant;" the other his father-in-law, Mr. Hoyt. Mr. Kilbourne was introduced to Mr. Stone, and he then introduced Mr. Stone to Mr. Hoyt. "Well," said Mr. Stone, "this is strange. Here I have been introduced by Mr. Kilbourne to Mr. Hoyt, while my own name is Kilburn Hoyt Stone." When you hear of anything to match this let your readers hear of it.

Quite Too Evident.

Vallie—Is poverty a crime, mamma?

Mamma—I should judge so by the efforts of some people to conceal it.

DES MOINES PASSENGER TRAINS.

C., R. I. & P., GOING EAST.

ARRIVE.		DEPART
9:20 p. m.	Chicago Ltd	*9:25 p. m
	Night Express	*6:50 a. m
5:15 p. m.	Day Express	5:25 p. m
12:20 p. m.	Fast Mail	*12:30 a. m

C., R. I. & P., GOING WEST.

8:20 a. m.	Denver Limited	*8:25 a. m
8:35 a. m.	Night Express	*3:45 a. m
12:05 p. m.	Day Express	*12:25 p. m
3:50 p. m.	Stuart Accommodation	*4:05 p. m

KEOKUK & DES MOINES.

11:55 a. m.	Night Express	7:20 a. m
5:40 a. m.	Morning Express	10:20 p. m

DES MOINES & FORT DODGE.

6:40 p. m.	Ruthven Mail and Express	12:20 p. m
11:00 a. m.	Grand Junction	5:30 p. m
10:10 p. m.	Minneapolis & St. Louis	6:40 a. m

WINTERSET BRANCH.

11:05 a. m.	Mail	5:20 p. m
7:00 p. m.	Freight	8:30 a. m

CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY.

2:20 p. m.	Albia Passenger	*9:05 p. m
2:30 p. m.	Albia Accommodation	5:40 a. m
10:30 p. m.	Albia Accommodation	4:30 p. m

CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN.

7:55 p. m.	Sioux City, N. & W.	9:25 a. m
12:15 p. m.	Chicago Express	*4:35 p. m
5:25 a. m.	Express	6:40 a. m
9:00 a. m.	Night Express	*9:00 p. m
11:50 p. m.	Dakota Limited	2:10 a. m

CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN.

7:15 a. m.	Limited South	*7:25 a. m
9:50 p. m.	Night Express South	10:00 p. m
7:45 p. m.	Limited North	*8:00 p. m
—	Chicago Mail and Express	8:50 a. m
2:20 p. m.	Kansas City Express	2:30 p. m

WABASH RAILWAY.

9:10 a. m.	St. Louis Passenger	*6:10 p. m

D. M. & K. C. RAILWAY.

(Passenger Trains leave "Q." Station.)

7:15 p. m.	Mail and Express	3:10 p. m
11:30 a. m.	Mail and Express	8:30 a. m

D. M., N. & W.—FONDA LINE.

11:15 a. m.	Mail and Express	3:35 p. m
6:25 p. m.	Mail and Express	8:45 a. m

D. M., N. & W.—BOONE LINE.

7:00 a. m.	Mail and Express	7:00 p. m
11:15 a. m.	Boone Accommodation	3:30 p. m

*Indicates Daily

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ORIGINAL NOTICE.

In the District Court of the State of Iowa in and for Polk county. Florence Grider vs. Stephen Grider.

To Stephen Grider:

You are hereby notified that the petition of plaintiff will be on file in the office of the clerk of the district court of Iowa, in Polk county on or about the 1st day of January 1895, claiming of you a divorce on the ground of desertion and inhuman treatment, and unless you appear and defend before noon of the 2d day of the next term, being the April term of court, which will commence at Des Moines the 1st day of April, 1895, default will be entered against you and judgment be rendered thereon. A. L. BELL,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

PEOPLE CARRIED FOR A CENT

Result of a Street-Car War in Savannah, Georgia.

The bottom has almost, if it has not quite, dropped out of street-car fares, and one cent will carry a person now to any part of the city. The last reduction was decided on at a meeting of the directors of the Electric railway company. Bull and Bay streets and Ball and Best streets are named as junction points, and from either of these points to the other, which is just half the length of the big belt, and going either direction the fair is one cent, says the Savannah, Ga., News.

A passenger can board the street car anywhere on the line of the belt and ride to one of these junction points for one cent, but if he goes beyond it he must pay another cent. So it costs two cents to ride all the way round the big belt, but by making it one cent on each half of the line the belt meets the competition of the lines of the City and Suburban, which run practically parallel to it.

The fare on the Indian street line is also reduced to one cent, although there is practically no competition in that direction. President Collins said he did not claim that the one-cent fares would pay, but whether they pay or not is not the question.

"Our competitors seem to want the one-cent fares," he said, and we are going to throw the throttle wide open. It is a question of who will be first frozen out, and we will give them their fill of the low fares."

President Collins was asked how many people his lines were carrying.

"You mean," he replied, "how many we are unable to carry that want to ride. That is the most serious question with which we have to deal now. We carry all we can possibly handle in the afternoons, and on Sundays it is simply impossible to accommodate the people who want to ride. We could easily use 100 cars. As it is, we have been running double on some of the lines, and at times when the travel required it."

An Inconvenient Piano.

The late Leopold de Meyer, of Dresden, a brilliant and popular pianist in his day, was once summoned to play before the sultan at Constantinople. Going thither he borrowed a grand piano from one of the Austrian secretaries of legation and had it set up in a large reception room at the palace. There he awaited the coming of the sultan; but when that intelligent monarch entered the room he started back in alarm, and demanded of his attendants what that monster was standing there on three legs. Explanations followed, but were in vain. The legs had to be taken off, and the body of the instrument laid flat on the floor, and Leopold de Meyer, sitting cross-legged on a mat, went through his program as best he could in that awkward attitude and without pedals. But the commander of the faithful was delighted, and when the last piece was played gave the artist over a thousand pounds as "backsheesh."—Answers.

A Candid Son-in-Law.

Angry Mother-in-Law — You never inquired once how I was coming on during my long sickness. You knew I was dangerously ill, but you did not manifest the slightest interest.

"But I felt it all the same. I didn't make any parade of my feelings, but I looked over the mortuary report every morning in the paper in hope of seeing your name," replied the brute.

A True Saying.

The husband was complaining and the wife was busying about, hunting for the sunshiny places.

"Life is a burden," he sighed.

"Yes, dear," she answered, "but you know we couldn't exist very well without it."

Then he smiled and took a new hold.

IT has been said that a Scotchman is never so much at home as when he is abroad; but be that as it may, it is very certain that there is no land in which he has been more welcome or in which he has made himself more entirely at home than America.

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MASONIC OPERA HOUSE,
OSKALOOSA, IA.,
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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.
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