

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 discipline. Sickening 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 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 aureole, 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.
HE 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 Christmas Eve. 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 vendors of evergreen and the heaps of pine and cedar about church doors telling of the Christmas trees within. Once upon a time 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 Grace'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 untripping 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,

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

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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.

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 was 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 roughness: "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 Leader.

Franks of the Mouser.
"These Mouser 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 slipping 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 Mouser. 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 his 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, tumbled 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 Poo, Tenyson 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 Green.
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

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 the property, including the thoroughbreds. Mrs. Pepper, who has been the means of restoring the colony 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.

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 doorway, "Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite"—the legend that decorates every public building in

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 stores.

Where the Rule Failed.
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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 QUILTS.

Lexington, Ky., Letter: The retirement of Mrs. Ella Offutt 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 in the past season. She placed the horses in the hands of that astute turfman and trainer, H. Eugene Leigh, and his suc-



MRS. PEPPER.

cessful 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 the property, including the thoroughbreds. Mrs. Pepper, who has been the means of restoring the colony 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.

FAMOUS BUT GREWSOME.
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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 softens 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 41.
Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills. 25 cents.

After the wedding. The woman in black—It'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 interesting 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 German press, told by a farmer that he had about 100 acres of 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 per 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 fruits, such as apples, peaches, 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 but wheat. At the same time 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 are raised in great quantities. The inhabitants do not depend upon the growing of wheat, but vast acres in raising cattle. The grain and vegetables showed a plentiful supply of rain had during the current year."

"From this city (Edmonton) our way was north 200 miles to Edmonton, a town of 5,000 people situated on the north Saskatchewan river. The country in that part is beautiful, sending very much the appearance many sections in central and south Wisconsin. The people are engaged in mining for gold and silver, and in raising stock and cattle; dairying is 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. The wheat and other crops 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."