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Counting Years in Japan.

Mr. B. Maychatake, a young Japanese who has been studying in Chicago, gives an explanation of the method by which time is reckoned in the chrysanthemum land. The Japanese year begins on our January 1, but instead of counting from the birth of Christ a reckoning is made from the reign of Japan's first emperor, Zimu. Our 1901 is the year 2561 in Japan. When a new ruler mounts the throne a distinctive name is given to his reign and a sort of petty calendar is kept of the years of his government, just as we keep track of the age of our republic, writing in legal documents: "Year of our Lord 1901, and of the independence of the United States the 125th." The name for the present mikado's rule, which began thirty-three years ago, is Meiji. This word is pronounced Mayzee, and means "peaceful government." Therefore, the current year in Japan is Meiji 34 as well as Zimu 2561.

We want you to subscribe for the IOWA STATE BYSTANDER

An Old Lady's Mistake.

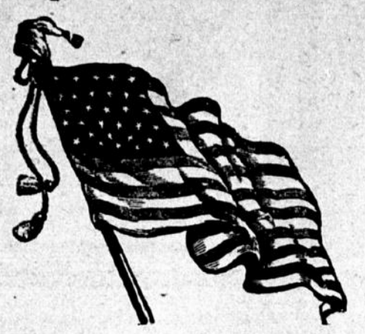
Cardinal Gibbons was formerly a frequent visitor to Cape May and usually took long walks morning and afternoon by the seashore. He always wore his cardinal's skull cap of scarlet silk, of which an inch or so showed below the rim of his silk hat. One afternoon while he was on the board walk an old lady stopped him and said: "Excuse me, sir, but the lining of your hat has slipped down in the back." The cardinal thanked her gravely, but as soon as she left laughed heartily at her mistake.

WANTED—TRUSTWORTHY MEN AND women to travel and advertise for old established house of solid financial standing. Salary, $750 a year and expenses, all payable in cash. No canvassing required. Give references and enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Address Manager, 355 Caxton Bldg., Chicago.

First Bricks in North America.

The first bricks made on North American soil were manufactured by the colonists of Virginia in 1612. They were used in building the church at Jamestown and the residences of the governor and the more important citizens. A portion of Jamestown church is still standing, and the bricks of which it was built are in good preservation and appear to have been well made.

Republican Ticket.



For Governor,
ALBERT B. CUMMINS,
of Des Moines.

For Lieutenant Governor,
JOHN HERRIOTT,
of Stuart.

For Judge of Supreme Court,
S. M. WEAVER,
of Iowa Falls.

For Railroad Commissioner,
E. C. BROWN,
of Sheldon.

For Superintendent of Public Instruction.
R. C. BARRETT,
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COUNTY TICKET.

For Senator,
C. C. DOWELL.

For Representatives,
H. E. TEACHOUT.
EMORY ENGLISH.

For Sheriff,
GEO. H. MATTERN.

For Treasurer,
JOHN McKAY, SR.

For County Superintendent.
C. C. THORNBURG.

For Member of Board of Supervisors,
Lee Township,
JOHN LOVERIDGE

For Member of Board of Supervisors,
Des Moines Township,
FRANK MORRIS.

AS TRUE AS GOSPEL.

There is always compensation. Our angels go out that our archangels may come in.

Unhappy is the man for whom his own mother has not made all other mothers venerable.

It is poor wit who lives by borrowing the words, decisions, mein, inventions and actions of others.

What an absurd thing it is to pass over the valuable parts of a man, and fix our attentions on his infirmities.

Virtue will catch as well as vice by contact; and the public stock of honest, manly principle will daily accumulate.

A greater value should be set on having received instructive and useful lessons than of possessing great store of wealth; for the latter is transitory good, the former is durable.

There is scarcely a generalization for one sex which does not apply equally to the other, so perfectly alike in nature are men and women. The difference is only in circumstances.

Hears Woman on Suffrage.

The Connecticut house of representatives took a recess recently in order to give Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker an opportunity to address the members on woman suffrage. She was given a respectful hearing and was heartily applauded, but the measure was defeated as usual.

Swiss Rifle Union.

The Swiss Rifle Union has no less than 4,000 sections spread all over the country, with a total of 120,000 members, says a Lucerne correspondent. Every fourth year this union organizes a grand rifle meeting, at which prizes are given.

To remove a troblesome corn or bunion; First soak the corn or bunion in warm water to soften it, then pare it down as closely as possible without drawing blood and apply Chamberlain's Pain Balm twice daily: rubbing vigorously for fiive minutes at each application. A corn plaster should be worn for a few days, to protect it from the shoe. As a general liniment for sprains, bruises, lameness and rheumatism, Pain Balm is unequaled. For sale by all Druggists.

Quakers in Cuba.

One of the curiosities of Cuba is a Quaker meeting-house which has been erected at Gibara, near Santiago. The congregation of Friends is said to number over two hundred.

One Fare Plus $2.00 for the Round Trip

Is the rate the Northern Pacific will make to western points reached via its line, on account of Home-seskers excursions. Selling dates will be Oct. 15, Nov. 5 and 19 and Dec. 3 and 17. For further informatian write G. D. Rogers D. P. A., N. P. R., No. 503 Locust St., Des Moines, Ia., or address Chas. S. Fee, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R., St. Paul, Minn.

Fastest on Home Stretch.

A statistician has discovered that the average business walk in New York is a mile in twenty minutes, and the church-going walk is a mile in twenty-five minutes. The fastest walk is that of the homeward-bound Brooklynites, a mile in eighteen minutes.

ABOUT VANILLA.

A Plant Esteemed for Its Flavor and Aroma.

The vanilla is an orchidaceous, climbing vine, which often reaches over 30 feet in height, and is usually about the thickness of one's little finger. The vine is round, knotted at intervals, and covered with dark green spear-shaped leaves. It throws out a number of thin arms or aerial roots as it rises, which, attaching themselves to neighboring trees, appear to derive therefrom such nutriment that the vines are little dependent on the soil—in fact, often when all other modes of supply are cut off these holdfasts will entirely nourish the plant. Occasionally the wild vines completely cover the branches of the tree, and, running from it into adjacent ones, they will hang in huge festoons and arches so thick that they seriously impede one's progress in the bush. The vines blossom profusely—usually in the spring—the strange and delicate flowers, with their long, straggling and pale yellow petals, springing from the angles where the leaves branch off. After a few days' existence, the flowers wither and fall, and as their chance of fertilization through any of the outside agencies on which they depend is a brief one, and precarious at best, it is not surprising to find that very few of them are succeeded by fruit. This takes the form of a large pod, and, strange to say, although the pods attain their full growth within fifty days from the fall of the petals, they take fully seven months more to ripen. The pods vary from 5 to 12 inches in length and are about like a banana, but are better described as resembling a knife sheath; hence the name vanilla, which is a corruption of the Spanish word vainilla—a small scabbard. Each pod contains a quantity of small black granules, surrounded by a balsamic pulp whose peculiar combination of oil and acid is supposed to impart to the pods that delicious flavor and powerful aroma for which they are so justly esteemed.—Chambers' Journal.

A CO-OPERATIVE COLONY.

An Example Is the Settlement of Cosme in Paraguay.

Comparatively few persons are aware of the existence in Paraguay of a little English-speaking colony named Cosme, and of its attempt to organize a community on the highest co-operative lines. Beginning in 1894 as the result of a secession from the New Australia colony, the founders of Cosme seem to have steered clear of the shoals and quicksands which wrecked the parent movement. One of the "fathers" of the colony, although he is quite a young man, is John Lane, who says of the colony: "We are running now on the lines on which New Australia started; we are communistic in so far as we share our earnings equally, irrespective of the capacity of the individual. The present outlook is highly satisfactory, but we want more adult members. Our present population is sixteen women, all married, and twenty-six men; forty-two all told, exclusive of the children. We have 15,000 acres of land, half forest and half pasture, but only the forest land is good for cultivation. In the matter of finance our assets exceed our liabilities, and that is generally considered to be a sound position. We can easily raise our own food supply. Every family lives in its own house, and the bachelors have houses of their own, but take their meals at the co-operative dining-room, their cooking being done for them by colony labor. This co-operative commonwealth is governed by what is called a parliament, although it is only a committee of three, with a chairman or director of the colony. The ballot is taken by casting papers into a hat. Speaking of the industrial conditions in Cosme, Mr. Lane said recently: "We have a forty-five hours' week, eight hours a day for five days and five hours on Saturday. Work starts just after sunrise and the men are employed in sugar-making and timber work. The married women are not on the organized working staff. They look after the homes, and any work they do outside is voluntary. Single women would be on the working staff."

Turned the Tables.

A lecturer was once decanting on the superiority of nature over art when an irreverent listener in the audience fired that old question at him: "How would you look, sir, without your wig?" Young man," instantly replied the lecturer, pointing his finger at him, "you have furnished me an apt illustration for my argument. My baldness can be traced to the artificial habits of our modern civilization, while the wig I am wearing"—here he raised his voice till the windows shook—"is made of natural hair!" The audience testified its appreciation of the point by loud applause and the speaker was not interrupted again.

Salisbury as a Saint.

It is not generally known that a statue of Lord Salisbury as a Christian warrior appears in one of the niches of the interesting and beautiful reredos in the chapel of All Souls' College, Oxford. About forty years ago the premier was elected a fellow of this college, and about the same time an elaborate stone screen was erected in the chapel attached to the Fellows' house. The sculptor evidently preferred to make his own saints instead of accepting those canonized by the church, and Lord Salisbury was chosen to fill up the vacant gap, and is therefore immortalized as a Christian warrior.—Chicago Journal.

No Longer Wild and Woolly

We are cultured to the limit in the famous Western land,
Christianity upon us has a cinch.
And refinement in our actions always plays a winning hand—
We are getting there, dead certain, inch by inch.
As an ornament the pistol is completely out of date,
Very rarely do we have a shutenfest.
We are up with the procession and we mean to hold our gait—
It no longer is the wild and woolly West.

We are short of desperadoes, scarcely ever see a tough
With a yearning craze for shooting up the town.
And the tenderfoot from Jersey when he tries to run a bluff
Undergoes a rather hasty calling down.
We are drinking better liquor than we did in days of yore,
And we go about more fashionably dressed;
The advance wave of progress quenched our burning thirst for gore—
It no longer is the wild and woolly West.

Not a Christian man among us wears his breeches in his boots,
And the old wool shirt is but a memory now.
And we look with disapproval on the tenderfoot galoots
Who are sporting big sombreros on the brow.
We are seen at church on Sunday ere the trout begin to bite
With a holy flame alight in every breast.
And we're always in our couches at the stroke of 12 at night—
It no longer is the wild and woolly West.

And our ladies, heaven bless 'em, are so modest, nice and sweet,
You would think them truant angels from the skies;
Never see them dash astraddle on their bronchos through the street,
Making hosiery displays for staring eyes.
Not a slangy word or sentence ever ripples from their lips,
For a high old time they never go in quest;
Not a gun is ever peeping from the pocket on their hips—
It no longer is the wild and woolly West.

Oh, you bet your filthy lucre, we're refined to beat the band,
We have culture to distribute to the birds.
And the brand of fresh morality we always keep on hand
Couldn't be described in common rhymy words.
We in every moral attribute are strictly recherche,
And that same's no pipey visionary jest,
And we love the rugged country into which we've come to stay—
It no longer is the wild and woolly West.

Two Worlds and Their Children.

BY ETHEL M. COLSON.

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

The trolley car which had been dashing along toward Chicago stopped suddenly, held upon a suburban street corner by the inevitable coal wagon with a tendency to break down. Franklin Atherton gazed idly at the earnest group of Salvation Army workers on the other side of the street. Suddenly in a momentary cessation of the ponderous drum-beats a clear, sweet, feminine voice faltered out softly:

"Ah! I have sighed to rest me
Deep in the quiet grave."

The rest of the words were surprising Salvation Army adaptations of the most characteristic type. But Franklin Atherton never heard them. With a bound he had reached the side of the singer—the girl whom he would have asked to become his wife long ago but that he feared to face poverty with her. He had not seen her for nearly two years.

"Margaret! How came you with these people?"

The girl looked at him gravely.

"When your world—the world which was mine also until my father died and left me penniless—found no time or space or attention for me I turned to the world in which men and women work instead of play. Not knowing how to work I went hungry. When I was homeless and seeking death because no other course seemed open the Salvation Army workers found me. They saved my life—and soul. Now I am trying to save others."

The gong of the trolley clanged out at the moment. It seemed like a summons to another world.

"Margaret!" The words seemed drawn from him. "Leave this life, for God's sake! Come with me."

"How came you with these people?"

"As your wife, Franklin?"

The flicker of doubt and uncertainty in his eyes was so short-lived that few would have seen it. But the girl turned away as though she had suffered a blow.

"No—dear," she answered. "Not now. You are not strong enough to take me just yet. But," she called after him as he sprang aboard the trolley, "we may meet again, some time. When we do, perhaps——"

But he was gone.

Three years later Franklin Atherton had also disappeared from the world which had once known him. Excessive haste to be rich, the gambling fever, an unlucky speculation, these were the successive steps by which he had reached starvation and despair. For a man of his temperament all things seemed ended. He was heading for the river when there smote upon his jaded ear the sound of a flagellated drum, the clear note of a silver trum-

"What is the matter, my brother?"

pet. Then, as he listened instinctively:

"Ah! I have sighed to rest me
Deep in the quiet grave."

It was no dream. It was not the result of a fevered imagination. The voice was unmistakable, the intonation quite beyond question. His manhood left him suddenly, and he sank down upon the curbstone, sobbing. The clear, sweet voice came nearer. A gentle hand was laid upon his arm.

"What is the matter, my brother? What can we do to help you?"

Soft, hurrying footsteps followed him into the shadowy, darkened sidestreet to which he hastened. Again the gentle hand was laid upon his arm.

"It's no use, Margaret. Do you suppose I'll be cad enough to let you help me, after the treatment you have received at my hand? God bless you—good-by."

The girl made no immediate answer—in words.

Turning, she beckoned to the blue-coated co-worker who had followed her from the lighter street.

"This is a very dear friend of mine, "Lieutenant Caldwell," she told him, with a voice which shook a little from varied emotions, but with eyes which shone and sparkled, "and he is in trouble, in need of assistance. I know I can trust you to do all that you can for him, for my sake as well as for the sake of—the man who is going to be my husband some day."

"Margaret!"

The man was humbled as neither poverty, slights, hunger, cold, nor raggedness had been potent to humble him. But there was no bitterness in the humility with which he kissed her fingers, there in the darkened street.

"Margaret, you are an angel, and I will be worthy of you yet. I swear it. I will be your husband some day—if the good Lord and yourself will allow it—but I'll be a man first, by God!"

And the quiet stars, looking down impressively on the flagellated drum and the throbbing hearts of the men and women around it, saw and knew, somehow, that a new soul had been born.

EGYPT AS A WINTER RESORT.

Africa More Interesting to British Tourists Than Southern Europe.

Every indication is forthcoming that the approaching season in Cairo and on the Nile will be a prosperous one, and visitors will probably exceed the record of last year, when so many English people deserted the Riviera for Egypt. All the hotels promise to be full, and the newer health resorts will not lack for patronage. There now include Helouan, within half an hour's railway ride of Cairo, which has sulphur baths, recommended for rheumatism, and several first-class hotels and pensions, while furnished villas may be hired. Assouan, which is described as the driest accessible health resort in the world, has two large hotels and an English church, and is growing in popularity year by year, rivaling Luxor, so well known to invalids and others who dare not face an English winter. At Luxor, also, hotel extensions have taken place, and no modern improvements are wanting. Assousan is the starting point for the further voyage to Wady-Holfa. Sportsmen in search of big game are making up parties for shooting buffalo, giraffe, rhinocerous, hippotamus and elephant in the district lying between Khartoum and Fashoda. The regulations are now somewhat more stringent, owing to the increase in the number of guns Dahabeahs, steam and sailing, and modernized—for the type of craft goes back to the days of the Pharoahs—provide the most luxurious and necessarily costly means of conveyance, and the fleet available is always in keen demand for families making application a long time in advance.—London Telegraph.

Queen Alexander.

Love for children is a prominent trait of the character of the queen consort. She was passionately devoted to her own children, and she has never wholly recovered from the death of her eldest born, the Duke of Clarence. Several months after her bereavement she was walking in the lanes near her home, when she met an old woman staggering under the weight of burdens too heavy for her. The princess stopped her to speak a few words of sympathy, and learned that she performed the duties of a carrier, executing commissions between two villages. "The bundles are too heavy for me!" she lamented, bursting into tears. "I never carried them when Jack was here." "Who is Jack and where is he now?" kindly inquired the princess. "Jack's my boy, and he's dead—dead!" wildly exclaimed the old woman. With another sympathetic word Alexandra turned away, hurriedly lowering her veil to hide her emotion. She could understand the sorrow of a mother who had lost her boy. The next day there was sent to the woman a cart drawn by a stout donkey. In this cart the old carrier made her journeys in comfort for the rest of her life.

Willing to Oblige.

An Englishman at a dinner once told a tale of a tiger he had shot which measured twenty-four feet from snout to tail-tip. Everyone was astonished, but no one ventured to insinuate a doubt of the truth of the story. Presently a Scotsman told his tale. He had once caught a fish which he said he was unable to pull in alone, managing only to land it at last with the aid of six friends. "It was a skate, and it covered two acres." Silence followed this recital, during which the offended Englishman left the table. The host followed. After returning he said to the Scotsman: "Sir, you have insulted my friend. You must apologize." "I dinna insoolt him," said the Scot. "Yes you did, with your two-acre fish story. You must apologize." "Well, said the offender, slowly, with the air of one making a great concession, "tell him if he will take ten feet off that tiger I will see what I can do with the fish."—London Tit-Bits.

A Lesson on Lobsters.

The methods of public school instruction, as applied in New York city, do not always meet the approbation of the parents of the pupils, as was evidenced the other day when a German woman of commanding figure strode into the school, and, approaching the principal, demanded: "What it is, a lobster?" The principal politely explained that a lobster was a species of shellfish. "Vell, how many legs has it—dis lobster?" The number of legs was stated. "Vell, I work me for a hurry, and if your teacher cannot find better dings than to ask my boy Jakey how many legs has it, a lobster, and make him come home to bodder his fadder mit questions, 'What it is, a lobster?' it is pad peesness."—Youth's Companion.

History of the Skunk.

The skunk first appears in history in the year 1636, when he was described in Theodat's History of Canada. He had been a long time on earth before species of fossil skunks. The skunks of the genius Chinca range over the greater part of North America and as far south as Mexico. Other skunks are found in Central and South America.—New York Sun.