IOWA STATE BYSTANDER.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY THE BYSTANDER PUBLISHING COMPANY, FIFTH AND LOCUST. ROOM 63 MARQUARDT BLOCK IOWA 'PHONE 899.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE MOST WORSHIPFUL UNITED GRAND LODGE OF IOWA, A. F. & A. M.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

One year.......................................$1.50
Six months.......................................75
Three months....................................50
All subscription payable in advance.

J. L. THOMPSON, EDITOR.

J. H. SHEPARD, MANAGER.

Send money by postoffice order, money order, express or draft, to the IOWA STATE BYSTANDER Publishing Company.

Communications must be written on one side of the paper only and be of interest to the public. "Brevity is the soul of wit," remember

We will not return rejected manuscript, unless accompanied by postage stamps.

Advertising rates for display Adds 20 cents per inch, for each insertion. Three to six months contract 15 cents per inch. Local advertising 10 cents per line for each insertion, counting seven words to a line. For churches and secret societies where admission is charged, one-half of the above mentioned rates. For professional, legal and announcement cards, yearly contracts and etc., terms are given on application. All advertising is to be paid in advance.

We are prepared to do first-class job work at reasonable prices. All of our work is guaranteed.

The IOWA STATE BYSTANDER is the oldest Afro-American journal published in Iowa. It was established in 1894 and is read by nearly all the colored people of Iowa. We have correspondents in the following towns:

Albia..................Miss May Davis
Buxton..............J. T. Washington
Cedar Rapids.....Miss Ella G. Martin
Clinton......................A. A. Bush
Davenport..............Miss Flay McGaw
Ft. Madison.....Mrs. J. D. Underwood
Keokuk...........Miss Artisha Fields
Mt. Pleasant.........Miss Iona Mason
Muscatine.............Florence White
Marshalltown...............H. C. Walker
Muchakinock.......Mrs. Pearl Thomas
Osceola.................Mrs. G. H. Wade
Oskaloosa.......Miss Lizzie Blackburn
Ottumwa.......Miss Florence Downey
Rock Island.........Mrs. C. J. Toliver
Sioux City.............Miss Etta Grant

Those having news items please report to the correspondents.

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY

BEFORE AND AFTER TREATMENT.

OZONIZED OX MARROW

THE ORIGINAL—COPYRIGHTED.

The only safe preparation in the world that makes kinky or curly hair straight as shown above. It nourishes the scalp, prevents hair from falling out or breaking off, cures dandruff and makes the hair grow long. Sold over 40 years and used by thousands. Warranted harmless. Beware of imitations. Get the Original Ozonized Ox Marrow, as the genuine never fails to keep the hair straight, soft and beautiful. Only 50 cents. Sold by druggists or send us 50c for one bottle, $1.40 for three bottles, we pay all express charges. Send postal or express money order. Write your name and address plainly to OZONIZED OX MARROW CO., 76 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

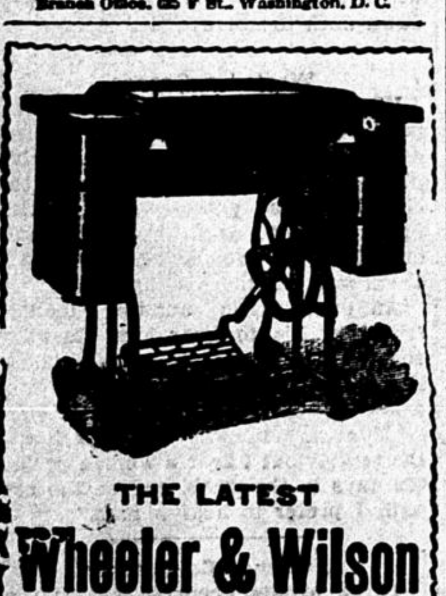
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.



THE LATEST

Wheeler & Wilson

HAS ADVANTAGES CONTAINED IN NO OTHER SEWING MACHINE.

It combines great speed with light running and silence, sewing three yards of goods while other machines sew two.

It makes a stitch on heavy goods that is elastic and strong and will not pucker the lightest material.

It has a practical set of steel attachments covering a large range of work. Not "how cheap," but "how good" should be your guide in buying a sewing machine. Do not be satisfied without first giving the

"No. 9"

a trial. If your dealer does not handle them send for catalogue.

WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.

72 and 74 Wabash Ave.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Local Office, 312 Locust St. Des Moines

Tacoma, Wash., dispatch: Two old Russian flour mills, built in Alaska over one hundred years ago, have been discovered, proving the claims that the Russians raised wheat in Alaska more than a century ago.

HAPPENINGS IN HAWKEYEDOM

What Has Been Going on During the Past Week.

TYLER CASE ON APPEAL.

Big Spelling Contest—Three Iowa Counties to Engage in Spelling Match in Near Future—Mrs. Thomas Larmore Broods Over Suicide and Takes Her Own Life.

Des Moines, Dec. 23.—Chester Tyler, the colored man, would like a new trial on the indictment for the murder of Dr. B. M. Failor at Newton.

The papers in the case were filed with the clerk of the supreme court Saturday. Tyler was convicted of murdering Dr. Failor, who was found dead along the walk from his house to his office, September 11, 1901. Tyler was arrested in Des Moines, where Dr. Failor's watch was discovered. The reward offered by the governor was paid for his arrest after a controversy between Detectives Hardin and Connolley, the former getting the money. The attorneys for the defense are Woodson & Brown and C. O. McClain.

It is alleged in support of the claim for a new trial that many errors were committed. It is declared that certain persons tampered with tthe jury lists before the trial and the jury was not therefore fairly drawn. It is declared that the county attorney prejudiced the case in his statement to the jury. It is also declared that an error was committed in allowing Foreman Shultz of the trial jury to sleep at the home of F. F. Failor, a nephew of the murdered man, during the progress of tthe trial.

Tyler received a life sentence for the murder.

BIG SPELLING CONTEST.

Three Iowa Counties to Engage in Spelling Match to be Held in Near Future.

Wapello, Dec. 23.—County Superintendent C. R. Wallace, is arranging for a tri-county spelling contest with Keokuk and Washington counties. The purpose is to call attention to the fact that not enough attention is being paid to the study of orthography in schools. There will be individual contests in each school in the county, to be followed by a county contest; these in turn to be followed by a tri-county contest which will be carried on in the following manner: One thousand words have been selected by the county superintendents of the three counties; these words will be sent to all schools in each county, and all pupils in the 8th grade or lower are ligible to the contest. The one in each school having the highest standing will take part in the contest to be given during the next meeting of the Teachers' association to be held in Wapello in the latter part of March, and the three securing the highest standing in this contest will take part at Washington. Prizes will be given to the three having the highest standing in the county contest and in the tri-county contest a $25 library will be given to the one who wins. Railroad fares of those who take part in the final contest will be paid from this county to Washington.

BROODED OVER SUICIDES.

Outside Circumstances Tending to Lead to Self-Destruction.

Davenport, Dec. 23.—The suicide of Mrs. Thomas Larmore has many sad features. Her death was due to a dose of strychnine. For several days Mrs. Larmore had complained of a dizziness, asserting the fear that she was going to lose her mind. Mrs. Larmore also took an unusual interest in the Aledo poisoning case and eagerly read the accounts of the trial, as well as to discuss its features with her friends and neighbors. Mr. and Mrs. Larmore also several evenings ago attended a strong dramatic play at the Turner hall, entitled "Lady Nell." One of the scenes consisted in one of the actresses performing her part in pretending to be taking poison and swooning before the aundience. These circumstances are supposed to have left a deep impression upon Mrs. Larmore and no doubt had considerable influence in determining upon her self-destruction.

Although but a bride of over a year, her married life was a happy one and there was not a more devoted couple in all Davenport than Mr. and Mrs. Larmore.

JUDGES NAMED BY GOVERNOR.

A. L. Parsons at Keokuk and E. L. Elliott at Oelwein.

Des Moines, Dec. 22.—Governor Cummins has announced the appointment of two superior court judges, those of Keokuk and Oelwein. A. L. Parsons, a leading attorney of Keokuk, has been named as superior court judge there and E. L. Elliott has been appointed at Oelwein. Like Mr. Parsons, Mr. Elliott is a prominent attorney.

The court at Oelwein has just been organized under the measure of the last general assembly permitting superior courts in cities having a population of 5,000 and upwards. The limit of population being reduced, Oelwein was able to attain a long cherished ambition. As soon as Mr. Elliott can qualify the court will be ready for business.

Mr. Parsons is appointed to fill the vacancy left by the resignation of Judge Felix Hughes, which will take effect January 1. He will hold until April 1, when W. L. McNamara, who is a democrat and was elected in November, will begin his term. Mr. Parsons is a republican and was the nominee of the republicans against Mr. McNarama. By a rather singular turn of affairs, though defeated, he will serve as judge before his political competitor. Judge Hughes has resigned to enter the practice of law, his firm succeeding to the business of James C. Davis, appointed attorney for Iowa, for the Northwestern road.

DEATH OF HON. R. M. HAINES.

Was Well Known Attorney, President of State Bar Association.

Grinnell, Dec. 23.—R. M. Haines, a leading lawyer of this city, died last night. He had been a resident here many years and was president of the State Bar Association.

NEW TRIAL DENIED.

Court Holds Tate Should Not Complain of Verdict Rendered.

Des Moines, Dec. 22.—In the district court Judge McHenry overruled the motion for a new trial in the libel suit of J. C. Tate vs. R. P. Clarkson whereupon plaintiff gave notice of appeal.

Judge McHenry said in overruling the motion that he was free to confess that the verdict was a surprise to him, that he expected the jury to find for the plaintiff, and thought that the record made in the case was all with the plaintiff. He said that he had expected the jury to find nominal damages. He said that the plaintiff in pleading that the Register had come to be known as the Ever Truthful because of its well established reputation for truthfulness had placed the defendant in an awkward position and precluded his coming in to plead that the article was not believed by the readers of the Register as mitigation. Continuing he said that he did not believe that Tate had been damaged by reason of the publication, that he did not think readers believed the charges contained in the Register and that he thought that was the view of it taken by the jurors. He said that believing that the plaintiff was entitled to recover only nominal damages, he thought that it was not his province to set the verdict aside, and that in doing so he believed he was doing a kindness to Tate in putting an end to the litigation in so far as the district court is concerned.

SOLD COAT OFF HIS BACK.

Manager of the Bankrupt Otto Bank Tried Hard to Settle Claims.

Sioux City, Dec. 22.—F. H. Cutting, late manager of the bankrupt Otto bank, in his examination before C. L. Joy, referee in bankruptcy, testified he took his overcoat off his back to pay a claim held by Charles Connor of Oto.

Collateral was put up by Connor with a note, part of which he had paid. G. B. Van Norman, to whom the collateral had been sent, refused to return it, because of other liabilities.

"I settled with Mr. Connor last evening," Mr. Cutting told Attorney Strong. "I took off my Buffalo coat worth $150 and gave him $25 in cash."

Cutting also declared that the bank was the victim of the misdoings of others.

"For example, we were deceived by C. F. Berry, of Oto. When the representative of a bank holding his paper came to Oto to count his cattle, mortgaged to secure the paper, he found there was from $10,000 to $15,000 less than we had thought. That is one instance.'

REV. FATHER DAVIS IN LEAD.

He May Be Named by Bishop to Succeed Father Laurent.

Muscatine, Dec. 23.—Since the death of Father P. Laurent, the beloved pastor of St. Matthias church of this city, much speculation has been indulged in as to his probable successor. This is a very important position from the fact that it is an irremovable pastorate, and considered the best in this diocese. It is understood that a number of applications have gone in to Bishop Cosgrove for this appointment, but the bishop has given out that he will take some time to consider the matter.

It is learned that the candidate in the lead at the present time is Very Rev. Father Davis, the vicar general at Davenport. By virtue of his office he is the assistant to the bishop and it is said is a great favorite of the reverend gentleman.

YOUNG STUBBS ARRESTED.

Is Accused of Shooting Into Sleighing Party at Fairfield, With Intent to Commit Murder.

Fairfield, Dec. 24.—Rex. Stubbs, a grandson of Hon. Daniel P. Stubbs, was arrested by Sheriff Wright charged with being the party that had fired a double-barreled shotgun into the sleighing party of last week, painfully wounding two girls. The young fellow is about 15 years of age and has had his share of troubles. He will have to answer to the charge of assault with the intent to commit murder, and as he has waived preliminary examination, the grand jury at the February term will investigate his case.

NEW PASTOR FOR DAVENPORT.

Rev. Charles A. Moore Called to Edwards Congregational Church.

Davenport, Dec. 23.—(Special.)—Charles A. Moore, Ph., D. D., of Kewanee, has ben called by the members of the Edwards Congregathional church of Davenport to fill the pulpit of that church, and as he has pledged to respond to the call it is assured that he will come to Davenport.

$2,500 FIRE AT VAN METER.

Four Frame Buildings Were Burned to the Ground, and It Was With Difficulty the Adjoining Structures Were Saved.

Van Meter, Dec. 24.—Van Meter suffered a $2,500 fire this morning, which destroyed four small buildings on East Main street. Flames were discovered at 3 a. m. breaking through the roof of one of the building, which was occupied by William Smith as a photograph galery. The alarm was given and the volunteer fire company and citizens turned out. The flames spread to the adjoining structures two on one side and one on the other, and all four were burned to the ground. The frame structures on either side of the burned buildings were saved with the greatest difficulty. The four shops destroyed were the property of E. Goar. Two of the houses were unoccupied. The third contained household good owned by E Martin, part of which were saved. The Smiths were also able to save some of their stuff. The losses in detail are as follows:

E. Goar, buildings, $2,000, insurance $1,200.

William Smith, photograph gallery and household goods, $500, small insurauce.

Ed Martin, household goods, $20, no insurance.

The origin of the fire is unknown. A number of tramps were seen about town yesterday, and it is thought some of these might have fired the property, although how the flames could have reached the second story of the building first is not known.

DIFFERENCE CAUSES SHOOTING.

Farmers Near Sioux City Quarrel Over Land Deal.

Sioux City, Dec. 23.—August Bunge, a German farmer, shot and fatally wounded Herman De Boor, a neighbor, near George, yesterday. The trouble originated from the rental of land. De Boor may recover.

Maubikeck, the Lion-Tamer.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS,

Author of "Jack Robbins of America," "In the China Sea," "Two Gentlemen of Hawaii," "On a False Charge," Etc.

Copyright, 190[illegible], by Robert Bonner's Sons.

CHAPTER X.

"Mutterelli, I want to ask you a question."

It was the second day of my renewed life and I felt much stronger, and had been watching Mutterelli with a feeling of amusement as he puttered around, doing this and that for his own comfort and mine.

"Ask it, signor," he replied. "There is no law in the grotto to compel me to answer it if I don't want to."

"No," I said. "But there is no reason why you should not tell me this, if you know. Have you any idea who really killed Pacho Maligni?"

Everything dropped from Mutterelli's hands, and he stared at me, seemingly overcome with surprise.

"Who killed—who—who killed Maligni? What is that, signor? Oh, yes, I forgot. No, signor, I do not know who killed Maligni. You did not kill him?"

"No," I replied. "I swear it. I did not even see him struck. I was outside of the villa making my way to the gate with Nita Barlotti, when I heard him cry out and heard the alarm given. I saw him when I was on the balcony, but he got up from his chair and left the room. The next time I saw him, he was lying dead. I am as much in the dark about it as any one."

Mutterelli whistled.

"This is news to me, signor. I thought, of course, you killed Maligni. But if you did not, then who the deuce did?"

"I don't know. That is what I want to know."

"You shall know, signor," said Mutterelli, and his jaw snapped. "Nearly a month has been wasted, in which, perhaps, I could have run the murderer down and set you free. But I will do it yet, signor. Do not fear. I will know who the murderer of Maligni is in less than sixteen days more."

"Find him," I said, "and the twenty-five thousand lire that I promised you shall be doubled."

"Ah! Thank you, signor. Mutterelli is faithful, but he is poor. Therefore he is grateful. I must see Brother Michael to-day. If I can find him."

The last sentence seemed to be an afterthought. My own opinion was that if the wily Mutterelli wanted to see Brother Michael he would not need to go far—a mirror would show him the Jesuit's face.

That afternoon Mutterelli went away and did not return until long into the night. When he did come in, he breathed heavily, and seemed like a man who had been drinking much wine.

I lay there in silence watching him, as in the dim light of the candle he moved about preparing to go to bed.

In a far corner of the grotto, upon some boards laid lengthwise, some furs like those on which I lay had been placed. Upon this rude couch Mutterelli stretched himself, and was soon snoring away as if he was reposing on the softest bed in his probably comfortable home in Genoa. And as I thought of it I laughed softly to myself. It was probably a strange place for Mutterelli to be sleeping. Yet more than that, the thought came to me that it was a strange couch for a monk. And laughing again at Mutterelli's clumsy attempts to deceive me, I fell asleep.

The days passed slowly after this, yet I mended rapidly, and my returning strength brought renewed ambition and stronger determination to carry to a successful issue the purposes that had brought me to Sardinia. But I could get nothing out of Mutterelli. I plied him with questions about the monk and about the prefetto and about Nita Barlotti, but all I got, day after day, were reiterated cautions about leaving the grotto and vague and misty sentences about great plans being laid for my benefit by Mutterelli and "Brother Michael."

Nita Barlotti was still at the country residence of the prefetto, and Mutterelli informed me that it was rumored that she would soon become the bride of Count di Pordino. I could not see how or wherein the count was any improvement over Pacho Maligni, but Mutterelli partially reassured me by saying that the count would not be allowed to wed her, for when he and Brother Michael had got my affairs straightened out, they would attend to the case of the Count di Pordino and his proposed marriage.

All this was pacifying and almost satisfying in the early days of my convalescence, but there came a day when I was no longer weak, and when the blood, full of life, rushing through my body, gave me vigor and a desire to go outside again into the world and see for myself what was going on, and do for myself what I had become convinced no one else would be able to do for me.

It was on one of these days, when Mutterelli was away, that the spirit of unrest seized me, and I grew impatient and nervous at my enforced idleness.

Mutterelli, with his usual regard for my comfort, had procured in some way a supply of good cigars, and I sat on my bed, with my back against the perpendicular wall of marble, smoking one of these.

Slipping from my couch, I meandered uneasily around the grotto, grumbling inwardly at the unpleasant delay in my plans, and thinking hard, trying to help myself out of my present difficulty.

I was surprised, when approaching the entrance in my aimless ramble, to see letters carved in the rock away to the right of the arch. Stepping to this spot, I read the words easily, so deeply and evenly were they cut into the marble:

"HENRY THORLANE,
I Will Avenge."

The same wording and in the same form as I had found them in the cell in the Torre dell Elefante.

Henry Thorlane then, was no doubt the former occupant of the cave. But now a puzzling question arose: When could he have carved these letters in the grotto? Previous to his arrest he would, for all I knew, taking Mutterelli's story into the matter, have no cause for vengeance. And Mutterelli had said that he was in the monastery, from which there could be no escape. Yet there was his name and his motto—his war-cry—carved in letters that would last for centuries, in the marble rock before me. One of two things was certain. Mutterelli did not know all the story before Thorlane's arrest, or he did not know what had happened afterward. It was possible that Thorlane had escaped, made his home in the grotto, and had been captured again. Or—and as I thought this, my heart stood still a second—what if Mutterelli was right and Thorlane had been put in the monastery and had gained the confidence of the superior and had joined the order unknown to the prefetto or anybody outside the Jesuit circle inside the monastery walls! And if so, then, perhaps, Mutterelli was Mutterelli and no one else, and the monk who had rescued me was Henry Thorlane.

Still pondering upon this, I began to look still farther for evidence of Henry Thorlane's occupancy. I found no more letters, but I did find a trap-door. My fingers came in contact with an iron ring. I knew it must have been placed there for a purpose. I pulled it. It did not move, and I lighted a candle, for the ring was in a dark portion of the grotto, and closely examined the place. I found that the ring was fastened to a wooden cover, which was held in place by two large pieces of rock which were laid upon it. These I rolled away, and the trap-door came up easily. The opeing thus made led into a small, cellar-like hole, and lying on the floor was a wooden box or cheap kind of trunk. I managed to get this out, and opened it. It contained clothing of various kinds, masks, beards, wigs, in fact, everything that was needed for a complete disguise. And as I examined this most fortunate find I chuckled aloud.

I would be free!

And Nita Barlotti should at last know who she was, and be placed in possession of her own.

Circumstances seemed to favor me. Mutterelli came to the grotto late in the afternoon of the day on which I found the trunk of clothing, and remained to supper.

After supper we smoked in silence. Muttrelli finished his cigarette and seemed to be preparing to leave.

"You are going away, Mutterelli?" I said.

"Yes, signor. I shall not be back to-night."

I did not want him back, and when at last he had taken his departure I again opened the trap door and took out the trunk. I pulled out the entire contents and spread them over the floor of the grotto, that I might more successfully choose the most complete disguise.

Having made my selection, I proceeded to put on first a pair of heavy shoes. I doffed my prison suit and enfolded myself in the most skillfully devised waist or vest that could have been made. It was a stuffed affair, and, fitting close to my figure, made me look at least forty pounds heavier than I really was. I pulled a pair of long, much-worn black trousers onto my legs, and over the stuffed vest I put a long black coat. I found a black beard, with a long, black, curling mustache, that easily fitted my face, and could be securely fastened on by moistening with my breath some gummed strips on the under side.

My eyebrows were brown, but I found plenty of cosmetics and dyeing materials, and soon made my eyebrows match the beard in color.

Having thoroughly convinced myself that I was under a complete disguise, I set out from the grotto, first making up some unimportant things into a pack, and slinging it over my shoulder on a stick.

I passed a few people, none of whom paid any attention to the weary old Jew plodding along on his way to Cagliari.

It was about eleven o'clock when I arrived at a point near the villa of the prefetto, and I stood a moment as if resting. Several persons passed me, none of whom looked at me the second time. But a man passed me at whom I looked again and again.

He was a small man, an Italian, and wore mustaches, waxed and curled to points. I recognized him at once. It was Dambo, the man whom I had seen in Madison Square Garden set fire to the rope of Barlotti's trapeze. What devilment might he be up to now, and what, perhaps, did he know about Maligni's death?

I resolved to follow him, and, picking up my pack, I plodded along behind him.

He led me along the road, and then he climbed a wall. By this means he could skirt the villa grounds on the side, passing through the adjoining property. I could not follow him, and stood in the road looking after him, studying in my mind what to do next.

As I stood there I saw a monk approaching. I recognized him as Bro. Michael at once.

When he drew near to me he seemed to start and show evidences of surprise. I stepped quickly to him.

"Brother Michael," I said, "do you know me?"

"I know you, son," was the reply, and then I noticed that the soft voice had none of Mutterelli's Italian accent. "Why are you here in spite of Mutterelli's warning? Do you not know that your life is in danger?"

"I know it, Brother Michael," I said, "but look at the retreating figure skulking along the fence of the prefetto's grounds. Can you see him well?"

"I see him, son."

"His name is Dambo. I saw that man make a deliberate attempt to kill Nita Barlotti in New York. He probably knows more about the murder of Maligni than he would care to tell. No doubt he will kill the girl now if he has an opportunity."

Brother Michael seemed lost in thought for a moment.

"He is a dangerous man, son," he said finally. "Come, let us meet this Dambo and learn from him something of his purpose here."

I followed the monk, and together we went around the prefetto's grounds to meet Dambo in the rear. When he saw us coming he stood a moment as if irresolute, and the monk motioned for him to approach.

"My son," said the monk, who was now firmly fixed in my mind as Henry Thorlane, "your movements around the villa of the prefetto have been watched with suspicion. Danger lurks in the air when skulking men are seen in shaded place. Is it not so?"

Dambo bowed his head as if abashed by the implied accusation of the monk.

"It is so, father," he replied. "But no danger lurks where Dambo goes. I come to warn the prefetto, father."

"To warn the prefetto, son?" said the monk. "This is a strange place, indeed, to find one who seeks to warn the prefetto. You must explain better than this your strange actions, son."

"I know whom I would meet, father," replied the wily scoundrel. "I have seen you of late walking around the prefetto's grounds outside the wall. I knew you were friendly to the prefetto, and that I might trust you. I came to meet you, father, and through you convey my warning to the prefetto."

"Ah, son, your zeal is to be commended," said the monk. "But tell me, son, what is your message to the prefetto?"

"It is this, father. The villa of the prefetto is to be attacked at midnight—this very night, father—by the Count di Pordino and his hired assassins and bandits, for the purpose of securing the Signorina Barlotti and to carry her away for his own evil purposes. It is this that I came to tell the prefetto, father."

The monk seemed to be communing with himself for a moment. Then he said:

"But how is it, son, that the Count di Pordino seeks thus to desecrate the house of the prefetto and to win his bride by force, when it has been long understood that the hand of the signorina would be given him in marriage by his friend the prefetto?"

"Ah, father, it is a case of money. It seems that the prefetto has befriended the count greatly in the past, and now he demands from the count the payment of a large sum of money for the signorina before he will allow her to become the bride of Pordino. And the count, while he consents to this while talking to the prefetto, plots to take the signorina by force and not pay the prefetto any money."

(To be continued.)

GIRL WITH COMMON SENSE.

Had Lover Arrested For Threat to Commit Suicide.

A certain young man in Syracuse, N. Y., is under bonds awaiting trial under the antisuicide act, reflecting meanwhile on the sound common sense displayed by a young woman to whom he was but recently engaged. The girl dismissed him for good and sufficient reasons, returned his letters and presents and received her own, the latter being accompanied by a note announcing that the sender was about to end his days and mentioning the method by which he proposed to accomplish his taking off. When she received this intelligence the strength of the common sense girl appeared. She did not scream or have hysterics or faint, nor yet did she fly to him, begging him to relinquish his dread intention on any terms. Not at all. She quietly handed the note to the messenger who brought it, with a request that he give it to the first policemen he met. The result was that the young man was arrested and lodged in jail. He is now out on bail but his former fiancee has shown that it will no longer be necessary for reluctant young women to melt into the arms of ineligible young men in order to save them from self-destruction or, in default of this, to suffer the blight of a damp, unpleasant memory during future years.

Early Birds.

An English nobleman in ill health was out one morning early, wearily taking a constitutional. Walking along his game preserves, he turned a sharp corner and came face to face with an Irishman who had the reputation of being an inveterate poacher.

Putting his hands and what they held behind him, he preserved a perfectly virtuous aspect, while the gentleman hailed him cordially with, "Good morning, Pat."

"Good marnin, yer haner. An' phwat brings yer haner out so airly this marnin'?"

"I'm just walking around, Pat, to see if I can get an appetite for my breakfast. And what brings you out so early, Pat?"

"Och be jabbers, Oi'm jest a-walkin' around to see if Oi can't git a breakfasht fer me oppetite!"

Long-Lived and Prolific Family.

It is not easy to find a family which has five generations, but there is such a family at Ensival, near Liege. The two oldest members are aged, respectively eighty-seven and eighty-six years. They had fourteen children. Nicholas, the eldest of these, married at Liege and still lives there. His oldest daughter, Jeanne, married in her turn and had a daughter, who is also married and the mother of three children. The family's name is Vielvoye-Lognard, and its home is in the Rue de Verviers. Sixty-five members are living to-day and a paternal uncle of Mme. Vielvoye-Lognard died recently at the age of 107 years.

Lost Letters in London.

One hundred thousand letters are posted in the wrong boxes in London every day.

To Make World's Matches.

It takes the constant labor of 60,000 people to make matches for the world.

Capital in Texas Rice Fields.

Capital to the amount of $30,000,000 is in Texas invested in the rice fields.

Doctors in United States.

The United States has a physician to each 487 persons.

STORYETTES.

Georgia Knight, the 4-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Knight of Adair, who was seriously burned, has died after two days terrible suffering. It is thought the accident was caused by playing with matches.

To a group of friends, Ellen Terry once said: "Acting is not like drawing. You make a line. If it is wrong, you rub it out at once and make another. With acting that is impossible; there is no altering—it must stand. I often feel as if I must cry to the audience, 'Oh that is wrong, not as I meant it to be; let me act that part or sentence over again.'"

A Texas paper declares that a Tarrant county girl, who is attending school in Fort Worth, recently wrote home to her parents: "I am just in love with ping-pong!" When her stern Texas father read her letter, he remarked: "You can write and tell Amarillis Jane that if she is going to fall in love with any of them blamed Fort Worth Chinamen she can just count on being cut off without a cent."

As is generally the case with people who have nothing to say worth hearing, a conceited drummer talked a great deal, to the evident disgust of a number of his drummer friends who were dining at a country hotel. When cheese was served it was of a decided "lively" brand, much to the delight of the irrepressible. He attacked it with great gusto, remarking: "I'm like Sampson, slaying them by the thousand!" "Yes," replied a quickwitted diner at the end of the table, "and with the same weapon, too!"

A terrific boiler explosion took place on board a big ship lying at Portsmouth some months ago, and an enterprising London editor, wishing to give the earliest possible news to his readers, thus instructed a reporter: "Get down there as hard as you can. If you catch the eleven-forty from London Bridge, you'll be there soon after two and can just wire us something for the fifth edition, but boil it down." The reporter obeyed his orders, and soon after three o'clock that afternoon sent a wire saying: "Terrific explosion. Man-o'-war. Boiler empty, engineer full. Funeral tomorrow."

In his biography of Alexander Dumas, Harry A. Spurr says that the improvident French author who hated avarice, was once waiting in line for his cloak at a soiree, when he saw a millionaire give a tip of fifty centimes (ten cents) to the servant who handed out his paletot. Dumas, getting his cloak, threw down a one hundred-franc note. "Pardon, sir, you have made a mistake, I think," said the man, offering to return the note. "No, no, friend," answered Dumas, casting a disdainful glance at the millionaire; "it is the other gentleman who has made the mistake."

Wu Ting-fang is fond of relating a story about a Chinese doctor who didn't satisfy his patient. The sicker the patient grew, the more indignant his friends became at the unsuccessful physician. At last, when the sick man was in the final stage [illegible] death was imminent, the relatives laid violent hands on the unfortunate doctor and, tying him up to a tree, started to administer a smart beating. But while his assailants were looking for a stick with which to beat him, the doctor freed himself, and jumping into the river swam to safety. When he reached home he found his son, who was studying to be a physician, poring over a book on medicine. "Put it up, put it up; shut it up," said the doctor, grimly; "the first requisite of a doctor is to know how to swim, not to cure."

Admiration often ceases where understanding begins.

DO YOUR CLOTHES LOOK YELLOW?
If so, use Russ Bleaching Blue. It will make them white as snow. All grocers, 10c.

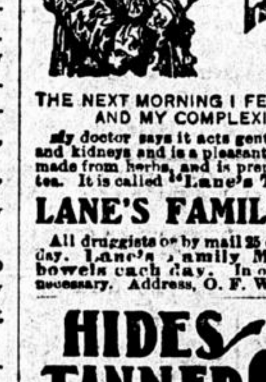
Love finds us young and keeps us so; immortal himself, he permits not age to enter the heart where he reigns.

DO YOUR CLOTHES LOOK YELLOW?
Then use Defiance Starch, it will keep them white—16 oz. for 10 cents.

It takes a certain amount of push to master even a wheelbarrow.

Magnet Pile Killer Cures Piles.

When money is tight it is up to a man to keep sober.



AT BED TIME I TAKE A PLEASANT HERB DRINK

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called "Lane's Tea" or

LANE'S FAMILY MEDICINE

All druggists or by mail 25 cts. and 50 cts. Buy it today. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Address, O. F. Woodward, Le Roy, N.Y.

HIDES TANNED

SEND YOUR HIDES TO US. We are the oldest and largest custom tanners in the Northwest. Ask any bank or mercantile house about us. Write us for price list—It's free. Address, J. H. Cownie Glove Co., Des Moines, Ia.

CONSIGN TO OR BUY YOUR GRAIN, HAY

LANING-HARRIS COAL GRAIN

Daily Price Current mailed if desired. References: Union National Bank, Dun or [illegible] Kansas City, Mo. If interested, write us.

$36 Weekly. Salesman, city or country [illegible] unnecessary. Inexpensive outfit [illegible] lum secures orders. Holland Cigar Co. [illegible]

WORLD'S GREATEST POULTRY BOOK

SEND 10 CENTS—worth [illegible] poultry raiser. Treats [illegible] cures, scientific feeding, [illegible] ens, ducks, geese and tu[illegible] practical experience. It [illegible] lustrates land and water f[illegible] our formulas of how to f[illegible] hens lay 200 eggs a year. [illegible] on thoroughbred poultry [illegible]

BE WISE AND BUY OF THE IOWA POULTRY [illegible] Dept. 605, Des Moi[illegible]

JANUARY BUYI[illegible]

There is no time like January [illegible] satisfactory buying. The holiday rush is over and the early Spring trade has not yet begun. In January you always get first pick of all the earliest Spring goods and there is ample time to fill and ship your orders with greater promptness.

Send 15 cents TODAY for our large General Catalogue No. 71. It gives pictures, descriptions and prices on almost everything you eat, wear or use. Save [illegible] on everything you purchase by sending your orders to

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.
CHICAGO
"The House that Tells the Truth."