

**THE IOWA STATE BYSTANDER.**

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**L. THOMPSON, EDITOR.**  
**H. SHEPARD, MANAGER.**

Send money by post. No orders, money orders, drafts or checks, to the Iowa State Bystander, Des Moines Publishing Company.

Advertisements must be written on one side of the paper only and be in relation to the public. "Brevity is the soul of wit," remember. We will not return rejected manuscripts, unless accompanied by postage stamps.

Advertising rates for display Ads: Three to six months contract 15 cents per line. 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 named 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  
Cedar Rapids.....Mrs. Adelaide Davis  
Clinton.....A. A. Bush  
Davenport.....John T. Mabry  
Keokuk.....Miss Artisha Fields  
Mt. Pleasant.....Miss Iona Mason  
Muscatine.....Miss Fannie Grooms  
Marshalltown.....H. C. Walker  
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Moline, Ill.....Mrs. James Higgins  
Boone.....Miss Mary Coleman  
Washington.....Mrs. James Redd  
Galesburg and Knoxville, Ill.....Mrs. Geo. Wade  
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Dubuque.....Mrs. D. R. Bassford  
Newton.....Mrs. E. M. Evans  
Evans.....Mrs. S. Bates

**50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE**

**PATENTS**

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DESIGNS  
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Approved send a sketch and description may be made. Invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Free list of inventors sent free. Send for latest directory of inventors. Agents taken on commission. No advance fee. Send for our circulars, which contain full information.

**Scientific American.**  
A publication of the Scientific American Press, 23 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.  
MUNN & CO., 35 Broadway, New York

**50 Years of Success**

This is our record. From a small beginning we have grown until our factories now cover many acres. Many of our machines sold forty to fifty years ago are still giving their users faithful service. Can anything be more convincing of their merits and durability? Did you ever hear of any other machine with such a record?

Note a few of the many superior points of the

**Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine No. 9**

The Rotary Hook displaces the old, out-of-date, unmechanical and troublesome shuttle.

The Frictionless ball bearings and perfect mechanical construction enable it to be operated with one-third less exertion than is required by ordinary machines. It sews three yards of goods while a shuttle machine sews two.

It makes the most elastic and most perfect stitch whether sewing light or heavy goods.

With our superior attachments the greatest variety of work is possible.

Do not make the mistake of buying a sewing machine until you have given the Wheeler & Wilson No. 9 a trial.

**Wheeler & Wilson Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.**

For Sale by  
**M. E. WOOD,**  
Des Moines, Iowa.

**NOTICE OF EXPIRATION OF RIGHT OF REDEMPTION.**

To Amanda Johnson, being the party in whose name the property herein-after described is taxed:

YOU ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED:

That on the 6th day of December, A. D. 1897, the following described real estate, to-wit:

Lot number twenty-eight (28) in block number two (2) of Elliott's Addition to Grant Park, now included in and forming a part of the city of Des Moines, and all situated within the county of Polk and state of Iowa, was sold for the then delinquent tax of the years 1896, 1897, 1898 to Geo. H. Parker; that the undersigned is now the legal owner and holder of the certificate of purchase issued in pursuance of the above mentioned sale; and that the right of redemption will expire and a deed for the land be made unless redemption is made within ninety days from the completed service hereof, as provided by law.

M. L. Parker,  
Owner and Holder of Said Certificate.

**NOTICE OF EXPIRATION OF RIGHT OF REDEMPTION.**

To Adams & Hastie and Farmers' Loan and Trust Co., the parties in whose name the following described real estate is taxed:

Edmund Moreland of Davenport returned to that city Wednesday after a pleasant visit with his daughter, You and each of you are hereby notified, that on the 27th day of December, A. D. 1898, the following described real estate, to-wit, Lots numbered twelve (12), thirteen (13) and fourteen (14) in block No. fourteen (14) of Hall's Addition, now included in and forming a part of the city of Des Moines in the county of Polk, and State of Iowa, was sold for the then delinquent and unpaid taxes on said property, as follows: Said lot twelve (12) for the unpaid and delinquent taxes of the years 1895, 1896 and 1897; said lot thirteen (13) for the delinquent and unpaid taxes for the years 1896 and 1897; and said lot fourteen (14) for the then delinquent and unpaid taxes for the years 1896 and 1897. That all of said lots aforesaid were sold as aforesaid to L. O. Spaffor, of the County of Polk and State of Iowa, and the undersigned is now the legal owner and holder of the certificate of purchase issued in pursuance of the above mentioned sale; and that the right of redemption will expire and a deed for the land be made unless redemption is made within ninety days from the completed service hereof.

E. M. Parker,  
Owner and Holder of Said Certificate.

**RECEIVES AMERICAN PRELATE.**

Rome, Dec. 1.—The pope has received in private audience Mgr. Robert Setton of Newark, N. J., titular archbishop of Helopolis.

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E. M. Parker,  
Owner and Holder of Said Certificate.

**NOTICE OF EXPIRATION OF RIGHT OF REDEMPTION.**

To M. T. V. Bowman, being the party in whose name the property herein-after described is taxed:

You are hereby notified that on the 5th day of December, A. D. 1899, the following described real estate, to-wit, Lot number one hundred and eighty-one (181) in block number seven (7) of Home Park, an addition to and now included in and forming a part of the city of Des Moines, and all situated within the County of Polk and State of Iowa, was sold for the then delinquent and unpaid tax of the year 1898 to Geo. H. Parker; that the undersigned is now the legal owner and holder of the certificate of purchase issued in pursuance of the above mentioned sale; and that the right of redemption will expire and a deed for the land be made unless redemption is made within ninety days from the completed service hereof, as provided by law.

E. M. Parker,  
Owner and Holder of Said Certificate.

**NOTICE OF EXPIRATION OF RIGHT OF REDEMPTION.**

To M. V. T. Bowman, being the party in whose name the property herein-after described is taxed:

You are hereby notified that on the 5th day of December, A. D. 1900, the following described real estate, to-wit, Lot number one hundred and eighty-one (181) in block number seven (7) of Home Park, an addition to and now included in and forming a part of the city of Des Moines, and all situated within the County of Polk and State of Iowa, was sold for the then delinquent and unpaid tax of the year 1899 to Geo. H. Parker; that the undersigned is now the legal owner and holder of the certificate of purchase issued in pursuance of the above mentioned sale; and that the right of redemption will expire and a deed for the land be made unless redemption is made within ninety days from the completed service hereof, as provided by law.

M. L. Parker,  
Owner and Holder of Certificate.

**CLINTON NEWS.**

David Greene, a long time resident of this city, passed away Saturday morning at the home of W. A. Emerson, where he had been confined by illness for several months. His death, while it was not entirely unexpected, was received with surprise by many. A brief funeral service was held at the home of Mr. Emerson Sunday morning at 9 o'clock, Rev. W. H. Speese officiating, interment following in Springdale cemetery. The funeral service has been announced to be delivered Sunday afternoon at 3:30 at Bethel church.

The tribe Sons of Gideon entertain Mrs. H. Williams.

A large and appreciative audience gathered at Bethel A. M. E. church on Thanksgiving night and enjoyed the evening listening to a pleasing concert program rendered by local talent, the following committee having the entertainment in charge: Miss Ruth Chinn and Director Mrs. Speese, Miss Taylor and A. A. Bush manager. The program of sixteen numbers was heartily enjoyed. Those present voted it one of the best ever given. The entertainment concluded with a delightful supper which was partaken of by a large number. The proceeds netted from the effort amounts to \$40 above expenses up to this writing, with more to be heard from. The effort was a gratifying one for the stewards and trustees.

G. W. Lucky is in the city. Like many others he has to return to his first love. He says he will remain through the winter.

Miss Dozier, superintendent of the Sabbath school, and a committee are arranging for the annual Christmas entertainment for the school.

The Thanksgiving concert chorus was entertained in honor of their recent success Tuesday evening at the home of Rev. and Mrs. Speese, Miss Bush and Mr. A. A. Bush. A delightful evening was spent in games and a social conversation. Shortly after 10 o'clock the guests were ushered into the dining room to the strains of a sweet-toned march, where a two-course supper was served. Those who held invitations to this event were Miss Dozier, Mrs. Stewart, Miss Clay, Miss Simpson, Miss Taylor, May Taylor, Mrs. Williams, Murda Beason, Vivian Smith, Messrs. J. T. Culbertson, James Cooper, Wm. Dodson, T. G. Dozier, W. H. Speese, H. Henderson. At a late hour the guests repaired to their several homes carrying with them pleasing memories of the evening spent.

Mrs. S. C. Smith and daughter Vivian are at home after a pleasant visit in Sterling with Mr. Smith, where he holds a position.

The Pathina Sons of Valor gave a dinner Thanksgiving.

Messrs. M. O. Culbertson, Wm. A. Richardson and H. G. Williams are home from Dubuque, where they assisted in conferring the Masonic degrees on a class Thanksgiving.

F. E. McNeil was in Chicago last week on business.

**AMBASSADOR IS INJURED.**

Rome, Dec. 1.—American Ambassador Meyer was thrown from his horse while fox hunting and picked up unconscious. His injuries are not regarded as serious.

**RECEIVES AMERICAN PRELATE.**

Rome, Dec. 1.—The pope has received in private audience Mgr. Robert Setton of Newark, N. J., titular archbishop of Helopolis.

**THE PROMOTION OF THE ADMIRAL AND OTHER SEA COMEDIES**

By Morley Roberts Author of "The Colossus," "The Fugitives."

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(Continued.)

Yet he did his duty like a man. Though many things were strange to him, he tumbled to them rapidly. One of his fads had been doing ornamental work even when he was an admiral, and he put fresh "pointing" on the poop ladder rails for Blaker in a way that brought every one to look at it. There was no one on board who could come within sight of him at any fancy work, and this so pleased Simpson that the admiral never had a cross word till they were south of the Horn. Then by chance the mate and the captain had a few words which ended in Simpson getting much the worst of the talk. As luck would have it, the admiral was the handiest at vent his spite on, and Simpson caught him a smack on the side of the head that made him see stars.

"Don't stand listenin' there to what don't concern you, you damned lazy hound," he said. And when the admiral picked himself off the deck, Simpson made a rush for him. The admiral dodged him and shot up the poop ladder. He took off his cap to the captain, while Simpson foamed on the main deck and called him in vain. At any other time Blaker would have gone for the seaman who dared to escape a thrashing for the moment by desecrating the poop, but now he was willing to annoy Simpson.

"Well, what do you want?" he roared.

The admiral made a really elegant bow.

"Come down on deck, you miserable sinners," said Blaker, through a speaking trumpet. His voice rose triumphantly above the roar of the gale. "Come down on deck and listen to me. For, though I'm a miserable sinner, too, there's hopes for me, and for you there's none, unless you mend your ways, in accordance with what I'm telling you."

Even with the speaking trumpet he could hardly make himself heard over the roar of the increasing gale and the thunderous slating of the topsails in the spilling-lines.

"Don't you think, sir, that they'd better make the topsails fast before you speak to them?" said the admiral.

"No, I don't," replied Blaker—"not much I don't, not by a jugful. For if one of 'em went overboard, I'd be responsible before the throne. And don't you forget it."

"Darned, he's mad," said Sir Richard—"mad as a march hare. I'd be shaking the sticks out of her soon."

He leant over the break of the poop and called up Wiggins.

"Mr. Wiggins, one word with you."

Wiggins came up, as Blaker roared his text through the trumpet.

"Will you stand by me, Mr. Wiggins, if I knock him down and take command?"

"I will; but mind his gun," said Wiggins. "When he's very bad, he'll shoot."

It was not any fear of Blaker's six-shooter that made the admiral hesitate. To take the command, even from a madman, at sea is a ticklish task and may land a man in goal, for all his being a Shanghaied admiral.

"I tell you, Mr. Wiggins, that Simpson is a good man. I'll bring him aft again."

And Wiggins made no objection when Simpson was called up by the admiral.

"Mr. Simpson," said the mate, "this is getting past a joke. Have you any objection to taking on your old job if I secure this preaching madman and take command?"

Simpson was "full up" of the fo'c'sle, and as he had a very wholesome admiration for the admiral, he was by no means loth to return to his old quarters.

"I'm with you, sir. In another quarter of an hour we shall have the sticks out of her."

And still Blaker bellowed Scripture down the wind. He was still bellowing, though what he bellowed wasn't Scripture, when Simpson and Wiggins took him down below after five minutes of a row in which the deposed captain showed something of his ancient form as the terror of the Western Ocean. As they went, the admiral, now promoted to being captain of a Cap Horner, picked up the battered speaking trumpet and wiped some of the blood from his face, which had been in collision.

"Up aloft with you and make those topsails fast," he roared. "Look alive, men, look alive!"

And they did look alive, for "Dicky" Dunn never needed a speaking trumpet any more than he ever blew. When things were snugged down and the California was walking north at an easy but tremendous gait, he felt like a man again. He turned to Simpson and Wiggins with a happy smile.

"Now we're comfortable, and things are as they should be, Mr. Simpson. Let the men have a lot of grog. And how's Mr. Blaker?"

"Wa'al," said Simpson cheerfully, "when we left him he warn't exactly what you would call religious nor resigned."

But if Blaker was not happy, the admiral was thoroughly delighted.

"Now you see what I said was true," he declared at dinner that night; "if I hadn't been an admiral and a man born to rise, how could I have been shipped on board this ship as a foremost hand and come to be captain in six weeks? I'll be bound you never heard of a similar case, Mr. Simpson."

And Simpson never had.

"Was it Shanghai Smith, do you think, as put you here?" he asked.

The admiral had heard of Shanghai Smith in the fo'c'sle.

"When I get back I'll find out," he said. "And if it was, I'll not trouble the law, Mr. Simpson. I never allow any man to handle me without getting more than even."

"You don't," said Simpson. "If his manner was dry, it was sincere."

"But I don't bear malice afterwards. Your health, Mr. Simpson. This kind of trade breeds good seamen, after all. But you are all a trifle rough."

**HAD MODIFIED HIS VIEWS.**

**How Residence in Washington Changed the Reformer.**

A prominent newspaper man was standing in a hotel lobby last night exchanging anecdotes with a couple of friends.

"I remember, a number of years ago, a fellow came down to Austin, Texas, and started a paper," said the newspaper man, "and his evident idea was to reform mankind."

"He published his paper right along for a while, striking lusty blows in behalf of poor, fallen man, but the time came when Austin proved too contracted a field for his genius, so he decided to remove to Washington, publish his paper there, and wreak havoc among the comorants in their very nests."

"Well, he hadn't been in Washington but a few days when he was presented with a pass over all the street car lines in the city. Then he was given a railroad pass, then another, and finally met the president of a big railroad system."

"When he got his first pass his hatred of the 'comorants' was weakened just a little, and as the others came in he grew still more and more tolerant. Just after his interview with the railroad president he chanced to meet a friend on the street."

"Well, how's the crusade against bond-holding iniquity progressing?" inquired the friend.

"The editor took his questioner by the arm, led him into the nearest third parlor, and with a voice expressive of firm conviction said: 'Let's drop that subject forever; they can make a roundhouse out of the national capitol and I'll never say a word.'—Washington Star.

**IF I WERE RICH.**

**The Soaring Ambitions of Thirty Primary Pupils.**

The following notes, says the New York Times, are a few examples of the aspirations of thirty primary pupils whose teacher gave them as a subject for a composition the sentence: "What would you do if you were rich?"

These three were by boys:

"If I were rich I would buy the finest automobile in the world and get my father elected policeman to keep me from being arrested for fast racing."

"I would build a yot and travel a grate deal. I would maybe discover the North Pole or something."

"If I had enuff money to do what I pleased I would go abrod and capture wild animals an' git together a show bigger than any ever seen so far. I would let all the boys go in free."

The girls showed an inclination for more selfish gratification, except in the case of the following:

"If I were rich I would buy a big island and build the biggest mansion in the world. Then I would adopt all the orphans in New York, and give them a good time all their life."

"I would live in the Waldorf hotel and have a lot of servants to dress me and drive me around. I would have the finest dresses in New York. I would marry the handsomest man in the world."

"If I had a milyon dollars I would build a marble fountain in Centrl park with a soda fountain in it and a fongraf. I would buy all the silk dresses I wanted and some for my sister and a gold watch for my brother."

**Good Reason for Absence.**

Prof. E. B. Shallow, who is assistant superintendent of schools, located in Brooklyn, tells this story of a peculiar excuse for absenteeism.

"One of the little boys in the kindergarten attached to School No. 9 failed to show up the other morning," he said, "but another youngster who lived in the same apartment house remarked explanatorily to the teacher: 'Timmy won't be here. His grandmother is dead and they are going to have the party to-day.'—New York Times.

Some men seem to have the horseless brand of horse sense.

**IS IT A BARGAIN?**

you will, and I'll come to the top. If I don't take this hooker into New York as captain and master, I'll die in the attempt."

He had quite come to himself and was beginning to enjoy himself. His natural and acquired authority blossomed wonderfully when he took on the new job, and as Blaker never swore, the admiral's gift of language was a great vicarious satisfaction to him. Wiggins accepted the situation without a murmur. Even Simpson himself bore no grudge when his supplanter not only showed nose, but after knocking the boson's head against a bollard, gave his place to the former mate. Though he kept the men working and got the last ounce out of them, none of them were down on him.

"I tell you, he's an admiral, sure," they said.

"He's got all the ways of one, I own," said Bill, an old man-o-war's man. "I spoke to an admiral myself once, or rather he spoke to me."

Simpson explained that they had to be.

"When the owners' scheme is to have one man do three men's work they have to get men who will make 'em do it. And when the owners get a bad name and their ships a worse than men like Shanghai Smith have to find us crews. If you could get back to San Francisco and hammer an owner, some of us would be obliged to you, sir."

"Ah, when I get back!" said the admiral. "This will be a remarkable yarn for me to tell, Mr. Simpson. I still feel in a kind of dream. Would you oblige me by going to Mr. Blaker and telling him that if he continues to hammer at that door I'll have the hose turned on him."

And when Simpson went to convey this message, the admiral put his feet on the table and indulged in a reverie.

"I'll make a note about Shanghai Smith, and settle with him in full."



"Look alive, men! Look alive!"

But I shall rise higher yet. I know it's in me. Steward!

"Yes, sir," said the steward.

"Think I'll have some grog."

He drank to the future of Admiral Sir Richard Dunn, master of the California.

(To be continued.)

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**DRAKE'S WILL IS PRODUCED**

Ex-Governor Had Left the Document With High Masonic Order.

\$50,000 TO DRAKE UNIVERSITY

**Remainder of the Large Estate Is Divided Equally Among His Six Children—Will Probably Amount to About One Million.**

Des Moines, Nov. 30.—The last will and testament of the late ex-Governor Francis Marion Drake, of which diligent and unavailing search has been in progress at Centerville since the time of the general's death, was produced in Des Moines yesterday by the Des Moines consistory of the Scottish Rite Masons. Today it will be sent to Centerville by registered mail, to be probated.

In this will, made in 1897, General Drake gives \$50,000 to Drake university and divides the remainder of his property equally among his six children.

The will is now in the possession of the Des Moines consistory, of which the late General Drake, for many years a prominent Mason, was a member. It was written at the time of his becoming a member in 1897. It is one of the briefest wills probably ever made by a millionaire, and no executor is named. The text of the will follows:

"In the Name of God, Amen! I, F. M. Drake, being of sound mind and memory, but knowing the uncertainty of human life, do now make and publish this, my last will and testament, that is to say:

"I will all my possessions, real and personal to be equally divided between my six children, Miller D. Drake, Jennie Sawyer, Eva D. Goss, F. E. Drake, John A. Drake and Mary Lord Sturdevant, except that out of my estate shall be paid \$50,000 to Drake University.

"Signed, sealed, and published, declared by the said F. M. Drake, the testator, as and for his last will and testament; and we, at his request and in his presence, and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses thereof, this 26th day of January, A. D. 1897.

"R. M. J. Coleman,  
"Geo. Fairburn."

The history of the will is unique and is characteristic of the simplicity with which General Drake was accustomed to do things of moment.

It is the rule of the consistory that whenever a member is elected, he shall make provision for his family. General Drake became a member, with six others, and like the rest, had his attention called to this rule. Accompanied by George Fairburn, then commander of the consistory and now a banker at Des Moines, and by R. M. J. Coleman of Des Moines, secretary of the consistory, General Drake went into the small room provided for this purpose. He sat down to a table and without hesitation scratched off the document which will probably dispose of his property. It was witnessed by Mr. Coleman and Mr. Fairburn, and then placed in the vault of the consistory in charge of the secretary.

Ex-Governor Drake's wealth has been variously estimated, some estimates placing it as high as \$4,000,000 and others placing it as low as \$300,000. Probably a proper estimate would place the figure at \$1,000,000, or close to the neighborhood of that sum. A few years ago it would probably have been correct to estimate his wealth in millions. But the general was a generous giver. His charities were almost unnumbered. He gave to colleges all over the United States, to various charitable institutions, and helped his friends in the most liberal manner.

It is also stated that General Drake lost heavily in United States steel. His son, John A. Drake, with John W. Gates, was closely identified with the American Steel and Wire company, and it was probably through these influences that the ex-governor was induced to put his money into United States steel.

Des Moines, Dec. 3.—Dr. J. L. Sawyers, son-in-law of the late ex-Governor Francis M. Drake of Centerville, arrived in Des Moines yesterday to ascertain the facts concerning the reported promise of the deceased to donate \$25,000 to the departments of Drake university. Dr. Sawyers stated emphatically that there was not the slightest inclination on the part of the heirs to contest the will of General Drake, which was found in the keeping of the Des Moines consistory of the Scottish Rite Masons. He had consulted with three of the heirs and felt sure of the attitude of the others.

**COMPETITION FELT.**

Canadian Competition Felt in England and America.

London, Dec. 1.—The Standard this morning, noting the recent curtailment of pig iron production in the United States, says:

"Notwithstanding this severe reduction in output, stocks have steadily increased here from 203,000 tons in May to 347,000 tons in October, largely owing to the imports of bounty-fed Canadian iron and steel. This Canadian competition, which is bound to grow, is viewed with misgiving, and it is only the boom in the United States that has saved the British producer from the severe effect of a free competition fostered by a direct subsidy from the colonial government."

The center of the coal and iron industries of Canada is Cape Breton. The extraordinary richness of the fields, the cheapness of production, and the government bounty of \$2.70 per ton on pig iron makes this island the coming factor in the markets of the world.

It is understood an Iowa company, the Cape Breton Coal & Iron company, of Des Moines, has immensely valuable holdings on the island, and, if all reports are true, will realize handsomely on the investments made.

Carmean Must Serve Term.

Marshalltown, Dec. 3.—In the district court yesterday Judge Burnham overruled a motion for a new trial in the case of N. C. Carmean, charged with embezzlement, and passed a sentence of two years at hard labor at Fort Madison. An appeal will be taken to the supreme court.

**RUSS BLEACHING BLUE**

is the best in every respect. Ask your grocer for it and take no substitute. 10c a package.

A suburban servant is known by the family she condescends to let live with her.

**Insist on Getting It.**

Some grocers say they don't keep DeFiance Starch because they have a stock in hand of 12 oz. brands, which they know cannot be sold to a customer who has once used the 16 oz. package DeFiance Starch for same reason.

It takes nine tailors to make a man and one dressmaker to break him.

Don't suffer with Foot Comfort will cure your sore, tender, bleeding, burning feet, and remove all odor. Ask your druggist or shoe dealer, or send to H. T. McCarty, Jefferson, Iowa.

A man may be crooked and still be in straitened circumstances.

**Magnol Pile Kigger Cures Piles.**

Jealousy is acknowledged superiority—in the other fellow.

**Why Is He Best.**

is because made by an entirely different process. DeFiance Starch is unlike any other starch better and more than 10 cents.

The truly humble hide their humility.

**Miss Rose Peterson, Secretary Parkdale Tennis Club, Chicago, from experience advises all young girls who have pains and sickness peculiar to their sex, to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

How many beautiful young girls develop into women, listless and hopeless women, simply because sufficient attention has not been paid to their physical development. No woman is exempt from physical weakness and periodic pain, and young girls just budding into womanhood should be carefully guided physically as well as morally. Another woman.

**Miss Hannah E. Mershon, Colingswood, N. J., says:**

"I thought I would write and tell you that, by following your kind advice, I feel like a new person. I was always thin and delicate, and so weak that I could hardly do anything. Menstruation was irregular."

"I tried a compound of your Vegetable Compound and began to feel better right away. I continued its use, and am now well and strong, and menstruate regularly. I cannot say enough for what your medicine did for me."

—\$5000 Reward for evidence of above letter proving genuineness cannot be printed of above letter.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will cure any woman in the land who suffers from women's troubles, inflammation of the ovaries, and kidney troubles.

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A Kansas editor received the following note, the other day, which explains itself: "Dear professor editor, I would like for you to put in your paper a notice for a husband for me. I am thirty-eight years old, have no dentist bills for my teeth are all ok. I can cook a stake, wash dishes, and grace the parlor fine. Also player on the accordeon, and have had two husbands. They are dead, but their graves are green and tended to all on account of my 'any lovin' man of wit' over one hundred and twenty answer please. No docs."

In his memoirs, Adolf Kusmaul relates a curious story of a Heidelberg banker. This banker was known for his haughty, forbidding manners; consequently, Dr. Nuhn, the professor of anatomy, was much surprised one day when the banker came and sat with him in a railway car and after a pleasant chat, asked him all sorts of questions, especially about the anatomy of the heart. The next day, he even called, by permission, in the medical department, and watched the professor dissecting one of those organs. Then he drove home, and a few hours it became known that he had committed suicide by skillfully plunging a dagger into his heart.

**Reads Like a Miracle.**

Friarspoint, Miss., Nov. 30.—The Butler case still continues to be the talk of the town. Mr. G. L. Butler, the father of the little boy, says:

"The doctor said my boy had disease of the spinal cord, and treated him for two months, during which he got worse all the time. Finally the doctor told me he did not know what was the trouble. The boy would wake up during the night and say that he was being killed and would want to run from the house, saying he saw ugly things which frightened him. After we had tried everything else, I read an advertisement of Dodd's Kidney Pills as a cure for Nervous Troubles. I purchased some and used them until he had taken altogether eight boxes when he was sound and well with not a single symptom of the old trouble. This was some months ago, and I feel sure that he is permanently cured. We owe to Dodd's Kidney Pills all the credit for his restoration to good health."

A marriage certificate is a thing no well-regulated family should be without.

"F. M. Drake. (Seal.)  
Signed, sealed, and published, declared by the said F. M. Drake, the testator, as and for his last will and testament; and we, at his request and in his presence, and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses thereof, this 26th day of January, A. D. 1897.

"R. M. J. Coleman,  
"Geo. Fairburn."

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