

# FRIDAY CLUB BANQUET

Pronounced a Grand Success in Every Particular.

## ELOQUENT TOASTS GIVEN

Mrs. Philbrook Proclaimed an Ideal Hostess. An Evening Long to be Remembered.

The Friday Club banquet was all that a banquet should be—perfect in all the details and a joy forever to be remembered by the members. Thirty-four covers were laid, the long tables presenting a very attractive appearance. The decorations were green and white, some mammoth chrysanthemum had the place of honor on each table and fern scattered on the cloth in Dresden fashion completed the color scheme. The bonbons were also in white and green, each in a dainty basket and added their decorative sweetness. The menu showed that culinary culture was one of the Friday Club's strong points. The menu was as follows:

- "A hot friend cooling."
- Bouillon.
- "Let the land look for his peer; he has not yet been found."
- Cold Turkey.
- Cranberry Jelly.
- Scalloped Potatoes.
- Celery.
- Olives.
- Sherbet.
- "I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in it."
- Pineapple Salad.
- Wafers.
- "The dearest last, to make the end most sweet"
- Neapolitan Ice Cream.
- Assorted Cakes.
- Coffee.
- Bon Bons.

The serving of this elegant repast consumed nearly two hours. The young ladies who waited upon the guest were the Misses Beard; Sewell; Knaul and Hunter, and they did their work beautifully and looked their prettiest. Mrs. McAhren drank to their health giving this pretty toast:

Here's to the pretty girls  
Willing and able,  
Who honor our banquet  
By waiting at table.

Mrs. Voss made a capital toast mistress, in fact it would be difficult to find her equal. Her opening remarks were a gem in their way:

Gentlemen, Ladies of the Club and others:—To-night, if we agree with Lord Byron we let "All human history attest. That happiness for man—the hungry sinner—since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner." But we do not agree. The Friday Club knew that Byron was a bad man and wickedly belied his sex, therefore, we have provided for the greatest happiness of our guests, and depart now with pleasure—especially at this stage of the proceedings—from the draught portion of the evening's entertainment, to the less tangible, though perhaps more edifying part of the program.

That we may all be on the same level, let me add, incidentally, that neither do "The women" allow our various cares to combine the business of our lives in one great point—the art of dining; but, when we may justly pride ourselves in this service, we can and do enjoy high life on either a physical or intellectual plane.

Tonight our Club rejoices in celebrating its fourth anniversary. As we grow in years, we grow in grace and wisdom, shall I say, evidenced by a great departure on the part of the Club this year, in having with us at our banquet board others than our own club members. One of our members, will now in behalf of the Club, welcome "Our guests—the gentlemen"—Mrs. Johnson.

Mrs. Johnson then gave the address of welcome to our guests, the gentlemen, in a graceful toast that put the guests quite at their ease and made them feel that they were very welcome:

Madam Toast Mistress, our guests and the ladies of the Friday Club:

I take great pleasure in welcoming to our annual banquet the husbands and friends of our members. Our toast-mistress has intimated that I have been especially solicitous to have the gentlemen included in our birthday celebration, but I am persuaded to say that it has been the sentiment of every member of the Club.

I will add, however, that my motive was partially a selfish one, for while I am pleased and gratified that you are with us this evening, I had hoped that you would not only favor us with your presence, but also that it might be so arranged that the gentlemen would respond to all the toasts, for toasting means talking, and you will all concede that ladies are not at home when it comes to talking.

To be sure you have been included in some of our special meetings and at our banquet of a year ago the husband of our hostess was prevailed upon to appear at an opportune moment and respond to the toast, "Woman, the enigma of the 19th century, we do not understand her but will never give her up," which was very graciously received by the ladies present. That, together with your evident appreciation of our hospitality, especially at the last picnic, for we have not forgotten your very flattering resolutions passed on that occasion, induced us to share the pleasures of this evening with you.

We, as an organization, are sometimes accused of being exclusive and are occasionally called selfish, but we hope never to become so engrossed in the work of our Club that we can not enjoy an occasional social meeting with those of our friends outside of our membership.

In conclusion let me repeat that it is with extreme pleasure that we thus greet you, our guests, and trust that for this occasion you will have a kindly remembrance.

Mrs. Voss then asked for Mr. Kuehnle's response showing that she understood the weakness of the legal mind by asking him to tell the whole truth:

Mr. Kuehnle, on behalf of the gentlemen guests, responded to the address of welcome of Mrs. Johnson and said, in part, as follows:—

He offered to be sworn by an officer of the court to "tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth" as admonished by the toast mistress. He said that he had not time to go around to canvass the gentlemen in in-

vidually as to whether or not they came of their own free will and accord or whether they were glad to be there, nor had they individually authorized him to thank the Friday Club for their kindness and hospitality. He, however, ventured to take it for granted that the gentlemen were all duly appreciative of the kindness of the ladies, and their ravenous appetites were abundant proof of the excellence of the feast set before them, fit even for a king. He felt that he could not do justice to the subject (as he had to the feast) but that he desired to pay tribute to the womanliness of their hostesses and testified to their excellent culinary and house-keeping qualities as well as to their intellectual proficiency, vivacity and culture. Although the sphere of woman is the home, she should not neglect the heart and mind.

The influence of a band of women, united for a common intellectual purpose, as is the Friday Club, can not be overestimated in the community in which they live. Not only are they personally improved mentally and morally, but their influence goes out to the other women of the community, and the men in sheer shame are driven to talk something else besides shop and to post up upon current literature and themes other than politics and business. Such an intellectual wave, thus started by the Friday Club, goes out and out almost to infinitude, like the waves of the ocean. He said that the influence of women in the past has not always been upon the side of the good and beautiful, as witness Cleopatra and Helen of Troy, but he quite agreed with Toodle when he said:

Woman is a trump,  
If for her sake some human errors fall,  
Look in her face and you'll forget them all.  
Or with the other poet who said:

As for the women,  
You may scorn and fust 'em,  
You may live with  
You cannot live without 'em.

An old bachelor proposed the toast: "The union of the states and the union of the sexes, the one is the beginning of man's independence and the other is the end of it."

Mr. Kuehnle proposed as a substitute the following toast: "Here's to independent woman, who first inspired man for a desire for independence, to whom he willingly resigns his personal independence and without whom independence is not worth having."

The speaker referred to the wonderful progress made by woman in late years. She has taken wonderful strides—in fact, she has been a great stepper. (Laughter.)

He said in a fitting tribute to woman; to her benign and restraining influence, ever man, her helpfulness, her kindness of heart, her charitableness, her sympathy, her cheerfulness, and above all, her undying devotion and love. In all that pertains to the heart, woman excels man as the mountain peaks o'er top the plains. Her presence is a benediction, her love the protecting Aegis of man. Her smile is music and poetry. And yet, great and potent and powerful as she is, without man she would be like a samson, short of her strength.

The speaker closed with a poem entitled "The Mermaid Club," which gave an account of the Mermaid Culture Club at their club house "neath the sea, as they discussed, "Sunshades and umbrellas, tan slippers or prunellas."

And when at last a mermaid rose,  
And read a thesis to expose  
The latest in wit and hose,  
I felt my reason rocking.

But when at last thing was o'er,  
And I was again back on shore,  
I felt to moralizing,  
And as remembrance came to me  
Of other clubs not in the sea.  
Of essays read by ladies fair,  
Upon the "why" and "whence" and "where,"  
Said I, "It's not surprising."

Mr. Kuehnle's toast was well received and was followed by Mrs. McCoy's on "The Submerged Half, or the Men we have left behind us."

The dauntless courage of woman is shown in the fact of her attempting to dispose of even the "submerged half" in a two-minute speech. That she has also discretion—that better part of valor—may be gathered from her waiting till after her audience had eaten, according to the good old theory that the best time to approach a man upon a difficult subject is just after he had a good dinner. The Friday Club has revised that as well as some other theories as it finds by experience that it is the only time it can get a man to listen to it at all. So far in our history no member of the sterner sex has paid the Club the compliment of visiting it at a common working meeting, two or three times a year we lure them in with promises of something to eat and having killed the fatted calf in their honor and given at least a semblance of a program, for even at our festivals, we never forget that we are a literary club, we listen meekly to some allegical wit on our efforts, and to show our continued good will in a few months do it all over again. It is said "there is a tide in the affairs of men, as well as in the affairs of men," and as that tide seems to be setting strongly woman's way we can afford to be magnanimous, for "with all their faults we love them still" and would not do without them if we could.

The kind of "men we have left behind us" is illustrated by the following or true tale:

Once upon a time, in a certain county, which shall for the present be nameless, the old settlers decided to have a picnic and a feature of the occasion each township was to be represented by one of its citizens, who, in a brief speech was to give items of interest concerning early days in his community. The day came, bright and sunny, and after dinner and the usual preliminaries were over, the orators were called upon. Alas! of the twenty townships but three responded, and they were the ones that had wisely chosen women to represent them. Sixteen men and not a word to say. No equal number of women ever had a record like that.

"The men we left behind us" are those who still believe in an education based strictly on the R's—all else is fads and foolishness. Men who have never outgrown the beauty of that simile of the "sturdy oak and clinging vine," who have looked more into the past for their ideals than into the all conquering present, and so have failed to see that woman has not only made the most of the opportunities she had but has reached out for all others in sight and her rise has been correspondingly rapid. They are submerged by their own prejudices, but were to the "rash mortal who would raise them up" to a purer air and a broader view, "if prejudices are stubborn things and it were better to let them be still further submerged by our indifference."

The ideal man has been described as "one who knows instinctively when to

be a silent and when an active partner, who goes bravely to the front when there is money to be earned and cheerfully to the rear when it is to be spent." Such a man will never be left behind us, though he might be submerged by feminine admiration and curiosity or by masculine derision.

But steadily the real climbs up toward the ideal, and the real man—the man we know believes heartily in the principle of fair play, he has given proof that he is willing to battle for the oppressed and down-trodden at home or abroad, is brave and generous to friend or foe, and whether in stormy war or smiling peace is true to himself and his country.

Mrs. McCoy always does well, but fairly outdid herself and was warmly applauded.

Mrs. Voss then remarked "that the cat came back," likewise the Submerged Half, and that Mr. Meyers would tell "How the Other Half Live." We give his toast in part:

So here's to our beautiful hosts tonight,  
Who now for the first time give  
A moment's thought to the question vexed,  
Of how we shall live.

And here's to the supper that late Friday night  
And here's to the coffee that's cold,  
And here's to the games of the Friday Club,  
And the wives who don't know how to scold.

From Kipling to Cuba their fancies run free,  
Not a thought of the man who waits for ten  
But far may it be, both from you or from me,  
If such learned creatures base critics to be.

Then three times three for the Friday Club,  
To its maids and maudlin fair,  
And may its shadow never grow less,  
And may we in its banquets share.

The next was Mrs. Martyn's toast to "Dear Old Denison, her Maids and Matrons, her Men and her Manners." We are very glad to be able to give in full Mrs. Martyn's lovely tribute to our town:

Only a few present this evening can look back over twenty years and recall how dear old Denison has grown from a small town to a city of culture and refinement. But those pioneer days had their good cheer, social hours and now their happy memory. The discomforts were bravely borne and there was much in the friendships of those early days to sweeten even literary and social privations. We not only recall many pleasant families that lived here in days of yore, but it is pleasant to know that from their scattered homes at all points of the compass, their fond recollections turn still toward Denison, and with many it has proved a magnet drawing them back again with irresistible charm. Denison has ever been a highly favored town, beautiful for situation, overlooking the Boyer Valley, it has been the joy of many hearts. It has been preeminently the home of education, refinement and sociability. As needed, its hills have been lowered and its valleys exalted. The touch of modern improvement has kept it abreast with the age in railroad, telephone and electricity as well as in architecture.

The society of our city has ever been a source of pride. Her maidens in their teens have ever been sweet and charming in their manners, vivacious in spirit, bright in wit, educated in mind, they have given zest to society, and brought to their shrines the homage of many masculine hearts. With enthusiasm they have climbed the hill of science, not mere butterflies of fashion, they have esteemed knowledge better than shining gold. From their recent number has gone forth one to a distant missionary post of consecrated usefulness, while another has won merited laurels with her artist brush in the metropolitan city of the west. And what a host of minds have been moulded by their teaching and charmed by their music.

What shall we say of our matrons with their many womanly virtues? They have cared for their households with diligent industry, watched at the bedside and alleviated the woe of the distressed in sweet ministrations of charity, in the social circle graced the hospitable board with queenly tact, cultured minds and hearts in church worship and literary clubs, and from their number have been chosen three presidents of National and State Relief Corps as well as temperance workers and teachers of high repute.

Of our men, I think it can truthfully be said that Denison possesses more men of comparatively large incomes, who are ever ready with generous and noble impulses for the advancement of every good and progressive cause.

There have arisen from our midst professional men of every degree. Physicians, lawyers, judges, representatives and senators, and the governor of this great commonwealth of Iowa, and such power of influence do we wield as to bring the President of the United States to our doors.

The old proverb hath it "that manners maketh the man." The manners of our people are the language of innate refinement and the broadening influence of educational culture. Our social circles are but the union of many cultured homes. The latch-string of hospitality has ever characterized our citizenship, and the warm glow of welcome has been reflected from the hearth-stone. These courtesies and amenities have not only sweetened social life, but has made the stranger within our gates to feel speedily at home, and the name of "Denison" itself has become proverbial for happy home life, social cheer, and courtesies that spring spontaneously from generous souls and genuine friendships.

Anew tonight we realize that our home life in Divine Providence has fallen in a pleasant place, and we pledge afresh our heartfelt affection and loyal devotion to dear old Denison, the fond mother of us all.

The last formal toast was "Our Club and the Comradeship" by Miss Meyers. She spoke of the absent members and the regret felt by all present that they could not attend the banquet. Next on the program was the loving cup which passed from one to another, each one pledging some one. A great many bright things were said. We wish we had space to give them all. Among them were:

Here's to that glorious morning in May, when Dewey entered Manila bay.

Here's to the man who builds the fire so early in the morning.

Mr. Mahoney was taken by surprise but answered at once. "Here's to the woman who gets breakfast a little later."

Here's to the Club babies, long may they wave in the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Here's to the man that when he's kissed runs and tells his mother, oh

may he live and die an old bach and never get another.

Here's to the woman who has pockets in all in all her gowns.

The health of the president, Gov. Shaw, the hostess and host, the toast mistress, honory members, Club brides, picnics, the none were forgotten, and so many graceful and clever things were said that a glow of goodfellowship and good cheer pervaded the rooms. Too much credit can hardly be given Mrs. Philbrook, and her lovely hospitality will be long remembered. One pretty feature was a vacant chair at the table in honor of the absent and honory members. Asking the gentlemen was a departure from the Club's habit, but we believe the "expansion idea" was a success, and if the gentlemen who had toasts meant half they said the ladies will feel well repaid.

Mrs. McAlister of Chicago and Miss Plimpton of Cleveland, Ohio, were the out of town guests.

Thus closed one of the never-to-be-forgotten days of the Friday Club.

## EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

The present campaign has been characterized by considerable apathy on both sides. This state of affairs shows two things, first that people are well satisfied with existing conditions and second that no great fear is entertained but that these conditions are to continue. Times of great political excitement only manifest themselves when a large number of the voters desire a radical change and when an opposing force fears that such a change may be made. The apathy of the present campaign is therefore in itself an endorsement of the administration and the existing state of affairs.

In millinery styles it is said that the smaller tows are always from a year to two years behind the styles of New York. In politics the democracy of Crawford county is way behind the times.

In the east the democracy of several states has declared against the 16 to 1 dogma and even in Iowa in the only district which is naturally democratic the congressional nominee has virtually repudiated his party platform. Free silver is still a rallying cry sufficient to call together the crank hypocritical reformers of the republican districts. It is a good enough will-o-the-wisp with which to lure the money from the pockets of wealthy victims of senile dementia with the bestowal of petty honors, but where votes are required, where it is necessary to appeal to reason as well as prejudice, the 16 to 1 foolery is dropped. The democratic courtesan is ready with a smile for all, so that the price be paid, whether it be gold standard, silver standard or no standard at all.

On "expansion" the attitude of the democratic party is elastic enough to cover every shade of opinion. David B. Hill is an expansionist and so are more than half the democrats of the country, but the small bore democratic leaders of Iowa are opposed to it. Why bleed their poor little shriveled souls, they never had an expansion idea in their lives. A thought of either national or individual grandeur would go to their heads and kill them on the spot.

But the agitators agitate in vain this year. Even the old prohibition bugaboo has failed to draw the Germans of Scott county from their allegiance to sound money. The people are satisfied. It is easy enough to convince a hungry man that some one has wronged him, but the well fed, well clothed, well housed men of America are simply sitting back in their easy chairs smoking a comfortable pipe and letting the calamity phonographs grind on. They are not getting excited however and there is a quite sardonic smile on their faces and after election a general laugh will go around over the comical contortions and wierd gesticulations of these agitators who failed to agitate. They are simply the court buffoons of the American people and their proprietors are enjoying their antics with huge amusement.

We have been studying up democratic authorities to find out what part, if any, the republican party played in the war with Spain. No less an authority than D. B. Hill tells us that it was democracy who forced the war on the republican party. That it was the democrats who voted supplies, raised the men, led and filled the regiments and won the victories. We saw so many similar statements that we feared it was really so and that the republican party had taken no part in and was responsible for no portion of the war. It was a mistake for we find that every democratic authority agrees that the typhoid fever is particularly a republican institution and is in fact the only thing in the conduct of the war which is directly chargeable to the McKinley administration. "Strange isn't it?"

When speaking of our splendid victories, of the rapid mobilization of our troops, of the wise and statesmanlike courses pursued every democratic paper agrees that the democratic party is entitled to the glory. The few democrats in congress, and Mr. Bryan, who has expended so much force in trying to get out of the army, were the whole show. But when it comes to typhus that is republican. For shame gentlemen, if it was your war take the typhus along with the rest of it. If the republican administration is responsible for the sufferings of the army it is also responsible for its victories.

## COMING NOV. 2.

Lovers of high class entertainment will hail with joy the announcement that Camp No. 315, Modern Woodmen of America, has secured Prof. John Watson, clarinetist, and company of professional artists, for Wednesday, Nov. 2. This is one of the best high class entertainments travelling on the road today. The Camp is sparing no pains to make it a success. Invitations have been extended to surrounding Camps to be present, and Germania Opera House will undoubtedly be filled to its fullest seating capacity. Here is what the Davenport Daily Republican says of the company:

"The grand concert given last night at the New Grand opera by the celebrated clarinetist, Prof. John Watson and his company of artists, proved to be a musical feast. Every selection was strictly classic and rendered with wonderfully perfect execution.

The evening's entertainment opened with the rendition of Sonata Appassionata op. 75, by Beethoven, executed by Prof. E. A. Patchen. Prof. Patchen truly earned the favors extended by the audience. This talented gentleman might be taken for Paderewski if he would grow a head of foot ball hair. As he appeared last night he looked very much like Lincoln and while he may never have split rails he can come as near splitting the piano as any one of their kind knows of.

The appearance of Prof. Watson was the signal for expectation and the house was as quiet as if no one were present. The noted clarinetist superbly rendered Verdi's Fantasia Di Concerto by Bido Basso, which was well received. Prof. Watson is indeed an artist and the varied tones he produces clearly places him a peer in his professional line.

Perhaps the greatest hit of the evening was made by Miss Agnes Reid, the humorous impersonator. Miss Reid is decidedly clever and throws the audience into convulsions of laughter and at times holds the audience spell-bound as if she possessed mesmeric influence. She responded to encores gracefully and made the following moments the more pleasurable.

Still More Compliments.

A. F. Kadock is getting compliments from all sides, from republicans, democrats and independents. Wherever he goes he is meeting encouragement. This is very gratifying to his friends and to himself. Here is what the Manilla Register says:—

"A. F. Kadock of Charter Oak, the republican candidate for county auditor, was in town Tuesday and Wednesday. Mr. Kadock is a young man of intelligence as well as integrity and if elected will no doubt make an efficient officer. He is rapidly growing in public favor, which taken together with the popularity of the two-term rule, makes his election the most probable of any candidate on the republican ticket."

Mr. Del. Keith, eldest son of A. B. Keith, was a Denison visitor the past few days. Del left Denison a mere boy and no one knew him on his return. He is a chemist and holds a responsible position as assayer for a mining firm in Montana. His friends of younger days were pleased at again seeing him and reminiscences were exchanged.

J. N. Bradley was taken quite ill on Monday. While in the ware house working he was very suddenly overcome by dizziness, but after a time was able to reach Mr. Cassaday's drug store where medical assistance was had. At present writing he is getting along nicely.

We would call the especial attention of our readers to the advertisement of Hanson & Co., the enterprising merchants at Kiron. This firm believes in keeping good goods, and they want the people to know it, and realize that the REVIEW does the work.

The meeting addressed by Messrs. Lally and MacLennan at Buck Grove on Friday evening was well attended. The arguments set forth by these gentlemen were well taken, and carried a great deal of weight with them.

Mrs. Eugene Gulick entertained on Friday afternoon complimentary to her guests, Mesdames Smith, Shaw and Dunn. Everyone had a very enjoyable visit with the ladies and regretted their early departure.

Messrs. Sim Sims, I. L. Pease, Dr. Gibson, A. H. Brown and W. C. Rollins set forth yesterday afternoon with great anticipations on a hunting tour. No need to say they came back in a different spirit.

The advertisement of furnished house on Main and Chestnut streets gives some family an excellent opportunity of moving to town for the winter, to educate their children.

W. H. Laub and wife and H. C. Laub and wife have issued cards for an at home on Friday evening at the home of H. C. Laub.

Miss Hattie McWilliams left this morning for Marshalltown where she will attend the state C. E. convention.

Mrs. A. N. Jordan of Dunlap, is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Raine, a few days.

Bond & Warbasse expect to move in to their new apartments on the corner of Main and Tremont streets.

Mrs. Sarachon, mother of the Sarachon Sisters, is, we are sorry to say, feeling very poorly.

Special Excursion to Omaha.

October 28-29, 1898, the C. & N. W. Ry. will sell excursion tickets at very low rates. Train leaves Denison 7 a. m. Tickets good to return on any regular train same day. For particulars apply to agent.

## HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

The high school reading room now receives a REVIEW. The name was taken off the subscription list during the summer vacation, and through neglect of those having it in charge, the paper failed to reach us last month.

Oh say! Did you see the foot ball game on Saturday last. If you didn't, you missed seeing the cleanest, and one of the best games that has ever been played on the home grounds. It is true that neither of the teams had practiced much, but each side put up a stiff game and did themselves credit. Ralph Seymour, Chester Potter and Alfred Larson played on the High school team, all of them having attended school last year. The first half was not so closely contested as the last one, the High school being easily able to break through their opponents line and make long runs around the ends, scoring a touchdown. The goal was a difficult one, and was missed. The rules regulating the score of the touchdown and goal have been changed since last year, the touchdown counting 5 and the goal 1, against 4 for the former and 2 for the latter of last year. The pig-skin was kept near the center of the field during the rest of the first half.

Score—High school 5. College 0.

Mr. Hardy joined the College team the beginning of the last half, filling the position of full back. The College kicked off, our team advancing the ball to about the twenty-five yard line. In a succession of downs and costly fumbles the college team obtained the ball, forcing it by good interference around left end to our ten yard line, but they went no further. Repeated attempts to force the center resulted in failure, as Lee was right there, and end runs made them no gain. The High school gets the ball. A center play is made with no gain. An end run is then tried. The interference is slow in forming and the ball is downed. "Last down, four yards to gain," shouted the lineman. Everything is excitement. Groups of girls wearing the red are asking, "did our side win?" and the High school girls with the yellow streamers are asking each other how the game stands. The teams line up. The signals are given slowly, as our boys need a little rest, all get ready for a grand rush and a center play is tried. Lee makes a large opening, but the four yards are not gained. The College team gets the precious pig skin. Two downs, no gain. An end run is tried, the interference gets well into play and everyone shouts, "a touchdown." The girls wearing the red all tell each other how it was done, but the lovers of the yellow congratulate themselves upon the fact that the play only ties the game, and that there is still some hope. Soon the play is resumed about five yards from the goal. The touchdown was not counted, as the ball was pushed across the foul line before it reached the goal. Now the College girls look sad, but there is but five yards to gain and this may yet be made. Three downs, no gain. The High school advances the ball five yards. Time is called and the game is ended. No points were made by either side during the last half, but some good playing was executed. This ended the first game for D.H.S. Score—High School 5. College 0.

There will be a teachers meeting held at the high school building next Saturday. A good program is arranged for.

Narrow Escape of Surveying Party.

Seattle, Wash., Oct. 24.—Copper river advices say that while a detachment of Capt. Abercrombie's government surveying party were crossing the Tonsina river their craft became unmanageable and was carried down stream. One of the party, Archer, from San Francisco, was swept off by an overhanging bush and drowned. All the provisions were swept away. The party reached Tonal in an exhausted condition.

A Soldier Stabbed.

San Francisco, Oct. 24.—Richard Chetwood, of company I, First Tennessee, was stabbed in the back Monday morning while in a saloon. Chetwood was on the provost guard, and was trying to arrest an unknown private when the latter stabbed him with a bayonet. Chetwood's condition is critical.

Eight Inches of Snow.

St. Paul, Minn., Oct. 24.—A Bozeman (Mont.) special to the Dispatch says: Snow fell to a depth of eight inches within the last 24 hours, delaying threshing for some time. It is the first heavy snowstorm of the season.

Decided Against the Railroads.

Washington, Oct. 24.—The United States supreme court Tuesday decided the Joint Traffic association railroad case in favor of the United States and against the railroads.

Crew of Stranded Vessel Rescued.

Halifax, N. S., Oct. 24.—The crew of the brigantine Irma, which went ashore on Three Cap shoals, entrance to Halifax harbor, Saturday night, were rescued Monday.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to express our sincere thanks to the many kind friends who so nobly aided us during the sickness and death of our darling son and brother, and especially to those who helped to brighten his life during his days of suffering.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN JAMES AND CHILDREN.