

AN ARION LETTER. NEWS OF WEST SIDE NEWS OF DOW CITY.

Hudson Downs spent a few days last week in Avoca.
Skating is the pleasant past time for the young people at present.
The dance given in the hall last Saturday night was not well attended.
Harry Carpenter attended church services in Arion Sunday evening.
The Swiss bell ringers will be in Arion Friday, December 2nd. This will be a fine entertainment.
One day last week a man was selling fine gold-rimmed spectacles very cheap. He claimed to have found them.
Mrs. Jas. Tranter has been dangerously ill since Sunday. Dr. Wright, of Denison, and Dr. Evans have been in constant attendance.
Rev. Thomas Molesworth of Logan, brother of our pastor, preached the first sermon of our revival meeting. The sermon was good and practical.
The persons who are taking the privilege of using other people's horses and carriages after the shades of night have fallen had better be a little cautious as they are being looked after.
Mr. Johnson of Kiron stopped over night here while on his way to Sioux City. He attended church services and showed by his testimony that he was at home in a revival meeting.
Our Aid societies are very busy now. They think they have a splendid plan by which they receive a liberal reward for their labor. If there are any other Aid societies who are interested in the work and wish to know our plan our secretaries will gladly inform them.
The school girls gave a magnificent party at the home of Miss Fay Scott on Thanksgiving evening. However it was a difficult matter for them to so disguise themselves as not to be easily detected. All had a good time and went home at (not a late hour) as all school girls should.
Sunday evening the church building was full and a deep interest was manifested. A request is made for all to be present at the ringing of the last bell, immediately after which the song service begins. A number of new books have been purchased, and all are cordially invited to join in the worship.
A surprise party was given Wednesday evening at Green's hotel in honor of Miss Pearl Green's twenty-second birthday. The young people all enjoyed themselves hugely. After engaging in several games, refreshments were served which consisted of fruits, cake and coffee. Several tokens of love and friendship were bestowed upon her in the shape of many useful and beautiful presents. Pearl is a kind and industrious young lady who has many friends.
Thanksgiving day was spent in the usual way. Many families were united, meeting with loved ones who have returned to the old home after being absent for many years. Many homes were also made sad by absent ones who have been taken away by the hand of Providence, never to return, and the family circle broken forever. Loved ones have been taken whose place can never be filled; all that we have left is the pleasant recollection of what home once was.

We had good sleighing Thanksgiving day.
Robt. Taylor has returned to Wheaton, Ill.
The railroad boys have all received their pay checks for October.
Mr. and Mrs. Welsh are visiting among relatives in Mo. Valley.
Mrs. Gary visited Carroll Wednesday forenoon and returned on No. 3.
Mr. Clearwater visited his daughter, Mrs. Johnson, Thanksgiving day.
Dr. H. H. Bond was in Vail Tuesday and Wednesday, attending to some business matter.
It has been very cold since the snow storm, colder than it has been for many years at this time.
The section men have been busy as bees taking care of the snow and getting the yard in shape again to resume business.
Our schools will be closed the rest of the week to give the teachers a chance to rest up, and the little boy a chance to go hunting.
Frank McConnell, of Arcadia, was down to see the old folks. The McConnell Bros. are building up a good business in Arcadia.
Prof. Rose dropped down with the snow storm Tuesday; he visited our schools and spent the day pleasantly among his many friends.
Miss Ada Fellingham came home to spend Thanksgiving with her parents, and Miss Kail, of Carroll, spent the day with her sister, Mrs. Wagner.
There is quite a little corn out in the field. Cass Kracht has twenty acres to husk yet, and the renter on Peter Hansen's farm, has about the same amount.
Appropriate services were held at the M. E. church Thursday morning. The German Lutheran would have had services too, but their pastor could not get here.
Only passenger trains and perishable freight was moved on the road Thanksgiving day, and the boys were permitted to spend the day with their families.
The snow storm will no doubt spoil the ice this year; it may not be of so good a quality as we usually get, skating will not be good either. The young folks are looking on in disgust and don't know whether to blame the weather man or the administration.
Our former townsman, Jas. McClure, was in a wreck at Council Bluffs Monday. He was motor man on the car that was struck by the fast mail. The trolley got off the wire some way just as they were crossing the Northwestern track and the rear platform of the car was taken off by No. 15. Fortunately no one was severely hurt. It was a close call.
The snow plow passed through Tuesday morning ahead of the early morning passenger trains. The traffic on the road has been badly out of joint the last two or three days. The way freight from the East did not get here at all Monday. The boys tied up at Carroll and dropped down about noon Tuesday. The West local made a little better run, still they did not get in until way late in the night.

Mrs. Field is enjoying a visit from her mother.
Elder C. E. Butterworth left Wednesday for Denon, Iowa.
Occasionally there is a case of chicken pox reported as being among our children.
Mrs. L. Sands went to Missouri Valley to spend Thanksgiving with relatives.
Arthur Cook and wife of Denison ate Thanksgiving dinner with Frank Green and wife.
Our schools closed Wednesday for the remainder of the week on account of Thanksgiving.
Elder D. M. Rudd came home from Nebraska, last Wednesday, where his missionary field is located.
Mrs. Lucy Goff for the past four weeks has been waiting on the sick at Mr. Healy's on the Paradise.
Thanksgiving services were held at the Baptist church, Rev. Molesworth of the M. E. church occupying the pulpit. The L. D. S. also observed the day with appropriate services. We believe all people (especially those who profess Christianity) should honor the day as did our forefathers, by setting it apart for that purpose alone. How shocked would be those old Puritan fathers to look upon this enlightened age (?) and see the day observed in other ways than in giving thanks to God.

HE YOUNG MAN spent his last 25 cent piece in purchasing a bon-tonic of Yale blue violets; then he walked up Fifth avenue, New York, to meditate on what he had to be thankful for.
"My liver is in excellent condition," he reflected, "my sins are not troubling me, and I think I have enough brains to carry me through this difficulty."
Still the fact remained that he didn't know where he was going to get his Thanksgiving dinner, or what was still more important, how he was going to get a ticket for the Yale-Harvard football match.
At first he let his mind dwell on the Thanksgiving days he had spent in the past, and then he gradually veered around to those he had seen described in stories, but he could find no connection between his present case and any he had experienced or seen described.
"In the stories I have read," he thought to himself, "some miserly millionaire is always made happy by having his flinty heart softened so that he spends much money in charity. Now, being poor, I am just in the position to make a miserly rich man happy by letting him help me."
A few minutes more of reflection made the whimsicality of the idea delightful, and he decided to act on it. But the first thing to do was to catch his millionaire. Stepping into a hotel reading room, he looked through a copy of a Sunday paper in which he had noticed a series of interviews with rich men, in which those ever interesting individuals had confided to the reporter their plans for Thanksgiving day. He read:
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THE NEW CHARITY.
BY P. M'ARTHUR.
[Copyright, 1898, by the Author.]
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CHARTER OAK CHATS
T. A. Harris went to Idaho Tuesday.
Rev. McEwin came up from Omaha Wednesday.
Miss Smith spent Thanksgiving at her home in Sioux City.
S. W. Seymour was doing business at the Oak Wednesday.
Una Goodrich visited friends in town over Thanksgiving.
Liveryman McKinstry was down from Ute Wednesday.
Emma McWilliams spent Thanksgiving at her home in Denison.
O. M. Criswell and wife spent Thanksgiving west of town.
Wm. O'Brien returned the first of the week from Nebraska with feeders.
Trains were slightly late the first of the week on account of the storm.
W. C. Johnson looked after the grain business at Buck Grove Wednesday.
Kizzie Baber, of Dow City, spent Thanksgiving with friends in the Oak.
Ruth Richards, of Arion, spent Thanksgiving with her sister at the Hotel Slocum.
The elocutionary entertainment given by Miss Bush, of Des Moines, was enjoyed by all present.
A. J. Bates went to Armour, S. D., Tuesday where he will do carpenter work for C. M. & St. P. Ry.
The public schools had a vacation over Thursday and Friday and the children enjoyed it in the usual way.
Thos. Bickley, who has been foreman of the Republican for the past few months, started Wednesday for Cincinnati where he will work on the Revivalist. Tommie has many friends in the Oak who are sorry to see him go. Mr. Bunce will take his place in the office.

HAPPENINGS AT VAIL.
We are glad to state that Mrs. B. L. King is improving in health.
Joe Robinson came up from Denison to spend Thanksgiving at the Robinson home.
We are pleased to note the improvement of Howard White, son of Clark White.
Emma Dellinger spent Thanksgiving day with Vail relatives and friends.
Al. Kinkade and wife are rejoicing over the arrival of a boy since the first of the week.
Dennis McCollough returned Tuesday from Omaha where he has been the past summer.
Naoma Williamson came up from Denison Thursday for a visit with relatives and friends.
Clinton Paine and M. J. Keane returned Wednesday from Chicago where they had been with cattle.
The shoot which was to have taken place here Thanksgiving was postponed on account of the weather.
John Cook and wife gave a big Thanksgiving dinner to a number of friends and relatives. A large time was reported.
Lawrence Wood of Eddyville, Neb., ate turkey with his family who are visiting at the home of Mrs. Wood's parents, J. P. Fith and wife.
A score or more of railroad graders came down Wednesday and loaded their scrapers and horses and left on the evening fast freight for the east.
Thanksgiving day was quietly spent by most of our people. Business was mostly suspended and many attended the Union services at the Presbyterian church where Rev. Maxwell delivered an appropriate sermon.

BUCK GROVE ITEMS
Perry Roberts of Arion was a Grove visitor Thursday.
Mrs. Dan Hemphill is quite ill at her home south of town.
Mrs. Jas. Tranter is quite ill at her home west of town.
Mrs. Robt. Moffit is laid up at home with a sprained ankle.
Insurance men are quite plenty in this part of the county.
Jay Bicknell, who has been sick for some time, is somewhat better.
J. Welsh and T. McKenna were at Denison on business Saturday.
Mayor Johnson of Charter Oak was a Grove business visitor Wednesday.
The blizzard of this week has caught lots of corn in the field yet to be husked.
Lizzie Mitchell and Mrs. J. Welsh were visiting friends at Dunlap last week.
A. M. Blinn of New York was in town on business several days last week.
On account of the storm this week the trains of the Milwaukee road have all been late.
Everybody in town today is stuffing himself with turkey, but Oh! the regrets to-morrow.
J. Doff, J. F. Wiley, E. Stegeman, S. M. Thew and J. B. Bill, all prominent farmers, were in town this week.
Our photographer will remain in town until December 2d. All those wishing to avail themselves of a first-class artist should call at once.

NORTH GROVE HAPPENINGS.
Web Dustin is about through husking corn.
Mr. Ash has been husking corn for Mr. Johnston.
G. H. Brown is to teach the O'Banion school this winter.
Mr. Poitevan is to teach the Binnall school this winter.
Frank Brundige husked corn Mr. Hartwick this year.
The Hon. W. A. Davie is through husking corn; the listed corn made the best yield.
Mr. Parmentier tied his cow to a tree and upon returning found her tangled in the rope dead.
L. E. Brown recently found one his horses dead in the pasture with a 22 bullet hole in him. Hunters should be careful.
Sam Kline is intending to move back on his farm as soon as he can get possession, which will add one more republican vote to Boyer township.
There is very little hog cholera in this neighborhood; corn is 25c. hogs \$3.00 per hundred pounds, which leaves a fair margin of profit to the owner of well-bred hogs.
Mr. Guy Brown and wife were trading in Denison last week. If our business men in Dunlap would do a little advertising in the REVIEW the farmer living near Dunlap might not be driving to Denison for advertised bargains.

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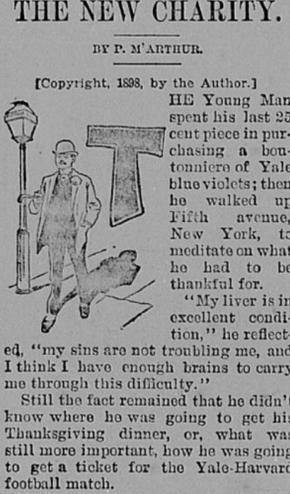
DENISON MARKET SUMMARY.
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I Am Thankful—
That I never studied football at college.
That I never praised the poetry of my female friends.
That I never was sick more than two weeks at a time.
That a glass of whisky never put me into an exalted state.
That I never bluffed in a poker game at the wrong time.
That I never repeated a poor joke without feeling sorry for it.
That I never abused the trust put in me by my wife or the grocer.
That I never let my neighbors know the extent of my learning.
That I never originated a theory concerning the origin of microbes.
That I never patented anything intended to revolutionize the age.
That I never used a word of eight syllables when one of six would do.
That I never let my tailor wait more than nine months for his bill.
That I never smoked a bad cigar except in the seclusion of my sanctum.
That I never had any leanings toward philosophy, riding breeches or canvas-back duck.—Boston Globe.

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HE CHEERED WITH THE LOUDEST.
and the result is that all the feelings of your boyhood are imprisoned in your wrinkled old heart. Now, won't you give that boy a holiday?
Mr. Putancall wavered, recovered himself, then hesitated again, and when he looked into the frank, good humored eyes that were watching him, he yielded completely. He was experienced enough in the world to know that their honesty was unmistakable. Grasping the proffered hand, he wrung it with the hearty enthusiasm of youth.
"Good!" exclaimed the Young Man. "Now, let me use your telephone for a few minutes, and I will order a dinner; then we will go to the football match."
"I have only \$30," said Mr. Putancall while the young man was waiting for central to answer.
"That's more than enough," he replied. "We can have the time of our lives on that. Hello! Is that the Deldorf? Tell the head waiter to come to the phone. It is always better to order a dinner like this ahead," he observed to Mr. Putancall, who had put on his street coat by this time.
"Hello! Is that you, Jean? Yes; I want you to get up a Thanksgiving dinner for two to be served in one of the private rooms at 7 sharp. No, sir, you can't have carte blanche. I know just what I want. Now take down what I tell you. First I want two orders of clams—oysters are a superstition," he remarked aside. "Got that? Then something really good in a clear soup. You may decide on that yourself. Next we want a Lake Ontario whitefish. What's that? The close season for them, you say? I know it is, but that shouldn't trouble you. Oh, you think you know where you can get one? All right, and this is the way you are to cook it: Dress a two pound fish and put it on the range in a kettle of cold water. As soon as the water comes to a boil take it off, and the fish will be done. Notice if the flesh cracks open at the back of the neck, and you can tell if it is done exactly right. Then you are to serve it with egg sauce. Next we want roast turkey—a turkey hen, remember, not a muscular gobbler—and you are to stuff it with old fashioned country dressing of onion and bread crumbs. Then we want apples, nuts and such things. Besides, you are to send down to that little old liquor store on Chambers street for a couple of bottles of hard cider—the special brand that the farmers put white wheat in and flavor with sassafras. Got it down all right? And be sure to have dinner ready to serve at 7 o'clock. Goodby."
"Now," exclaimed the Young Man, "we must hurry if we want to be in time for the football match."
"Are we going there?" asked Mr. Putancall, with mingled surprise and uneasiness.
"Certainly we are. What would Thanksgiving day be without taking in the football match? We just have time to catch the next 'L' express if we rush."



HE WHO WAS DOING EVERYTHING, and when they met a speculator who had tickets to sell he pushed forward with the remark:
"Now you must let me buy the tickets."
The Young Man smiled, for it was evident that he had succeeded completely. The millionaire had practically forgotten all the unpleasant features of the talk in his office and was buying the tickets as if the idea of buying them had just occurred to him as an act of friendship.
At first Mr. Putancall felt a trifle out of place and confused, but his young friend was so attentive in explaining the points of the game and the enthusiasm of the crowd was so infectious that he often forgot himself and cheered with the loudest.
During the dinner there was but little conversation. Being a true epicure the Young Man ate in silence, and Mr. Putancall's mind was too much confused with unaccustomed thoughts for him to do any talking. But when they had quaffed their cider and lit their cigars the Young Man leaned back in his chair and remarked:
"I trust you have enjoyed the day?"
"Indeed I have. This is the best dinner I have ever eaten."
"True. And it is one of the things you have been working for all your life, though you didn't know it."
The rich man said nothing for a few minutes. Then he brightened and exclaimed:
"See here, I have taken a great fancy to you, and, if you will let me, I think I can do something for you."
"Indeed?"
"There are many openings in life for young men who have ideas, and I have seen enough of you to know that you are original."
The Young Man bowed gravely.
"Which means," he said, "that in return for my kindness to you today you would coop me up in an office and by the dull routine of business reduce me to an uninspired machine like yourself. By helping me to earn the means of enjoying life you would kill in me the power of enjoyment. Why, you didn't even know you had a palate until I ordered this dinner for you. Your stomach is simply a kind of fire box into which you put a certain amount of fuel every day in order to keep up your steam. Your heart has long been merely a force pump, never thrilled by enthusiasm or human emotions, and your brain is a kind of spider that continually spins schemes to entrap the unwary. Today, for the first time since you have been a boy, there has been something human aroused in you, and your offer, while absurd in the extreme, shows that you might do some good in the world if you only knew how."
"Well, then, will you teach me?"
"I can't promise. I am not charitable by nature, and I think I have done enough today in the way of putting a fellow being on the true road to enjoyment. Perhaps we who are poor are too selfish in keeping our troubles to ourselves instead of making rich men happy by letting them help us, but we have our faults just like other people."
Mr. Putancall could make no reply to this enigmatical speech, so he did all that was in his power—he paid the bill.
"But let us part as friends," said the Young Man, putting out his hand as they reached the street.
"Aren't you going to tell me your name?"
"No. I prefer, like the good fairies in the stories, to be nameless."
They shook hands, and the Young Man disappeared in the crowd, perhaps in quest of a new adventure, and the millionaire returned to his cheerless apartments, wondering if it all had been a dream.



THOUSANDS BURNED TO DEATH.
Tacoma, Wash., Nov. 24.—Oriental advices say that the houses destroyed by fire at Hankow October 1 numbered more than 18,000, and that 3,500 persons were burned to death.
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