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## EDITORIAL COLUMN

### EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

There seems to be a question of veracity between a certain member of the recent Democratic conference held at Des Moines, and the half-dozen newspaper correspondents who were on the ground to report the proceedings. The newspaper men report what was said as to the abandonment of 16 to 1 as an issue, and who said it. They quote from Chairman Townsend's remarks and give figures as to campaign contributions upon his authority. They tell that General Weaver spoke against the abandonment of the silver issue and give the names of those supporting his contentions. All this is met by a simple denial from the member of the conference. He gives no details of what did occur but states that the abandonment of silver was not discussed. Even did we not know the parties involved we would be inclined to give the benefit of the doubt to the half dozen or so correspondents representing papers having different political tendencies, and under the circumstances we have no hesitation in saying that the statements of the correspondents are undoubtedly true.

One thing which all agree was accomplished by the conference was the doing away with the tri-partite farce. It has certainly been laughable to see the same delegate sitting as a democrat, a populist and a silver republican and then coming home and cheering himself because he was unanimous. We are glad to get the enemy out into the open, glad that they are to throw off their mask of pretended republicanism. Henceforth they are democrats, and the next time brother republican that one of their demagogical leaders comes round and insinuates that except for the silver question he is as good a republican as you are and that he still has the interests of the grand old party at heart, just tell him that you know better, that he has crawled in between the democratic sheets and must lie in the democratic bed, and that you would think more of him if he did not act so ashamed of his bed-fellow.

We like to see manhood in politics. We hate shams and hypocrisies, and in this we believe the great mass of the people agree. No man and no newspaper ever gained anything by being afraid to say his soul is his own. Do not do it, friends. The questions upon which the two parties are divided are certainly great enough to command your serious attention. Give these questions the consideration they deserve, try to throw off your prejudices, to lay aside self interest, and to decide the questions on their merits alone.

At the closing of the year, when partisan strife is lulled, it may be well to review the principles advocated by the two great parties in an as impartial a manner as is possible.

The democratic party believes in the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1.

The republican party believes in basing the value of our coinage on gold, which is the standard of value used by nearly all the other nations with which we do business. That is in making our currency and other coinage redeemable in gold.

The democratic party believes in a tariff for revenue only. This means a tariff placed upon necessary articles such as tea, coffee, etc., without regard to conditions of manufacture or production in this country.

The republican party believes in adjusting the tariff so that it will provide the necessary income and at the same time protect from foreign competition such manufactures or products as may need such protection.

The democratic party, originally believed in as little government as possible, that is that the individual should be allowed to work out his own life problem with the least possible governmental interference. Since the populist element has entered so largely into democracy however, it has become infused with socialistic tendencies—we do not use the term socialistic in any deprecatory sense, but in the sense of enlarged governmental powers, and the sinking of the individual. This tendency finds expression in sundry planks favoring government ownership of railroads etc. It is not universal with the democratic party, however, and these expressions increase or decrease accordingly as the populist influence has been much or little felt. In the same way it may be said that one of the principles of the democratic party is the suppression of the negro vote in the south, not a universal dogma of the party, but one which is accepted and believed in by a large number of democratic faith, and in fact by the controlling element of the party.

The republican party favors the free use of the ballot by every person to whom it is guaranteed by the constitution. In regard to socialistic tendencies it is conservative, believing that it is best to meet these issues as they appear, that the industrial and commercial world must largely solve its own problems and that anything which takes

from a man the incentive of personal ambition is unhealthy.

On the question of expansion both parties are divided. To illustrate, Reed, Cleveland and Bryan stand together in opposition, while McKinley, Wheeler, and many democrats stand for it. It is not then a question upon which any political alignment as between democrat and republican can be made.

The four questions therefore, which are to decide ones political affiliations are then these, the currency, the tariff, industrial and commercial questions, and the question of suffrage. Both parties are made up of millions of people in every walk of life, poor and rich, employer and employee, honest men and scoundrels, so that the plea that one party is vastly superior to the other either in personnel or in tender solicitude for the people is but the special pleading of the partisan and should have no weight with that great jury—the people. The solution of these four problems is then what should be the deciding point as to which party you should belong. We ask our readers, especially the young men who have not as yet become bound down by party fetters and personal obligations, if they will not give some time and thought and study to these great questions of government?

We were greatly surprised the other day to hear a sturdy German farmer say that he was still a democrat but on account of prohibition only. He said he had been back to Scott county and had found that nearly all of his old time friends and neighbors were back in the old republican fold. We asked him if it was because they had all turned prohibitionists. He said no they had not, but that they were fairly satisfied with the present liquor law and had become republicans on the question of sound money. We then asked him what he thought of the money question and he said he did not exactly know, but that he had made up his mind to study the question and if he became satisfied that free silver was not best he would throw aside his lingering prohibition prejudices and become a republican. We believe he will do as he says, he is the kind of a man whose word counts for a great deal and we are confident that if he studies the silver question he will become a republican. In fact there is no better way to become a republican than to thoroughly study the free silver proposition.

It is not the knowledge of what free silver means that is harmful to republicanism, but that sort of half knowledge that hazy grasping after something free that attracts to democracy. One man suggested that if European countries used gold and if the silver dollar was worth but fifty cents that when the European merchant came to this country to buy he would pay, say \$1.00 in gold for his bushel of wheat which would be two dollars in silver the American could then buy two bushels of wheat with his silver money and sell to the European for the gold and repeat the operation until the American grew rich and the foreigner bankrupt. Of course the greatest fault with this argument is that the people living beyond the Atlantic are not natural born fools. We quote this argument simply in support of our proposition that it is the misunderstanding of the silver question and not the understanding of it which does the harm.

### Lived Over a Century.

Milwaukee, Dec. 22.—A Journal special from Chippewa Falls, Wis., says: James McDonald, aged 102, a resident of this city for 40 years, died at St. Joseph's hospital Thursday. He was born in Montreal in 1796. Three children survive him, all residents of this city.

### Oldest Man in New York.

Malone, N. Y., Dec. 22.—News of the death of Patrick Haggerty, probably the oldest man in the state, has reached his friends in Malone. Mr. Haggerty would have been 109 years old on the 17th of March next, and was wonderfully preserved mentally and physically.

### A Brute's Suggestion.

"This thing of being engaged to half a dozen girls isn't what it's cracked up to be, this time of year." "Why not?" "Because you have to make each an expensive gift." "Nonsense! Give each a trifle, and tell her that the more you save, the sooner you can get married."—Puck.

### Good for the Kid.

It is plain to see by the large amount of presents received by the kid, that Santa Claus never kept strict account of half the things that he did.

### He Knew.

Willie—Santa Claus only brings presents to good little boys. Tom (confidentially)—Yes; but he's easily fooled.—N. Y. Journal.

The national board of trade has adopted a resolution favoring the construction of the Nicaragua canal by the United States.

As a result of the grounding of the battleship Massachusetts off Governor's island extensive and expensive repairs will be necessary.

The druggist's clerk at San Francisco in the trial of Mrs. Botkin positively identified her as the woman to whom he had sold a quantity of arsenic.

## MABEL'S CIGAR.

A CHRISTMAS TALE BY ERNEST JARROLD.

(Copyright, 1898, by the Author.)



TOM RAFFERTY was killed before Santiago. The bullet which ended Tom's earthly pilgrimage also shattered a 5 cent cigar and performed a tintype of his little daughter Mabel. The cigar was the last token of affection given by Mabel to her father before he marched away to war. Many a night, when aching for a smoke, had Tom taken the poor cigar out of the pocket-book which he always carried over his heart and by the magic of its fragrance had conjured up the tear wet face of his little girl as she had plucked it between his lips, and after looking at the cigar and surreptitiously kissing it he had always carefully wrapped it up in its covering of tin foil again and restored it to his pocket.

His comrades in Company E all know the story of the cigar, and when his body was found in the chaparral and the shattered cigar in his pocketbook it was handled with tender, reverent care, as a sacred thing, to be returned to Tom's wife in the tall east side tenement in New York city.

There was mourning in the house of Tom Rafferty's widow for many days after the tidings of his death, together with the pocketbook, reached New York. The merciful forgetfulness of childhood saved Mabel from the brooding sorrow which consumed her mother. But why her father had not smoked the cigar she could not understand. Neither could she appreciate why he had not taken it to heaven.

The idea of her father being happy in any place where he could not smoke was ridiculous to her childish fancy, for she could not remember her father in his hours of ease without a cigar in his mouth. But the cigar, with the hole made by the Mauser rifle ball through the middle, was placed, with the other little mementos of the dead man, in the bottom drawer of the bureau, where it was hidden from Mabel's sight for many months.

Her mother, however, saw it very often. When weary of the terrible fight with poverty, in the evening when Mabel was asleep, Mrs. Rafferty often took the cigar out of its hiding place and caressed it with lingering tenderness because it brought back sweet memories of her "brave lad," as she was fond of calling her dead husband.

It was June when Tom was killed, and now that her pay was stopped poverty pinched the little family sorely. Especially was this true when the winter months came and the expense of fuel was added to the general outlay from Mrs. Rafferty's slender earnings, and when December came she told Mabel Santa Claus would probably not pay them his usual visit because he had gone away to a far country and could not get back again in time.

"And won't papa have any Christmas presents either?" asked Mabel anxiously. "No, my dear," replied Mrs. Rafferty, with quivering lip. "He is in heaven. Santa Claus never goes there. But never mind, Mabel, we won't worry about it."

But all the time Mabel was thinking how wretched her papa would be in heaven without his Christmas slippers, and especially his cigars. And with the thought of the cigars there flashed across her mind a plan so bold, so audacious, that it nearly took her breath away. Fortunately for the carrying out of her scheme, she fell asleep before she had time to impart it to her mother.

It was a sorrowful Christmas eve for Mrs. Rafferty. She was now living on memories. She recalled the happiness of the previous Christmas time when Tom was with her. Moved by an uncontrollable impulse, she took out of the bureau all of the mementos of the departed—the tear stained package of letters he had sent her from Cuba, the picture of Mabel with the bullet hole through the breast and, last, the cigar. Overcome by her grief, she threw herself upon the bed, forgetting in her anguish to replace the keepsakes in their customary hiding place.

Christmas day broke bright and clear over the city. In her preparations for breakfast in the kitchen Mrs. Rafferty forgot that she had left her precious mementos exposed upon the bureau. Just as she closed the door softly behind her on her way to the grocery Mabel awoke. While putting on her clothing she saw the cigar upon the bureau. She peered into the kitchen and saw that her mother was gone. With her heart beating a lively tattoo against her ribs she seized the cigar and ran down the stairs.

Passengers paused as they saw a little girl fit by with eager face and disappear in the crowd. How she got there was always a mystery, but within an hour after leaving home she stood before a delivery window in the New York postoffice. The top of her golden head just reached the window ledge. The clerk looked down into a pair of wistful blue eyes. "Please, sir," said Mabel, "I want to send a Christmas present to my papa."

"Where is your papa, you little cherub?" said the clerk. "In heaven!" replied Mabel simply. "In heaven!" echoed the clerk agast. "Yes, and mamma says Santa Claus never goes there, so I want to send him a present all by myself. Mamma don't know anything about it, and nobody don't know but me. I want to send it all myself." And she laid upon the window ledge a little roll of brown paper. The clerk opened it and displayed a most disreputable cigar. He bit his lip. He had a little daughter of his own at home. Seeing his hesitation, the tears filled Mabel's eyes as she exclaimed: "Oh, sir, please do send it! Don't the cars run today? My papa can't get no cigars in heaven, 'cause mamma says they don't sell 'em. Do, please, sir, send it! It's mine. I bought it for papa before he went to war! What time does the car go?" By this time the clerk had recovered his self possession. He picked up a time table of the Hudson River railroad and apparently read from it: "First mail train leaves for Paradise today at 10:30 o'clock. Little girl, your papa will get your present before supper tonight."

## WEST POINT CADETS.

To Be Graduated in February Instead of June to Supply Demand of Young Officers.

Washington, Dec. 22.—An order has been sent to the headquarters of the army directing that the first class of cadets at West Point be graduated in February instead of the following June. This was in accordance with a recommendation made some time ago by Maj. Gen. Miles, and now approved by Secretary Alger.

A United States army officer and official of the war department explained that one object of Gen. Miles in making the recommendation was to supply the pressing need now of young officers. Many are ill or on staff duty, and from other causes the line is depleted. In the Third cavalry there are only five officers on duty. The assignment of the new second lieutenants, who number about 50, will do much to relieve the situation and keep out of the service many civilians who were unfit, but who might otherwise, through political influence, be appointed to second lieutenants.

### A SAD SUICIDE.

Woman Takes Her Life—Leaves Note Saying Her Husband Was Dead and She Didn't Care to Live.

Columbus, O., Dec. 22.—A well-dressed, refined-looking woman went to the Chittenden hotel Wednesday night about nine o'clock, where she registered as "Mrs. Ashton, of Pittsburgh." She was assigned a room, in which she was found dead Thursday, having committed suicide by taking carbolic acid. Two envelopes were found in the room, one with money to pay the hotel and the other addressed to the chief of police, containing the following note:

"My husband having died and left me alone, I do not care to live. There is \$77 in my purse in my corset waist. Bury me anywhere." The note was printed, with the evident purpose of disguising the writing, and all marks had been carefully removed from her clothing by the woman. The deceased appears to be from 30 to 35 years of age. Her body was taken to the morgue.

### WILL BE FAIRLY TREATED.

Question of the Disposition of Property of Catholic Church in the Philippines.

Washington, Dec. 22.—Dr. David J. Hill, assistant secretary of state, said that the disposition of the property of the Catholic church in the Philippines rests with congress and not with the state department. He continued: "I should think that a court similar to that which was organized after the annexation of our Mexican possessions will be the proper way to determine the ownership of landed estates. This court of private land claims has examined the title of innumerable pieces of church property in New Mexico, Arizona and California, and it has given universal satisfaction."

"There is no reason whatever for Catholics to think that their churchmen will not be honorably treated by the United States government. Nor is there any reason for anyone to believe that the administration will not proceed on broad lines, aiming to form for the Philippine islands a government which will develop them socially, religiously and materially."

### HITT FOR AMBASSADOR.

Rumor That He Will Be Sent to Great Britain Revived—Sees the President.

Washington, Dec. 22.—Representative R. R. Hitt, of Illinois, was closeted with the president quite awhile Thursday. His visit to the white house gave rise to another batch of reports connecting him with foreign ambassadorships. Rumor had him appointed to St. Petersburg and to London, it being stated in the latter connection that the president had changed his mind about appointing Mr. Choate to succeed Mr. Hay at the court of St. James. Mr. Hitt, on leaving the white house, declined positively to say anything about the nature of his business there.

### Injured by Dynamite Explosion.

La Grande, Ore., Dec. 22.—An explosion of dynamite occurred four miles west of Huron, in which five men were seriously injured, two of whom will die. The names of the injured cannot be learned. Three heavy blasts of dynamite were placed in the rocky side of the canyon to be excavated and fired. Two exploded, but the third was slow, and the men thought the fuse had failed, and after waiting awhile returned to the hole, when the charge exploded with terrific force.

### Carliss Still Active.

Madrid, Dec. 22.—The Carliss agitation continues in several of the northern provinces, and a number of agitators have been arrested at Morella, province of Castellon de La Plana, owing to Carliss demonstrations. A Carliss has been arrested at Placencia, province of Caeceres, for distributing arms. The report that Don Carlos has contracted a loan in England is denied. It is explained that he tried to do so, but failed.

### Brewery Company Assigns.

Cincinnati, Dec. 22.—The Cincinnati Consumers' Brewery company assigned to Walter L. Granger. The company was organized a year ago and was operating the old Banner brewery. Assets are placed at \$75,000, liabilities, \$40,000. The concern was not in the proposed combination and its assignment will not affect that project.

### Fear All Were Lost.

Victoria, B. C., Dec. 22.—The Rosalie, which has arrived here from Skagway, reports the wreck of a sloop which left Wrangell two weeks ago for Skagway with a party of 12 bound for Atlin. The sloop was found bottom up by Indians, and it is feared that all have been lost.