

FINE FIELD FOR TRADE.

South Africa Will Offer It When the War Ends.

TIMELY HINTS FOR EXPORTERS.

Results of the War Noted in Consul General Stowe's Reports—Not Enough Saddles or Tinned Meats For Last Year's Demand—Boers Favor American Manufactures.

Trade in South Africa in the year ending Dec. 31 last, according to the advance sheets of United States consular reports, just issued at Washington, is worth the close study of American exporters. A bright picture of the country in the immediate future is presented, and the question is will Americans or others obtain the bulk of the trade that is expected to reach enormous proportions. War closed the British ports during the year to importations from the United States and other countries to the Boer states, and in consequence there was a temporary depression in business. But that has been followed by a large demand for foodstuffs, as the Boer crops to a large extent have not been harvested. Not only the United States, but Australia and the Argentine Republic, have been supplying that demand.

In December the duty was taken off frozen meat, cattle and sheep. The British war office bought corned beef in Australia, but the supply there fell short of the demand, and the United States was turned to. One thousand tons of that meat was purchased in this country. American saddle manufacturers, however, failed to provide saddles of the required quality and in sufficient numbers. American packers could not fill the large orders that were sent to them for canned provisions.

The curious statement is made that more than 4,000,000 pounds of tinned meats were shipped from the United States to England, there to be rebranded "Shamrock" and shipped to Africa.

War also delayed the inauguration and completion of public works and improvements, thereby reducing some lines of imports and the employment of labor. The embargo at Delagoa Bay on foodstuffs for the Transvaal was practically taken off in January, but much time elapsed before orders for foodstuffs even by cable, could arrive from over the sea. In reference to that the report says:

"It is wonderful, encompassed as were the Boers, that some suffering did not occur; but it was evident that they had been preparing for a long time, and undoubtedly had accumulated large stocks of food, as well as of arms and ammunition."

While trade generally was exceedingly depressed the average of imports from the United States was maintained, notwithstanding the fact that many lines of goods that swelled the trade in previous years were not bought last year. With the expected close of war and British control a temporary state of uncertainty may be anticipated. It is predicted that when questions for future guidance of the colony have been settled, when the refugees have returned, when the gold and diamond mines are again in operation and agricultural resources have been better developed the business revival is likely to be unparalleled.

In some English quarters there is agitation to retain for their own manufacturers advantages that they do not get under the English open door policy.

Boers are more friendly to American than to English trade, and for a time will probably boycott the latter. Already co-operative associations are asking for information as to prices of United States products, but the advice of Consul General Stowe is for exporters to deal with the large jobbers in the cities rather than with such association, as he says it would be suicidal to ignore the jobbers.

This is the advice given to American exporters: "For that time the manufacturers and producers of the United States should prepare, not by flooding the country with circulars and price lists, but by sending men, or by working through the export commission houses of the United States which have men here constantly and are subject only to the criticism that they perhaps represent too many lines of goods to do justice to all, or that they are unable in justice to older clients to represent similar lines of goods produced by different manufacturers. It is not to be expected that the export commission houses will ever endeavor to become salesmen for cold storage, mining, electric light, street car or other outfits and heavy machinery such as steam railway supplies, rolling stock and many other articles of great bulk, for they have enough to do in the lines of smaller goods and food supplies."

New Fire Alarm Transmitter.

The fire alarm telegraph of the fire department in New York recently installed a new transmitter, costing \$5,300. It will be used for sending out fire alarms and will operate automatically. Under the old system there were three different instruments, requiring three operators. The new instrument needs only one operator and will do the work of three instruments. Chief of Fire Alarm Telegraph Blackwell says that it is the finest instrument of its kind in the world.

Missionary's Means of Escape in China.

Missionaries who arrived at Hong-kong from the province of Hunan give reports of terrible suffering and privations endured there. In escaping, one of them, according to the Chicago Record's correspondent, was carried 400 miles in a coffin, the Chinese, out of the veneration for the dead, not insisting on a close scrutiny.

My Pale Lady.

When I was at the orphan asylum—and all of my earliest recollections are of that place—I used occasionally to see among the visitors who thronged the hospital on guest days a tall, beautiful woman with a pale face and dark, unresponsive eyes. The lady seldom spoke to me, and when she did it was in a cold voice, but from the time she entered the room her eyes were fixed upon me.

A short time after this I was adopted by a widow, whose two sons had married and gone to far distant parts of the world. I had been two weeks with my adopted mother when I heard the voice of the tall, pale lady in the parlor. I knew it at once.

"We have been neighbors for a long time, Mrs. Thornycroft," I heard her saying. "I have come to make amends for my unneighborliness."

There did not seem to be anything in common between these two, and the conversation often dropped, yet the visitor staid on and on. I got weary sitting on the stairs—I was waiting to go for a walk with my adopted mother—and so I walked boldly down stairs and into the parlor. The moment my eyes met those of the tall, pale lady I knew she was going to pretend that she had never seen me before. So I looked at her as strangely as she did at me.

"Your daughter, Mrs. Thornycroft?" asked the lady.

"My daughter," said my adopted mother and said no more.

"What is your name, dear child?" the lady questioned me. Her tone had never before been so tender in speaking to me. I suppose she pitied me because she thought my name had been changed.

"It is the same as it always was," said I. "It is Madeline."

I saw the lady turn pink at this.

"What a strange answer!" she said. "But it is a beautiful name. Naturally your name is the same as it always was."

"Naturally," said my adopted mother. "You may run out and play, Madeline."

I played about the doorstep till the tall lady came out, and then I said, going up and taking hold of her hand:

"If you do not live far away, I will go with you and see what your house is like."

"Thank you," said she smilingly and led me on.

We turned a corner and stopped before a tall, dark stone house, with curtains like frostwork at the windows.

"Will you come in?" she asked.

"Not today. My mother will be waiting for me. But I will come tomorrow, if you like, and bring my doll. I can come after my lessons."

But that evening when my adopted mother held me on her lap she said to me:

"Madeline, you are never to go to see the lady who called here today, even though she asks you."

But we met sometimes. Once in a terrible storm of wind and rain, when I was running home, she called me into her carriage.

"You are all dripping," she cried, hanging over me. "Oh, me! Oh, me! You will catch cold! Give me your hands and let me warm them." And she chafed my hands and even held them to her cheek.

She was at my coming out party, years after, and sent me a great armful of lilies, and after that I met her quite often at different places—teas or dinners or the opera. Sometimes, when we met in the dressing room, she would give a little touch to my hair or tie my ribbons afresh or say whether or not she thought a certain color becoming to me.

On a certain day every year I received a gift from an unknown donor, and I concluded after much thought that this day was the anniversary of my birth. Of the giver of the gifts I had no doubt. My adopted mother had not the heart to forbid me to keep and use the things I received in this manner, though I could see she was not well pleased that I should be the recipient of them.

I was quite 20 years old when one day as I walked in the park a woman came up to me, begging that I would come with her quickly. She said that her mistress desired above all things to see me. I knew the woman to be the maid of that lifelong, mysterious friend whose influence had always surrounded me, though we had never lived under the same roof nor enjoyed intercourse together.

"I am forbidden to go to her house," I said, remembering the old forbiddance.

"But she is dying."

A swift fear-winged my feet. I ran as fast as I could to the dark house with the frostlike curtains. Up the stairs I sped, past the servant who opened the door for me, on to the front chamber. The nurse made way for me. There were two men in the room, but I brushed past them.

She raised herself from her pillows with a tremendous effort.

"Madam, madam," called the physician, "if you are so reckless you will end your life at once."

She caught me in her arms, and we wept together.

"I thought I was never going to be kissed by you," I sobbed. "Why did you wait so long?"

"Do you love me, little Madeline?" she whispered.

I kissed her on the eyes and on the hair.

"Dearest, dearest!" I answered.

She relaxed in my arms.

"My dear young lady," said the physician gently, "she is dead."

I laid her on her pillow and then stood and looked at her.

"If she had only sent for me before," I said over and over, with dry lips.

"You ask no questions," said the man who stood at the foot of the bed. I lifted my burning eyes and looked at him. He was a masterful man.

"I am not curious," I said coldly, and I kissed my pale lady long on the lips and went away.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

She Rode Free.

A woman who had come out of the west, where she had been a cow girl on a ranch, was boarding a car in this city recently. She had just placed her foot upon the step and was preparing to take another step to the upper platform when, with a furious "Step lively!" the conductor pulled the strap. The car jerked forward, and the western woman swayed back for a minute, then just caught herself in time to prevent a bad fall upon the cobbles.

She confronted the conductor with angry eyes—eyes that had looked undismayed into those of mighty horned monsters of the prairies.

"What do you mean by starting the car before I was on it?" she asked.

"Can't wait all day for you, lady," the conductor snarled. "Just step inside there."

In a moment the western woman, with a backward golf sweep of the arm, lunged for the conductor's head. He dodged. The blow sent his hat spinning back into the track. The woman entered the car and sat down. She was flushed, but dignified. While the other women passengers were rather startled, they all knew just how she felt. Then the car stopped, while the conductor went back for his hat. The western woman rode free that time.—New York Sun.

Conscience the Coward.

Murderers uncaught suffer awful agonies of fear when alone with their consciences, but when apprehended, tried, convicted, sentenced and incarcerated they become callous to fear. Jailers tell me this is the general rule. There is an acquitted murderer in this city, once a leading politician, who has not been able to sleep alone in a dark room these 29 years. A light must be kept burning and an attendant is constantly on guard. A Wall street broker, who has "done" every one of his most faithful friends, dares not go to bed in the dark. He keeps a light burning in his room and one in the hall, leaving the door open. In the small hours of the morning he awakens his family with pitiful cries. The city man who is not afraid of the darkest alleys, who will brave thugs and stable gangs at any hour of the night, is in a panic when alone in a forest.—New York Press.

What They Deserved.

Not very long since an exceedingly well dressed man about 35 was charged in a north London court with being drunk. He promptly paid his 10 shillings' fine and went away. A fortnight later a stylishly dressed woman was charged with a similar offense. As she gave the same name and address I concluded they were husband and wife. So I called on them, and my visit was repeated several times. They had a very nice home, kept two servants and had four children. I noticed a bonny lad of 8, as I saw him several times. Some months later I got a letter as follows:

Dear Mr. Holmes—You know my Jack, the 8-year-old. I am sorry to say that he has got into bad ways—steals money from us, stops out late and is very disobedient. Can you get him into any training home or institution of any kind, where his evil propensities will be cured? Kindly oblige us in this.

I could not resist the temptation to reply as follows:

Dear Sir—I know of but one cure for Jack's evil propensities, and that is a thorough application of the horsewhip to both parents.

—Contemporary Review.

He Remembered Them.

"By the way," said the man who had stopped at a farmhouse to water his horse, "15 years ago a poor boy came this way, and you took him in."

"Yes?" queried the farmer, somewhat surprised.

"You were kind to him," went on the stranger; "you fed him, gave him words of encouragement and an old suit of clothes, put a dollar in his pocket and sent him on his way rejoicing. He told you at the time that he never would forget your kindness. Am I right?"

"I reckon you are," replied the farmer.

"He said that if he prospered he would see that you never had occasion to regret your kindness to a poor, struggling lad."

"Land's sakes!" exclaimed the farmer's wife excitedly. "It sounds almost like a fairy tale, don't it? Why, you must have seen him."

"I have," said the stranger, "and he sent a message to you."

"What is it?" they both asked expectantly.

"He told me to tell you that he is still poor."

As the stranger drove away the farmer went out and kicked the pump viciously, while his wife threw a rolling pin at the chickens.—New York World.

What They Deserved.

Not very long since an exceedingly well dressed man about 35 was charged in a north London court with being drunk. He promptly paid his 10 shillings' fine and went away. A fortnight later a stylishly dressed woman was charged with a similar offense. As she gave the same name and address I concluded they were husband and wife. So I called on them, and my visit was repeated several times. They had a very nice home, kept two servants and had four children. I noticed a bonny lad of 8, as I saw him several times. Some months later I got a letter as follows:

Dear Mr. Holmes—You know my Jack, the 8-year-old. I am sorry to say that he has got into bad ways—steals money from us, stops out late and is very disobedient. Can you get him into any training home or institution of any kind, where his evil propensities will be cured? Kindly oblige us in this.

I could not resist the temptation to reply as follows:

Dear Sir—I know of but one cure for Jack's evil propensities, and that is a thorough application of the horsewhip to both parents.

—Contemporary Review.

NOVELTY IN GOAL POSTS

Safer Device For Football Invented by a College Graduate.

FAVORED BY RULES COMMITTEE.

E. Manley, Ex-Harvard Player, Invents an Arrangement For Goal Posts to Prevent Injuries—New Device Will Be Used on a Number of Fields This Fall.

Plunging full backs and rushing half backs will no longer be obliged to suffer with broken heads when they gain the last yard required for a touchdown directly in front of their opponents' goal posts, for E. Manley, a graduate of Harvard university, has invented a "safety goal post" for football fields, says the Chicago Record. The invention possesses all the merits of the old uprights, but obviates the head bumping features by removing the bases of the posts back ten feet from the goal line.

The invention is a simple affair, but will free football from one of its most dangerous features. The goal posts will be set back ten feet from the goal line instead of being on it as heretofore. But at the point where the crossbar formerly was arms will project out over the goal line, supporting the crossbar. By this arrangement the bar will be in its proper place, while the unyielding goal posts will be far enough away so that the carrier of the pigskin need not fear for his head when he huris himself for a touchdown. Technically the position of the goal posts is not in accord with the intercollegiate rules, but this is a mere matter of words.

Walter Camp of Yale, Bob Vreenn of Harvard, Alexander Moffatt of Princeton and John C. Bell of Pennsylvania, all members of the intercollegiate rules committee, are in favor of adopting the "safety goal post" for all college games. Paul Dashiell of Princeton has not yet fully considered the matter, but it is thought he will vote with the other four. The new device will be used on a number of fields this fall anyway.

Coch Woodruff of Pennsylvania has already ordered one of the new posts for use on Franklin field for the coming season. He declares that the invention supplies a long felt want and that as the spirit of the rules is not violated by the removal of the base of the posts back ten feet there is no reason why he should not use them. Henry Gale, assistant coach of the University of Chicago eleven last year, says that he has little doubt that Chicago will adopt the new posts. Professor A. A. Staggs has not yet returned from Orange, N. J., and it is not known what he will think of the invention.

The inventor of the new post arrangement has played football and wears an "H" from playing on the Harvard baseball nine in 1894. The idea of the new kind of goal posts was suggested to him when he saw the big crimson sweaters wrapped around the posts whenever the Harvard varsity and scrub elevens indulged in fierce play near the goal. Continual injuries to players both in games and in practice finally led him to put his idea into practice. Having had previous experience in mechanics, his idea was soon put into practice, with results as previously stated.

Still another objectionable feature in football which will be dispensed with by the adoption of the new posts has been the practice of an opposing eleven when hard pushed near its own goal posts to brace against the uprights and thus gain undue advantage over the eleven trying for a touchdown. This very thing is said to have happened in the Harvard-Yale game last year. Harvard was directly in front of Yale's goal and had been sending plays through their center, Jaffray. Yale, it is said, braced against the goal posts and stopped Harvard's rushes only a few inches from the goal line.

NEGRO DEPARTMENT STORE

The Rev. J. M. Townsend's Plan to Elevate His Race.

A department store the main purpose of which will be to elevate the negro will be established next fall in Chicago by the Rev. J. M. Townsend of Allen M. E. temple, a colored church, who has been elected field secretary of the African Methodist Episcopal mission work, with headquarters in Chicago.

"I maintain," he said the other day, "that the great need of the negroes is employment in something more than menial lines. The negro problem is not one of the race, but of the individual. In connection with my church work in Chicago I will run the department store, and I have the capital in view. White and colored men will be the stockholders, and white and colored will have employment on the basis of ability. The money power will raise the negro as it has the Jew, who was once as much persecuted as the negro is now."

Summer Velling.

Two or three different styles of velling are worn. The preference is for the fancy mesh without dots or when dots are worn for large ones. There is a double velling that is becoming, a white tulle with an overmesh of cobweb pattern in black with a large chelle dot, which is pretty. The fancy mesh vells without the dots are not nearly so expensive and are unusually fine in texture. In buying these care should be taken, says Harper's Bazar not to have the mesh too fine, otherwise when drawn across the face folds give the effect of wrinkles or lines, which no woman, however young, is anxious to show.

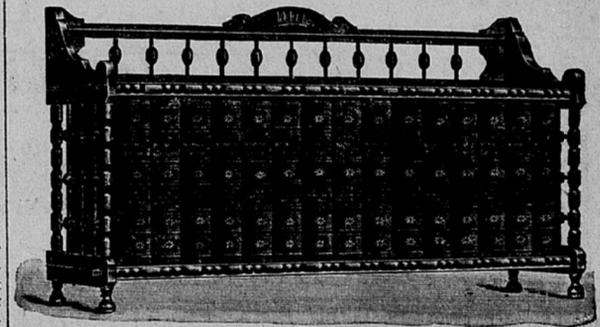
Capital \$100,000. Deposits, \$300,000.
Crawford County State Bank.
DENISON, IOWA.
The Best Security for Depositors. Farm Loans at Five Per Cent Interest.

This Bank is incorporated under the laws of the State of Iowa. This gives the best security to all depositors, not only to the amount of stock, but the personal property of each share-holder is not to the amount of his share for any loss to the bank. Incorporated banks are under the control of the State Auditor, who can at any time examine the business, and according to his investigation the published statements are made. Depositors in an incorporated bank have more security than the confidence imposed in the officers. They have the best security, because the capital stock can not be used at pleasure for outside speculation and investment. The Crawford County State Bank is the best incorporated banking institution in the County. A general banking business done.

Passage Tickets Sold. Insurance Written. Loans Negotiated.
L. CORNWELL, GEORGE NAEVE, M. E. JONES, C. J. KEMMING,
President. V-President. Cashier. Asst. Cashier.
Directors: J. L. Cornwell, Geo. Naeve, H. F. Schwartz,
Chas. Tabor, J. P. Coitner.

L. M. SHAW, P. es. O. F. KUEHNLE Vice-Pres. C. L. VOSS, Cash
BANK OF DENISON.
General Banking Business Conducted.
Exchange Bought and Sold. Loans and Short Time Loans at Lowest Rates.
Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Accounts of all Branches of Business Conducted.
Personal attention given to investments for local patrons. Business conducted in English or German.
SHAW, KUEHNLE & BEARD,
LAWYERS.
REAL ESTATE LOANS AT LOWEST RATES.

THE INTERNATIONAL CYCLOPEDIA.



REVISED 1898 EDITION.

DO YOU WANT A CYCLOPEDIA? GET THE BEST

Hundreds of educators say the International is the Best for the home, the school and the public library. Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, late superintendent of the Chicago school, says: "Many of its articles are marvels of comprehensiveness and of concise and accurate statement." Write for sample pages and Easy payments.

DODD, MEAD & CO., Pubs., 168 Adams St., Chicago.

J. L. WARBASSE,
Dealer in the well known
NEWMAN ORGAN, The Organ with the Pipe Organ
.....Tones.....
Burdette Organs, and Estey and Clough & Warren Organs in stock.
ESTEY, FISHER, KINGSBURY
and **SMITH & BARNES** **PIANOS.**
The famous White Sewing Machine. With Ball Bearings.
Sheet Music and Musical Instruments and Supplies of all kinds. Organs and Sewing Machines cleaned and repaired by competent workmen.
Lady Attendant.

How Is Your Roof?

If you need a new roof on your old house call and get our prices on shingled before you buy. We are making prices on red cedar shingles which will surprise you.

Green Bay Lumber Company,
ALF WRIGHT, Manager,

ONLY \$2.20

DENISON BRICK WORKS

High grade building brick Repressed brick on hand. The use of improved machinery makes our brick of the best durable quality. For our prices address

Tickets on sale September 25-26-27-28, good to return until October 1st, 1900.
C. GREEN, Prop.
DENISON, IOWA.

H. E. CASNER, Agt. DENISON.

Ak-sar-ben