

PAGES ON THE WALL.

BY BOB M. CHEYNE.

My friend Topper is inclined to obesity, not to that cool, self possessed obesity that marks the man of the world, not to that good natured, round fullness of person that knows it can't hurry with comfort and so is content to stand serene in the throng of nervous humanity breaking out in perennial smiles of complacent indulgence on all the turning little world around, but to that well groomed portliness, but rather to the nervous, self conscious type of adiposity that characterizes the woman with the market basket one sees on street cars. Topper, in other words, is both fat and fussy.

We, Topper and I, have an unspoken understanding that brings us together every Monday night in the back row at the Grand Opera House. I was a little early last Monday night, but, crossing to the aisle at the left of the house, found Topper in his usual place. May my friends never have the pain, my toes the pleasure, of seeing me in such a state as I found Topper. His chin on his breast, his hands deep in his trousers pockets, my fat friend, the picture of abject misery, sat staring at the wainscoting of alabaster counterfeited running around the walls of the audience room and lobby. I forced my way past him, since he seemed in no way inclined to move, and, sitting down in my accustomed place, awaited his tale. I know his moods, and this one was sure to have a tale.

For some moments he sat motionless, except for the heaving of his shirt bosom, which rose and fell with his labored respiration like the Nancy Lee anchored at full tide, his starched linen creaking ominously as it strained on his gold stud buttons. Surprised at his long silence, and more at the faint odor I detected of high balls gone by, for Topper rarely indulges, I was about to speak, when Topper turned. Laying his hot, fat hand impressively on my wrist, he moaned in a sepulchral tone, "Well, Bob, it's all up with me."

I wanted to hear whether it was a visit from his wife's mother or a last bet when, to my great surprise, he continued: "Yes, Bob, this interperence is a terrible thing! Cut it all out, old man, before it's too late!" "Pshaw!" I exclaimed. "Why, you old fat fool, when it comes to bilibulosity you're not even energetic, let alone ambitious."

This was actually the first time I had known him to take anything for a month. "I know I don't often touch it, and even today I don't think I was in on the last round, but it's got me—got me dead." "Got you?"

My friend edged over like some foolish young thing and in a horrified whisper exclaimed: "I see things!" "This, coming from my superabundant friend, was certainly dry humor, and only the helpless expression on his face overcame my desire to laugh. It was evident Topper was serious.

"There," said he, laying his finger on a spot on the marble baseboard of the wall, "I know you'll say I'm a fool, but I can see a face there just as plain as though it had been drawn by an artist." "And so it has," I laughed, for a striking likeness of a young girl, delectable and charming, smiled out at me from the maze of lines beneath his finger.

"Has been drawn there," I replied. "I can see it; any one can see it." The faint smile of relief this assertion brought him faded away as he moaned: "Yes, but I see dozens of them. Did some one draw faces all over these walls and pillars and everything else? Here and here and there and here! Don't you see them?" All this time he was thrusting and stabbing excitedly with his forefinger. "There's a man, and here's an old woman with a hooked nose, and there's a baby with a little hood on its head, and here's—"

"Sit down!" I commanded, for in his enthusiasm Topper had risen and was following the marble baseboard across the back of the house toward the lobby. Topper sank down in despair, the tide of emotion in his troubled breast still threatening the moorings of his shirt bosom.

MAKE THINGS HUM

BY BOB M. CHEYNE.

Meeting in Every Precinct During the Next Two Weeks.

Local Speakers Must Be Brought Into Service in Every County.

Iowa Speakers Called Into Other States Where They Are More Needed Than in Iowa.

Republican State Committee Is Hard Pressed for Speakers and Calls Out Local Talent.

Get Out the Vote.

Des Moines, Oct. 20.—The republicans of Iowa were never left so much to their own resources in any campaign as they are now. The national committee considers Iowa about the surest republican state in the nation and will not only do nothing for the state but insists that the republicans of Iowa shall contribute out of their strength to assist in other states. Every speaker who could possibly be induced to go has been campaigning in other states. The result is that the Iowa campaign must be made with home talent.

Hard to Get Speakers.

"I wish every local committeeman in the state and all the precinct workers, as well as the county chairmen, could see the extreme difficulty that confronts us in furnishing speakers," said Chairman Weaver, of the republican state committee. "We have demands every day for many more meetings than it is possible for us to supply with speakers from the force at our command. Iowa is full of first-class speakers and we have tried to get ready for this emergency by organizing as many as possible by districts, so that the county chairmen in each district would have a good list to draw upon. Mr. Dawson, the manager of the speakers' bureau, has been very successful in getting a good list for every district, but these are not sufficient to supply the needs of all the counties.

Iowa Helping Other States.

"Iowa has contributed more speakers to go to other states under the direction of the republican national committee than any other western state. Scores of our best speakers have been drafted by the national committee and are doing effective work all over the country from Ohio to Wyoming. This has greatly reduced the supply of speakers from which we could draw for meetings in Iowa. It has resulted in bringing out many new speakers who will be of great value to us in the future.

Local Speakers Now Much Needed.

"What we must do now is to get every man in every county that can make a speech and set him to work to stir the people up so they will not forget to vote. We must have meetings in every precinct between now and election day. Nearly all the counties are carrying on effective school-house campaigns, and this is the thing to do. In every county there are at least a dozen men who can make a good speech and they must be brought into service by the county chairmen and the local committees and set to work. There never was a year before when it was so hard for the state committee to supply speakers, because so many have gone out of the state where they are more needed. But we must not let this produce inactivity at home and reduce our majority. We want to keep our credit good by giving a bigger majority than ever before, and we can do it if every man will take his share of the responsibility and help see that the full vote is polled.

Danger of Neglect.

"Neglect between now and election day, failure to have meetings to keep up the interest, and carelessness and forgetfulness on election day will give republicans some bitter regrets after election. We must 'make things hum' from now until the night of the 6th of November."

COMES OUT BOLDLY.

Bryan Reiterates His Purpose to Insist Upon Free Silver at 16 to 1.

Ann Arbor, Mich., Oct. 11.—William J. Bryan spoke here to-day and the university students who were present at the meeting in large numbers assailed him with questions so numerous and pointed that he was finally compelled to answer one who asked him: "How about free silver?" In replying Mr. Bryan repeated: "We are in favor of the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 with-out waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation on earth."

SAW THE DIFFERENCE

BY BOB M. CHEYNE.

Story of Farmer Who Thought He Was Being Robbed.

Found He Was Getting \$110 More and Paying Out Only \$10 More Than He Was in 1896.

Des Moines, Oct. 22.—The other day a farmer went to a dealer in vehicles in a small town in Iowa to buy a buggy. The dealer asked him \$65 for the one he wanted.

"Look here," said the farmer, "what do you mean by trying to rob me this way? Four years ago you sold a buggy just like this one to a neighbor of mine for \$55. Now you want to gouge me out of \$10 more. This is just what I said would happen if McKinley was elected and the gold standard was put into effect. The trusts are putting prices up and we farmers have to suffer for it."

"Well, now, don't get excited," replied the dealer, "and I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll sell you that buggy on the same terms that I sold one to your neighbor four years ago. You bring me 550 bushels of corn—that is what it took to buy the buggy then at 10 cents a bushel—and you may have this buggy and that wagon over there, which sells for \$65, and that plow, worth \$15, and I'll give you \$10 cash besides. Still I'll be ahead of you."

The farmer saw the point and made no complaint about paying \$65 for the buggy. New corn is worth 30 cents a bushel now and old corn is selling for 36 and 38 cents a bushel. The crop is the largest the state has ever known. In 1896 the average price was 14 cents a bushel. In many parts of the state it was much lower. In Nebraska the regular price was 10 cents then and 30 cents is the present price. These things have confirmed the farmers of Iowa and Nebraska in their support of the republican party and its policies of sound money and protection.

CLEVELAND SAYS NO!

Refuses to Support Bryan, Denounces His Wild Schemes and Shows Their Dangers.

Louisville, Ky., Oct. 12.—Ex-President Grover Cleveland has written a letter to John S. Green, of this city, as follows:

"Buzard's Bay, Oct. 7, 1900.—John S. Green, Esq. Dear Sir: I have received your letter, inclosing a copy of my letter written more than five years ago to the business men of Chicago. I had not seen it in a long time, but it seems to me I could not state the case better at this time if I should try. I have not changed my opinion as therein expressed in the least. Yours truly, GROVER CLEVELAND."

Schemes Are Cloaked.

"I will not believe that if our people are afforded an opportunity for intelligent second thought they will sanction schemes that, however cloaked, mean disaster, confusion, nor that they will consent by undermining the foundation of safe currency to endanger the beneficent character and purposes of their government."

PLENTY OF MONEY.

Another of Bryan's False Prophecies Shown Up—Money Every-where.

Mr. Bryan told you, didn't he, that unless we had free coinage of silver at 16 to 1 there would be less and less money in circulation every year? We haven't had free silver. We defeated Mr. Bryan. He was absolutely wrong about the circulation. Here are the official figures of the treasury department:

LOVE RULES ALL.

And said I that my limbs were old
And said I that my blood was cold
And that my kindly fire was dead
And that I might not sing of love?
How could I to the dearest theme
That ever warmed a minstrel's dream,
So faint, so false a recreant prove?
How could I name love's very name
Nor wake my harp to notes of flame?

In peace Love turns the shepherd's reed;
In war he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls in gay attire is seen,
In hamlets dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below and saints above,
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.
—Sir Walter Scott.

THEY BUILT THE ROAD.

And Gould Knew Where to Get the Rails to Do It.

Jay Gould once wanted to build a short line to a certain place and found rivals in the field. To Sylvester T. Smith he gave imperative orders, "Get out as big a force as possible, and complete the road before the other fellows get wind of it, and we'll head 'em off." Smith reported presently, "Mr. Gould, we can get all the ties, fish-plates, bolts, nuts and spikes we want, but we can't get the rails." "Telegraph to every mill in the country, and get any price," said Gould. "I have done so, and there is no chance for a delivery under 12 months." "Then," said the little wizard, "go somewhere and tear up something. We've got to have rails." He indicated the road to destroy, a branch or feeder of the Union Pacific.

Smith soon had the old road torn up and the new one laid down. Then came war. Stockholders of the Union Pacific learned of the enterprise and haled Smith to court to answer for tearing up a railroad that belonged to them. To their questioning he admitted all and had no excuse but that Jay Gould ordered him to do it. "Who is Jay Gould?" some asked. "What has he got to do with it?" Up rose a young lawyer from New York to inform them that Mr. Gould owned all the bonds of the Union Pacific road, though not a dollar of its stock, and that he was absolute proprietor of the feeder that Mr. Smith had torn up. There never was a more surprised and mystified lot of men. They had nothing more to say.—San Francisco Argonaut.

"Well, that isn't superstition; it's reality," and the coal mine inspector didn't seem a bit pleased with the suggestion that superstition might sometimes be responsible for the actions of miners. "Coal miners," he went on to say, "are not superstitious. Hear noises? Of course they do, but do people suppose those noises are imaginary? It beats all how little is known generally about coal mining.

"Folks get it into their heads," the inspector continued, "that a man who will quit work in a certain part of a mine because he sees the rats deserting that section is superstitious when, as a matter of fact, he simply displays sound judgment. Very soon after the rats quit sounds will be heard, and later on a slide follows. What would have happened to the man had he credited his fears to superstition by disregarding the exodus of the rats and the subsequent noises?"

"Rats are the first of a mine's inhabitants to realize danger, and then comes the mule. Man is the last. So it is only natural that he should take as positive indications of trouble the actions of the others, and he should not be regarded as a superstitious creature on that account." "After rats desert an entry it is next impossible to get a mule into it, not because the rats left, but because the mule realizes the danger. Left to themselves rats or mules would never be caught in slides in mines, but it is different with men, who will not follow the lead of the other two."—Denver Post.

ADVERTISED LETTER LIST.

For week ending Oct. 23, letters for the following persons remained un-called for at the Denison postoffice: Frank W. Powers, Francis Butterfield, D. L. BOYNTON, P. M.

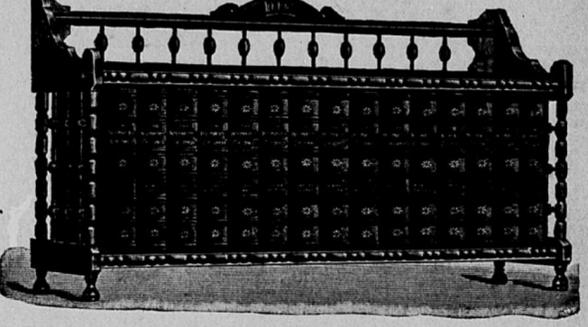
NOTICE

Of Submitting to the Voters the Question of Building a New Court House, To Be Voted on at the General Election to be Held on Tuesday, November 6th, 1900.

Notice is hereby given that in accordance with a resolution of the Board of Supervisors of Crawford county, Iowa, passed at a regular session of said board on June 15th, 1900, the following question will be submitted to the electors of Crawford county, Iowa, at the regular election to be held on Tuesday, November 6th, 1900.

Shall the County build a Court House at Denison, Iowa, the County seat of Crawford county, Iowa, and borrow not to exceed Seventy-five thousand dollars (\$75,000.00) at a rate of interest not to exceed four per cent. (4) per annum, to pay for the same, and issue not to exceed seventy-five (75) negotiable bonds of the denomination of one thousand dollars each (\$1,000.00) payable ten (10) years after date thereof, and to draw interest not to exceed four (4) per cent. per annum, payable annually; reserving the option to the county to pay any or all of said bonds at any time after five (5) years from the date thereof; also to levy an annual tax at the September meeting of the Board of Supervisors in each year beginning with the year nineteen hundred and one (1901), on the taxable property of the county, not to exceed one (1) per cent. on the county valuation in any one year and to run from year to year in addition to the usual and ordinary taxes of said county, sufficient to pay the interest on said bonds and the bonds themselves when they become due.

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ORIGINAL NOTICE.

In the District of Crawford county, Iowa, December Term. William Albert, Plaintiff.

Kate Bull, Francis Bull, Reuben Bull, Henry J. Bull, Eliza C. Bull, Anna Bull and the unknown claimants of the east half of the northeast quarter of section 18, township 88, range 37, west of 5th p. m. defendants.

To the above named Defendants: You are hereby notified that there is now on file in the office of the District Court of Crawford county, Iowa, a petition of the plaintiff in which he claims: That he is the absolute owner in fee simple of the following described real estate, to-wit: The east half of the northeast quarter of Section No. 18, Township 88, Range 37, West of the 5th P. M. in Crawford county, Iowa. That he is credibly informed and believes that the defendants, Kate Bull, Francis Bull, Reuben Bull, Eliza C. Bull and Anna Bull, of some one or more of them, that he is ignorant of, has no information sufficient to form a belief as to what interest the said unknown claimants have or claim to have in said property, but he is credibly informed and believes that whatever the said interest may be, the same is held and claimed adverse to this plaintiff, and whatever interest they may have or claim to have, the same is derived from or through the defendants, Kate Bull, Francis Bull, Reuben Bull, Henry J. Bull, Eliza C. Bull and Anna Bull, of some one or more of them. That the name of any and all of such unknown claimants are unknown to the plaintiff and that he is diligent in his efforts to learn the same. And the plaintiff prays that his title and estate in and to said property be established and confirmed against the adverse claims of all the defendants above referred to and that said defendants and all persons claiming by, through or under them be barred and forever estopped from having or claiming any right or title adverse to the plaintiff in and to said property, and that the said defendants be adjudged to pay the costs of this proceeding. And that unless you appear thereto and defend before noon of the second day of the next term of said court, commencing at Denison, Iowa, on the 10th day of December, 1900, default will be entered against you and judgment rendered thereon.

Dated this 9th day of October, 1900. LEE & ROBB, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Illinois Central. Going East. No. 2, Chicago & St. Paul Limited—9:48 p. m. No. 4, Chicago Express—7:27 p. m. No. 26, Omaha & St. Paul Express—5:20 a. m. No. 32, Fort Dodge Passenger—8:53 p. m. No. 32, Chicago Manifest & Stock—11:15 p. m. No. 62, Fast Stock—6:30 a. m. No. 84, Local Freight—1:06 p. m.

Chicago & Northwestern. Going West. No. 1, Passenger—6:31 a. m. No. 91, Way Freight—8:05 a. m. No. 3, Passenger—1:41 p. m.

Chicago & Northwestern. Going East. No. 2, Passenger—8:51 a. m. No. 4, Passenger—7:17 p. m. No. 94, Stock Freight—9:05 p. m. No. 2, 3, 91 and 94 daily except Sunday.

Western Iowa Division—Boyer Valley Line. Leave Denison—7:15 a. m. 8:35 p. m. Arrive Wall Lake—9:00 a. m. 8:15 p. m. Leave Wall Lake—10:30 a. m. 8:40 p. m. Arrive Denison—1:10 p. m. 10:15 p. m. No trains Sunday.

Wall Lake, Boyer & Mondamin. Freight. Going West. Passenger. 10:15 a. m. Boyer. 3:15 p. m. Going East. 5:08 p. m. Boyer. 11:15 a. m.

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