

County business should be **BUSINESS** not **Favorit-** ish.

# THE DENISON REVIEW

MARKETS	
HOGS.....	5.35
CORN.....	55c
WHEAT.....	65c
OATS.....	35c
EGGS.....	19
BUTTER.....	18

A TWICE A WEEK PAPER.

DENISON, IOWA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1901.

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# 8

## A Few More Days Before Christmas.

And THE MODEL BAKERY wants to thank the people for their liberal patronage they have extended to us during the past year; your patronage has enabled us to more fully prepare for the holiday trade. We have done this with a view to your future patronage. Allow us to call your attention to as fine a line of Christmas Fancy Box Goods and Baskets, absolutely the only novelties in the city. Our candies are made by the Famous Balduff. We also desire to direct your attention to the Christmas tree decorations of all kinds, suitable for any tree. Sunday school or classes desiring special orders in Homemade candies will be pleased with our designing. Taffies, Peanut, Ribbon and in fact all kinds of the best homemade candies are our delight. Our bakeries productions speak for themselves; many make the remark, "Just like mother made," after a trial of Bread, Buns, Angel Food, Gilt Edge, Maccaroons, Lady Fingers or anything in the bakery line. Special orders taken. Another fact, our special Christmas Cigar offering in fancy boxes of all sizes and of the best tobacco—a most suitable present for your gentleman friend. Remember there are but a few more purchasing days before Christmas and place your orders with us.

**LYMAN & TIGHE**, Four Doors N. of Postoffice.

## CHRISTMAS BARGAINS

Be sure and don't forget that we are still at the old stand and offering you bargains that have never been seen here before. Holiday Goods that sell and are the right quality of goods is our motto, and we can safely say we live up to what we say. Every article large or small that goes out of our store is fully guaranteed and that is what we mean. Our line of Watches, in ladies or gents, is the largest we have ever carried and we are certain we can save you money in that line. Ladies and Gents Rings, Chains, Bracelets and Neck Chains, Cuff Buttons, Shirt Studs, Broaches and many other things that it would take too long to tell you of them. Our line of Hollow and Flat ware is complete and we can compete with anyone on Pearl Handled Knives and Forks, Triple plate Knives and Forks, Tea and Table Spoons, Fruit Knives in Plated and pearl handled, Sugar Shell and Butter Knives that were bought right and will be sold right. Better see our line of Tuft's goods consisting of Tea Sets, Butter Dishes, Carving Sets, Fruit and Cake Stands, Berry and Jelly Dishes, Salt and Peppers, Nut Picks, Toilet Sets, Hat and Cloth Brushes, Curling irons and lamps, Toothpick Holders, soup, gravy and cream Ladles, sterling silver spoons and novelties and so many things that we know we can satisfy you. Cut Glass that is as low in price as anyone has. Diamonds that can't be undersold anywhere and we carry a full line of them too. Our engraving is free on all articles bought of us. We do not claim to be the only engraver in town, but we do not run our competitor down even though his work may be better than ours in that line. Remember, we are here for good fair, square business and we ask for a part of your trade.

### Seemann Bros.,

Broadway, Denison, Iowa.

### OBITUARY.

Mrs. J. Fred Meyers, died at the home of her son, F. W. Meyers, at 12:30 o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, December 18, 1901.

It is now more than thirty years since in the grey dawning of a February day a tired and pain-stricken mother was recalled to consciousness by the feeble wailing of her new-born son. The sick and wearied mother raised her head from the pillow and looked at the babe who was the cause of all her pain, at the new life that had been given her to watch and guard, and her murmuring lips framed the words, "Praise the Lord, Oh my soul, and all that is within me, praise His Holy Name."

As we think back now over all the conscious years of our life, as we think of the tender love, the watchful care, the generous forgiveness which that mother lavished upon her children; as we recall the many, many happy days we have spent together; as we try to banish from our thoughts the last sad hours of grief and dwell only upon the blessed heritage of her memory, a voice calls to us, over and beyond and pervading our great grief and bids us to give thanks that she was ours and we were hers, and to repeat as a farewell the words she used in welcome, "Praise the Lord, Oh my soul, and all that is within me, praise His Holy Name."

Emma Byron Kimball was born in the village of Bradford, Vermont, on the fourth day of February, 1830. She was the youngest of four children and the daughter of John H. Kimball and Mercy Tabor Kimball. The home was an humble one, in the New England hills and when the little Emma was but three years old the loving mother died and the home was broken up. The oldest daughter was Caroline, nine years old at the time, and she became the little care-taker, the second mother who has cared for her little sister through all these years with a love and a kindness and a consideration which has known no bounds. From earliest childhood even to the grave the love of that eldest sister has followed her and cherished her and protected her from the storms and ills of life wherever possible and the affection of the elder sister has been repaid with a love and devotion which was true and unwavering and loyal beyond caviol of doubt and fear. Our hearts bleed today for Aunt Carrie, the good angel of our mother's life.

### A PRAYER.

The following verses were written by Mrs. J. Fred Meyers many years ago but they breathe the same spirit of Christian love and humility that filled all the years of her life:

Permit me, gracious Lord, to come  
In meekness unto Thee.  
Thou art my haven and my home,  
My refuge on Life's sea.

The waves of life roll dark and chill  
But Thou art in the storm,  
Thy voice can make the tempest still,  
Can change its angry form.

Oh, may Thy love my heart control,  
To Thee I helpless fly.  
Thou sure, firm anchor of my soul,  
My guide to worlds on high.

Unworthy of Thy loving care,  
Still to Thy cross I cling,  
No tribute in my hands I bear,  
No costly offering.

Thy face, Oh Lord, I humbly seek,  
I offer my poor heart,  
I am very needy, Lord, and weak,  
Oh, bid me not depart.

With love's hand be pleased to lead me  
By still waters calm and blest,  
With thy wisdom, Jesus, feed me,  
In green pastures give me rest.

### Sayings About Breadcrumbs.

In the days when the "bread loaf" was dear careful mothers had a set of thrift sayings which are seldom heard in this time of the big, cheap loaf. Crumbs were regularly swept up and kept for some useful purpose. If a child threw crumbs in the fire, the old fashioned mother lifted a warning finger and said, "If you throw crumbs in the fire, you are feeding the devil." Children were told that the better part of a loaf was the crust, and when a child was sent to the shop for bread the order was to ask for "a crusty loaf." If a child left its crust, came the warning: "Yes, my lady (or my lad), you'll want for a loaf some day. You'll find hunger's a sharp thorn."—Notes and Queries.

### A Prisoner.

"I thought you guaranteed that suit of underwear you sold me not to shrink," said the customer who entered the store and stood in a somewhat cramped attitude.  
"I did," replied the merchant. "If it shrinks, bring it back."  
"I have brought it back," said the customer in evident embarrassment, "but I got caught out in the rain and can't get it off."—Ohio State Journal.

without telling the story of her sister Caroline's life. When Caroline was married to Stephen Tabor and moved to Wisconsin, the little home at Adrian Michigan was a lonely one indeed for the younger sister. Still she persisted in her studies, and we have left to us as precious keepsakes many of the writings of those earlier days, writings which show a breadth of mind, a delicacy of language and a nobility of thought which would do a credit, at a similar age, to any of our most gifted writers.

It was during the school days at Adrian that mother became acquainted with the young, ambitious and brainy German boy, J. Fred Meyers, whom she afterward married, and whose loyal loving wife she was until his death and whose memory she has cherished fondly until now they are re-united for Eternity. After school days, came the first work as a wage earner. It was teaching; the wages were pitifully small. She was forced to "board round" among the poor pioneers of Wisconsin where she taught. The fare was of the coarsest, the privations were many and it was in this work that was laid on her the hand of invalidism which was upon her throughout her life. Returning to Adrian after several years of teaching she was married on Sept. 14th 1858 to Mr. J. Fred Meyers and they at once removed to Germantown Ohio where Mr. Meyers was the editor of a weekly paper called the Independent. Here on Nov. 1st 1859, Charles Kimball the eldest child was born. He was a comfort to his mother all the remaining days of her life. During the earlier days he was almost more than a son to her. He was her constant companion and friend. She trusted him with a faith which was implicit and her confidence was never once misplaced. Brother Charles has a thousand blessed memories to console him. He was always good and true, and the mother-love for her first-born never grew one whit the less. Mr. Meyers achieved much reputation from his newspaper and political work but his paper was not a great financial success and he sold it and purchased a farm near Adrian, Mich. Father was not a good farmer and the days that followed were perhaps the hardest of their wedded lives; poverty looked in at the window and it required all of the bravery and devotion of both to tide them over and keep the wolf from the door. Finally came the election of Abraham Lincoln and the appointment of Salmon P. Chase as Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Chase was a warm personal and political friend of Mr. Meyers and at once offered him a position in the Treasury department. It took much raking and scraping to get together the little sum required to take the bread winner to Washington and the little left for the home, although most carefully husbanded, was nearly gone before a generous share of the first month's salary came to provide for the necessities of the household. Soon Mr. Meyers returned to the west, the farm and belongings were sold and the good sister Carrie took the mother and her boy back to Wisconsin where they lived for some time while the father was saving to found a little home in Washington.

It was in Wisconsin that Lillie was born, the little daughter who brightened the home for but a few short months but whose memory has been enshrined in a mother's heart during all these years. The little sister whom we have never seen is re-united with her mother now and we can but envy them the meeting and the happiness of an eternity together. It was in Wisconsin also that the second daughter, Grace, was born. The child who was to be the stay and comfort of our mother's later years. Constant, in season and out of season, watching with the most tender care; ever helpful, thoughtful and painstaking; no child was ever truer and dearer and more of a companion and a friend than sister Grace has been to mother. For many years the care of the dear mother's health has been almost the sole charge of her daughter's life. Their hearts were bound up in each other. There was the most intimate relationship between them, the relationship that needs not words, that divines the thoughts and forestalls the wishes of those we love. Much as shall we miss our mother, it is the loving sister upon whom the greatest burden of grief must fall. Her comfort must be in the thought of how much happiness she brought into her mother's life, of how much of pain and suffering she eased her and of that enduring and close-knit love upon which the boundaries of time or place can put no seal.

After a number of years spent in Wisconsin, Mrs. Meyers joined her husband in Washington and the years spent in that city were happy and prosperous ones. It was here that the writer was born. In 1874 the family

removed to Denison and Mr. J. Fred Meyers purchased the REVIEW which has been almost constantly under the control of some member of the family since that time. Mother always took the greatest possible interest in the REVIEW, not simply as the means of sustenance for the family, but as an engine of thought and as the instrumentality through which good might be done and kind words uttered. Many times and oft has her gentle spirit quieted the rancor of partisan strife in its columns, many times with tears gathering in her eyes has she penned the words which afterwards appeared in print about some of the departed grand men and women of this community. Her pen was always dipped in kindness and in love; there was no gall, no bitterness in her nature save for that which she believed to be wrong and to the injury of the people as a whole. Her bright humor, and good judgment and plain common sense have been reflected in the columns of the REVIEW for many years and many times have others received the credit for that which was in reality the product of her ever alert and ready brain. Of her life in this community we need not speak. She had nothing but love in her heart and it found constant expression in her deeds. Never in a position of superabundant wealth her kindness was more manifest in the spirit of the giver than in the munificence of her gifts, but she did all that she could for those in sorrow or distress. She was ready to forgive to the utmost the faults of others and to help them on the upward path. No tramp ever went from her door unfed; though the nine were unworthy the tenth might be deserving and she felt that for the sake of the possibly one deserving she could not afford to refuse a single one.

She was a most sincere and broad-minded Christian. In earlier life she united with the Congregational church and at the time of her death she was one of the charter members of the Plymouth Congregational church of Washington. In Denison she did not unite with any church, she was interested in them all and her helpfulness was not confined to church or creed. She was for many years a prominent member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union and was one of the trustees of the McKim Hall. She not only lived during the great age of American progress, but she kept fully abreast of the times. Few men even in public life were better informed as to all the passing events of the day or the great public questions which have been before the people for the past half century. She not only knew of them, but she knew about them, she was able to discuss them with logic and earnestness and ability and in her quiet and unobtrusive way she had a much vaster influence upon the welfare and the thought of this community than will ever be realized. We feel that her best eulogy is graven upon the hearts of those who knew her and we are glad today that her friends are not confined to those high in station or rich in purse but that the poor and lowly knew her and loved her as a friend. Her last years were filled with suffering and with pain. She was the victim of many maladies some of which were well-nigh fatal. She made many journeys in search of the health and strength which were denied her, but during all of her sufferings her cheerfulness of spirit and her vivacity of mind were never clouded. The constant companion of those later years was her daughter Grace, who ministered with loving attention to her every want and who made it her sole object and occupation in life to care for the little mother who is gone. On Tuesday, December 10th mother was taken with an illness which proved to be pneumonia. We do not feel that anything was left undone which might have spared her life or added to her comfort, but in spite of it all God has seen fit to call her to her long rest and she is gone.

It is bitterly hard to think that never in this world shall we hear her dear voice again, that never again can we pillow our head on that tender, all-forgiving, confidential of a mother's breast and feel her arms about us. It is bitterly hard. The only consolation is in the fact that her tired body is at rest, that no maladies can reach her now, that pain can no longer bring wrinkles to her dear calm brow, that she is with us and watching over us just the same as in the dear old days when her sweet lips drove away the ills of childhood or comforted the disappointments of maturer years. There is nothing hidden from her now and we feel that the best we can do to honor her memory and to show our appreciation of all her love and kindness is to lead the life that she would have us lead and to do the deeds that she would have us do. In behalf of the entire family we wish to thank the dear friends whose helpfulness and consideration was never better shown than during the dark hours of our need and anguish.

It is impossible to write of mother