The Democrat.

BRONSON & CARR, Publishers.

MANCHESTER, - - IOWA.

The paragraphers have begun to pepper the salt trust.

Naturally, where the bicycle is ridden with healthful results it means a turn for the better.

London Truth says that soap is unwholesome. Is Truth trying to cater to the anarchist element?

Boston is now uneasy lest the telephone distribute disease. Truly the microbe reigns from pole to pole.

Now it is platinum that has been found in Alaska. Almost everything except food and fire seems to be found there.

Another expedition to find the North Pole! The worst about these undertakings is that there are so few returns from them.

A New Jersey man has been fined $10 for kissing a widow. It is difficult to understand why he should complain, if she is young and fair.

It is strange that nobody ever thought before of forming a coffin trust. Burial expenses are the one thing that people don't expect to economize on.

A Pennsylvania mine owner says there will be no anthracite coal after 2063. The warning is timely. We must get into the habit of using other kinds of fuel.

A woman has written a novel to prove that clinging to life is a folly. The ordinary mortal is willing to be classed as the biggest kind of a fool in that case.

On the face of things, it can't be argued that all trusts are heavy on the people. There's certainly a tendency to make things light in this new baking powder combine.

That the revolution business pays large dividends is shown by the fact that one of the leaders of the Nicaragua revolution has absorbed $40,000 from the custom house.

The fashion a man has of keeping his hands in his pockets is, perhaps, not elegant, but it is not morally culpable as is the practice of putting his hands in the pockets of some one else.

The rubber-tired horseless carriage is the next revolution in locomotion. The locality which gets in at the beginning in manufacturing the article will be exceedingly fortunate. The start will be soon.

It was presumptuous for the doctors to name the influenza germ the "Pfeiffer-Canon bacillus." Every sufferer has a right to call the bacilli just what names his indignant fancy may suggest.

A process has been invented in Paris by which eyes may be colored to suit the taste of their owner. Well, what of it? By an old-fashioned American process flesh-colored eyes have been changed to black and blue in about one second.

A dissatisfied man wants a divorce from his wife because she is not of as blueblooded a family as himself. In his genealogical research he should consult Darwin's theories, where he is apt to find valuable information regarding himself.

A Filipino woman who carried a gun in a recent raid was not permitted to accompany the bearers of a flag of truce to the Americans, but was ordered to the rear. The Filipinos let their women fight, but shut them up when there is talking to be done. Over here we let our women talk till they are black in the face, but when the fighting comes they are shut up in the house with locked doors and barricaded windows.

A gentleman of sixty is frank enough to tell the readers of Popular Science that in his youth he was so completely under the dominion of the passion of anger that he was brought to the brink of crime and delirium. At twenty he became discreetly aware of the danger and ashamed of the weakness. Then he set about the task of self-conquest, and with such success that for the last twenty years he has not once given rein to anger. In all ages men have committed acts of violence against each other in hot blood; but the doctor would probably say that a much greater number have shortened life, besides impairing its quality, by the nervous expenditure wasted upon an irritable temper.

The Kaiser is not only the father of his people, but also their godfather when they are unusually populous. The Berlin correspondent of the Daily News informs us that he has graciously consented to stand in the latter capacity to the twin children of a coachman at Geisdorf. He has also sanctioned their christening as William the First and William the Second. We cannot help thinking that thereby he sets a somewhat dangerous precedent. If it came to triplets, William the Third, solemnly christened and registered as such, would be a serious danger to the succession. Meanwhile the William twins should be certain of a brilliant future on the boards, more especially if they could secure powers to add to their number and so become a troupe. It will be rather confusing at home; but then, as their father is a coachman, the strap will be a handy instrument for sorting them.

The future of the island of Crete is attracting some attention in Europe, and it appears most likely that while other nations are scrambling for slices of the Chinese melon Great Britain will quietly pluck this large peach and put it in her basket. Every one will remember what a perplexing time the powers had last year in selecting a ruler for that island when it was decided that the Sultan must yield the administration of its affairs, and, also, how it was hoped that the selection of Prince George of Greece for the position of Governor General would ultimately terminate in the annexation of Crete to the kingdom of the Hellenes. But when the Prince reached Candia he found Sir Herbert Chermside, the British representative, in charge of affairs. Up to the present time the new constitution of Crete, by virtue of which the people are to be accorded an autonomous government, has not been completed and the question comes up as to whether the Prince or Sir Herbert is responsible for good order. The Prince naturally thinks it suspicious that Great Britain keeps a considerable body of men on the islands, while France and Russia suspect that Crete, along with Cyprus and Malta, is to be retained as one of Great Britain's outposts for the control of the Mediterranean. The Sultan, also, is trying to guess whether or not he has lost an island that his predecessors struggled for centuries to hold, and that without the exchange of a shot on either land or sea. While the island is nominally a Turkish possession, there is not a flag bearing the crescent flying upon it, and it may be expected any day that Prince George will go back to Athens, that the union jack of England will fly from every fort on the island and that Great Britain will then ask the powers what they propose to do about it.

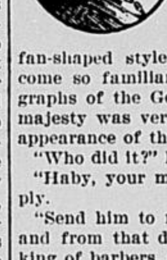
That there may be an opening for the new woman in the prize ring was demonstrated not long ago, when a champion lightweight pugilist was mauled and thumped into a pleasant condition of submission by his wife—a lady whom he had imprudently instructed in the art and mystery of slugging. Nor is this the only case on record where the woman has proved herself the better man. A number of years ago J. Lawrence Sullivan, applying for divorce, declared that his wife had treated him with extreme cruelty. As Mrs. Sullivan weighed about ninety pounds and Mr. Sullivan tipped the beam at about 200, the case showed clearly that the fair sex can give away weight to a surprising extent and still win out. We gather from these two instances, therefore, all manner of encouragement for ladies who are tired of hammering typewriters or selling ribbons and who desire a larger and more profitable field of activity. Let them enter the prize ring, where their superior prowess will insure them victory and where they will, moreover, be thoroughly able to take care of themselves in the matter of profuse conversation—the prime requisite for success in modern pugilism.

There is a lesson in the recent illness of Rudyard Kipling. The cause of the sickness was a severe cold brought on by his own almost childish disregard of simple health precautions. As told by W. E. Curtis, the newspaper correspondent, Mr. Kipling wore a heavy fur-lined overcoat on warm days and cold days alike. He declined to change outer garments with the mercury's rise or fall. When he became overheated in his warm great coat he took it off. It was a performance of this sort, while returning home from a social function late at night, that caused the cold which afterward developed into inflammation of the lungs. What a foolish origin for so great a calamity as has threatened the world of letters! It is to the general principle of taking care of oneself that the application of the moral of this is directed. It is a responsibility that is involved in the inherent duty of making the most of life and its opportunities. And yet it is a duty that is overlooked perhaps more frequently than any other one in the every day walks of life. Every hour men of intelligence and common sense in all other directions violate the unwritten yet generally understood rules of sensible living. Usually the transgression is a thoughtless one, but often it is done with open understanding but reckless disregard of consequences. It is unnecessary to allude to the innumerable opportunities to display a lack of wisdom in eating, drinking, working, sleeping, smoking, exercising and the thousand other channels into which carelessness may creep during the day or night. The man who overtaxes his energies in constant work is on the same plane with the man who smokes too many cigars or drinks too much whisky or goes out without his overcoat on a cold day. One and all are letting their carelessness shorten their lives and interfere with their opportunities for doing the work given to them to do. They not only throw away their own rights and privileges but those of their families, friends and business associates, which are inextricably interwoven with theirs. No man of business willfully leaves his bank book or wallet lying around carelessly where a possible thief might lay hand on it. Nearly any business man will stand in a draft in his shirt sleeves on a raw spring morning while he listens to the latest story. That's the difference in the sense of responsibility experienced by the average citizen as between taking care of one's business and taking care of one's self. The first mentioned mistake might cost a man a few dollars. The latter might cost his life.

## THE EMPEROR'S MUSTACHE.

### It Has Been as Good as a Gold Mine to the Royal Barber.

A German paper has lately got itself into a deal of trouble by discussing the Emperor's mustacahe and the barber who has made a fortune out it. The imperial barber is Herr Haby. About three years ago Adjutant von Hullen, companion from youth of the Kaiser, appeared before his majesty with his mustache turned up in the fan-shaped style which has now become so familiar from recent photographs of the German Emperor. His majesty was very much struck at the appearance of the adjutant.



"Who did it?" he asked.

"Haby, your majesty," came the reply.

"Send him to me," said the Kaiser, and from that day Haby became the king of barbers, and the imperial face assumed an entirely new aspect.

Haby to-day, although an uncrowned king, has many decorations. The latest is the Cross of Jerusalem, given to him upon the Kaiser's birthday. Haby accompanied the Kaiser upon his Palestine journey, and has accompanied the Emperor on all his journeys for several years. His other decorations include the Knight's Cross of the Hessian Philip Order, the Russian Stanislaus Order, a Bavarian silver medal of merit and a Turkish medjidie of the fourth class.

Haby has grown rich out of his job. His public establishment is crowded daily with the men of Berlin who are imitating the Kaiser's style of beard and he sells at fancy prices the water with which he claims to have made the imperial mustache what it is. The Kaiser has his mustache dressed every day and, sometimes, several times in a day.

### A Philippine Animal.

At the National Zoological gardens in Washington has just been received a tarsier from the Philippines. The tarsier may best be described as having a face like an owl, and a body, limbs, and tail like those of a monkey. His sitting height is about that of the squirrel. As his enormous optics would lead one to suppose, he cuts capers in the night and sleeps in the daytime, concealed usually in abandoned clearings, where new growth has sprung up to a height of twenty feet or more.

Revenge generally seeks refuge in a pretty small head.

# HENRY-W-LAWTON, FIGHTING MACHINE.

At the head of the 5,000 regulars in the Philippine Islands is a modern fighting machine. Its name is Lawton—Henry W. Lawton—and for nearly forty years it has worn the uniform of the United States army. It has risen from the ranks, this fighting machine, leaving behind it other machines as strong possibly, but less fortunate.

Henry W. Lawton was born in Ohio fifty-six years ago. He was a country boy and got only a common school education—not any too much of it. It is to be doubted if he would have learned a great deal if kept steadily at college until he attained his majority. Emphatically he is not a book man. Studying the printed page has been to him always a task and never a pleasure. Men are his books—men and happenings. His folk were plain farmer folk. From them he derived his length and size of bone. The tremendous muscles, the tireless endurance which have marked him in later life had the beginning of the development in the open air of the fields of his boyhood. It was said of him that it took him longer to learn anything and longer to forget it than any youth that ever tramped through the snow to a log school house. His memory, indeed, has been one of his strong points since he emerged from childhood. He remembers well—particularly enemies. A better hater was never born. It follows necessarily that he is true in friendship. He is, in fact, a man's man. Women who get to know him like him well enough, but not many of them get to know him. In the age of gray hair he is still a bachelor, and if he has ever had an affair of the heart it has been kept to himself.

Lawton entered the volunteer service of the United States in April, 1861, and was given the chevrons of a sergeant in company E of the Ninth Indiana Infantry. In August, 1861, he was made first lieutenant of the Thirtieth Indiana. In May, 1862, he was made a captain, was a lieutenant colonel in November, 1864, was breveted a colonel for gallant and meritorious services in March, 1865, and was mustered out of the service in November, 1865. He had had practically four years of the most tremendous war in the history of the nations. He had been a participant in a dozen pitched battles. He had led his men in charge and counter charge on the stricken fields of Virginia. He had stepped upon the dead upturned faces of his brothers. He had been soaked with blood to his knees.

On the 1st of July, 1866, he was gazetted a second lieutenant in the regular army, being assigned to the Forty-first Infantry. A year later he was made a first lieutenant. He was transferred to the cavalry arm in January, 1871, had advanced to a captaincy in March, 1879, was made a major in the inspector's general's department in September, 1888, and inspector general, with the rank of lieutenant colonel, in 1889. That is his rank in the regular army to-day, although he wears the epaulets of a major general of volunteers. He is slated for appointment to be a brigadier general under the reorganization act and when the two years for which the new soldiers will be enlisted have expired there will be enough retirements from the service to make his retention as a regular brigadier a certainty.

He has come upward step by step solely through personal courage and personal strength. He has held that it is the first duty of the soldier to fight, and to fight as soon as he gets the chance. He has been possessed by no particular refinements of the art of war. He has simply gone ahead and fought like a fiend when opportunity offered and left to others the task of explaining why and how such and such a victory was won or defeat suffered. He has devoted his life to the profession of arms and he understands it. He does not pretend to be an authority upon anything else. He is a one-idea man.

### Personality of the Man.

In person he is a wonder. Standing 6 feet 3 inches high, as straight as a rule, with long arms, wide shoulders, deep chest and thin flanks, he weighed 195 pounds of bone and muscle when 25 years old and now weighs 210. His head is small and set on a massive neck. His hands and feet are large. He is as active as a cat and as tireless as a wolf. Under the sleeves of his blue fatigue jacket the muscles bulge like cables. His stomach goes like clockwork. He has not an unsound tooth. Headaches are not known to him, except from hearsay. He can travel for a week without food or sleep, then make a boa constrictor ashamed of itself and sleep for two days without turning over. He has never taken any care of himself. The soldier's rough and exposed life has been his since youth, but he is as sound as a nut to-day and able to tire out a dozen younger men. Apparently fatigue passes him by when it lays its heavy hand upon those apparently as strong. He is always alert and always looking for a chance to damage an opponent. One of his many Indian names is "Man-Who-Gets-Up-in-the-Night-to-Fight," and he has earned it by years of practically ceaseless toil. His forehead is high and somewhat narrow, his eyes a keen gray, his nose and cheek bones prominent, his chin square, his lips thin. He wears a drooping mustache. His hair is cut pompadour, stands up stiff and short like a reversed shoe brush, and he is not pretty. This hair is now liberally sprinkled with gray, and the white amid the brown is about his only sign of age. Army surgeons who know him say that he may live to be 100 unless a bullet cuts short his strange and sanguinary career.

Henry W. Lawton was a gallant and serviceable officer of infantry during four years of the civil war, but his peculiar talents were properly environed only when he was transferred to the cavalry and stationed in the southwest. This was more than a quarter of a century ago, and for two decades he was remote from the large cities of the east. He found New Mexico and Arizona overrun and terrorized by hostile bands of Indians and he set himself, along with his comrades, to hold them down. They were held down. The work that the cavalrymen of the United States did in those years will never be appreciated until a circumstantial history is written and it is not probable that the history will ever be written. It was a life of foray, long rides, desperate battles in remote valleys, midnight surprises, combat with a foe that often was not seen, disheartening and fruitless chases, danger and frequent death. In fifteen years the officer saw every friend he had made when he went to the mountains taken from him by removal, age disease or the bullet. The entire personnel of the force changed more than once—the entire personnel—that is, except himself. He was always left, lonely, self-contained, earnest, indefatigable and silent, save when giving commands or cheering on his men in fight. His name became a household world in all of the tepees in that wild land. The Chiricahuas, the Mescaleros, the Jicarillas, Apaches, all had for him the mixture of hate and grudgen admiration compelled by a dauntless foe. They found in him, after a little while, a man who was learned in every phase of their peculiar warfare, and in ten years they dreaded him as they have dreaded few white men since the winning of the West began. Lawton's method of handling them was singularly his own. When he struck a trail he kept to it with a dogged tenacity which knew no such thing as quit. Whether the pursuit was maintained for a day or a week, it was maintained with a steady, unrelenting earnestness that did more to strike terror into the hearts of the red men than would have been possible to all the rifles on earth. The man's philosophy was wholly expressed once in a chance remark to a newspaper acquaintance.

"If a man is hunting for you," he said, "get a gun and hunt him. Do it right away. It discourages anyone to be suddenly transferred from the position of hunter to hunted."

This rule has guided him. He insists upon being the aggressor. It is supposed that he would stand a charge all right, but hitherto he has always done the charging. He does not believe in waiting for the other side to act. This trait was signally demonstrated in his conduct of the right wing of the American army at El Caney. He had men that he thought could be depended on. At any rate he proposed to see what they could and would do. So he sent them at the blockhouses and breastworks hour after hour with a savage disregard of the chances of battle and the liability to death that is one of the marvels of that brief and glorious campaign. It was of Lawton's men and not of the rough riders that the Spanish infantryman said: "We do not understand you American soldiers. You tried to catch us with your hands."

It was Lawton's reputation for daring and tireless pertinacity that led to his becoming internationally famous. His characteristics were known, of course, to his superior officers as thoroughly as they were known to the Indians whom he had been fighting for a dozen years. For the tenth time the band of Chiricahua Apaches, headed by Chief Naches and directed by Geronimo, had jumped the San Carlos reservation, leaving behind them the usual trail of blood and ruin. Ranchmen were butchered on lonely ranges, children's brains were dashed out and the smoke of burning dwellings rose day and night to the brilliantly blue sky. General Miles, a trained soldier and an Indian fighter himself, was in command, and he selected Captain Lawton for the task that was set before them. He started with two troops of veterans, taking a trail that at its beginning was broad and plainly marked. Then followed the most remarkable pursuit in the history of Indian warfare. Day after day the ceaseless toil continued. The men speedily found themselves in a country where horses without claws were of worse than no account. Their officer dismounted them. "We will walk them down," he said grimly. The walk began. It was white pluck and endurance against Indian craftiness and endurance.

### Hunting Geronimo.

Over rocks that blistered the hands when touched, in ravines so deep and dark that through the narrow rift far overhead the stars were visible at noontide, up the sides of huge hills down which trickled rivulets of dust, threading paths along precipices which frowned upon green valleys 5,000 feet below, drinking of cold, clear springs that gushed above the clouds, sometimes in the sun-baked desert, again clambering far beyond the timber line, Lawton and his followers struggled on. Frequently a wisp of blue smoke jutted from some inaccessible crag and a bullet sang its wicked way to its billet or spattered upon a russet rock. It is a country that God Almighty made in wrath and the imprint of his anger is on it all. Week succeeded week. Men dropped, fainting, in the giant hills and their comrades passed on. There was no time to stay. They were left to find their way back to the reservation as best they could. Indian and white were foemen worthy of each other's steel, and the issue of the contest was in doubt to the last day.

Finally, one night just as the sentries were set, there was a faint hail and an Indian stood before them. He was worn to the bone, but dauntless still. He said that his chief would talk to the white man, but would talk to him alone. His camp was some miles further on, but the messenger would guide Lawton to it if he cared to come. The noncoms endeavored to persuade the captain against the venture, but he smiled sourly at them and told the Indian that he was ready. They left the camp of the soldiers the next morning. By 10 o'clock Lawton stood in the Apache horde. Cavernous eyes gleamed at him. Lips drawn back from discolored teeth grinned at him. Wasted hands were waved at him threateningly. Stern, dominant, the living, breathing personification of the great White Spirit that had beaten them back from the far eastern verge of the land they had owned, he walked straight to the medicine man and demanded his surrender. There was a brief parley. Lawton contemptuously refused to promise anything or to guarantee anything, except that he and his followers would be fed.

"Maybe you will be hanged afterward," he said. "I don't know about that. Anyhow, you ought to be. But I'll feed you. I'd feed a dog in your fix."

### In the Cuban Fight.

A month afterward Geronimo, Naches and their band of cutthroats were prisoners in Florida. They are still in confinement. Not only was the power for evil of this particular tribe nullified, but the spirit of Apache resistance was broken. It had been demonstrated that they could be beaten at their own game. Once again the white man had shown them that he was their master, mentally, morally and physically. It was this service which called Lawton from the west and landed him in the inspector general's office in Washington, with much official prestige, a fair salary and little to do. The inaction chafed him, as it chafes any man of his kind. In five years he rusted more than he would have worn in ten. The chance of hostilities with Spain found him eagerly preferring requests for assignment to service. He did not wish to inspect anything or to take the conduct of army trains. He wanted to fight. It seemed to him, he said, that if he could smell the smoke once more and know that there was a chance to do good work, he would instantly become young again. The opportunity was offered him. It was recognized that in the Santiago campaign fighters and not doctrinaires were wanted. At Tampa Lawton was the first man named by Shafter to assist him in the desperate enterprise ahead. "Pecos Bill" had been for many years on the frontier himself and he knew his officer thoroughly. Nothing could have suited Lawton so well. He was there to kill Spaniards and he thought he saw his way clear to doing it.

As a brigadier general of volunteers he was given command of a division and in that command stormed El Caney, doing as much as any man could do to convince Toral that his cause was hopeless. In all of the fighting of that terrific day he was up to the firing line, saying little, but pacing slowly up and down, his gaunt figure a mark for every sharpshooter in the enemy's lines, the Mauser's flicking up the dust about him or pissing in the air, giving to his men the constant example of how an American soldier should act when under fire. He was one of the three commissioners appointed by Gen. Shafter to arrange with Toral the terms of capitulation, and after the fall of Santiago policed the city in a very thorough manner until the establishment of a stable form of government was made possible. Lawton's idea of policing a place of the kind is very simple. "The regulations are so and so," he would say, "and you have your gun. If anybody violates the regulations, use the gun." It required just one day to quiet the city.

Again it was the Geronimo record—or rather the record of years in the west crowned by the Geronimo incident—which sent him to the Philippines to command the American forces in the field. The rainy season will have no effect on him, whatever the effect may be on those under him. He is as certain to go strong and fast, even if he goes to his death, as the sun is certain to rise and set. All climates and all seasons are alike to that iron frame, upon which war and peace and the rigors of the mountains and the sloth of the Potomac Valley and asceticism and dissipation have been effectless.

### He Had Not Missed It.

A friend making a morning call upon Peter Burrowes, a celebrated Irish barrister, who was very absent-minded, found him shaving himself with his face to the wall, and asked why he chose so strange an attitude. The answer was "To look in the glass." "Why, there is no glass there." "Bless me!" exclaimed Burrowes, "I did not notice that before." Then, ringing the bell, he called the servant and questioned him respecting the looking-glass which had been hanging on the wall. "Oh, sir," said the servant, "it was broken six weeks ago."—San Francisco Wave.

"Optimism," said the sorry fool, "is seeing the green side of a $5 bill." "And what is pessimism?" asked his friend. "Seeing neither side of a $5 bill."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

## THE HAWKEYE STATE

### NEWS OF THE WEEK CONCISELY CONDENSED.

**An Important Test Case—Railroad Labor to Be Better Paid—State Will Have a Surplus—Accident to a Fireman—Horrible Outrage at Dunlap.**

An interesting test case is to be brought at Fort Dodge, involving the legality of the use of gasoline in buildings for illuminating purposes. The new code prohibits its use except in the Welsbach burners, and this, according to the opinion of Attorney General Remley, is also illegal, so that its use in any manner is prohibited. A certain gasoline lamp has been sold there. Deputy Oil Inspector C. F. Gullixon has ordered its discontinuance, and upon the merchant's refusal the oil inspector has decided to bring a test case against him, as he uses the lamp in his own house. The case will probably go before the Supreme Court, and will be especially important from the fact that it will be the first case of the kind to be tried under the new Iowa code.

#### State Out of Debt.

The State of Iowa is out of debt. By July 1 there will be a surplus in the treasury. The income for July and August is so small, however, that the surplus will be dissipated until after October. By Jan. 1, 1900, the State will have a big surplus. State Treasurer Herriott has issued a call for the last of the outstanding warrants. There are about $400,000 of them. They will be redeemed as soon as presented after April 20. Among these warrants are those amounting to $140,000 issued by the State for war expenses, which will be paid to the State by the national Government.

#### Wages Go Up on a Railroad.

An announcement of a rise of wages for the trackmen employed by the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad Company has been made. The 5,000 men who are affected will hereafter receive $1.25 a day, instead of $1.10 as in the past. Labor will also be benefited through construction plans of the Chicago Great Western Railway. The company intends to begin work at once on additional sidetracks, buildings and other improvements, the cost to aggregate $500,000. The officials of the road say the traffic is the heaviest ever known.

#### A Barbarous Affair.

Three young men of Dunlap are under arrest and held in bonds to the next grand jury for a brutal attack upon an old farmer named Schrivalier. The fellows, who were all under the influence of liquor, came upon the old man while he was in a livery stable seeking his horse to return home. Without provocation they beat and kicked him into an insensible condition. They then threw a blanket over him in the barn. He was found the next morning, still unconscious and almost frozen to death.

#### Fireman's Head Is Crushed.

Fireman J. J. Healey of Burlington was instantly killed on the Burlington fast mail engine while going into that city. He was leaning out of the cab looking at a hot box on the engine, when he was struck by a bridge and his head crushed. Engineer Pitts did not know of the accident till his steam began to run low, and he looked around to the fireman's side and found Healey's lifeless body hanging out of the cab. Healey leaves a widow and three children in Burlington.

#### Hot Fire at Prairieburg.

Sliker's wagon shop and blacksmith shop burned at Prairieburg. The fire was discovered shortly after 11 o'clock, both buildings being ablaze on the inside at the time of the discovery. They were of wood and adjoined each other. There is no idea as to how the fire may have started. Mr. Sliker had insurance to the amount of $800 on the two buildings and the goods in the blacksmith shop, but the insurance will not nearly cover the loss.

#### Victory for Cornell.

The annual debate between Cornell and Grinnell colleges was a victory for Cornell. The question debated was: "Granted that a single monetary system for the entire world is desirable, resolved that the best results are attained by gold monometallism." Cornell had the affirmative. Cornell's speakers were Heald, Jayne and Betts. The negative was sustained by Douglass, Denison and Roberts.

#### Heavy Fines Assessed.

At Mason City, Judge Sherwin fined the three violators of the liquor laws who pleaded guilty a few days ago, as follows: A. E. Miller, $400; Pete Finnegan, $100; H. Vennard, $125.

#### Brief State Happenings.

Electric lights are being agitated for at Strawberry Point.

Anthon voted favorably to the building of a new school house.

The schools in LaMoille have been closed on account of measles.

The postoffice at Pierce has been discontinued, mail going to Decatur.

Guthrie is the only county in the State that supports a county high school.

Robert Canty of Danbury died of heart disease while driving into the country.

The Vining Creamery Company hopes soon to be the biggest industry in that city.

The M. E. parsonage at Humeston was destroyed by fire. The loss was fully insured.

Sons of the Revolution of Iowa will hold their annual banquet at Dubuque April 19.

It has been decided at Denison to submit a proposition for a $20,000 high school building.

The Commercial Exchange of Colfax has been organized to advance the interests of that town.

The quarantine is being raised on most of the families afflicted with scarlet fever at Grand Mound.

The wages of the employes of the Davenport Pearl Button Company have been raised 1 cent per gross.

Ottumwa will build a bicycle track in order to secure the annual meet of the Iowa division, L. A. W.

J. M. Schmoll has been sent to jail at Fort Dodge for stealing coal from the cars of the Illinois Central.

C. F. Wennerstrum, a prominent boot and shoe merchant of Fort Dodge, has filed a petition in bankruptcy.

The proposition to isue $65,000 in bonds for building a new high school at Council Bluffs carried by a large majority.

John N. Yount of Dubuque attempted suicide by taking "Rough on Rats." Dissipation given as the cause of his desire to die.

Mrs. Ed W. Duncan, a former resident of Dubuque, was clubbed into unconsciousness at her home in Salt Lake, Utah.

John Galberg of Whiting was seized with an attack of heart disease and expired just as he reached the door of his home.

Edward E. Fee, a laborer at Des Moines, was run over by an engine in the Burlington yards in that city and instantly killed.

Polk County real estate dealers say there are but few calls for farm lands on account of the high prices at which they are held.

Articles of incorporation have been filed by the Havens & Brockmann Coffee Company of Davenport, with a capital stock of $50,000.

Dr. Oscar Clute of the Unitarian Church at Des Moines has tendered his resignation, having accepted a pastorate at Pomona, Cal.

At the school election at Emmetsburg the people voted to issue bonds to the amount of $20,000 for the purpose of building a school house.

Oakville is to have a new school house to cost $2,500.

The deposits in Dubuque banks amount to $5,284,000.

A new school house is to be erected soon at Ridgeway.

S. D. Brouging has been appointed postmaster at Ackley.

Great Oak township voted a tax of $550 to build a school house.

The postoffice at Pierce has been discontinued. Mail to go to Detour.

A pearl button factory at Muscatine wishes to remove to Dubuque.

The floating debt of the city of Dubuque was reduced nearly $50,000 last year.

The schools at Brooklyn closed for a week's vacation on account of measles.

The Gilman canning factory has reorganized and filed articles of incorporation.

Two hundred and fifty real estate transfers were recorded in Scott County in nine days.

Sixty-five thousand dollars was voted for a new high school building at Council Bluffs.

A postoffice has been established at Henshaw, with Perry E. Shipley as postmaster.

Farmers in the western part of the State are offering $20 to $25 per month for hands.

The Dubuque banks are considering a reduction of interest on deposits from 4 to 3 per cent.

A company will be incorporated with a capital of $6,000 to build an opera house at Postville.

Keokuk anticipates a telephone war, which will result in greatly lowering present prices.

John Ralberry, foreman for the C. & N. W., dropped dead at Whiting while unloading ties.

John Lee, a miner of Des Moines, was seriously injured by falling coal at the Gibson mine.

The boarding halls at the agricultural college at Ames are crowded to their utmost capacity.

Three companies of the new Fifty-second regiment have now been mustered into the service.

Nora Springs will vote on the proposition to bond the city for the construction of water works.

A firm at Cleveland, Ohio, has accepted an issue of $34,000 refunding bonds of the city of Dubuque.

There is talk of establishing a new short line steamer service from Dubuque to the towns north and south.

The Tama and Toledo Electric Railway and Light Company has filed amended articles of incorporation.

The Dubuque Council has decided that the desired appropriation for a new bridge must be by special election.

Two freight trains collided on the Burlington a few miles from Creston. Two trainmen were slightly injured.

An entertainment at Council Bluffs for the hospital fund of the local military company at Manila netted $637.

John Yount, aged 50, a broom maker of Dubuque, is dead from the effects of rat poison taken with suicidal intent.

The steamer Hock White sank in the lower lock of the Government canal at Keokuk. The cause is not known.

Osten Dehil, living near Bassett, while crossing a stream swollen by rain, was washed from his seat and drowned.

N. J. Chambers, a Chicago traveling man, was sandbagged at Council Bluffs and robbed of a large amount of money.

Floyd is now an incorporated town as the result of the recent election. The proposition carried by a vote of 4 to 1.

The star route from Iowa Falls to the postoffices at Cottage and Ellis has been changed from a tri-weekly to a daily service.

Des Moines bankers now carry a total of $10,921,055 in deposits, an increase of over $200,000 since the last monthly statement.

A recent sale of Fort Dodge business property brought $100 a front foot. Four years ago it was offered at $25, without takers.

Three years ago Louis Wachenheim of Dubuque had a family of nine children. The last one has just died and the parents are entirely destitute.

There are only six graduates in medicine in the whole State this year. Four of these are from the Keokuk College and one each at Sioux and Iowa City.

Mercy hospital, Davenport, will hereafter care for the county insane for $11.50 per month for each person. This is a decrease of one dollar on former charges.

The collection of fees in the Secretary of State's office from corporations filing articles under the new law, which went into effect April 14, 1896, aggregated $63,000.

Chief Clerk Penn of the railway mail service says that since the Northwestern inaugurated its fast mail the volume of mail matter carried has increased 33 per cent.

The millinery store of Mrs. A. H. Paul and the Chandler bank building at Onslow were destroyed by fire. The entire west side of Main street had a narrow escape.

The body of an unknown man, badly mangled, was found on the tracks of the C., B. & Q. in Des Moines. He had evidently been struck and run over by a switch engine.

Wesley Green of Davenport has taken his place as secretary of the State Horticultural Society, succeeding George H. Van Houten, who is secretary of the State Agricultural Society. The new secretary is an old horticulturist, well known in the State and a man of ability as a writer.

Two carloads of colored miners have been brought from Missouri to work the mines at Coalfield. The white miners struck because the operators refused to deduct from each man's wages the amount required by the local union. The mines have been idle for the past two months.

A Centerville citizen has brought an injunction suit against the electric lighting company and the city on the ground that the lighting company has no legal franchise, as the one under which it operates was not submitted to a vote of the people and is therefore null and void.

Two efforts of John W. Rose to commit suicide have proved vain. He is a farmer, living at Lake City. He shot himself while in a room in Chicago. The wound was slight and the next night he rented another room and took poison. He was removed to the hospital, where the physicians said he would recover.

At Sigourney, S. W. Brunt, cashier of the Keokuk County State Bank, has been sued for $25,000 by John Black, who claims Brunt alienated his wife's affections. This is the second suit of this nature brought against Brunt in the last year.

A stranger about 30 years of age, giving the name of Milax, claiming to hail from the State of Oregon, and his destination Cedar Rapids, was taken in charge by officers at Wiota. He was in a dazed condition and was laboring under the belief that he was being followed by some one who wished to kill him. He had $50 on his person and also a Chicago draft for $2,700.

M. E. Natsedt & Co. of Davenport purchased a gold brick from a Mexican miner. The purchasers tested it thoroughly and have smeltered a large portion of it with good results. The brick weighed forty-eight pounds, and the firm paid $4,427.40 for it.

Mrs. Martin Spau, wife of a German farmer near Newport, is supposed to have committed suicide by drowning in the Iowa river. Mrs. Spau had been ill and a doctor was called. Shortly after 1 o'clock the following morning she was missed from her bed. She was tracked through the cornfield to the river, about twenty rods away, and there all trace of her was lost.

## SHEAR NONSENSE

Bill—She said her face was her fortune. Jill—Poor thing!—Yonkers Statesman.

"What is raised mostly in damp climates?" asked the teacher. "Umbrellas," replied Johnny.—Tit-Bits.

"That man was an old flame of mine!" "What's the story?" "He flared up one day and went out!"—Bazar.

"Was the banquet a success?" "I guess so; the men all wore each other's overcoats off as souvenirs."—Detroit Free Press.

"That dull Miss Wiggs doesn't seem to have a particle of imagination." "Yes, she has; she thinks she can sing."—Chicago Record.

Anna—"They say I have my mother's mouth and nose." Hannah—"Well, your mother was lucky to get rid of them."—Yonkers Statesman.

Proud Mother—"Oh, John, the baby can walk!" Cruel Father—"Good. He can walk the floor with himself at night, then."—Tit-Bits.

"Wife, what a lot of grammatical errors you make." "What of it? Aren't they as good as those your mother used to make?"—Chicago Record.

Miss Vassar—What is the reason this orangeade tastes so watery? Polite attendant—Because we make it out of naval oranges, miss.—Judge.

Dentist—I see that I shall have to kill the nerve. Patient—For heaven's sake, don't. It would ruin me in business. I'm a life insurance agent.—Tid-Bits.

Mrs. G.—"Why, you screamed the minute the dentist touched your tooth. I thought you said you had so much nerve." Mr. G—"I did, hang it! That's what hurt."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Browne—"There is no time in life when woman doesn't get in more talk than man." Towne—"Oh, yes there is." Browne—"I'd like to know when." Towne—"During the marriage ceremony."

"Are you much rushed now, Foozer?" "Rushed? If I were to die to-night my employer would expect me to come down town to-morrow, and work until the hour set for the funeral."—Cleveland Record.

Tommy—What's an heirloom, auntie? His Old Maid Aunt—Oh, that's a jewel or something that's been in the family years and years. Tommy—Auntie, is your engagement ring an heirloom?—Jewelers' Weekly.

Sunday School Teacher—There is but one thing in the world, children, that we can put our faith and reliance in confidently. Do any of you know what is is? Georgie Bablbruther—Yes'm; safety-pins.—Judge.

A Natural Deduction: Hixon—Are you engaged in the same business you were last year? Dixon—Yes, and at the old stand still. Hixon—At the old stand-still! Why don't you advertise and stir things up a little?—Chicago News.

The World Against Him: Despondent Tremlow (mournfully)—Well, by gosh! This is the irony of fate for keeps. Here I've spent me last 50 cents ter commit suicide with gas, an' I git a room with 'lectric lights.—Judge.

Disgusted: What makes you think you were defeated by fraud?" "I paid for 163 votes in the second precinct, and the books show that I got a total of only 155 there. Our election system is simply rotten."—Cleveland Leader.

He felt that she had encouraged him, and when she refused him he indignantly inquired if she didn't think she had played him a very mean trick. "Not at all," she answered cheerily; "only a little slight-of-hand."—Detroit Free Press.

"If you do not marry me I shall hang myself," exclaimed a love-lorn young man. "Well, if you do, please go a little way down the street," was the young lady's cheerful response, "for I heard papa say he didn't want you hanging about here."—Tid-Bits.

"Father," confessed the callow youth, "I have married her; we are two souls with but a single thought." "Well, you've gained something. A single thought isn't so many, but it is one more than I ever knew you to have before."—Detroit Free Press.

"Minnie," said a mother to her naughty three-year-old daughter, "what is the reason you and little brother Harry can't get along without quarreling?" "I don't know," was the reply, "unless it's because I take after you and Harry takes after papa."

Magazine Editor (coming in in the morning, to office boy)—Anyone waiting? Office Boy—Yes, sir; four admirals in your office, and six brigadier generals in Mr. Burjoice's room, and some more military gentlemen outside, sir. I kept 'em separate, as you said, sir.—Life.

Peddler—"Wouldn't you like some mottoes for your house, mum? It's very cheering to a husband to see a nice motto on the wall when he comes home." Mrs. Dagg—"You might sell me one if you've got one that says, 'Better late than never.'"—New York Weekly.

At a school inspection some of the boys found a difficulty in the correct placing of the letters "i" and "e" in such words as "believe," receive," etc., when the inspector said, blandly: "My boys, I will give you an infallible rule, one I invariably use myself." The pupils were all attention, and even the master pricked up his ears. The inspector continued: "It is simply this: Write the 'i' and 'e' exactly alike and put the dot in the middle over them."

### Evading the Law.

The London Telegraph tells a story of a collier who amused himself with flying pigeons. He had occasion to go to town recently, and took with him a bird in a bag. He was about to toss up the pigeon in the town hall square when a policeman came up and told him that he must not fly the bird there.

"Why not?" asked the collier.

"Because it is forbidden, and I shall have to lock you up if you do."

The collier, with the usual sharpness of his kind, thereupon took the pigeon out of the bag, set it on the ground, stroked its wings and said to it: "Aw corn'd toss thee up here, so thou mun walk whoam; dost yer? thou mun walk whoam."

The bird, of course, rose in the air, leaving the policeman petrified with astonishment.

### Life of Big Guns.

The huge guns of modern navies can be fired only about seventy-five times, when they become worn out.

"Are tights doomed?" asked a theatrical journal. Sometimes they are; it depends on the humor of the judge the next morning.