

SPECIMEN BALLOT,

To be Voted at the General Election to be held Tuesday, November 7th, 1899.

REPUBLICAN.	DEMOCRATIC.	PROHIBITION.	PEOPLE'S PARTY.	SOCIALIST LABOR.	UNITED CHRISTIAN.
STATE TICKET. FOR GOVERNOR, LESLIE M. SHAW, OF CHATHAM COUNTY.	STATE TICKET. FOR GOVERNOR, F. E. WHITE, OF KEOKUK COUNTY.	STATE TICKET. FOR GOVERNOR, M. W. ATWOOD, OF EMMET COUNTY.	STATE TICKET. FOR GOVERNOR, CHARLES A. LLOYD, OF MUSCATINE COUNTY.	STATE TICKET. FOR GOVERNOR, M. J. KREMER, OF SCOTT COUNTY.	STATE TICKET. FOR GOVERNOR, C. C. HEACOCK, OF WASHINGTON COUNTY.
FOR LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR, J. C. MULLIMAN, OF HARRISON COUNTY.	FOR LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR, M. L. BEVIS, OF HINGOUL COUNTY.	FOR LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR, GEORGE PUGSLEY, OF HARRISON COUNTY.	FOR LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR, S. M. HARVEY, OF POLK COUNTY.	FOR LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR, MICHAEL BRONNER, OF ADAMS COUNTY.	FOR LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR, J. F. R. LEONARD, OF WASHINGTON COUNTY.
FOR JUDGE OF SUPREME COURT, JOHN C. SHERWIN, OF CERRO GORDO COUNTY.	FOR JUDGE OF SUPREME COURT, A. VAN WAGENEN, OF WOODBURY COUNTY.	FOR JUDGE OF SUPREME COURT, H. F. JOHNS, OF HARRISON COUNTY.	FOR JUDGE OF SUPREME COURT, L. H. WELER, OF CHICKASAW COUNTY.	FOR JUDGE OF SUPREME COURT, MICHAEL BRONNER, OF ADAMS COUNTY.	FOR JUDGE OF SUPREME COURT, F. W. DARNER, OF WAPELLO COUNTY.
FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, RICHARD C. BARRETT, OF MITCHELL COUNTY.	FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, B. P. HOLST, OF BOONE COUNTY.	FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, D. S. DUNLAVY, OF JASPER COUNTY.	FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, C. WIRTH, OF BENTON COUNTY.	FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, MRS. E. PARDEE TRAVIS, OF POTTAWATTAMIE COUNTY.	FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, W. C. PIDGEON, OF KEOKUK COUNTY.
FOR RAILROAD COMMISSIONER, EDWARD A. DAWSON, OF BREMER COUNTY.	FOR RAILROAD COMMISSIONER, W. H. CALHOUN, OF MARSHALL COUNTY.	FOR RAILROAD COMMISSIONER, A. B. WRAY, OF UNION COUNTY.	FOR RAILROAD COMMISSIONER, ROBERT L. DUNNING, OF WAPELLO COUNTY.	FOR RAILROAD COMMISSIONER, N. HEISEL, OF POWESWIEK COUNTY.	FOR RAILROAD COMMISSIONER, C. Z. LINDLEY, OF KEOKUK COUNTY.
SENATORIAL TICKET. FOR SENATOR—33d DISTRICT, H. J. GRISWOLD, OF BUCHANAN COUNTY.	SENATORIAL TICKET. FOR SENATOR—33d DISTRICT, T. J. PROWSE, OF DELAWARE COUNTY.	SENATORIAL TICKET. FOR SENATOR—33d DISTRICT, OF.....COUNTY.	SENATORIAL TICKET. FOR SENATOR—33d DISTRICT, OF.....COUNTY.	SENATORIAL TICKET. FOR SENATOR—33d DISTRICT, OF.....COUNTY.	SENATORIAL TICKET. FOR SENATOR—33d DISTRICT, OF.....COUNTY.
COUNTY TICKET. For Representative—68th District, GEORGE W. DUNHAM.	COUNTY TICKET. For Representative—68th District, A. S. COON.	COUNTY TICKET. For Representative—68th District, OF.....COUNTY.	COUNTY TICKET. For Representative—68th District, OF.....COUNTY.	COUNTY TICKET. For Representative—68th District, OF.....COUNTY.	COUNTY TICKET. For Representative—68th District, OF.....COUNTY.
For Treasurer, L. MATTHEWS.	For Treasurer, CHAS. H. FURMAN.	For Treasurer, OF.....COUNTY.	For Treasurer, OF.....COUNTY.	For Treasurer, OF.....COUNTY.	For Treasurer, OF.....COUNTY.
For Sheriff, R. W. FISHEL.	For Sheriff, D. F. HENNESSEY.	For Sheriff, OF.....COUNTY.	For Sheriff, OF.....COUNTY.	For Sheriff, OF.....COUNTY.	For Sheriff, OF.....COUNTY.
For Superintendent of Schools, H. J. SCHWEITERT.	For Superintendent of Schools, F. K. MAIN.	For Superintendent of Schools, OF.....COUNTY.	For Superintendent of Schools, OF.....COUNTY.	For Superintendent of Schools, OF.....COUNTY.	For Superintendent of Schools, OF.....COUNTY.
For Coroner, DR. H. H. LAWRENCE.	For Coroner, DR. A. H. SWINBURNE.	For Coroner, OF.....COUNTY.	For Coroner, OF.....COUNTY.	For Coroner, OF.....COUNTY.	For Coroner, OF.....COUNTY.
For Member of Board of Supervisors, S. P. CARTER.	For Member of Board of Supervisors, JOHN REILLY.	For Member of Board of Supervisors, OF.....COUNTY.	For Member of Board of Supervisors, OF.....COUNTY.	For Member of Board of Supervisors, OF.....COUNTY.	For Member of Board of Supervisors, OF.....COUNTY.

State of Iowa, Delaware County.—ss.

I, H. E. Stetson, Auditor of said county, hereby certify that the above and foregoing is a correct list of the nominations made by the several political parties for the State and County officers, as certified to this office, the same being arranged in the form of the General Ballot to be voted in Delaware county, Iowa, November 7, 1899. This publication is made in compliance with Section 18, New Election Law.

Witness my hand and official seal at Manchester, Iowa, this 28th day of October, 1899.

[Seal]

H. E. Stetson

AUDITOR DELAWARE COUNTY.

A SCENE OF HORROR.

SLAUGHTERING A CRIMINAL BY THE GUILLOTINE IN PARIS.

A Woman's Description of the Shocking Spectacle That Always Attracts the Outsiders of the French Capital. After the Fearful Knife Has Fallen.

In these rushing times we might take for our motto "Something New, Always Something New." Consequently, I imagine that the impressions of a woman at the foot of the guillotine would not be commonplace. I was present at one performance in the Place de la Roquette, where M. de Paris and his assistants officiated in the name of so-called justice. The horrible spectacle haunts and racks the mind and tends rather to re-enforce the partisans of the abolition of capital punishment. The horror of the punishment imposed renders a guilty man almost worthy of pity. The sight of a human being, dragged like a beast to the slaughter house, up even to the sinister scow, is terrible.

I know many people may be astonished that anybody could be moved to pity for the ferocious brute, Carrara, who transformed his mushroom establishment into a crematory and had no mercy for the unfortunate young man, La-marra, whom he threw into the first after having murdered him for the purpose of robbery. I know all that, and I do not dispute the fact that the Italian was a monster, but that is no reason why we should not be disgusted at the spectacle which was presented to our eyes and which I will now endeavor to describe with the impartiality of a simple spectator, without resentment or prejudice, but with a heart that revolts against a scene that has neither the grandeur nor the majesty of a punishment inflicted, but rather exhibits the cowardice and baseness of a vengeance which hides itself from the light of day. The execution was fixed for 4 o'clock in the morning, but from the hour of midnight the neighborhood of the Grande Roquette was swarming with an undulating and mocking crowd. Fair-haired, murderers, footpads and women of the streets assembled there to see, as they said, "the Italian animal short-end."

Journalists were admitted into the narrow space so often crowded with his five sinister stones and its legendary gas jet which is never lighted except on the evening before an execution. There in the rain we watched the setting up of that horrible machine which, according to the legend, Cagliostro showed in a glass of clear water to the terrified Marie Antoinette. In the yellow and spectral light of the gas jet that flickered in the wind these preparations were hideous to witness. Almost on a level with the ground stands the scaffold with its two arms in the air brandishing the sparkling knife.

And I, a woman, in the presence of these preparations, could not help thinking of the family of the wretch whose head was soon to fall into the basket. I thought of his little children, who were at that moment sleeping soundly somewhere, and of his wife, equally guilty with him, and who, as I were, pushed her husband into the arms of the executioner as a last resort to save herself. What remorse will be hers when they tell her abruptly: "Carrara has suffered his punishment. You are a widow!"

But the day was dawning, and the lamps were going out. At the windows and even on the roofs numbers of spectators were gathered as if to witness some carnival. The sight was heart-rending. Mounted policemen and soldiers, really some of the best,

and one might be inclined to rail at such a display of force at the execution of a wretch paralyzed by fear, who in a few moments would appear upon the scene dead hand and foot.

There was some little commotion among the crowd when people began to point at a thin, old man who hobbled about with the gestures of a dancing jack to see if the knife in the brass runners was in good working order. This was Deliber, the executioner, a ghost with a white beard, who adjusted the instrument with the indifference of a grocer weighing his goods. Suddenly there was profound silence; the rain was over, beads were uncovered and motionless. Breathless and almost in agony the crowd followed with staring eyes the movement of the doors of the prison, which at last opened wide.

A suppressed "Ah!" came from many contracted chests, while with pale faces all gazed upon the assassin, whose crime the mountebanks of the fairs popularized. He was simply frightful to look at, bowed down as he was with terror. He did not look like a human being. He looked like a beast. His intelligence was already dead and his heart had lost all feeling. The instinct of the animal still remained. The sight was dreadfully sad.

What followed beggars description. The executioner and his aids seemed no longer to be men employed to carry out the ends of justice; they looked like butchers. They seized the condemned man, some by the ears, some by the legs, while others held down the center of the body and kept holding him up to the very moment when, with a sudden rattle, the knife fell, the head rebounded into the basket and the abomination was at an end.

But one should be present and see the pavements covered with blood, the gory knife, the blood spouting from the dejected trunk, the ignominious washing at the nearby fountain and the gutters rolling to the sewer a purple colored mud, in order to be able to comprehend all the horrors of an execution in Paris.—Exchange.

The Golden Gray Eye.
I might pile Ossa upon Pelion in the way of description of gray eyes culled from fiction. There is, however, one type of gray eye whose appearance in story I have not yet noted, says Nina Allen in Lippincott's.

We have had gray eyes which "seemed nothing so much as moss agates." Sea gray eyes are not uncommon. Amelle Rives has bestowed upon Iva, in "The Witness of the Sun," great violet gray eyes, "like rain washed amethysts," while Mr. Paul Leocser Ford has recently introduced us to a pair of slate colored eyes.

But at the present writing I have yet to meet with golden gray eyes in fiction. They are to be found, however, in nature, the most luminous of all eyes, I think, the iris about the edge a soft old gold or golden brown, gradually melting toward the pupil into a warm gray. This lovely color I have seen in the eyes of a dog and of a child—the eyes of the dog wistful, appealing, pathetic with unutterable things; the child's speaking of a soul as yet undarkened by shades of the prison house and splendid with the light that never was on sea or land.

To the novelist desiring something new in eyes I would respectfully recommend the golden gray.

Verdi and the Priest.
Verdi, when a boy, had a gift for Latin, and the village priest advised him to become a priest. Meanwhile the lad became an office boy in Barozzi's wholesale grocery store, and for a little over \$7 a year played the organ in the church at Roncole, but one day it hap-

pened that Rev. Dr. Seletti, who had decided that the boy should be a monk, was officiating at mass while Verdi played the organ. The priest was struck with the unusual beauty of the music, and at the close of the service expressed a desire to see the organist. Verdi appeared, and the priest recognized him as the pupil whom he had sought to turn from music to theology.

"Whose music were you playing?" asked Seletti. "It was beautiful." Verdi said shyly that he had brought no music with him that day and had been improvising. "So I played as I felt," said he.

"Ah!" exclaimed Seletti. "I advised you wrongly. You must be no priest, but a musician."

After that the way was easier. The priestly influence on his side opened many a door to him.—Youth's Companion.

DELANAY'S SAD FATE.

A Pronouncement of His Death That Was Strangely Fulfilled.

Delanay, the director of the Paris observatory, was one of the most kindly and attractive men I ever met, says Professor Simon Newcomb in The Atlantic. I found it hopeless to expect that he would ever visit America, because he assured me that he did not dare to venture on the ocean. The only voyage he had ever made was across the channel to receive a gold medal of the Royal Astronomical society for his work.

Two of his relatives, his father, and, I believe, his brother, had been drowned, and this fact gave him a horror of the water. He seemed to feel somewhat as the clients of the astrologists, who, having been told how they were to die, took every precaution to prevent it. I remember, as a boy, reading a history of astrology, in which a great many cases of this sort were described, the peculiarity being that the very measures which the victim took to avoid the decree of fate became the engine that executed it.

The sad fate of Delanay was not exactly a case of this kind, yet it could not but bring it to mind. He was at Cheong in the autumn of 1872. Walking on the shore with a relative, a couple of boatmen invited them to take a sail. Through what inducement Delanay was led to forget his fears will never be known. All we know is that he ventured into the boat, that it was struck by a sudden squall when at some distance from the land, and that all the members of the party were drowned.

Summer and Felton.

In the days of their great intimacy a certain grotesqueness of taste in Summer made him the object of some good natured banter on the part of the other. "Mutuals," says Mrs. Julia Ward Howe in The Atlantic. It was related that on a certain Fourth of July he had given his office boy, Ben, a small gratuity and had advised him to pass the day at Mount Auburn, where he would be able to enjoy quiet and profitable meditation.

Felton was especially merry over this incident, but he in turn furnished occasion for laughter when on a visit to New York in company with the same friends. A manservant whom they had brought with them was ordered to carry Felton's valise to the Astor House. This was before the days of the baggage express. The man arrived late in the day, breathless with fatigue, and when questioned replied, "Faith, I went to all the oyster houses in Broadway before I could find you."

He Understood.

"Now, Johnnie, do you understand thoroughly why I am going to whip you?" "Yes, sir. You're in a bad humor this morning and you're got to lick some one before you feel satisfied."—Tit-Bits.

VOTE FOR US!

We Are for the Interests of the People!

We hereby inform the people of Manchester and vicinity that we are **READY FOR BUSINESS**. We are situated in the store formerly occupied by J. R. Toogood.

Our store will be known as "THE FAIR" and our brand new stock consists of

MEN'S FURNISHING Goods, HATS, CAPS, GLOVES, ETC

LADIES' FURNISHING Goods, Linens, Notions, Laces and Fancy Goods.

HOUSE FURNISHINGS School Supplies
GLASSWARE, KITCHEN UTENSILS, ETC.

And a Great Many Things Too Numerous to Mention.

Our aim is to give you your money's worth or your money back. Anything to gain your patronage and friendship. GIVE US A CALL and be convinced that our store is the BARGAIN CENTER of Manchester

BARKON & RELKIN, LEADERS OF LOW PRICES
Don't forget the place, Two doors north of Clarence House.