

OGGON.

Netter and family of Shells moved to Coggon.

Horton, of Earlville, spent Saturday and Sunday in Coggon.

Jas. G. O'Brien, of Earlville, Iowa was doing business in Coggon Tuesday of this week.

The Thanksgiving dinner served by the Methodist ladies was a success as they made over \$20.00.

Pete McNamany has just completed one of the finest hog houses on his farm in the county.

Miss Maud Hinton went to Hazel Green the first of the week to take care of her aunt, Mrs. Hill who is very sick.

Miss Mary Copeland of Hopkinton, visited her friend, Miss Zella Merriam at this place from Wednesday evening until the first of this week.

The Presbyterian Aid Society will hold their Souvenir bazaar in the church December 15th. Dinner will be served from 11:30 on. There will be the usual line of useful articles on sale.

Editor Wetherbee and family spent an enjoyable Thanksgiving at the home of Mrs. Wetherbee's uncle and aunt M. S. VanAnken and wife near Masonville.

L. G. Hall met with quite an accident a few days ago that he is thankful was no worse. While firing his acetylene plant preparatory to lighting an explosion occurred badly burning his face and one hand.

The seven young men from Marion who were hunting in Jordan's Grove on Sunday, November 26, were complained on by the citizens of that place. They were arrested and brought to Central City for trial Monday, and the result was that they were fined \$5.00 each and costs.

GREELY.

Mrs. Jake Burbridge visited in Onida last week.

The creamery froze up on Monday and did not start until nearly noon.

F. A. Irish and wife attended the Thanksgiving dinner at Manchester.

Attorney Tom Fitzpatrick and wife, of Dubuque, spent Thanksgiving with Mr. Fitzpatrick's parents here.

Monday was the first winter day and on that day Will Lang appeared on the streets wearing a Flint lock shirt and a breech loading coat.

The board of directors decided that the creamery should not be run on Sunday, but on Sunday the milk wagons came—and the creamery run.

About a year ago Oscar Bond lost his pocket book containing over \$13, and until a few days ago its whereabouts was a mystery. While walking around in his sheep lot he discovered the missing purse and with the exception of a little mud it was in perfect order, money and all.

Old friend, George Miller, of Burg, was a pleasant caller Monday. Mr. Miller has had some trouble with stolen things lately, but in the last time they came he treated them to a load of buck shot and they never came back. George is of the opinion that free silver is about the right thing but he draws the line on free chickens.

A young man near Wood Center advertised for a wife under an assumed name and his sister replied, also under assumed name. Photographs were exchanged and the sister was so humiliated that she told her mother. The old lady broke the news to "pap," who said: "Mother, it is pretty hard to have two dam fools in the family, but it seems that we've got 'em."

A letter to a friend in Greeley from Mrs. G. L. Crum, dated December 2nd, says that Rev Crum is still seriously ill. The physicians are greatly puzzled over his case, but about decided that it was tuberculosis. His many friends all join in wishing him a speedy return to health, for he is greatly missed from our midst.—Home Press.

Dyersville and Vicinity.

Henry Boekenstedt, from near Greeley, spent Thanksgiving day with numerous relatives and friends in this city.

Mrs. Henry Ricken, who had been at Bancroft, Koskuth county, visiting numerous relatives and friends, returned home the latter part of last week well pleased with the trip.

Barney Kerchoff and son, Frank, were passengers to Cedar Rapids Tuesday morning where the latter entered the business college for the winter term.

George Grapes, of Lamont, who this city over Thanksgiving with her mother, Mrs. C. C. Grapes, returned home last Saturday afternoon. She was accompanied by her two children.

Miss Della Moreland, who is attending public school in this city, was at Colesburg several days the latter part of last week visiting with her parents and numerous friends. She returned in time for school Monday morning.

Joe Kramer, of Norway came up Thanksgiving morning and visited with his brother, Henry F. Kramer, and numerous other relatives and friends. He returned to Norway Friday morning where he is clerking in a store.

Rev. Father Zigrang, of Worthington was in the city Tuesday morning and took the Illinois Central train for Iowa Falls to spend some time with relatives and friends. Father Zigrang has recently recovered from a spell of sickness and a little rest will do him good.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kiostermann, whose farm is near the town of Worthington, were here on business last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kramer, who live on the old Clem Kramer farm south of town are rejoicing over the arrival of a boy baby which put in an appearance at their home Saturday night.

John Boekenstedt, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Boekenstedt, of New Vienna, was in town last Monday morning and took the Illinois Central train for Cedar Rapids, where he will attend the business college. He is a bright young man and his many friends will wish him success.

Wm. Moran the pioneer blacksmith of Masonville, stopped off here last Friday and took the Great Western after-noon passenger train to Dubuque. He reports all well at his home and was pleased to hear that all were well in these parts.

Miss Katie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Woerdhoff left last Tuesday for Franciscan convent Dubuque, with the intention of becoming a member of the Sisters of the order of St. Francis. A number of her relatives and friends were at the depot to bid her farewell. Her father accompanied her to Dubuque—Dyersville papers.

HARTWICK.

Mr. Amos Davis and Mrs. C. Conner and son, Harry, were shopping in Manchester Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Jacklin were Manchester callers Saturday.

Mr. McCarty, of Spring Branch, transacted business here Tuesday.

Mr. A. Smith and wife were callers in Delhi Monday.

Messrs. A. Meister, Furman, Smith, Hartman, Mickles, M. U. Smith, Jno. Meister and Ellison were Delhi visitors Monday.

Mrs. Joe Chaphand is on the sick list.

Mrs. P. Rimmer was visiting friends here Sunday.

Mrs. Williams, of Delhi visited with her daughter, Mrs. Smith, Tuesday.

Mrs. Joe Smith and daughter, May and son Byron, accompanied by Mrs. Smith's mother, Mrs. Williams, were in Manchester Thursday.

Mrs. Ball and Mr. Penn and wife of Delaware visited Hartwick friends Saturday.

Hunt about, but if you are hunting for good news, take the Democrat. It is the best county paper you can get for the money.

Mrs. Furman and Miss Fromie left for Minneapolis this morning. All their friends wish for them a good time. They are going to spend the winter there with friends.

Mr. Jno. Meister was over to Rocky Hook again Sunday. Some attraction there for John.

PRAIRIE.

Mr. D. Fagen departed last Wednesday for New Melery, being called there to attend the funeral of his father-in-law, Mr. Lyons.

Mr. John Mulvehill marketed a carload of hogs in Masonville last Wednesday. Mr. John is one of Delaware county's best farmers.

Mr. Wm. Barry and wife were Manchester callers Thursday.

Messrs. Arthur and Ed Lyness visited at the Haening home Sunday evening. Quite a number from this vicinity attended the sale at T. Ryans, of Middlefield.

Mr. T. J. McCarty, of Cedar Falls, was seen on our streets last Wednesday.

Mrs. John Crowley, and daughter, Anna, visited at the home of John Mulvehill, Thursday and Friday.

We heard of a gentleman, that attended a sale recently, and after purchasing a number of articles there had the sad misfortune to lose part of the articles going home.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Orris were Masonville callers Wednesday.

Mr. Lewis Eichner called on his best girl, Friday afternoon.

Mr. T. McCann purchased a farm of 260 acres of Mr. P. Kerwin of Middlefield. Price paid per acre was \$45. Mr. Tom is one of Delaware county's most progressive farmers.

Mr. James Welch was oggon Civiist on Friday.

Mr. J. E. Mulvehill had the sad misfortune to hurt his foot quite seriously while chopping wood near Silver Creek last Thursday.

Messrs. McElroy and Smith purchased a new hay press in Walker last week.

Mrs. E. Mulligan is on the sick list.

an election to organize the townshipp and Mr. Peet was elected Justice of the Peace and George L. Wheeler, Clerk. The Settlement enlarged its borders the people in E's Groves were neighbors as well as the people of Cox Creek. James Dickinson, wife and one child came to Cox Creek. This was a daughter of Norman Sovell Sr. and sister of Benjamin P. Sovell and a cousin of Mrs. George Peck. Mrs. Dickinson died and I preached her funeral sermon. The next year I married, Mr. Dickinson to Miss Melissa Alaway. That was the first ceremony in Cass township. I had a call from Mr. Dickinson last week after an absence of fifty years. He went from Cox Creek and laid out the town of Clear Lake. Cerro Gordo county, and is now eighty years old and resides twenty miles west of Clear Lake. I married the second-cousin of Lodomillo township, Franklin Riley and Hannah Merritt. Last summer I heard from them on the Pacific coast. The first couple married in Lodomillo was Frank Madison and Miss Perry; I think her name was Elizabeth. You might ask Irving Madison what his mother's name was. She died of consumption while yet she was young—Edgewood Journal.

A Mexican Gambler.

Don Felipe Martel, the famous gambling house proprietor of the City of Mexico, had made a fortune in the business before the government decided to abolish gambling houses by levying on them a license tax of \$1,000 a day. One by one the gambling houses closed, and when the field was clear Don Felipe Martel approached the authorities with \$1,000 in cash and demanded a day's license. In a few hours his place was thronged. At a single stroke he had won the patronage of Mexico, and his doors have never been closed since. The daily outlay of \$1,000 is not missed from the daily revenue of thousands. His strong religious tendencies are so well known that nobody was surprised when he built in the village of San Angel a church that cost more than \$50,000. The poor people of the vicinity, and many of the rich as well, have come to regard him as a sort of fairy prince. His own style of living encourages this belief. The Martel mansion in the City of Mexico is a magnificent affair, constantly filled with guests. A curious feature is that it contains 40 windows—the number of cards in the Mexican deck.

Enormous Pendulums.

The only structures in Japan which seem to be earthquake proof are the pagodas, which are erected before the temples. There are many which are 700 or 800 years old and as solid as rock.

There is a reason for this and it lies in their construction. A pagoda is practically a framework of heavy timbers, which starts from a wide base, and is in itself a substantial structure, but is rendered more stable by a peculiar device. Inside the framework and suspended from the apex is a long, heavy beam of timber two feet thick or more. This hangs from one end of the four sides; four more heavy timbers, and if the pagoda is very lofty still more timbers, are added to this. The whole forms an enormous pendulum, which reaches within six inches of the ground.

When the shock of an earthquake rocks the pagoda, the pendulum swings and the weight of the beam is swung always at the base of the framework. Consequently the equilibrium of the pagoda is never disturbed, and this is the explanation of the great age of these structures. In fact, their height and weight are such that they are almost impervious to the effects of the earthquake.

SHAVING A DEAD MAN.

A Job That Occupied an Impoverished Artist About a Week.

"I have just finished shaving a dead man," said a local artist. "The job occupied me about a week and—" "Good heavens!" ejaculated a horrified friend, "what d'ye mean?" "Don't be alarmed," replied the artist calmly. "The operation was not as repulsive as you may imagine. In fact, I performed it with a brush. You see, a certain family of my acquaintance have a large oil painting of the head of a horse, who departed from this vale of tears some time in the early eighties. At the time the portrait was made he wore a full beard, which was contrary to his usual custom, and the family, who remember him best with a smooth face, have been anxious ever since to get off the whiskers. I was engaged to shave the portrait, and having time and opportunity, I set to work. The painting was highly antipathetic to my artistic instincts.

"I had to depend entirely on the recollection of the family for my data, and I found, to my alarm, that each member had retained a different impression of the old gentleman's chin. One claimed it was double and another insisted it was sharp and clean cut; a third daughter described it as 'square and determined,' and the widow assured me privately that it was shaped like the prow of an armored cruiser. Altogether I found myself in a deuce of a fix. It was no trouble to take off the whiskers; I did that in three full whisks; but when I blocked out the jaw experimentally and called in the crowd for suggestions, there was a grand chorus of protest. Strange to say, I pleased nobody, and I have been correcting, amending, remodeling and doing it all over again ever since. One point of dispute was the location of a wart, which half the family said was on the left and half on the right. I finally effected a compromise by painting a little cloth covered table, supporting a good sized jar, in staid bearded house, table, cloth and jar all being of a somber, ebony hue, and into the latter small mourning cards, bearings of the deceased, of their own name, are deposited. The day the funeral was held, the jar was selected for the exhibition of the jar. No ladies are allowed to follow at a Swiss funeral.

Unexpected.

"Why, Clara," said a mother to her little daughter, who was crying, "what are you crying about?"

"'Cause," sobbed the little miss, "I started to make dolly a b-bonnet, and it come out b-bloomingers!"

"Trained Motherhood.

It is probably true that love laughs at locksmiths, but any careful reader of the proceedings of the divorce courts cannot fail to observe that the parties to a laughing talking later on—Philadelphia Inquirer.

EBONY. Ebony was known and highly esteemed by the ancients as an article of luxury and was used by them for a variety of purposes. In India it is said that it was employed by kings for scepters and also for images. On account of its supposed antagonism to poisons, it was used largely for drinking cups. The name ebony is given to the wood of several varieties of trees. All kinds of ebony are distinguished for their great density and dark color. The water in all varieties is heavier than that. The heaviest varieties are the darkest. The other grades require a considerable amount of staining to make them black. Ebony is of a uniform color throughout and will not show any deterioration even from long continued use. There are three varieties of ebony well known in commerce. The ebony from the Gaboon coast of Africa is the darkest. The Madagascar ebony is the densest. The Macassar ebony furnishes the largest pieces. It is sold by weight. Imitations of ebony can always be distinguished by their lighter weight, and the cheaper imitations can be detected by merely scratching the surface.—Jewelers' Weekly.

A CROSS ON HIS BACK.

It Was Made With Chalk, but Was Too Heavy to Carry.

There is a story of an envious tailor current with the French peasantry. He fancied that his neighbor, who received a pension for the loss of an arm incurred while fighting for his country, was better off than himself. Both men went to pay their rent on the same day.

"That's a lucky man," said the tailor to the landlord. "He gets well paid for his arm."

"But who would be willing to part with an arm, even if he were paid for it?" said the landlord.

"I would," declared the tailor.

"You!" cried the landlord. "Why, man, you wouldn't be willing to bear anything of the sort, no matter how much you were paid for it?"

"I wish some one would try me."

"Now, see here," said the landlord, who had studied human nature. "I'll tell you what, if you'll wear even so much as a chalk mark on your back I'll remit your rent as long as you wear it on your coat so it can be seen, the condition being that you tell no one why it is there."

"Agreed," said the tailor eagerly. "That's an easy way to pay rent!"

So the chalk mark in the form of a cross was made on the back of his coat, and the delighted tailor sallied forth upon the street.

Strangers and acquaintances hailed him to tell him of the mark on his back. Jokes were made at his expense, children laughed and pointed at him, and his wife annoyed him with questions and with conjugal familiarity told him he was a fool. The usual amiable man grew surly and morose; he shunned his own women and children and frequented back streets. Before the week was up the tailor found himself embroiled in a quarrel with his best friend, his wife had threatened to leave his house and he considered himself miserable and ill used.

Finally, one night he took off his coat and rubbed out the chalk mark and said: "There! I would not wear that cross on my back and neck, and no, not if I could have all the money there is in Paris!"—Youth's Companion.

Spelt This.

Some of you who think you are well up in spelling just try to spell the words in this little sentence: "It is agreeable to witness the unparalleled ecstasy of two harassed peddlers endeavoring to gauge the symmetry of their peddled peaches."

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When a boy at school, the late Mr. Spurgeon took a prominent part in answering all questions put to the class. One old day, however, the teacher noticed that he was so very backward that he remained the whole time at the bottom of the class.

This went on for some time and puzzled the teacher until he noticed that the fire was near the bottom of the class. He immediately changed the class about, making the bottom the top.

It then had the satisfaction of hearing all his questions fully answered by Spurgeon and that young helpful keeping the same seat, the only difference being that he was at the top of the class instead of the bottom.—Spare Moments.

We have purchased the serial rights of the story and it will be published in this paper, beginning soon.

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Shows something of the character of the hills of Northern Wales, where the scene of Florence Warden's fascinating tale, "The Farm in the Hills," is laid.

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Arbuckles' Coffee advertisement featuring various products like No. 51 Dining Room Table Cloth, No. 52 Lady's Apron, No. 53 A Dress Parter, No. 54 A Pair of Window Curtains, No. 55 Four Handkerchiefs, No. 56 Six Handkerchiefs, No. 57 A Pair of Scissors, No. 58 A Pair of Shears, No. 59 Razor made by J. R. Torrey, No. 60 Lady's Belt, No. 61 Man's Belt, No. 62 A Carving Knife and Fork, No. 63 A Butcher's Knife, No. 64 A Kitchen Knife, No. 65 A Lady's Pen Knife, No. 66 A Gentleman's Pocket Knife, No. 67 Picture Frame, No. 68 An X-L Revolver, No. 69 A Canteen's Watch, No. 70 A Porcelain Clock, No. 71 Enamelled Alarm Clock.

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