## CUPID'S DECADENCE.

In ancient days, when all was young,
And Love and Hope were rife,
Dan Cupid fed on rustic fare,
—And lived a country life.

He rose betimes at break of day,
And round the country harried;
Upstirring hearts that were unwed,
And shooting down the married.

But then, on wider mischief bent,
He hied him to the city;
And finding much to suit his taste,
He stayed there—more's the pity.

Men built him there a golden house,
Bedight with golden stars;
They feasted him on golden grain,
And wine in golden jars.

They draped his pretty nakedness
In richest cloth of gold,
And set him up in business,
Where Love was bought and sold.

And thus he led a city life,
Forgetting his nativity;
Since then he's gone from bad to worse,
From Cupid to cupidity.
—Elliot Stock.

## ONLY A QUARTER.

PLEASE, sir, will you buy my chestnuts?"

"Chestnuts! No!" returned Ralph Moore, looking carelessly down on the upturned face, whose large brown eyes, shadowed by tangled curls of flaxen hair, were appealing so pitifully to his own. "What do I want of chestnuts?"

"But, please, sir, do buy 'em," pleaded the little one, reassured by the rough kindness of his tone. "Nobody seems to care for them, and——"

She fairly burst into tears, and Moore who had been on the point of brushing carelessly past her, stopped instinctively.

"Are you so very much in want of the money?"

"Indeed, sir, we are," sobbed the child; "mother sent me out and——"

"Nay, little one, don't cry," said Ralph, smoothing her tangled hair. "I don't want your chestnuts, but here's a quarter for you, if it will do you any good."

He did not stay to hear the delighted thanks the child poured out through a rainbow of smiles and tears, but strode on his way muttering between his teeth: "That cuts off my supply of cigars for the next twenty-four hours. I don't care, though, for the brown-eyed object really did cry as if she hadn't a friend in the world. Hang it! I wish I was rich enough to help every poor creature out of the slough of despond."

While Ralph Moore was indulging in these very natural reflections, the dark-robed little damsel whom he had comforted, was dashing down streets with rapid footsteps, utterly regardless of the basket of unsold nuts that still dangled upon her arm. Down an obscure alley she darted, and up a narrow wooden staircase to a room where a pale, neat-looking woman was sewing as busily as if the breath of life depended upon every stitch, and two little ones were playing in the sunshine that supplied the place of the absent fire. "Mary! back already? Surely you have not sold your chestnuts so soon!"

"Oh, mother, see!" ejaculated the breathless child. "A gentleman gave me a quarter! Only think, mother, a whole quarter!"

If Ralph Moore could only have seen the rapture which his small silver gift had brought into that poverty stricken home he would have grudged still less his privation of cigars.

* * * * * * * *

Years came and went. The little chestnut girl passed entirely out of Ralph Moore's memory, but Mary Lee never forgot the stranger who had given her the silver quarter.

* * * * * * * *

The crimson window curtains were closely drawn to shut out the storm and blast of the bleak December night. A fire was glowing cheerily in the grate, and the dinner table was in a glitter with cut glass, rare china and polished silver. Everything was waiting for the presence of Mr. Audley.

"What can it be that detains pa?" said Mrs. Audley, a fair, handsome matron of about 30, as she glanced at her tiny watch.

"There's a man with him in the study, come on business," said Robert Audley, a pretty boy of 12 years, who was reading by the fire.

"I'll call him again," said Mrs. Audley, stepping to the door. But as she opened it the gas light fell on the face of a humble-looking man in threadbare garments, who was leaving the house, while her husband stood in the doorway of his study, apparently relieved to be rid of his visitor.

"Charles," said Mrs. Audley, "who is that man and what does he want?"

"His name is Moore, I believe, love, and he came to see if I would give him the vacant position in the bank."

"And will you?" she eagerly asked.

"Don't know, Mary. I must think about it."

"Charles, give him the situation."

"Why, my dear?"

"Because I ask it of you as a favor, and you have said a hundred times you would never deny me anything."

"And I will keep my promise, Mary," said her lover husband with an affectionate kiss. "I will write the fellow a note this very evening."

An hour later when the children were tucked snugly in bed, Mrs. Audley told her husband why she was interested in the fate of a man whose face she had not forgotten in twenty years. "That's right, my little wife," said her husband when the simple tale was finished, "never forget one who has been kind to you in the days when you needed kindness most."

Ralph Moore was sitting that selfsame night in his poor lodgings, beside his wife's sick bed, when a liveried servant brought a note from the rich and prosperous banker, Charles Audley.

"Goodness, Bertha!" he exclaimed joyfully, as he read the words. "We shall not starve. Mr. Audley has promised me the position."

"You have dropped something from the note, Ralph," said Mrs. Moore, and pointed to a slip of paper on the floor. Moore stooped to pick it up. It was a $50 bill neatly folded in a piece of paper on which was written:

"In grateful remembrance of the silver quarter that a stranger bestowed on a little chestnut girl twenty years ago."

Ralph Moore had thrown his morsel of bread upon the waters of life, and after many days it had returned to him.—Philadelphia Item.

## THE TWENTIETH CENTURY QUESTION.

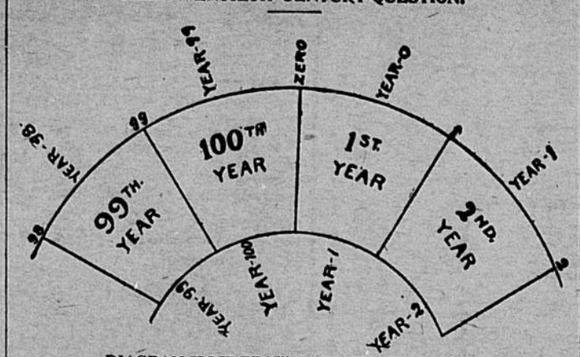


DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING BOTH ARGUMENTS.

THE above diagram does not settle the question as to when the twentieth century began or begins, but it is given merely to show how both sides may be right. The whole question hinges on one point, whether the first year of time, A. D., was the year 0 or the year 1.

The 1901 advocates claim that, according to all common sense, reason and logic, the first year, from its first instant to its last, was the year 1. The 1900 people contend that time began at zero, not at 1, and that there was no year 1 until a complete unit, composed of 12 months, 52 weeks, or however the component parts may be designated, had been reached. They argue that time cannot begin at 1, any more than the figures on a thermometer, or a groceryman's scales, could begin at 1.

The advocates of 1900 insist that a difference between the use of cardinal and ordinal numbers must be observed. Six ounces of butter, say these reasoners, is 0 pounds and 6 ounces, and the first six months of time were year 0 and 6 months, not one year. The 1901 people do not regard the divisions between the years as governing the name of the year, but call the whole first year "year 1," the second year "year 2," etc., the 99th year being "year 99," and the 100th year "year 100."

The 1900 people, however, first designated the line marking the beginning of time "0," just as would be done on a thermometer or scale, the next division line "1," etc., by which process they arrive at 99 for the last division line before zero, or the point of beginning over again. These cardinal numerals, they contend, must govern the naming of the years, not the ordinal numerals used, by the 1901 people. The first year, they claim, is not the year 1, but the year 0, and whatever fraction may have passed; the second year the year 1 and a fraction, etc. The first century began with 0, they claim; the second with 100, and the 20th will begin with 1900. And there you are.

## WAS IT AN ACCIDENT.

**Dragon Fly Securely Held by the Tendril of a Living Vine.**

A most unusual occurrence is illustrated here. Mr. P. G. Lechen, of Milwaukee, Wis., who sends the photograph to an exchange, vouches for the following statement. He says: "One of the prominent citizens of this town

THE CAPTIVE DRAGON FLY.

while walking in his garden one morning was attracted by the futile struggle of a huge dragon-fly endeavoring to free itself from the tight grip of one of the tendrils of a wild cucumber vine. Apparently the tendril had twined itself so securely around the fly's body that the poor insect became a prisoner. It struggled for two days, and finally died of exhaustion. The question suggests itself: Was it an accident, or did the tendril act as a trap, after the manner of certain species which are recognized as insect-catching plants?"

**Commissions of Express Companies.**

The express companies attend to purchases and sales, and to every variety of legal business, from searching a title to suing for a debt. They file models of inventions and get out patents, and have been known to stake out a properly described mining claim and attend to its development. The suburban lady, whose husband is disobliging or color blind, can safely entrust them with a piece of silk to match, and they will send an expert to match it for her and make the desired purchase. The actress who is forced by bad business to pawn her diamonds for money to get back to the Rialto can commission them, when prosperity has returned, to redeem her jewels, or pay the interest and have the pawn tickets renewed. In their C. O. D. departments they deliver goods for stores and collect for them, and they also attend to the collection of insurance benefits, payment of lodge dues and taxes. A young man can order an engagement ring through them, and the bride can order such parts of her trosseau as she cannot secure from local dealers. They will cheerfully attend to the engraving of card plates, with neatness and dispatch, will have clothes pressed and cleaned, and make themselves useful in almost every way the mind can conceive. These things are mentioned simply to give some idea of the surpassing things that express companies do. To describe their business in all its ramifications would be to describe practically every line of business in which one man commissions another to do anything for him.—Ainslee's.

**Cutting.**

The law court is the modern substitute for the tournament, and a pretty good substitute it proves when a battle is on between rival lawyers quick-witted and outspoken.

The late Col. John Atkinson was opposed in an important case by another able lawyer, James H. Pound, and they were fighting like giants for every point of advantage. Pound had won a majority of the jousts; the Colonel was nettled, and was lying low for a chance to deliver a swinging blow.

"It came," says the judge, "when I decided a point against Pound. It had been fiercely argued by both attorneys, and in deciding it as I did, I stated my reasons at length, giving authorities. I saw Pound shake his head at one of my conclusions; his lips moved, and I supposed he had made some comment, so when I concluded my decision, I asked:

"'What did you say, Mr. Pound?'

"Quick as a shot, and in his most cutting tones of intense sarcasm, the Colonel replied:

"'Mr. Pound did not speak, your honor. He merely shook his head. There is nothing in it.'"—Youth's Companion.

**Anecdote of a Dog.**

Many years ago my wife and I made up our minds to possess a dog, and after much debate and long search purchased a fox terrier in the dog market. We named him "Tip." Tip was a most intelligent animal; indeed at times his evident comprehension of conversation and discussion of events in the family circle was startling. My wife was not so assured as I was that "Tip" really understood speech with the intelligence of "humans," so I planned the following to convince her.

I arranged that one evening the dog should be on the hearth rug between us (a favorite position with Mr. Tip) and that I would begin talking about him to her. I did so, and found considerable fault, among the phrases I used being, "he is getting useless, and I shall have to sell him."

The effect was startling, and caused me great surprise as well as remorse. Tip stood up, the great tears came into his eyes, and with an indignant look at me, slowly went out of the room and house, and it took a long time for him to recover his old trust in me.—J. W. Monk.

**Proof Positive.**

Walls have had ears since curiosity began; now it seems they have eyes, too, if we may generalize from the story of a contemporary.

A well-known photographer of New York recently had his country house overhauled. A new skylight was added, and alterations were made in the roof. The men took their time and did not overwork themselves, but this did not prevent the roofer from presenting a bill almost as "steep" as his calling. When the owner of the house expostulated, it was explained to him that the men had to be paid for their time, and they had spent several days on the job.

"No wonder," said the photographer; and then he produced a number of snapshot photographs, representing the men on the roof of his house as taken from the attic window of an adjoining building. Some were sitting smoking, some were reading newspapers, and others were lying on their backs.

"Why," said the astonished roofer, "these are my men!"

"Exactly so," replied the photographer, "and they are earning my money."

**A Leaf from History.**

Commodore Winfield Scott Schley, in his book, "The Rescue of Greely," thus describes the finding of the explorer and the other frozen and starved survivors of the Lady Franklin Bay expedition in July, 1884:

"On his hands and knees was a dark man with a long, matted beard * * * and brilliant, staring eyes. As Lieut. Colwell approached he raised himself a little and put on a pair of eye glasses.

"'Who are you?' asked Colwell.

"The man made no answer, staring at him vacantly.

"'Who are you?' again.

"One of the men spoke up: 'That is the Major—Maj. Greely.'

"Colwell took him by the hand, saying to him, 'Greely, is this you?'

"'Yes,' said Greely, in a faint, broken voice, hesitating and shuffling with his words. 'Yes—seven of us left—here we are—dying—like men!'

"Then he fell back exhausted."

**Unintentional.**

A London exquisite went into a West End restaurant, says an exchange, and was far from pleased with the manner in which his order was filled.

"Do you call that a veal cutlet?" he demanded of the waiter. "Why, such a cutlet as that is an insult to every self-respecting calf in the British empire."

The waiter hung his head for a moment, but recovered himself and said, in a tone of respectful apology:

"I really didn't intend to insult you, sir."

## GREAT VIOLINISTS OF THE PAST AND OF THE PRESENT DAY.

SAURET. YSAYE. PAGANINI. JOACHIM. OLE BULL. MAUD POWELL.

Paganini, the wizard of the bow, was born in Genoa, Italy, in 1784, and from earliest boyhood displayed such extraordinary capacity as a violinist that he was popularly supposed to be under Satan's influence. Ole Bull, born in Bergen, Norway, in 1810, is probably the greatest violinist who has ever played in the United States. Joseph Joachim, one of the musical giants of the century, was born in Hungary in 1831. Eugene Ysaye is the greatest musician Belgium has produced for years; he was born in 1858. Among modern violinists Emil Sauret is well known in America, he having visited the United States in 1872-73; he was born in France in 1852. One of the greatest woman violinists of the world is Maud Powell of Chicago. She was born in Aurora, Ill., in 1868. Her father is American and her mother German. In 1885 she made her debut in Berlin, at the Philharmonic concerts, when she played the Bruch concerto.

## A CHAPTER ON HATS.

**A STARTLING CHANGE SINCE EARLY IN THE SEASON.**

**Then Turbans and Fur Hats Held Sway, but Now They Are Being Pushed Aside for the Large Picture Hats—Light Colors Are Popular.**

New York correspondence:

FEATURES of the most startling sort are plentiful in the newest millinery. At the beginning of the winter the styles in headgear were unusually quiet. Turbans and fur hats had their own way, and there was in evidence an unusually small amount of high colored or very large hats. Even about the largest hats there was a look of compactness that made them seem quiet in comparison with the pictured headgear of former seasons. By January all this has become commonplace to the women who enjoy testing new fashions. They are the ones who ever are prompt to adopt a fashion, and who are quite as ready to drop it the minute it grows common. The appearance of hats like those pictured here indicates that women are discarding their early season things and going in for something different. The

STRIKING HEADGEAR THAT HAS DEVELOPED THIS WINTER.

effort to accomplish something different accounts for the "over touch," especially in hats, that shows just now. Hats pushed over the eyebrow and entirely hiding the hair in front are so much worn that a protest appears in the hat that displays the hair. Then the wheel bow holds its own, but a new notion is to set it against the hair in front on one of the off-pushed hats. One of these is sketched by itself, a sapphire blue velvet turban that showed in front only a collection of dashing gray wings, and a wheel of sapphire velvet centered with a paste buckle.

Many of the big hats that are held off the face are planned to make a frame for face and hair, and often are so carefully built for front effect that the side outline is almost grotesque. The scuttle brim uplifted in front is overhung with plumes and mounted with loops of ribbon. The facing of such a brim is always elaborated, the fancy still holding for chiffon in delicate color, or white laid in a lot of pleats that stand on edge, making a very soft and pretty finish. Some of these hats have facing of chinchilla, in which case there is usually a showing of chinchilla on the outside, too. The side-tipped hat which women tried to push last season reappears. There is shown here one with a soft velvet crown, puffed up on the high side, with a paradise sweep curling over to that side. Even the favorite turban of crushed and folded velvet, silk or fur is now curved up from the hair in front, and in consequence the pompadour is beginning to be crushed down and to show some escaped and shorter locks very like a bang. The Henry the Eighth hat of velvet pushed up on one side to show a bunch of feathers or flowers is always becoming and swagger. Just now it is arranged to show the hair at front and high side, the feathers curling against the hair picturesquely. A cap of this sort in ruby velvet with black feathers is charming for wear with a snug fur-trimmed cloak. Some of these caps are made of fur and are pretty.

The Spanish turban, with brim boxed up at the edge, is now worn as if hanging to one hair, with feathers drooping on the high side and a lift of trimming there, too. Almost all the latest hats are showing this tendency to side effect, and as a rule the hat dips to the left, being trimmed very high on the right. One way of accomplishing this is to set a handsome rosette of chiffon or velvet on

WITH SLEEVES TIGHT, BUT WITH SHOULDERS WIDENED.

the left side and to allow a plume to extend from under this rosette and to curl up to hang over the brim, which lifts high at the right. A hat of tucked blue taffeta is thus trimmed with rosette of blue and a gray plume. Light colors are as popular this winter as if it were summer. Mob caps of silk with a great bow in front are now entirely discarded by exclusive women, but hats trimmed with front bow are still worn. A bow of wired gauze in front of a velvet hat was handsome. A bunch of dried grasses was held by the bow, but the velvet and fur of the crown settled the hat as a winter one.

Among fashions in gowns, the tunic and the polonaise are favored and they are sure to be much used all through the coming months. Probably they will not be beyond their vogue next winter. They offer a refuge for the woman who likes a sheath-back effect, yet wishes to wear a pleated skirt. So far there has been no attempt at draping the polonaise, though it has been subjected to many modifications. A new one appears in the next picture, in a stunning reception gown with pleated silk skirt of delicate gray. Its modified polonaise was gray velvet in a darker shade opened to show the skirt in front and was shorter at the back than at the sides. At the foot of the polonaise and about the yoke edge was gun metal gray in a panel crossed with lace whose white matched the chiffon in yoke and collar. The advantage of the short polonaise is that it may be worn under a half length coat. You see, there is a suggestion of over-garment about the polonaise which makes it an awkward model for wear under a coat shorter than its edge.

The fashionable half-length coat comes to just the beginning of the skirt's spread or to a little below the knees. Such coats made boxy without being baggy are very warm, one of medium weight offering a protection that is more satisfactory than that given by a fur cape. If only the sleeves could be a little looser! But they can't. Sleeves of all garments are tight, and the coat sleeve must be as tight as can be worn over the dress sleeve. This means that a satin lining is absolutely necessary. Shoulder finish can be managed, however, and was arranged cleverly in this pictured coat. It was boxed, half-length, of heavy gray melton, with triple shoulder cape. It had double-breasted black velvet straps for fastening, and black velvet facings for revers. Its inside close collar was velvet, too, a notion that is a feature of the newest coats, the idea being that such a coat may be worn over a reception dress whose throat arrangements should be covered. Stitching is a feature of all these garments, and in some cases a cording is added.

Though women have submitted to the tight sleeve, many of them—fashionable ones, too—manage to finish the shoulders in a way to suggest breadth. This is indicated by both the gowns of this illustration as well as by its coat. The shoulder treatment in the second of these dresses was a shoulder cape effect, and its intention was not only to widen but to suggest warmth. This because the costume was one planned for wear without a wrap. With bodice re-enforced by a warm chamois jacket, there are not a few young women who effect this notion. They do not follow it in the severest weather, but still wear such dresses when other women are apparently far more heavily clothed. This gown included a black velvet coat open in front to show a belted princess frock of mode broadcloth. The velvet was braided heavily, there were jaunty eton fronts, and the rest of the coat was cut in rounded straps below the waist, just to prove that it afforded little protection.

Copyright, 1900.

**A Curious Monument.**

Henry Jacobs, of Lincoln, Kan., has erected a curious monument over the grave of his son, who was of a roving disposition. He had a stone cut in the shape of an old-fashioned traveling satchel. On the plate in the center of each side is the name, "Jacob S. Jacobs." Just above the name is the inscription: "Here is where he stopped last." Underneath the name is the date of death and his age. The stone is white marble, and the base is a big boulder which the father hauled from his farm and rolled on the grave. When questioned as to why he chose such a unique design, the old man said:

"Wall, Jim, he were a sort of a rovin' feller, and I allowed that this design would 'bout suit him. He never stopped very long before in any one place. But the last time I see him he were at the graveyard, and I jes' concluded that he might stay thar a long while. So I had a sign printed on ther stone sayin' whar he was last seen and whar he ought to be now."

**Learned Bengali in Six Months.**

Dr. Welldon, late of Harrow, and now bishop of Calcutta, has accomplished a remarkable linguistic feat. Not a few divines who go out to India have to acknowledge themselves beat in their struggle with various Indian tongues and give up the study in despair. Not so Dr. Welldon. He found an admirable coach in Mr. Munro, C. B., who was once associated with Scotland Yard, but now lives at Darjeeling, and with his assistance Dr. Welldon made such progress in the study of the Bengali vernacular that within six months of his arrival he conducted a full confirmation service in that dialect, and he has now delivered a sermon in the Bengali tongue, which is the one mostly spoken in his diocese.

**Making It Pleasant.**

Mrs. Wiggles—Mrs. Bjohnson spoke of you when I met her yesterday.

Mrs. Waggles—Did she? What did she say?

Mrs. Wiggles—Oh, if I had thought you would ask me that, I would never have said anything about it.—Somerville Journal.

The proposed public warehouse to be operated by the Toledo banks seems to be a go, as a majority of the banks favor the project.

The postoffice building at Virginia, San Diego County, Cal., is made of an old piano box.

Patronize those who advertise.

# The News of Iowa

Nate Linniger and Roy Sigafus, two lads from Savanna, Ill., while rabbit hunting, discovered the remains of a man on Pulford Island, near Savanna. The body was in a rude box, the end of which protruded from the earth, near the Iowa shore. The decomposed remains were wrapped in an old carpet. The matter was reported to the police, but the officers have failed to identify the body. Only a few months ago another skeleton was found in that locality which was never identified.

**Another Railroad Project.**

There is now little room to doubt that Muscatine is to have another railroad known as the Muscatine, Tipton and Northern. For the past six weeks rumors of this project have been exploited in the newspapers published along the proposed right of way, but more definite statements can now be given. The towns the new line will strike are as follows: Muscatine, Moscow, Tipton, Olin, Newport, Anamosa, Prairieburg, Coggon and Independence, in all a distance of about 100 miles.

**Faith Healers Inicted.**

At Council Bluffs the Grand Jury returned true bills against S. P. James, of South Omaha, a "divine healer," and Mrs. P. B. Yates, of Tabor, Iowa, on the charge of being criminally responsible for the death of the latter's daughter, Ethel Yates, which occurred in that city Jan. 5.

**Elevator Burned.**

The Roach, Keck & Wood elevator at Lester, burned with all its contents. Between 3,000 and 4,000 bushels of grain were in the house. Loss on elevator, $20,000; insurance, $1,00; loss on grain estimated at $1,500; fully insured.

**After Delinquent Heavy Taxpayers.**

An examination of the Auditor's books in Franklin County develops the fact that fifteen men in the county owe taxes to the amount of $35,000. The Treasurer has been ordered to collect the amount in the regular way.

**Brief State Happenings.**

Eddyville is to have a new brass band.

A curfew bell law has been enacted at Shelby.

An epidemic of mumps has struck the city of Chariton.

The Catholics at Owens will erect a church in the spring.

Another branch recruiting station will be opened at Davenport.

Waterloo people spent nearly $600,000 in improvements during 1899.

The M. E. Society at Katz is raising funds to build a $2,000 church.

The C., M. & St. P. will rebuild their shops recently burned at Dubuque.

The City Council at Dubuque has ordered 10,000 yards of macadam to be broken.

The School Board at New Virginia is urged to vote bonds for a new school house.

P. V. Hall, one of the oldest residents of Clinton, dropped dead very suddenly at his home.

The proposal to do away with the free day for old soldiers at the State Fair was defeated.

The total amount of fees collected by the County Clerk of Polk County last year was $13,082.94.

With the present term of the Supreme Court Judge John R. Sherwin, of Mason City, will sit as a member.

There are fifty-four applicants for examination for the bar before the present term of the Supreme Court.

Work will begin soon on the erection of a new passenger station for the Rock Island Road at Des Moines.

The Anti-Trust League in Iowa has branches in thirty-six counties and a membership numbering 72,000.

Merchants at Muscatine are thinking of erecting a cold storage plant, if the ice harvest does not prove sufficient.

Rev. Father Joseph Murtagh of Montreal, Canada, is the new assistant pastor of St. Mary's Church, Marshalltown.

Bert Edwards, a young man of Waterloo, dropped his shotgun, when it discharged, lodging the entire charge in his thigh.

Iowa now has thirty-three rural free delivery mail routes, serving 16,080 people, at an average cost of $21,200 per annum.

Fire affecting the building of the Union Transfer Company and other concerns at Council Bluffs caused a loss of about $25,000.

The past year has been a prosperous one for Mount Ayr, and the amount of freight handled shows an increase of 166 cars over 1898.

Muscatine County is holding stock of the Republic Iron and Steel Company, a trust organized at New Jersey, for some $400 back taxes.

The State Agricultural Society may join with the sheep breeders in appealing to the Legislature to re-enact the dog law in force some years ago.

Louisa, the 7-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. August Schurr, living near Valley City, broke through the ice on the Mississippi and was drowned.

The Business Men's Association of Logan lately held a banquet and under the influence of the good cheer subscribed a fund of $1,200 for good roads.

Engineers are in the field in Webster and Calhoun Counties surveying a line for an extension of the Marshalltown and Dakota road from Gowrie to Rockwell.

The School Board of Corning recently presented the high school with a $300 piano.

Joe Van der Schaaf of Newkirk sold two hogs on the Hospers market that netted him $50.

The Manchester creamery made and sold $58,996.14 worth of butter during the year 1899.

Ernest Keller of Victor, in a moment of absent mindedness kindled a fire with a roll of $5 bills.

Mrs. Birdie Beams of Atlantic has been bound over to the grand jury for receiving stolen goods.

A local stock company has purchased the Oren Ruffcorn department store of Murry for $30,000.

Frank Landanger of Red Oak was shot and seriously wounded by the accidental discharge of a rifle.

An enterprising Denison man has in mind the project of giving that town a gasoline motor railway.

Miss Dye, a school teacher of Des Moines, has succumbed to burns received recently while filling a lighted gasoline stove.

Farmers in the vicinity of Kanawha have taken up the matter of centralizing the rural schools of the vicinity at that place.

Denison will undertake to secure the meeting of the Crawford County institute which meets in February.

The coroner's jury at Council Bluffs fixed the blame of the death of Ethel Yates on her mother and the faith healer.

T. R. Long of Oskaloosa, formerly of Marshalltown, was killed in a collision on the Iowa Central near New Sharon.

The coal mines in the vicinity of Albia have been forced to close down temporarily on account of the scarcity of orders.

A warrant has been issued for the destruction of the liquors which were seized at Shenandoah a few days before Thanksgiving.

Washington will make an effort to secure one of the State normal schools.

I. B. Carpenter, a miner of Chariton, lost his life by a slate roof caving in.

A savings bank has been incorporated at St. Benedict, with a capital of $10,000.

There were 174 marriage licenses issued in Henry County during the past year.

The firemen on the force at Burlington have been equipped with a modern smoke helmet.

James A. Poor has now begun his thirteenth term as treasurer of Buchanan County.

The Danville State Savings Bank has filed articles of incorporation. Its capital is $12,000.

The Iowa State Bottlers' Association proposes to build a $50,000 carbonic acid gas factory.

Twenty-seven saloons have renewed their licenses at Fort Madison for the coming year.

The First Presbyterian Church at Burlington was damaged by fire to the extent of $7,000.

A country club has been incorporated at Marshalltown and plans for a country house adopted.

A movement is on foot in Fort Dodge to organize a people's church, similar to one in Chicago.

A meeting has been called at Creston for the purpose of expressing sympathy with the Boers.

The Mason City clay works have filed articles of incorporation, with a capital stock of $25,000.

The Waterloo postoffice's report for 1899 shows an increase over the previous year of $2,069.98.

John H. Pearson of Ainsworth has been admitted to practice before the Interior Department.

A good roads convention has been held at Creston with a good attendance and considerable interest.

Mrs. West of Jackson, recently arrested for arson, has been declared insane and taken to the asylum.

A further cut has been made in the hours of the men working in the railroad shops at Belle Plaine.

Poultry raisers in the vicinity of Earlham held an exhibition and organized a permanent association.

The number of tramps provided with lodging at the Belle Plaine jail will reach ten or twelve each night.

The cost of the Webster County poor farm for the past year averaged $2.85 per month for each inmate.

All the prominent business men of Toledo have agreed to close their stores at 8 o'clock, except on Saturdays.

Local politicians in Dubuque are now worked up over a proposal to change the dividing line between certain wards.

Surveying has commenced on the proposed narrow-gauge line from Clear Lake to Fertile, a distance of twelve miles.

Miss Clara Dobleman, aged 16, and Evert Veidenberg of Burlington are missing and it is believed they have eloped.

E. M. Adams, one of the oldest settlers in Johnson County, was found dead in a stable on his farm in Cedar township.

Superintendent Harriman of the Illinois Central will remove his headquarters from Dubuque to Waterloo on the first of April.

The Board of Supervisors of Ringgold County report the affairs of the county in a more prosperous condition than ever before.

Iowa postoffices have been established as follows: Hynes, Fayle Hynes postmaster; Scarville, Thomas J. Falken postmaster.

Rev. M. J. Burton, pastor of the Second Baptist Church at Marshalltown, has accepted a call from a congregation at Davenport.

About twenty suits have been commenced in Clinton for the cancellation of paving tax against as many properties in that city.

The First U. P. Church at Washington has just cleared off a debt of $9,000 without any of the usual devices of fairs, concerts, etc.

The W. C. T. U. at Swaledale has had quite a sum placed at its disposal to prosecute any violators of the mulct law in that district.

E. I. Fowler, proprietor of a restaurant at Battle Creek, left his home a few days ago and his family has not heard of him since.

The Board of Supervisors of Plymouth County has adopted resolutions authorizing a firm of attorneys to collect taxes from tax dodgers.

Work on the addition to the custom house at Dubuque will be commenced March 1 and the structure will be ready for occupancy by July.

The Supreme Court rendered a decision in the Des Moines municipal electric light case which makes municipal ownership practically impossible.

The 14-year-old son of John F. Clayton, near Lewis, had a leg caught in a feed grinder, which resulted in it having to be amputated above the knee.

A Burlington man who had but recently received his naturalization papers has returned them to the clerk of the court with a note stating that as it was not protection against toughs he had no further use for it.

The men's gymnasium at Iowa College, Grinnell, has been dedicated. The cost of the building is estimated at $20,000.

John M. McDonald of Dubuque has been appointed superintendent of the agricultural annex of the American display at the Paris exposition.

The Illinois Central has reduced the wages of trackmen from $1.75 to $1.25 per day and all those employed on new work in the vicinity of Denison quit.

Evidence before the coroner's jury at Dubuque as to the cause of the fatal boiler explosion in that city indicates that the water was allowed to go too low.

John Houlahan, Sr., an old settler of Ryan, was kicked on the head by a horse and lived but a few minutes afterwards.

The water and light plant at Valley Junction has been completed and will be turned over to the Council as soon as the required tests are made.

Sales of real estate at Waterloo for the first week of the year aggregated $95,917, as against $22,777 for the corresponding week of last year.

The I. O. O. F. lodge at Waterloo has received a pair of gavels made from wood taken from the castle at San Juan, Porto Rico, by a member who was in garrison there with the Fifth United States artillery.

A postoffice has been established at Huntington on the M. & St. L. road with Samuel Reaney as postmaster.

The pawnbrokers at Council Bluffs who were swindled by Schwartz by loaning money on bogus gems, have been paid their money by a brother of the criminal.

Gus Eggert, the 12-year-old boy of Chariton, who was accidentally shot by his brother while hunting near that place, has since died as the result of his wounds.

The veterans in the soldiers' home at Marshalltown have organized and will send a committee to Des Moines to protest against the present system of retaining all over $6 a month pension money.

## MONSTER TURTLES IN MAINE.

**Big Fellows that Are Able to Smash Paddle Wheels of Steamboats.**

It has been some years since a sight of the Grapevine turtle has been reported in the Lake Sebec district in Maine. Thirty years have passed since John Lander of Dover saw this big reptile in the bog through which the Grapevine stream flows in its course into Sebec lake, and was impressed by its size. Fifteen years later Sam Guernsey and Henry Warren, fishing the same stream, saw what they took to be a partly submerged clapboard afloat in the still water but at the sound of their voices it moved off through the water, leaving a wave like that of a rowboat, and they saw that it was a giant turtle. Its most notable appearance in recent years was to Bernard Warren of Dover, who, in fishing the Grapevine, came upon the turtle in the open bog away from the water, so that a full idea of the creature's bulk was obtained. Its shell was as large around as a washtub, and the head and legs were of proportionate size. At sight of the fisherman the turtle started for the water, and Warren, seeking to detain it, by seizing its tail, was taken in tow as summarily as if the turtle had been expressly chartered for the purpose. Finding the tapering tail inconvenient to hold, Warren jumped on the turtle's back, but the creature carried him easily without so much as slackening its gait. On coming to the alders, along the edge of the stream, Warren, finding his bareback position difficult to maintain, slipped off behind, and caught hold once more of the tail, but the turtle, quickening pace, jerked him from his feet, and the man let go his grip at the bank, not caring to follow the turtle into the two feet of water and twenty feet of soft ooze that lay beyond. The turtle went into the stream like a sawlog down a rollway, and Warren went back to his fishing, convinced that it was not his day for turtle-catching. As the Grapevine is now closed by law to fishermen, there have been no reports of the big turtle this year, but it is safe to say that it will be heard of when the stream is opened three years hence.

Fifteen years ago Captain Ansel Crockett, of Sebec, steering his side-wheel passenger steamer, the Rippling Wave, up the lake, encountered midway in the trip a swimming turtle so large that to avoid a collision he altered the course of his craft so as to pass it on the starboard side. The turtle, which was seen by all the passengers, was described as being as large round as a hogshead, and a paddle-wheel striking it would have been broken as surely as if it struck a rock. In the autumn of that year a Penobscot Indian caught a turtle at Sebec Lake, perhaps the same one, which measured thirty-nine inches from tip to tip, and the upper shell was described by one who saw it as being large enough to serve for the cradle of a child.

## EDUCATING JAPANESE WOMEN.

**The Outlook for the Future Said to Be Promising.**

Under the auspices of the economic and reform section of the Society for Ethical Culture addresses upon "The Social Condition and Education of Women in Japan" were recently delivered before a large audience, says the Philadelphia Ledger. Inazo Nitrobe, Ph. D., professor of economics in the Imperial College at Sapporo, gave a historic resume of the condition of Japanese women, and said their present inferiority is due to the feudalism existing in his country for the last 700 years. Japan received its beginnings in literature from China and its Buddhism from India, and both of these forces also had an indirect influence in lowering the status of women.

Ohson H. Sakrul, registrar of the Meiji Girls' seminary at Tokyo, and Miss Anna C. Hartshorne, who spent three years in Japan, said that general interest in education is increasing, and it is only a matter of time before privately endowed schools for women will be a part of Japan's educational system. The Meiji seminary, which is the only private non-sectarian girls' school in Japan, was established in 1885, but lost all its buildings and apparatus by fire three years ago. Over 1,800 girls have received the benefits of its training, but owing to financial needs and the lack of a permanent fund only sixty are now in attendance.

The Japanese Government began to take an interest in co-education twenty years ago, when several young women were sent abroad for study, and at the present time there are ten Japanese girls studying in the United States. The outlook for the future was said to be a promising one, if the proper interest and encouragement are given from countries more advanced in culture and enlightenment.

**Good Clock.**

A lady visiting in the South was told a story of an old colored man, who came to a watchmaker with the two hands of a clock.

"I want yer to fix up dese hands. Dey ain't kept no correct time for mo' den six munfs."

"Well, where is the clock?" responded the watchmaker.

"Out at my house."

"But I must have the clock."

"Didn' I tell yer dar's nuffin de matter wid de clock 'cepting de han's? An' here dey be. You jest want de clock so you kin tinker wid it, and charge me a big price. Gimme back dem hands." And so saying, he started off to find an honest watchmaker.

**Distinguished Cyclists.**

The Czar of Russia was, as a boy, very fond of cycling. He has now grown tired of pedaling his own machine, and has had a record-breaking petroleum tricycle made for him in Paris. A wicker work car is being made which will be tacked on to the end of the machine for the Empress. Another distinguished cyclist—who still uses his own legs—is A. J. Balfour. He stated not very long back that in his opinion the cycle is the most civilizing invention of this generation.

**Traced Back to Eden.**

Mr. Dash—I have discovered the reason why most women like ribbons.

Mrs. Dash—Why?

Mr. Dash—Because the first woman was a rib-un herself.—Syracuse Herald.

The world is full of thin, sickly looking young people who try to convince their healthy looking ancestors that sleeping on feather beds isn't good for them.

A woman can forgive her husband for not coming home to dinner on only one condition; that he ate a church dinner down town.

Time and patience will enable a person to conquer almost any obstacle.

The magazine poet may be equal to his task, but few of his readers are.