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GRAPES.

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T. N. ARNOLD.

Sugar is Lower.
Eggs are Higher.
Come in and see it about.
CAL ATKINSON.

THE BEST DAIRY IN THE COUNTRY.



furnishes us with our butter and consequently it is high grade in every respect save price, which is almost as low as that usually paid for inferior butter. There's a know-how in making butter as in almost everything else—and our dairy people have the know-how as well as the purest and best of cream.

PETERSON BROS

Longley.

Longley.

HATS.

Our hat trade has had a phenomenal growth and we have made extra efforts to still further increase it this fall.

\$1 - \$1.50 - Longley Hats. - \$2 - \$3.

We are the exclusive agents for this popular hat and now have the largest assortment of shapes, styles and colors ever before shown. By wearing a LONGLEY you know you have a hat that is neat, stylish and durable and never run the risk of being jollied by your friends for wearing something that is freakish or loud, as the styles are always correct.

If you have trouble in getting a hat that is comfortable to wear, try a LONGLEY.

Boys' and Children's hats and caps, 25c. to 50c.

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L. R. STOUT. LEADING CLOTHIER and HATTER.

IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR THE BEST

in the way of Vehicles, Buggies, Spring Wagons and Lumber wagons or any special job in this line.

WE HAVE WHAT YOU WANT! Anything in our line that can or cannot be had anywhere else we can manufacture on short notice.

WORK POSITIVELY GUARANTEED

It must also not be forgotten that we keep constantly on hand everything pertaining to a buggy or wagon and do all kinds of repairing, having expert men in all the departments required for carriage and wagon building.

POSITIVELY
TEN to FIFTEEN DOLLARS CAN BE SAVED on every vehicle by making your purchases of us.

WE DO AS WE ADVERTISE

Kennedy Buggy Co.

Theodora's Horseless Carriage.

By H. E. Root.

Copyright, 1909, by H. E. Root.

MOST of the neighbors say they are unable to understand why Theodora purchased a horseless carriage in the first place. But of course one's neighbors are not supposed to know all of one's domestic affairs, although I am free to confess that in a rural community such as that wherein she resides there is very little to escape the neighbors' knowledge. However, that is neither here nor there. The reason Theodora bought a horseless carriage is because a grandchild of Theo's died and was bequeathed enough to bequeath unto her the sum of \$1,400. If the old gentleman had left her \$1,300 or \$1,500, I have no doubt but that the money would now be drawing 5 per cent on mortgage. But Theodora saw an advertisement of a horseless carriage costing \$1,400, delivered free, and she decided at once to invest in it.

"Just think," she exclaimed. "Now we won't have to worry and bother ourselves about a safe investment for dear Uncle John's money. If we let it remain in bank, the cashier sure to run away, and if we put it in real estate I am certain the mortgage will be burned up. Besides, the highest interest we could reasonably expect, you say, would only amount to 70 a year, and I know we will get more than 70 worth of enjoyment out of it riding around our own lovely mountain roads, and the fresh air will do us and the children lots of good."

"But, my dear," I responded, "we get all the fresh air that we can get by driving every day with Don and the surry!"

"Don't," she cried scornfully. "Why, do you know that poor old horse was a wedding present? And he has been married 12 years? And he was 7 years old then?"

"Yes, you're right, but he seems to be a pretty good horse yet."

"Good for use on a small farm," responded Theodora. "I am afraid to trust him going down hill, he's so old and feeble; and I feel morally certain he can never pull us to the top every time we start up a mountain."

I said nothing further. The money was Theodora's, and she had a right to do with it as she desired. Besides, in my inmost heart I did cherish the old man's dreams of sailing over the mountains and down the dale, in an automobile; passing the slow going horses of acquaintances who had been in the habit of jeering somewhat at old Don. But I confess that it hurt me when we sold the faithful animal to a farmer named Worsel, especially as I had determined not to let him go for less than \$50, and the farmer finally led him away in triumph after paying just \$47.85.

The horseless carriage arrived the following week, accompanied by a young and active man sent on by the manufacturer to explain the working of the machinery. At Theodora's request I went to the station and saw her purchase unloaded from a platform car. Then the young agent explained the motor casually, announced that it was all right and invited me to step into the vehicle, and I did so, sitting beside him, and he pulled a lever which started the wheels. We went slowly until we reached the broad main street of the village, and then he gradually "let'er out," as he expressed it, and we were whirling over the ground like an express train. Fortunately, we were

arrived, and in three cheers he would "exhibit her fine points," and he made the carriage go forward and backward and describe circles to the right and left and perform other feats equally interesting with equal ease. Finally he opened the box containing the machinery and carefully explained every part. Then he glanced at his watch and found that by hurrying he could just about catch a train for the city.

"Better take me down to the station in the carriage," he suggested. "Then you can run it alone, and I can keep an eye on you."

Of course I hailed the plan with joy, and off we started, my hand on bar and brake, he sitting beside me. It was no trouble at all to manage the thing, and when we met a bicycle I steered by ease.

"You'll do," the agent said approvingly as he jumped out at the station. "Just be careful, and as a matter of common precaution glance at the motor before you start out every time, as a good horseman glances over the harness before taking a drive."

wide seat, and Jack can curl up at my feet on the bottom. We can stow away the baskets somewhere, and off we'll go."

"Hooray!" shouted Jack.

"Good!" cried Theodora.

"You're great," I added, "and we will go and have a happy day together outdoors."

This was it settled. We arose very early next day, for we had decided to start before the cool breath of morning had departed. After a hasty breakfast had been eaten all four of us stood in the barn inspecting the carriage.

"Looks sort of solemn, doesn't it?" Theodora said in low tones, as if the vehicle might hear her and be offended. "Sort of like a strange dog with his eyes shut—you don't know whether he's really asleep or just shamming and waiting to bite you."

In truth the horseless carriage did look strange, its bulky, ungraceful shape dimly outlined in the barn.

"Oh, that's only your imagination," I replied. "The carriage is all right."

While speaking I had stepped into it and essayed to start the vehicle. Instantly there was a low rumble of machinery, which sounded so very ominous that I stopped the wheels ere they had made two revolutions. Theodora uttered a startled little exclamation and hurriedly led the children out of the barn.

"We'll wait for you out front by the horse block," she explained.

Again I started the motor, and with a sort of protesting "br-r-r" it commenced to work. It didn't seem to go as easily as on the evening previous, and when I drew up to the horse block the machinery gave an indignant snort that made Theodora jump again.

"Do you think it's tired?" she asked, and then laughed nervously when she realized how silly her question was. She stepped beside me, and we placed Dorothy between us, and Jack was on the floor. Thus we started, while Nora at the kitchen window shook her head and asked the saints to "preserve" us.

We whirled down the street and just beyond the village limits met a load of hay drawn by two horses, ostensibly driven by an elderly farmer, who was almost lost to sight far above in his mass of dried timothy and clover. His horses were leaning over the heavy load, their heads down, their eyes half shut. But their ears must have been wide open, for long ere we met them they suddenly stopped, threw up their heads and gazed wildly at the three mounted passengers. Theodora's carriage met them and they proceeded with surprising celerity to climb a rail fence. If I could have stopped Theodora's new toy I would have done so, but the sight of those eyes and ears was too much for me. I was high fence, the load of hay swinging and swaying in midair, the farmer swearing at his steeds and then at us, was enough to disturb the mind of almost any one. So we rushed by him and out of sight around a curve in the road. Jack was greatly interested in the horses' athletic exercises and asked me to stop his mother's carriage so he could see if the animals succeeded in getting over the fence. He has since returned to me that only one of them succeeded, but the farmer, I understand, intended to sue me for damages. I have notified him, by the way, that he is likely to be arrested for violating a local ordinance which forbids any undomesticated or insufficiently trained animals appearing on the public highway. His horses were all three, and, judging from his own expression of countenance and profane vociferousness, I think he was also.

However, that is another matter. We left the road. It was a sharp curve, and I had for a moment been meditating upon the broken stone until we were jolting over it in the most distressing manner. But that was passed at last, and we proceeded several miles without other adventure, save that we attracted considerable attention from children playing near various farmhouses who had never seen a horseless carriage before, and who ran after us, a long, irregular line of them reaching far back along the road, evidently under the impression that we were preceding a circus parade. And then something else happened. We were bowling along a perfectly level stretch of road, whereupon dust lay rather deep, which Theodora said:

"Oh, now do be careful!"

I glanced far ahead and saw the portly figure of our tractor astride a bicycle, laboriously pedaling onward, for by this time the sun was well up, and the

carriage, which, thus lightened of half its load, immediately started again. When she saw the wheels revolving again, Theodora shrieked:

"Oh, jump! Do jump!" But I made no reply. Like a flash I remembered that my hand reached close to the road, quite near Mr. Worsel's farmhouse, in fact. I succeeded in steering the carriage straight into that bank. I knew there was a whole mountain of rocks and forest back of the bank, and I didn't think of good farm purchase would penetrate very far. And it didn't. When my wife and children reached the spot, they found me sitting on a log smoking a pipe and observing the process of kicking teeth to pieces. The machinery was clattering and whirring, and the rear wheels were revolving at a rapid rate, and the front wheels were burrowing a few feet into the sand.

Theodora is a woman of action, and when she saw that situation she also grasped something else—namely, a long thick stick, one end of which she immediately shoved into the motor. But a little thing like that didn't discourage the cogs and wheels. They simply chattered at us into five pieces and went on whirling. Then Theodora and Jack lugged a branch of a tree to the carriage and jammed one end of that in among the machinery with a like result. So Theodora sat down by the roadside and cried. She dried her eyes, however, because Farmer Worsel and his wife and five children and a hired man came out and formed a circle with us. And there we sat in a preoccupied manner, saying very little, but thinking a great deal, while Theodora's fragments continued to kick itself into fragments. After awhile the motor seemed to yawn and stretch itself. Then it gave a few last thumps and fell to pieces. Mrs. Worsel took Theodora and the children into the farmhouse to eat their lunch, and a Farmer Worsel and I hitched up Don to the wreck, with which the hired man was sent to my home, having instructions to drive back in the surry after

ing of his bicycle, which promptly fell on top of him. For an instant we had a view of the unfortunate gentleman sitting flat in the dust, which made him cough fearfully. His glasses were awry on his nose, his mouth was partly open, his eyes had a wild, indignant expression. Theodora's carriage ran over his soft felt hat, and we soon left our worthy rector out of sight. Just before I was ready to collapse from the nervous strain we reached the spot near which we were to picnic, and we realized what I was doing I shut off the motor, steered toward an open space by the side of the road and put on the brake. Theodora's carriage stopped gracefully and without a jolt, as if it were the most docile creature one could wish for. When we had recovered from this shock of surprise, we all stepped down upon the ground.

"Well," said Theodora with a self-congratulatory tone, "we didn't kill anybody."

"No," remarked Jack, "but by gee, we come mighty near it once or twice."

I was too much fatigued to reprove him, notwithstanding a natural abhorrence of slang. Instead, I suggested:

"Let's go down to the spring and get a drink."

This idea was approved by all, and we strolled through the cool woods to a rock whence gurgles a stream of cold, pure water. It was refreshing, very, and after we had rested I sent Jack to fetch some buckets. He returned with the information that they were not in the carriage.

"I do believe you came away and forgot them," Theodora said, looking me in the eye.

"We," she replied.

"Then little Dorothy began to whimper. It had been time for her luncheon half an hour previous, and she was becoming fretful.

"I'll tell you what we can do," I said. "Farmer Worsel's place is at the foot of the mountain, and only a mile or two distant. The children can get bread and milk there, at any rate, and we can procure something for ourselves. I suppose old Don" cried Dorothy with sudden glee. She had wept when I sold him.

We retraced our steps through the woods, climbed into Theodora's carriage and started slowly up the pressure this time, and when we reached the summit of the mountain I suppose we were traveling 12 miles an hour.

"Better go slow," said Theodora.

I put on my hat without appreciable effect. By this time we were descending the steep road at what seemed a terrific rate. Trees, fences, rocks, simply sailed by us. The machinery whirled and clattered. I was struggling to keep my seat, which somehow failed to work.

"Don't you dare jump!" I commanded, as Theodora made a slight movement. "You hold Dorothy in your arms, and Jack, you hold on to your mother's ankles as tight as you can so she can't jump!"

"What will become of us?" asked Theodora.

"We're all right if we don't meet a tree on the mountains," I shouted in return. "When we get to the level I'll reverse the machinery, which I can't do now, for the sudden stop would throw us all out on our heads!"

I never knew before how the young rector felt as he tumbled from the top of a circus tent far down to the net below a few feet above the sawdust. And I never want to know it again, for last we reached the foot of the mountain, and I reversed the motor.

Theodora hurried out of the carriage, which, thus lightened of half its load, immediately started again. When she saw the wheels revolving again, Theodora shrieked:

"Oh, jump! Do jump!" But I made no reply. Like a flash I remembered that my hand reached close to the road, quite near Mr. Worsel's farmhouse, in fact. I succeeded in steering the carriage straight into that bank. I knew there was a whole mountain of rocks and forest back of the bank, and I didn't think of good farm purchase would penetrate very far. And it didn't. When my wife and children reached the spot, they found me sitting on a log smoking a pipe and observing the process of kicking teeth to pieces. The machinery was clattering and whirring, and the rear wheels were revolving at a rapid rate, and the front wheels were burrowing a few feet into the sand.

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When we were quite alone, I said to Worsel:

"How much do you want for that horse?"

"Twenty-five," he replied.

"I'll give you 800."

"All right," he rejoined. Then we went to join our respective families at the midday meal.

The following Sunday Rev. Mr. Winfield's discourse was based upon the text, found in the most close to the chapter, twenty-sixth verse: "A king, scattering the wicked and bringing the wheel over them."

The Oddities of a Sultan. The late Sultan of Morocco, Mulai Hassan, was one of the most striking figures of the oriental world. Standing about 6 feet 3 inches, he was dark in face, having, though a descendant of Mohammed, some negro blood. His clothes, says the author of "A Journey in Morocco," were spotlessly white, made like those worn by ordinary tribesmen, but of finer stuff. Colors he never wore, nor jewelry, except a silver ring with a large diamond. Once a man asked him for this as a keepsake. He had it drew it off, and replaced it, saying, with a quiet smile: "No, I will keep it, but you can have its value in money if you choose."

His clothes he never wore more than day, and his servants claimed them as perquisites, so that his wardrobe

must have been pretty expensive, even for a king.

Upon a journey he carried almost all his possessions packed on camels, and when in need of amusement he would say to a servant, "Bring me the telescope the Belgian minister gave me ten years ago," or "the watch the queen of England sent me," and the unlucky man to whom he spoke had to produce the article if he unpacked a hundred camels in the search.

No Criticism For St. Gaudens. Augustus St. Gaudens, the sculptor, at the outset of his career was employed by Tiffany. He worked in wax and modeled designs for their high grade articles of silver and gold. St. Gaudens was working on a wax figure of an American Indian which was intended as an embellishment for a costly silver piece. The model was still under way when one of the firm ventured to criticize it and recommended certain changes. There was a firm argument over the matter, and it ended by St. Gaudens smashing the wax figure flat with his fist. He then walked out of the building and never returned there to work.—New England Home Magazine.

Feet and a Foot. Teacher (giving directions for standing)—Stand with your heels together, toes turned out, making an angle of 40 degrees.

This was followed by a look of bewilderment on one boy's face.

Teacher—Well, Tom, do you know what I mean? Do you know what a degree is?

Pupil—Yes, sir.

Teacher—What is it?

Pupil—Sixty-nine and one-fourth miles.

Our Future. "Ah," sighed the long haired passenger, "how little we know of the future of this little town of ours." "That's right," rejoined the man with the Auburn whiskers in the seat opposite. "Little did I think some thirty years ago when I carved my initials on the rude desk in the old country schoolhouse that I would some day grow up and fall to become famous."—Exchange.

No other pills can equal DeWitt's Little Early Risers for promptness, certainty and efficiency.—Smith Bros.

The large and increasing circulation of The Iowa Homestead in this county is a matter for congratulation to the publishers and to good farming, for, of all the papers of its class in the country, it is easily the best and most helpful. Its Special Farmers' Institute editions, issued with the regular edition the first week in each month, have been for years the admiration of all practical farmers. Written wholly by farmers, they are full of actual experience, and smelt of the soil. We have been fortunate enough this season to secure terms for The Homestead and its Special Farmers' Institute Editions, together with The Poultry Farmer and the Farmers' Mutual Insurance Journal, four of the most valuable farm publications in the country, that enable us to offer the four in connection with our own paper for \$1.90 for the entire five years. This is emphatically a good thing, and no farmer in this county should fail to take advantage of this offer. For a large line of thoroughly practical farm reading nothing has ever been offered before that equals it. A county paper, a farm paper, a poultry paper, a farm insurance paper and the best of farm literature, all for \$1.90. Come in and order them.

THE CAMPAIGN. The Dubuque Telegraph needs no introduction. It has stood for years as the foremost exponent of Democratic principles as enunciated in the Kansas City platform.

It is known throughout the state as containing the ablest editorial page. The articles from the pen of John S. Murphy are recognized by the press of Iowa as cogent and reliable expositions of Jeffersonian doctrine.

During the present campaign the Telegraph should be in the hands of every voter.

In order to place the paper within the reach of all, the following low campaign rate, good until Jan. 1st, 1901, is quoted:

Daily, including Sunday, 25 cents per month.

Semi-Weekly, 16 pages, 5 cents per month.

Address THE TELEGRAPH, Dubuque, Iowa. Stamps taken.

NEW SHORT LINE
Omaha - Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Illinois Central between Omaha and Fort Dodge in connection with the Minneapolis and St. Paul route between Fort Dodge and Minneapolis and St. Paul, also to be inaugurated January 28, 1901.

Omaha to Minneapolis via Minneapolis
Lv. Omaha 7:30 p. m.
Ar. St. Paul 8:30 p. m.
Ar. Minneapolis 8:45 p. m.

A fast vestibule night train, daily, carrying Pullman sleeping car and coaches.
Lv. Omaha 11:00 p. m.
Lv. Minneapolis 11:00 p. m.
Ar. St. Paul 12:00 p. m.
Ar. Minneapolis 12:00 p. m.

A fast day train, daily except Sunday, carrying Pullman parlor car and coaches.
Lv. Omaha 7:30 a. m.
Lv. Minneapolis 7:30 a. m.
Ar. St. Paul 8:30 a. m.
Ar. Minneapolis 8:30 a. m.

BEING HELD UP. The person who pays his money out for poor lumber is in a worse situation than the one who hands it over to the footpad. A graver injury has been done him than the mere loss of money represents. Be sure you invest your money at the right lumber yard. To make assurance doubly sure come to the

Hollister Lumber Co.

Railroad Time Table.
ILLINOIS CENTRAL.
Illinois Central Time Table No. 24, taking effect June 10, 1900.

Main Line Passenger Trains.

WEST BOUND	MAIN LINE	EAST BOUND
No. 11:15 p. m. Fast Train	No. 4:06 a. m. No. 3:02 p. m. Thru. Express	No. 4:06 a. m. No. 3:02 p. m. Thru. Express
No. 10:45 p. m. Local Express	No. 2:25 p. m. Local Express	No. 2:25 p. m. Local Express
No. 10:15 p. m. Local Express	No. 1:55 p. m. Local Express	No. 1:55 p. m. Local Express
No. 9:45 p. m. Local Express	No. 1:25 p. m. Local Express	No. 1:25 p. m. Local Express
No. 9:15 p. m. Local Express	No. 10:00 a. m. Local Express	No. 10:00 a. m. Local Express
No. 8:45 p. m. Local Express	No. 9:30 a. m. Local Express	No. 9:30 a. m. Local Express
No. 8:15 p. m. Local Express	No. 9:00 a. m. Local Express	No. 9:00 a. m. Local Express
No. 7:45 p. m. Local Express	No. 8:30 a. m. Local Express	No. 8:30 a. m. Local Express
No. 7:15 p. m. Local Express	No. 8:00 a. m. Local Express	No. 8:00 a. m. Local Express
No. 6:45 p. m. Local Express	No. 7:30 a. m. Local Express	No. 7:30 a. m. Local Express
No. 6:15 p. m. Local Express	No. 7:00 a. m. Local Express	No. 7:00 a. m. Local Express
No. 5:45 p. m. Local Express	No. 6:30 a. m. Local Express	No. 6:30 a. m. Local Express
No. 5:15 p. m. Local Express	No. 6:00 a. m. Local Express	No. 6:00 a. m. Local Express
No. 4:45 p. m. Local Express	No. 5:30 a. m. Local Express	No. 5:30 a. m. Local Express
No. 4:15 p. m. Local Express	No. 5:00 a. m. Local Express	No. 5:00 a. m. Local Express

Chicago Great Western Ry. "The Maple Leaf Route."

Time card, Thorpe, Iowa.

Chicago Social, Daily Going East	7:40 a. m.
Day Express, Daily Except Sunday	8:04 a. m.
Way Freight, Daily	8:28 a. m.
Gov. West, North and South	11:35 a. m.
Way Freight, Daily	9:25 p. m.
Chicago Social, Daily Going West	12:00 p. m.
Gov. East, North and South	12:00 p. m.
Way Freight, Daily	12:00 p. m.
St. Paul & Kansas City Exp. Daily	5:14 p. m.
For information and tickets apply to J. L. O'HARROW, Agent, Thorpe.	

B. C. R. & N. Ry. CEDAR RAPIDS TIME CARD.

MAIN LINE GOING EAST AND SOUTH.

Arrive	Leave
8:30 a. m. No. 4 Chicago Passenger	8:40 a. m.
9:30 a. m. No. 4 Chi. & Burl. Pass.	9:40 a. m.
10:30 a. m. No. 4 Chicago Pass. Express	10:40 a. m.
11:30 a. m. No. 4 Chicago Pass. Express	11:40 a. m.
No. 18 Burl. & Davenport Pass	4:00 p. m.
No. 2-Tulman sleeper, free chair car and coaches to Chicago, St. Paulman sleeper and thru chair car to Chicago and St. Louis.	
Chicago Express only except Sunday	12:00 p. m.
St. Paul & Kansas City Exp. Daily	5:14 p. m.
For information and tickets apply to J. L. O'HARROW, Agent, Thorpe.	

DECORAH DIVISION.

8:10 p. m. Decorah Passenger	8:30 a. m. Decorah Freight
8:10 p. m. Decorah Passenger	8:30 a. m. Decorah Freight
8:10 p. m. Decorah Passenger	8:30 a. m. Decorah Freight
8:10 p. m. Decorah Passenger	8:30 a. m. Decorah Freight

IOWA FALLS DIVISION.

8:00 p. m. Iowa & Minnesota Pass.	8:15 a. m. Iowa & Minnesota Pass.
8:00 p. m. Iowa & Minnesota Pass.	8:15 a. m. Iowa & Minnesota Pass.
8:00 p. m. Iowa & Minnesota Pass.	8:15 a. m. Iowa & Minnesota Pass.
8:00 p. m. Iowa & Minnesota Pass.	8:15 a. m. Iowa & Minnesota Pass.

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Compound Vapor and Shampoo Baths.

BATHS. Most all diseases are caused by poisonous secretions. These are eliminated by the use of our baths, which clog the wheels of NATURE.

Vapor and Shampoo. The name and the symptoms may be different, but the cause of disease can usually be traced to the impure action of the millions of pores of the human body. A bath in accordance with scientific requirements is the best preventative remedy known. The scientific employ of me are the most scientific ever invented or discovered for dispelling disease. Results tell the story. Give a trial. This is the best system of baths. A competent lady attendant in charge of the ladies department.

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G. D. GATES.

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To keep your feet dry during during the wet weather this spring. We can suit you in quality and price. Also rubbers of all kinds.

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RYAN, IOWA.

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Office in First National Bank Building.

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S. A. STEADMAN, MANUFACTURER OF HARNESS.

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THE FIRST PLUSH ROBE made in America was the "chase" over thirty years ago. It was the pioneer. As they were the first then, so are they first today in quality, style, elegance of design and permanence of coloring. They do not shed. There are imitations, but as plush robes are serviceable for a score of years. In point of style and price, never before could you get such good qualities at rock bottom prices. Stock complete in every department.

S. A. STEADMAN.

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Makes a Specialty of Horse Shoeing.

Interfering and Corns Cured or no Pay.

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These pictures will positively not be sold.

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PRICES RIGHT! CALL AND SEE US! At foot of Franklin street.

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