

The Manchester Democrat.

MANCHESTER, IOWA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, 1901 VOL. XXVII--NO. 14.

Table with columns for space, length, and rate. Includes rates for one inch, two inches, three inches, four inches, five inches, six inches, seven inches, eight inches, nine inches, and ten inches.

Spring Shoes for Men

are in and we are ready to show them to you. The NEW STYLES are neat, dressy and the prices are never so low.

MEN'S patent leather dress shoe only \$2.50. MEN'S splendid wearing kid dress shoe, only \$2.25.

Our \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 MEN'S FINE DRESS SHOES are on the top round. FOK

GRASSFIELD BROS.

WE FIT THE FEET. MANCHESTER, IOWA.

Our Business Directory.

- ATTORNEYS: S. W. BUSHMAN, E. S. STEWART, W. H. BORNIS, D. J. HANNA, A. C. STILES. PHYSICIANS: A. J. WARD, J. J. LINDSAY, M. D., J. J. LINDSAY, M. D., H. H. LAWRENCE, G. L. LEIGH, D. D. S., E. E. NEWCOMB, DR. J. W. SCOTT, W. N. BROWN, W. W. WATKINS, A. D. BROWN, W. W. WATKINS, A. D. BROWN, W. W. WATKINS, A. D. BROWN.

James J. Hill, the railroad magnate, gets up at 7:30 and goes over his correspondence and in rarely through his work until 5:30 in the evening.

Mr. Johnson, the noted single taxer, has for his first name Tom—Not an abbreviation of Thomas, but a family name common enough in Kentucky, where he was born.

Mr. Carnegie says that there is as much chance for a poor boy now as there ever was, but we should like to see a poor boy nowadays start in the steel business with the money he has saved up out of a hard earned salary—Indianapolis News.

The strong bond that unites members of the Masonic fraternity showed itself in several places in South Africa, where the boers ransacked and destroyed property belonging to the hated Britisher. Invariably the Masonic lodges were left undisturbed. Indeed, the marauding visitors generally signed their names in the visitors books.

Rev. Alfred Waller, a clergyman whose church is located in Southend, a few miles down the river from London is an enthusiastic temperance worker. He offered a local saloon-keeper \$10 for the privilege of hanging up behind the bar a temperance placard. The saloon-keeper is a bit of a war and he replied: "Certainly, parson, and I will give you the same amount if you let me hang up on the pulpit an advertisement of my bottled ale."

A convincing illustration of the real nature of the tariff is furnished by the British manufacturer who shows that the American import duty enables the British importer of American steel to get it at from \$4 to \$8 less per ton than the American buyer can get it at. Thus the steel tariff combine in the United States helps British shipbuilding and depresses the same trade in this country. This is what we maintain a tariff for. The foreigner gets the benefit next after the tariff rubber, and the American shipping interests and American commerce pay the tariff tax—Chicago Chronicle.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer says: "The states in which the death penalty is forbidden by law are Colorado, Rhode Island, Maine, Michigan, and Wisconsin. It was abolished in Iowa in 1873 and restored in 1878. In the following states and territories the judges may substitute life imprisonment for the death penalty on the recommendation of the jury: Alabama, Arizona, California, South Dakota, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Mississippi, Nebraska, Ohio, Oklahoma, and South Carolina. In Minnesota, New Mexico, North Dakota, and Texas a life dissection is given to the trial court."

"No other Jewish woman, perhaps, has been more admired by both Jew and Gentile than Rebecca Gatz (of Philadelphia) was in the drawing room, the synagogue, and in the humble home to which she ministered," writes William Perline, in April's Ladies' Home Journal. "It was her unflinching habit to begin each morning with a prayer of thanks for protection during the night, and to review the day in her evening orison. Among the women of the synagogue, in which she would not tolerate the least departure from the law and precept, her judgment was regarded by the faithful as hardly short of inspiration. In her philanthropic and in her pursuit of educational improvement Rebecca Gatz knew no rest. She helped to found an asylum for orphans in which she served with Christian colleagues. The first Hebrew Sabbath school in America, of which she was long the head, owed its origin to her, and into a sewing society, into a system for distributing fuel to the poor, and into countless little tasks of charity, she was foremost in gathering the energies of Jewish women. Thus it was that in the streets of Philadelphia it came to be the habit to point her out as 'the good Jewess' not less often than 'the beautiful Jewess.'"

Two important statements regarding the use of cocaine have appeared within the past few days. The first was a note relative to the recently reported use of the drug as an anesthetic by means of spinal injection. The percentage of fatalities attending surgical operations performed after this application of cocaine is reported such as to stamp the practice a virtual failure. Following this report has come the denunciation of cocaine as a growing vice to be grouped with morphine and alcoholism among the scourges of humanity. Dr. Thomas D. Crothers has thus proclaimed it to the New York Schools of Clinical Medicine. Cocaine is now to be obtained very cheaply. Seventy-five cents will buy an ounce in this city. Five-cent packages are sold in the south and west, according to Dr. Crothers. But inexpensive as the drug is in packages, the habit which calls for it is costly beyond compare. Health, mind and finally life itself go to pay for the indulgence.

Like morphine, cocaine begins its work by pleasant influences. Spirits are made buoyant, faculties are brightened, imagination is stimulated. It thus becomes a special tempter to writers and speakers. But there is an inevitable reaction, and at last there is ruin. The cocaine subject invites attention and an earnest search for ways and means to put an end to the seductive drug's destructive influence—World.

turnips are prized more highly than any other crop, and it is in England, where turnips are largely used, that we procure our best specimens of cattle, sheep and swine. Nearly all of the pure breeds of live stock in the country came originally from England. An acre of land that will produce 5,000 pounds of timothy hay will produce 25,000 pounds of mangels, and the live stock will thrive better on the mangels and hay than on hay or beets alone. The labor required to grow root crops is much less than formerly, and it will pay to bestow the labor if the live stock must give a profit.

WHAT'S IN A NAME? (Benson's Plaster is Pain's Master.) In the days of wild cat money in the West, the Ames shovels were as currency. They were as stable as gold; their price did not vary a cent in twenty years. The name of Oliver Ames & Son, was a synonym for honesty. It was current all over the world. On the same principle Benson's Porous Plaster is the universal standard external remedy. To say it is a 'good' plaster does not describe it; it is the best possible plaster. For every disease in which an external remedy is available, Benson's Plaster is used almost as a matter of course. Benson's Plaster quickly relieves and cures where other modes of treatment are either exasperatingly slow or have no good effect whatever. Coughs, colds, lumbago, neuralgia, rheumatism, lame back, sprains, are cured by Benson's Plaster. Capesium, Stramonium and Belladonna plasters have none of the curative virtues of Benson's. More than 5,000 physicians and druggists have commended Benson's Plaster as a remedy in which the public may have implicit confidence; while, in a comparative test with other plasters, Benson's has received fifty-five highest awards. Beware of substitutes and cheap imitations. For all diseases in which an external remedy is available, Benson's Plaster is used almost as a matter of course. Searby & Johnson, Mfg. Chemists, N. Y.

Prismatic Colors. Mrs. Ople, the widow of the great portrait painter, whom some one has called the "inspired peasant" painter, even in her old age, lost her love of bright colors. A little girl, Emma Martin, afterward known in literature as Emma Marshall, visited her one day and experienced a rare pleasure. She says: "On a screen in her drawing room were hung a number of prisms, before which were suspended from chains beveled glass globes came into fashion. I sat on a stool at my mother's feet, wondering what those long bits of glass could mean. Presently the brilliant rays of the western sunning filled the room. "Now," said Mrs. Ople, "thou mayst run thy hand to that screen and give it a shake." I did as I was bidden. "Be gentle," said my mother in a warning voice, but I gave the screen a vigorous shake. Emerald, ruby and violet rays danced on the wall, and I felt a delicious delight. I was so intensely that I kept repeating the process; then my mother, afraid of mischief resulting, came and drew me back to her side. Mrs. Ople looked at me and said: "If thou lovest bright colors, they will never see anything more beautiful than the rainbow God sets in the sky."

Could Not Report Golf. When the amateur golf championship was played at Wheaton in 1897 there was but one Chicago newspaper man who had the remotest conception of what the game was. Accordingly, the newspapers, with the exception of the Chicago Tribune, agreed to syndicate the work and put it all in this one man's hands. The Tribune refused to enter the combination and depended upon the exertions of a member of its staff. But the Tribune reporter speedily realized his helplessness and appealed to his brother of the syndicate for aid. The latter obligingly handed over his copy, and the Tribune man set to work to make a few minor changes. But the Tribune reporter was so ignorant that the original copy was not too apparent. Later in the evening he met his generous benefactor and told him of the changes he had made. "In particular, the account of the play at the sixth hole between Forgan and Douglas. You said that Forgan rimmed the cup for a half." Well, you know, old chap, that Forgan is a banked-down town and a big man, while Douglas is just one of those Scotchmen. It seemed to me rather cheap to have Forgan do that sort of thing for a half, so I just made it read that Forgan rimmed the cup with Douglas for a hundred."—Washington Capital.

Ants That Fight Spiders. Few more wonderful adaptations are seen in the whole world of nature than the way in which the spider and the ant fight. The spider, as we all know, is a very little spider and a very big ant engage in a duel to the death. If the spider can bite, the ant can sting, and does it with a right good will. The spider does not try to get rid of such an enemy as does of a wasp or bee too strong to be safely attacked. Such an insect, which threatens destruction to the web, is often cut out of it by the web builders. The entangling cables are not loosed, but the web may be snipped in two, first those underneath and at the very last the highest filament. Often the letting go of such a captive means destruction to half the web. But some spiders are wiser than some people. They know not to tangle when they have enough, but when they have too much.

Lopped It Off. Towne—He sent you a check for your services? Brown—Yes, but it isn't for the amount I expected, although I sent him a bill. Towne—Your writing's bad. Maybe he didn't get the amount. Brown—I'm afraid he did decipher it. I wrote \$100 very plainly, and he sent \$10.—Philadelphia Press.

The Truth Forced Home. "I'm glad," she sighed, "that I'm getting old." "Why?" he asked. "When I go to the grocery now, the clerks don't nearly beat their necks trying to best one another in getting my orders."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Breaking Up the Mess. Lasting friendships are formed in the officers' mess aboard ship in our navy, but no effort is made to keep track of a mate when he is transferred. This strikes the landsman as a queer freak of nature, but the sailors accept it as a matter of course never to be questioned. Men get into pretty close communion with each other when they breakfast, dine and sup together for three years. As a rule, they learn each other's history to the minutest detail, unless a man chooses to be disagreeable and distant. Close attachments grow up, yet when the inexorable order arrives from Washington, sending the mess to the four winds of heaven, breaking up the family, a warm hand shake ends it all. Each officer goes into a new mess, and the old is forgotten.

It was my good fortune to be introduced to a fine mess in an ever broken bread through on a man-of-war. The devotion of the officers to one another was an inspiration. Finally the separation came. One went to some navy other to the Philippines, another to Washington, another to the minutest detail of the world. One day, meeting the lieutenant commander, who had gone up for promotion, I inquired when he had returned from his tour of duty. He replied, "Why, not in several months," he replied. "In fact, not since he was ordered to his new station. You know we fellows don't follow each other's movements after a mess is broken up. We form new associations, new friends, and the old drop out of sight. We never think of writing to each other. It is more than likely we shall never see each other again as long as we live. We haven't the time or inclination to worry over each other's fate."—New York Press.

Work in the Calson. It is the strain within the bowels of the working chamber, unnoticed generally while there, the change of coming into the outer air that the sand ovis (the workman) dreads. Under an air pressure the blood is forced away from the extremities. It is driven from the chest, and the old drop out of sight. The man, exhausted by toil under these conditions, climbs a long ladder. He is in the airlock again, with the upper door alone closed. The lock tender jerks up the bottom door. With a slight rattle the valve he hustles the compressed air out. The ordinary atmosphere rushes in. The upper door is thrown up, and God's sun and air come to the prisoner. The reaction is too severe. The blood, released by the sudden vanishing of 30, 40, 50 pounds of air pressure on each square inch of the body, refuses to act normally. Heart and lungs weaken, with little or no effort. A sand hog is never sure that the next trip may not be his last.

The practical limit below ground is 50 pounds of air pressure. The men that can work in that atmosphere are masters of their craft. Yet now and then a man is met with who has the strength to go farther.—Cromwell Child in Leslie's Monthly.

Where the Leak Was. Once, years ago, when Daniel Webster was secretary of state, there was an important foreign matter up for discussion before the cabinet, and the utmost secrecy was of course maintained. But the whole thing was blazoned about in a few hours after the cabinet meeting. So the president hastily sent for his cabinet to talk over this leak. Each man had a different idea of it. Finally Mr. Webster arose, saying, "You gentlemen, go on with your discussion, and I'll be back in a minute. In a few minutes he returned and repeated every word that had been spoken in the room in his absence. He cried that if, by standing close to the door outside the cabinet room, you held your ear to it, you could not distinguish an intelligible word; but if, moving back from the door and a little to one side upon a certain spot in the carpet, you put an attentive ear, every word could be plainly heard as though whispered.

Some enterprising eavesdropper had been experimenting with the door and had found that upon that exact spot there was some acoustic property of the door or room that conveyed the sound in perfect entirety.—Saturday Evening Post.

A Modern Mother's Diary. Tonight Clifford has a hole: "Mamma, are the stars holes in the sky to let the rain through?" I cannot sleep, such is my agitation. Clifford is scarcely 5 years old, whereas according to the best pedagogical authorities, Martin Luther did not ask this question until he was 7 and Alexander the Great, in all probability, not until he was 9. I know not what to think. One moment I feel assured that Clifford is evincing an unaffected humor, only in the next moment to be overwhelmed by the suspicion that he is bidding for newspaper notoriety merely.—Detroit Journal.

Johnny Suspects His Pa. "Pa," said Johnny, looking up from his book, "what is the meaning of 'metempsychosis'?" "A look of confusion suddenly overpread pa's countenance, but it was only for a moment. "Metempsychosis," Johnny, means—it means—but if I should tell you you would very soon forget the meaning. Look in the dictionary for it yourself, and then you will be more likely to remember. Information that comes without effort seldom lingers in the memory."

Half an hour or so later Johnny sought the dictionary in the library. When he got there he found pa with the dictionary open at "Met." Doubtless it was merely a coincidence, but Johnny could not help thinking that his pa was something of a fraud.—Boston Transcript.

Respecting the Sabbath. One Sunday I called at a cottage in the south of Middletown and requested a measure of milk, which was promptly handed to me. I offered the woman who attended to my wants a few cents, but she curtly responded, "I cannot take a cent." I thanked her, and was turning away when she whispered, "Mon, ye can drag the barbed in that tub 't' the grith (soap suds) in't. I'll get them out the morn'."—London Chronicle.

Just a word to those young people about to begin housekeeping.

When buying your furniture LOOK OVER OUR STOCK. WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY. EVERYTHING IN OUR STOCK is strictly in the style up-to-date, and rich in appearance.

OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT.

A. D. BROWN, THE Furniture Man.

Come See What We Give you

Suits for YOUNG MEN and BOYS, all pure wool, consisting of WORSTEDS, CHEVIOTS, CASSIMERES, each and every garment of the famous GOODCLASS Make, guaranteed throughout. Don't miss seeing them, they are world-beaters for \$5.00

ALLEN & STOREY.

A SAVORY AROMA

that is an appetizer, as well as a ficker of the palate, arises from the rich and nourishing soups that are made for the edification of the epicure and will suit the pocketbook of the economical. Our fine canned soups, as well as our choice canned goods of all descriptions, are of the best brands, and all of recent canning, fresh, nourishing and palatable.



PETERSON BROS

The Maid was in the GARDEN.

hanging out the clothes and met with a most unpleasant accident. Why not send your clothes to the Manchester Steam Laundry to be laundered and this save all trouble at home? You can get better work for less money at a first class laundry than you can in any other way. Clothes called for and delivered promptly.



MANCHESTER STEAM LAUNDRY.

We want to double our trade this spring

AND We are going to make prices that will do it. CAL. ATKINSON.