

The Manchester Democrat.

MANCHESTER, IOWA, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1901.

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General J. P. S. Gobin, lieutenant-governor of Pennsylvania, says that he is 'about done with politics. I am disgusted with the last session of the legislature. There was too much corruption, and although I have always been a republican, I cannot stand everything that was done at Harrisburg during that session. In all of my political experience I never saw the like of it. There was open talk of corruption and vote buying in lobbies and committee rooms, and men went about openly boasting of what they had done.'

To Much For Even Hanna. In those states where republican conventions have been held this year the platforms have been adopted have not followed the lines laid down in advance by Senator Hanna and some other prominent republicans. Hanna announces that in no case will congress discuss any tariff questions. The platforms call for an extension of the reciprocity policy. Hanna says the republicans are to let alone. The platform says the opposite. Possibly Hanna may have the power to check legislation at Washington for a time, but he can not defeat the public sentiment which demands such legislation from either the republican or the democratic party.

Lo the Rich Indian. There are just as many Indians in the country today as there were on the day that Columbus landed. The number has just been estimated at 207,000. There are whole Indian tribes that average richer than the general average for the country. The Indians possess and Indian statesmen and Indian soldiers. There is one full blooded Indian congressman from Kansas, not the Indian territory. And there are Indian girls so well educated and intelligent that they can 'see through' such schemers as would have their hands for the sake of cheating them out of their property. Never mind about the Indians. They are not dying out and may yet regain their places as the first families of America.

Will They Remember. Mr. Davis, vice-president of the Amalgamated Association, in a recent speech, charged J. Pierpont Morgan with a fixed determination to destroy all labor organizations. He said: 'The steel men are picked as the first organization to be wiped out. That is why the opposition to us is so bitter, so uncompromising, so regardless of the possibility of arbitration. Next will come the poor old miners, if we are beaten. Then the carpenters and machinists, and after them one trade after another. If we are defeated we shall all become slaves, and life will no longer be worth living.'

Jersey Steers. A correspondent to the Rural World tells of his experience with Jersey steers. 'One was 20 and one 12 months old; others 10 month or less. Not one ever sucked a cow. Were grown on skim milk mainly until old enough to eat ensilage, a limited amount of corn and cutaneous meal. The 20 months' steer sold for \$28.50. The 12 months' steer for \$20. The younger ones brought an average of over \$14 each. These are wholesale prices, and it will be seen that packers are not afraid of Jersey blood when it is well fattened. They had not used up the butter fat from their mother's milk to a value exceeding what they were sold for, so many of the young stock sold as baby beef, and we have doubt that the returns for the food given would compare favorably with those of the breeds usually thought best for beef raising. We do not mean to advocate the Jersey as a beef breed, but we do wish to convince those who have them that it is possible to make good beef steers of them if they will feed them liberally, and that they will make either veal or beef that no marketman need be ashamed to handle for his customers.'

His Farm Is Under Ground. An underground farm is one of the most paradoxical curiosities of the region of Scranton, Pa. Sunshine, light and air are usually considered three prime requisites to the success of agriculture, but Isaac Williams manages a farm at Greenwood which is successful and profitable and into which the light of day has never penetrated, says a local exchange. Williams conducts an extensive mushroom farm, which is located in the abandoned top vein of the Greenwood mine three miles from that city. The vein is about 60 feet below the surface and along its underground passages Williams has laid out the beds in which the mushrooms are grown. An ingenious arrangement of doors, which prevent drafts when one is entering or leaving the farm, keeps the temperature of the passage at about the same point the year around. The passage to Williams the matter of temperature is of the greatest importance in the cultivation of the mushroom. Without an even, moderate temperature the growth is not good and the flavor, which is the prime requirement of a mushroom cannot be obtained. Williams finds a market for all he can raise, and manages to make a very comfortable living from his queer farm. In the beginning it required infinite work and pains to convert the barren and sterile mine galleries into productive farm land. Soil and fertilizer had to be carried to the site of the underground farm, which was the only enlarged since Williams first began operations. He never enters the mine without bringing with him some rich soil or fertilizer. No matter how small the amount, Williams never fails to take in something with him. The mine grown mushroom is a trifle darker than that grown in the open air, but it is esteemed as a great delicacy, and its only rival with the epicure is the French canned mushroom, whose snowy whiteness is in strong contrast with the dark-hued product of Williams' farm. Williams is a man well advanced in years and his one absorbing passion is this unique agricultural enterprise. All of his spare time is spent down under the ground caring for these plants.—Dubuque Telegraph.

Uncle Hiram's Observation. 'I've seen,' said Uncle Hiram, 'lots of 'noble men an' 'brave Through jes' one bit o' folly brought 'r ruin an' the grave. Men rich endowed with honor, men respected an' revered, Whose qualities were envied an' whose virtues were emulated, fell in the end, as I've seen, An' yet they made a failure, much 't every one's surprise, But, my boy, I've watched the matter, an' in this the secret lies. They were men who in positions of advantage had been placed, With a hundred dollar income and a thousand dollar taste. An' my boy, I've seen them sinkin' in the treacherous swamp o' debt; I've watched the ooze creep higher, an' the waters o' respect. An' I've sometimes felt like callin', as I stood upon the shore, 'You're doin' wrong, lies in jes' retrenchment, nothin' more. Sometimes I've said it to a good friend, jes' that way. An' while he heard, he couldn't comprehend a word I'd say. He'd keep on sinkin' deeper in the swamp o' duty waste, With his hundred dollar income and his thousand dollar taste. So I've learned a valued lesson that to you I'd fain would teach. Don't ever feed on apples that you find beyond your reach. An' if you've money jes' enough to pay for beer it's plain You're doin' wrong by buildin' up a likin' for champagne. You'll find your Uncle Hiram's right, as on through life you go, That some men live what they make an' some on what they owe; But the first class, though they're plodders, pass the ones who've forged in haste, With a hundred dollar income and a thousand dollar taste.'—Roy Farrell Greene, in Orange Judd Farmer.

Market has been demonstrated by large exports of pork and bacon, though there has been a slight falling off in the shipments of lard. In Chicago the other day 'top' hogs reached seven cents a pound, a figure that means a great profit to the breeder. At the first of the year's meeting of the board of trade in this city a well known commission man, who said in his report as chairman of the live stock committee that hogs had fair to go to six cents a pound on food, was laughed at. His prediction has been verified, and still the enormous demand continues and prices are still rising. The scarcity of corn may reduce the supply later on, notwithstanding the rapidity with which the animals can be grown and placed on the market. The American hog is one of the most important items of our farm products, and is doing his part in enriching the farmer. The hog output will be very much larger in 1901 than it was last year, and the net results will be very much greater.

SAGE ADVICE OF A FATHER. Counsel That All Young Men Entering Business Should Obey. 'My son,' said the good but wise parent, 'you are leaving me to go out into the world. I have nothing to give you but advice. Never tell a lie. If you wish to put one in circulation, get it published. A lie cannot live, but it takes one a blamed long time to fade out of print. Always read your contract. A man might consider he was getting a sincere offer if he were offered a position picking blossoms off a century plant; but, you see, he wouldn't have a remunerative occupation if he were paid on piecework. Be not overcritical. Even the most ordinary sort of a genius can tell when the other fellow is making a fool of himself. Remember that the young man, like the angler's worm, is rather better for being visibly alive. Be careful in the choice of your surroundings. Environment will do a great deal for a man. For example, flour and water in a china jug is cream sauce; in a pail on the sidewalk it is bilgewater's paste. Don't forget that there's a time for everything. Environment will do a great deal for a man. For example, flour and water in a china jug is cream sauce; in a pail on the sidewalk it is bilgewater's paste. You may make enemies. If you know who they are, don't mention them. Silence is golden. It saves the money that might otherwise be spent in defending a libel suit. If you don't know who they are—well, abuse lavishly on a concealed enemy is like charity indiscriminately bestowed. It's a good thing to be hated.'—New York Commercial Advertiser.

NERVE OF ENGINEERS IT DOES NOT, AS A RULE, DESERT THEM AFTER AN ACCIDENT. Desperate Chances the Man at the Throttle Will at Times Take Without Being Able to Give a Satisfactory Reason For His Action. 'I have been often asked why railroad engineers disregard their instructions and the warning signals along the line of their road,' said the general superintendent of a railroad to a man, 'and I have summed it up that it is human nature for men to take chances in their business and that engineers are no exception to the general rule. Sometimes they cannot give a satisfactory reason why they do so. I will give you an authentic instance of this habit which made me live 10 years in 30 minutes. 'On a road I was at the time connected with was a long trestle over a bay several miles in length, with a draw-bridge in the center. The draw had been opened, and as a tugboat was passing through the bridge men heard the rumble of a fast, heavily loaded passenger train as it struck the bridge a mile away. Knowing that the red danger signals were set with the opening of the draw, they supposed that the engineer would slow up or stop, as might be necessary. Instead, to their consternation, the train came along at regular speed, and a frightful accident appeared inevitable. They yelled to the captain of the tugboat to go at full speed, and as the boat glided through the draw in the darkness they exerted themselves to swing the draw into the locking bolts before the train could get to the point where the rails separated. 'The engineer, however, disregarded the last danger signal, a few hundred yards from the draw, and came on. By a remarkable coincidence of time and position the draw, which was of course in motion, swung so that the rails of the east bound track were in juxtaposition with the west bound track, upon which the train was running, and the heavy engine and one of the passenger coaches, striking the east bound rails, glided upon the draw and stuck there, the remaining portion of the train being on the west bound track, making almost a figure 8 of the coaches. 'If the draw had moved the thirtieth part of a second faster or slower, the east bound rails would not have been opposite the west bound rails at the very instant that the great engine struck them, and a frightful disaster would have resulted. When I got out on the bridge a few minutes later, I fully expected to find the train in the bottom of the bay and the draw smashed into splinters. I discharged the engineer, and he asked him why he had not observed the signals. He admitted that he saw them, but could not give a satisfactory reason for failing to observe them. He evidently took his chances of finding the draw closed when he reached it. 'The engineer of today is a sober, steady, nervous man, especially on the fast express trains on the big roads. It is nerve that makes one man carry a limited express train through the darkness of the night, fog, sleet and blinding snow at 60 miles an hour. The stories we read about of an engineer losing his nerve after an accident are largely fiction. In 27 years of active railroad life I have had but one or two men apply to me for a transfer upon the ground that their nerves had come back on them for running the fast trains. 'I have had men who have been flung 50 feet over their tenders in a head on collision and had a dozen bones broken come to me after they had been discharged from the hospital and ask to be put back on their old run. You see, they begin firing when they are about 18 or 20, and the cab of an engine is their home. If the run is a transfer upon a wagon load of people on the track, if it is not their fault, they take a practical view of it; they have to. If it is their fault, we discharge them, and they can take any view of it they please then, for we do not wish in our employ carelessness men. This is true with all of our big roads, and as a result American engineers of today are about as model a set of men in their employment as can be found.'—Washington Star.

BEWILDERED SHOPPERS. Japanese Peasants Who Are Kept Track of by Labels. When the Japanese peasants get themselves up for a pilgrimage to a city for the purpose of buying in a stock of fine goods they present the quaint appearance imaginable. The women generally tuck up their petticoats well above their knees, either leaving the legs bare or else swathing them in long narrow bands which form a kind of leggings. Their hair is done up in an elaborate Japanese style, and generally an artificial flower is stuck in at the top. It does look comical to see the wizened face of an old woman with a long red nose hobnobbing over with a young girl who is dressed in the latest fashion. When you meet a party of pilgrims, you often see the old men also with a flower stuck coquettishly above the ear. At Nagano it appears that many of the poor old deniers from the country get so bewildered by the magnificence of the places they go to and the distractions of shopping that they quite lose their heads and consequently their way. So the ever watchful Japanese police have insisted that every party of pilgrims is to have a distinguishing badge. At Nagano it was the commonest thing possible to see some ancient dame rushing about wailing: 'Where is my party? Where is the yellow towel party? or the neck party? And then she would be told that 'yellow towel round the neck party' was on its way to the station or that the 'purple irises' were still saying their prayers in the temple.—Kansas City Star.

Even Rats Have Their Uses. Life's monotones are a blessing, and not in disguise, for they contribute directly to longevity, health and happiness. The long lived man is not the adventurer, the explorer, the plunger, the man who has worries, but he who takes the world as he finds it and slips along through life with a little friction possibly from a rusty going habit, sticks to the road and cares not one straw for the opinions of men who say that he is in a rut. He is healthy because he has peace of mind and regularity of his habits. He is happy because he is healthy and in a good, smooth, comfortable rut which he prefers to the madman on the sides of the road. Goldsmith's pastor, who had spiritual charge of the deserted village, who never had changed from his ways, was asked by a visitor who wished to change his place, is an excellent example of the man who makes the most possible out of the monotones of life.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Peasant Costumes in Ireland. A certain number of peasants in the wilder and remoter districts of Ireland still wear something like a national costume. About Lough Mask plenty of the peasants are to be seen in picturesque red petticoats that artists loved to bring into their sketches of Irish life. A sprinkling of the old high hats may be seen. The older fishermen wear them, but the younger school shun such antiquated headgear, as the English peasant of today does the smock frock.—London Express.

Wealth Producing Hog. Louisville-Courier Journal. Nothing more significant has taken place in the way of a rise in the price of agricultural commodities than the advance in the hog. The supply has been large, as is shown by the fact that from March last up to Sept. 4th western packers had handled 11,700,000 head, as compared with 10,700,000 head for the same period last year, an excess of 995,000. The average price has risen to \$5.35 per hundred pounds, as compared with \$5.25 one year ago and \$4.35 two years ago. These figures indicate that scarcely any labor on the farm can be more profitable than milking, separating cream from milk, selling the first and giving the last to calves.—Farm Stock and Home.

Water. The ocean is a huge spring, containing not only salt, but many other minerals, in solution. The Dead sea is charged with such elements almost to saturation. Only distilled water is pure. By distillation sea water itself is rendered drinkable, though not pleasant.

We Have Just Received another lot of those Elegant Genuine Karpen Guaranteed Construction Couches. All of the latest and handsome designs in coverings are shown on these goods. 'I have been often asked why railroad engineers disregard their instructions and the warning signals along the line of their road,' said the general superintendent of a railroad to a man, 'and I have summed it up that it is human nature for men to take chances in their business and that engineers are no exception to the general rule. Sometimes they cannot give a satisfactory reason why they do so. I will give you an authentic instance of this habit which made me live 10 years in 30 minutes. 'On a road I was at the time connected with was a long trestle over a bay several miles in length, with a draw-bridge in the center. The draw had been opened, and as a tugboat was passing through the bridge men heard the rumble of a fast, heavily loaded passenger train as it struck the bridge a mile away. Knowing that the red danger signals were set with the opening of the draw, they supposed that the engineer would slow up or stop, as might be necessary. Instead, to their consternation, the train came along at regular speed, and a frightful accident appeared inevitable. They yelled to the captain of the tugboat to go at full speed, and as the boat glided through the draw in the darkness they exerted themselves to swing the draw into the locking bolts before the train could get to the point where the rails separated. 'The engineer, however, disregarded the last danger signal, a few hundred yards from the draw, and came on. By a remarkable coincidence of time and position the draw, which was of course in motion, swung so that the rails of the east bound track were in juxtaposition with the west bound track, upon which the train was running, and the heavy engine and one of the passenger coaches, striking the east bound rails, glided upon the draw and stuck there, the remaining portion of the train being on the west bound track, making almost a figure 8 of the coaches. 'If the draw had moved the thirtieth part of a second faster or slower, the east bound rails would not have been opposite the west bound rails at the very instant that the great engine struck them, and a frightful disaster would have resulted. When I got out on the bridge a few minutes later, I fully expected to find the train in the bottom of the bay and the draw smashed into splinters. I discharged the engineer, and he asked him why he had not observed the signals. He admitted that he saw them, but could not give a satisfactory reason for failing to observe them. He evidently took his chances of finding the draw closed when he reached it. 'The engineer of today is a sober, steady, nervous man, especially on the fast express trains on the big roads. It is nerve that makes one man carry a limited express train through the darkness of the night, fog, sleet and blinding snow at 60 miles an hour. The stories we read about of an engineer losing his nerve after an accident are largely fiction. In 27 years of active railroad life I have had but one or two men apply to me for a transfer upon the ground that their nerves had come back on them for running the fast trains. 'I have had men who have been flung 50 feet over their tenders in a head on collision and had a dozen bones broken come to me after they had been discharged from the hospital and ask to be put back on their old run. You see, they begin firing when they are about 18 or 20, and the cab of an engine is their home. If the run is a transfer upon a wagon load of people on the track, if it is not their fault, they take a practical view of it; they have to. If it is their fault, we discharge them, and they can take any view of it they please then, for we do not wish in our employ carelessness men. This is true with all of our big roads, and as a result American engineers of today are about as model a set of men in their employment as can be found.'—Washington Star.

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Lawrence & Grem's. The Charge Not Sustained. 'You say,' pursued the chairman of the investigating committee, 'that he resorted to no bribery whatever during the election so far as you know?' 'Yes, sir,' replied the witness, 'that's what I said.' 'Did he not circulate several boxes of cigars?' 'Yes, sir, but them cigars wasn't bribes. Here's one of them. You try it!'—Detroit Free Press.

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