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The Force Of Example.

By VIOLA ROSEBORO.

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IT was in the old time, and it was the old story. A man and a maid sat under a tree, a little stream at their feet and the lush summer air around. The land was wild and beautiful. The cultivated fields to be seen behind them had their heads only little irregular islands grouped through the sea of forest. Near the pair—that is, not half a mile away—stood the largest and best farmhouse within many miles. It had a frame addition built in front of the older log structure, a big, rough, grassy yard, and at one side a garden equally divided between flowers and vegetables.

Two stout dames sat on the back gallery, one knitting, one with folded hands. "I tell you, Betty," said the older one, "I don't give my approval to the way you're a-letting Lucindy carry on. That gal is the talk of the county."

"Now, Sist' Emmy," replied the other in an aggrieved, long suffering tone, "what's a terrible way to talk! It's unjust. 'The talk of the county,' she repeated, faring into a little unusual vigor of utterance, 'sounds as if the poor child had done something disrespectful, and goodness knows I don't know sense when there's a lady in the land that a girl's got to marry afore she's ready.'"

"The trouble with that gal," said Sist' Emmy, "pears to be that she won't get married when she is ready." "It was the belief of her relatives that Mrs. Emmeline Simms persisted in saying "gal" for the express purpose of mortifying and irritating them and that she particularly loved to so designate Lucinda, Lucinda being the source of certain innovations in the family English.

"There she sits out there," said Mrs. Simms, pointing to the pair visible as small bits under the distant feathery walnut tree, "a-letting that poor fool spark her and as like as not a-letting him 'plut the day agin', and she'll go kick over the traces once more at the last minute. And, talk about being the talk of the county, do you reckon, Hetsay Ann, that anything is a-fool to be more talked about in the foot-stool than a gal breaking her word when they've begun to bake the cake? Do you?"

"Now, Sist' Emmy," began Lucinda's mother, exactly as before, "you know there was mighty little cake baked. You jest come and hadn't fairly got into the fruit cake, and Lucindy never let it get that far, and she won't agin', 'cept she's gone through with it. You forget the feelin's of a girl. They don't alluz know their own minds. Ethna Simms is only your nephew by marriage, and Lucindy's her own blood niece, and my feelin's is hurt, Sist' Emmy."

"Betty Ann, don't begin like that. You know I'm as fond of Lucindy as if she was my own child, but you never did have no government, and I do say that to have all this courtin' startin' up agin' with that eejit—I think the man's head should be put in the oven afore he takes his first bite." "The gal ought to be made to drop in and take her own share."

"Seems as if it's more her business than y—than anybody else's, and he 'pears mighty anxious not to be dropped, whether he's taken or not." "Humph! Ethna's a plumb eejit—far be any doubt of that from me, but Lucindy is full as eager about keepin' him danglin' as he is, and you don't lift your finger about it. I don't know why the Lord sends families to women with no government, but he most certainly do."

Of course her own caprice was also being discussed by Lucinda and her lover under the walnut tree. Truth to tell, these caprices had always furnished them with conversational material, a commodity which otherwise they often must have lacked.

"For four years they had been 'courtin', and three times a wedding day had been set. The last time, only three months before, the usual retreat by the unstable Lucinda had been delayed as we have already learned, until publicty and general condemnation were its well merited portion.

Lucinda now stood under the walnut tree a lamentably attractive and appealing figure of a creature. She had only a slip of a thing, though 19 years were quoted warily to her. There were few unmarried girls in the settlement so old.

Her little, tizzy brown curls had slipped from the bands and knots and tried so hard to keep smooth. Her brown eyes were swimming in tears, which were falling one by one over brown cheeks as round as a child's. She knitted her hands in her apron, though it was her best one and just ironed, as she said:

was to go with them, and on the morning the three were to set out. A horse-back journey of 35 miles more was the price, or the premium, for this social experience.

"If you had any proper shame," said Mrs. Simms that night after the court was out, taking an unfair advantage of the fact that she was sharing Lucinda's bed, "you'd be too humbled to show your face at a wedding, and with Ethna too! I'd never show my face with you as Milly Anson's wife, and my own cousin's stepdaughter and her mamma's family all been so dreadful thin skinned about the way Sarah's kin treats her. Now, praise the Lord, this is the last uppish botheration Sarah'll have to live with Milly, and she's been tryin' enough, for a more ardent pated fly-up-the-creek than that pasty faced gal this settlement ain't never seed. Howsoever," Mrs. Simms quickly added, remembering her text, "I ain't become in me to talk long's she ain't never done nothin' to eek my own flesh and blood nece. I tried fool enough yesterday to get that fool of a boy to go on with me to old Squire Hunt's for the night, but he jest vowed that he'd come here or marry a step to no weddin' would be stir. He ain't no respect for hisself. I can't see what use a woman's got for sich a sovt' muck of a man."

This batt failed of a bite. Mindful of the morning's early start, Lucinda was successfully giving her exclusive attention to the business of getting to sleep. She was not going to disturb herself. She might shed tears of repentance when with Ethna. She had none to spend for Aunt Emmy's delectation. Aunt Emmy was well pleased at the worst. She adored Lucinda and loved dearly to see her have her own way. Her vanity was gratified for the whole sex at the darning with which the girl ricketed the loss of a lover and kept him, and she had an unsurpassed opportunity for the dear joy of hectoring her younger sister, the poor lady without "government." In fact, she was never better pleased in her life.

The sun was just rising next day when the three horses were brought up to the great wooden block by the front gate. And such a day as it was, all gold lighted blue and gold steeped dewy greenness.

"What's keepin' Lucindy? Does the gal think we're jest a-goin' to the fork of the road and that she's got halfen the day to spend puttin' a ridin' skirt over her head?" fussed Mrs. Simms as she gathered up the corners dazed colts and laid her hands on the reins. "Lucindy! Lucindy! Come out here!" called her mother sharply, desiring to demonstrate her denied powers of familiarity.



Ethna was treated with an effusive hospitality. "What air you doin' keepin' everybody waitin'? Put down that baby. You're only gettin' him ready to cry when he sees you're a-goin' in. You know that baby's round to the kitchen. Now, pick up that snack basket and come along."

"She ought to be goin' to her own weddin', oughtn't she?" said Ethna to the sympathetic mother as he lifted his bright face, springing sweetly into the saddle. No horse blocks for them, if you please.

"I wouldn't be goin' if it was my own. I'd be stayin', and I'd have to lose all this year's blyssed ridin'," said she. That small saying was afterward remembered and was quoted for many years among the Todds as if it were a writicism, but now it passed without remark to an irrelevant speech.

"Well, bless you, honey," said her mother as she looked over her shoulder. Surely it was not to be expected that government should always prevail and "rossness be the rule of life."

Lucinda was not without a show of reason in reckoning this ride as a pleasure overbalancing the pomp and pride of matrimony. All day they ambled over with only woods and fields about them, and the sun shone down from the depths of the sun threaded, fragrant forest twilight, everything but the road beneath their feet untouched, pristine, primal, as if man had never been. And, who has such journeys now?

Aunt Emmy was as softly accommodating as poor Mrs. Todd herself could have been and often covered mile after mile, riding on ahead, without once directing her tunnel of a sunbonnet behind her. Lucinda's bonnet was generally hanging back over her shoulders. Poor Lucinda's reputation for beauty was sadly injured by her brown skin—milky whiteness was of all things most admired in her world—but she took the sweet with the bitter and abated her anger from the elaborate swaths and bleaches which were the community's tribute to aesthetic interests.

"A little more or a little less don't matter when one dips more would have sent me to the kitchen anyhow," she declared, when entrance to the room from the light of heaven into the cavernous depths of the prevailing sunbonnet. Even Ethna did not know she was a beauty, but thought it was by some special warping of perception that she seemed so to him.

It never dreamed of such a thing. She vaguely intended to marry Ethna some time if—maybe—but—in the meantime she had no notion of permitting him to discover that there was any other woman in the world, not while she had eyes and such long lashes as will earn her real and fond of the good Ethna. Pity him? What affection! He was the most entertained man in seven counties. Moreover, he won the game. But this is anticlimactic.

The travelers went 25 miles the first day and then, all unannounced, descended upon a "neighbor" for the night. Returned prodigals could not have been more heartily welcomed. Much squawking and fluttering among the chickens roosting in the apple trees in the back yard followed their arrival and testified eloquently to the supper that they were to enjoy. But our business lies now at the end of the journey.

Truly Mrs. Simms had expressed herself with her customary insight and exactness when she called Milly Anson a pasty faced, adde pated fly-up-the-creek.

All sides it was felt as an especial pleasure of providential consideration that Milly had got a husband—the promise of one. Here, again, I see strange evidence of the absence of just consideration for the masculine part of the race. No one could regard it as good fortune for a man to be married, especially if she were an unmarried woman.

The most famous cakemaker of the county had been cooking it in the kitchen for a week, with by no means unmarred, and she had the toleration born of a large experience of brides elect, yet even she found Milly unendurable.

"I had been asked to bake the cake at eleven o'clock, and I married my first husband," said she afterward, "not only for my own kin, but among the Gilles and Simmonses and down to Strathbore and over the Ridge, and I've seen them a heap of times, but I'll give you that Milly Anson that week was a notch beyond any 'em. I stood her just as long as I could, and at last I broke out on her. It was jest the day before the thing was to come off, and she kep' teasin' and tittin' in and out, a-jarrin' the floor and makin' my heart come in my mouth for fear my last big pound cake in the oven would fall, and I'd told her more'n a dozen times that very day to stay in the house, but no, she would keep comin' to say how strange her feelin's was and that she knew she never could 'farn Tummas' ways and she never would 'a' done it if Tummas hadn't pestered her into it. Tom Simmonses—bless you!—and I had a heap of fun, but I can't catch hold of me, and me with my hands all in the flour, and she says: 'Oh, Cousin Liz, I'm as skeered! I'm gettin' so skeered!' says she. Now, it's my conviction that she'd made up her mind to run away with me, and she was sure enough gettin' a little fidgety, but in course I never had no such reflection then, and I'd had all I could stomach. 'Milly Anson,' says I, 'there's no need of your bein' any more. Stop a-clutchin' on to me! I'm wore out with your pertences. If Tom Simmonses'll marry you, more fool he, but you're a heap of fool critter, but I reckon you have, as far as bein' skeered, I wish you was skeered enough to break your appetite and stop you from eatin' them snobbish fash as I git the front on 'em. You're a livin' example of the truth of the Bible and the wisdom of King Solomon,' says I, 'for he tells how the yearth is disquieted for three things—yea, four—which it can't bear,' says I, 'for I seen that quoin the Bible agin' her was strikin' her mood, and a-lettin' her—'a servant when he regeth, I went on, 'a fool when he's filled with meat, and an handmaid that's heir to her mistress and an ole woman when she's married or thinks she's got to be. It's the same thing, and now, if you think I made that up to open my own head, you go and read your Bible long enough and you'll 'farn better. At any rate, git back to the house, and don't you step your foot into this kitchen agin', says I, 'for,' says I, 'holerin' after her—she'd

HAD NEVER BEEN ABROAD.

But For All That He Had Traveled "Far and Wide."

"Have you spent all of your life right here in this one place?" asked a stranger of an old fellow he came across seated on a rail fence whittling in front of a log and slab cabin in one of the back counties of Arkansas.

"Not by a darned sight!" was the terse reply. "I been here the better part of the time; but, la, I her traveled for an while!"

"Ever been abroad?"

"Well, not eggcactly to say abroad, onless you call it goin' abroad to go from here way over to Petersville. I been over there twice in the last 40 year. It's 375 miles to Petersville, an I been further than that, far my ole woman an me we took to Hogback ridge on our weddin' toker, an that's 41 mile from here. Then I been over in Pettig county to see my wife's folks twice, an that's twenty odd mile from here. Then I been over to Rocky Hill ez many ez four times, an that's 18 mile. Ez I say, I been here most of the time, but then I've traveled for an while all the same. I've seen the big four story mill over to Petersville, an the engine kyars over to Petersville. I rid three miles on 'em, an it's all I want of the pesky things. I've seen a calf with two heads an a feller that could eat fire and dance on broken glass in his bare feet. I see a man hung once on a boss race for a purse of \$50. Yes, sir; I been far an wide, an I reckon I've seen the biggest part of what there is in this world, an I don't let on doin' no more gaddin' about!"—Lippincott's.

Canadian Cars.

In cold countries like Canada the cars are often forced to grow in an unnatural way by the custom of forcing the caps down over the skull and making the cars stick out. It is only American cars which get frosted in Canada. The cars of the natives are insured to excessive cold.

A Chinese plow is a light affair, made of a crooked stick, with a steel point fastened to it and is pulled by a water buffalo.

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Railroads.

Manchester & Oneida Ry.

TIME TABLE.

Train No. 2 leaves Manchester at 5 a. m., arrives at Oneida at 9:30 a. m. Leaves Oneida at 10:30 a. m., arrives at Manchester at 4:05 p. m.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

TIME TABLE.

Main Line Passenger Trains. WEST BOUND. EAST BOUND.

NEW SHORT LINE Omaha - Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Chicago Great Western Ry. The Maple Leaf Route.

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

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One Fare Plus \$2. There are still some good lands in northern Iowa, southwestern Minnesota and North Dakota, and if you are expecting to make a change in location, you should take advantage of the low excursion rates in effect. On the first and third Tuesday of each month excursion tickets, bearing 21 days' limit, can be purchased to all points on the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern Railway, north of and including Abbott, Shell Rock and Waverly in Oneida County, Iowa. Full information relative to these lands will be cheerfully given upon application to Messrs. Ilen & Brooks, our Industrial and Immigration Agents, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

If you are thinking of making a trip to any point in Alabama, Arkansas, Arizona, British Columbia, Colorado, Northwest, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Indian Territory, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Manitoba, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, South Carolina, Utah, Texas, Utah, Virginia, Washington, Wisconsin and Northern Michigan and Wyoming, call on agents of the "Cedar Rapids Route" for rates, etc.

JNO. G. FARMER, A. G. P. & T. A., B. C. R. & N. Ry., Cedar Rapids, Ia.

LOW-RATE EXCURSIONS

Prices each month on special rates, the Illinois Central will sell excursion tickets from points on its line north of Cairo, roundtrip Homeseekers' Excursion tickets to certain points on or reached by its lines in Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana and Alabama. Also to certain points West and Southwest in Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma and Indian Territory. Particulars of your Illinois Central agent.

For Homeseekers and Land Investors.

The passenger department of the Illinois Central railroad has just received from the hands of the printer, a new folder in the interests of Homeseekers and Land Investors. Many are looking for new homes and for land investments. This folder furnishes brief but reliable information as to the resources and possibilities of the states of Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, Louisiana. The opportunities for investments in the above mentioned states are unsurpassed in any part of this great country. Homeseekers' excursions to points within these states are run by the Illinois Central the first and third Tuesdays of every month, at a rate of one fare plus \$2.00 and these excursions should be taken advantage of by everyone in search of a home or investment in timber or farm lands. For a free copy of this address, the undersigned at Dubuque, Iowa.

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