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C. E. BRONSON. E. M. CARR.

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Editors and Proprietors.

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A Fine shoe for Dress at a Popular Price. Come in and see this shoe and you will not be disappointed.

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WE FIT THE FEET. MANCHESTER, IOWA

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O. A. DUNHAM. C. L. LEIGH
DUNHAM & LEIGH.
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C. W. DORMAN.
DENTIST. Office on Franklin Street, north of the Globe Hotel, Manchester, Iowa. Dental Surgery in all its branches. Makes frequent visits to neighboring towns. Always at office on Saturdays.

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MANCHESTER MARBLE WORKS
IS prepared to furnish Granite and Marble Monuments and Head Stones of various designs. Have the county right for Sipe's Patent Grave Cover; also dealer in Iron Fences. Will meet all competition. 2tf 94.
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BOYNTON & McEWEN.
WATCHMAKERS, Jewelers and Engravers dealers in Watches, Clocks, Silver and Plated Ware, Fine Jewelry, Spectacles, Cutlery, Musical Instruments, etc., Main street.

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(Successors to Seth Brown.)
BOOTS AND SHOES of all grades and prices. Custom Work and Repairing given special attention. Store in City Hall Block.

GEO. S LISTER,
HARDWARE, STOVES, TINWARE, ETC. Keeps a first-class tinner and does all kinds of repairing with neatness and dispatch. Store opposite First National Bank. Main St.

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(Successor to Lee Bowman.)
BLACKSMITH and Wagonmaker, Delhi, Iowa. Work done promptly and in a workmanlike manner. Charges reasonable. Your Patronage solicited. 15tf

INSURE YOUR PROPERTY against cyclones and tornadoes in the old reliable Phoenix Insurance Co., BRONSON & CARR, Agents.

HOLLISTER LUMBER CO.
LUMBER and all kinds of building materials, Posts and Coal. Corner of Delaware and Madison streets.

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SCHARLES, THE TAILOR.
MERCHANT TAILOR and Gents Furnishing Goods, Manchester, Iowa.

WM. DENNIS.
CARPENTER, CONTRACTOR & BUILDER. I am now prepared to do all work in my line in a good and workmanlike manner. Satisfaction guaranteed. Plans and estimates furnished. Work taken in town or country. Shop near the stand tower on West side of river.

C. E. CATES.
CITY DRAYMAN. Am prepared to do all work in my line. Moving household goods and pianos a specialty. All work will receive prompt attention. A share of your patronage is solicited. Charges right. Give your draying to a man who has come to stay.

B. CLARK.
DRY GOODS, Notions, Carpets, Gents Furnishing goods, etc. Franklin Street.

QUAKER MILL CO.
FLOUR and Feed, Manufacturers of the celebrated White Satin and White Pearl Flour.

LAWRENCE & GREMS.
DRUGS, Wall Paper, Stationery, Paints, Oils, etc. City Hall block.

PETER BOARDWAY.
DEALER IN flour, feed, hay straw, Maquoketa lime, stucco, and common and Atlas cement. Telephone 113. Lower Franklin St.

PETERSON BROS.
DEADERS IN Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Fruits, etc. Main Street.

J. M. PEARSE.
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE AND COLLECTOR. All business entrusted to him given prompt attention. Office in City Hall block, second floor.

120 Acre Farm For Sale.

We are agents for the sale of the O. A Underwood Farm of 120 acres, situated about 7 miles north east of Manchester. There is a bargain for some purchaser in this property. BRONSON & CARR.

House For Rent.
A good house situated on Franklin street just south of my residence, now occupied by Burton Clark. JOS. HUTCHINSON.

CYCLONE AND TORNADO
Insurance in first class companies written and policies issued by BRONSON & CARR.

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 smell 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, one year. 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 Special Farmers' Institute, all for $1.90 Come in and order them.

A Physician Testifies.

"I have taken Kodol Dyspepsia Cure and have never used anything in my life that did me the good that did,' says county physician, Geo. W. Scroggs, of Hall county, Ga. "Being a physician I have prescribed it and found it to give the best results." If the food you eat remains undigested in your stomach it decays there and poisons the system. You can prevent this by dieting but that means starvation. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat. You need suffer from neither dyspepsia nor starvation. The worst cases quickly cured. Never fails. Smith Bros.

Insurance at Cost.

M. E. Blair, Secretary of the Delaware County Farmer's Mutual Insurance Co., and County agent for the Iowa Mutual Tornado Insurance Co., will be at Fred Blair's office in Manchester, Saturday afternoon of each week. 24tf

F. E. RICHARDSON,
Real Estate, Loans and Insurance.
Office over the Racket Store
Manchester, Iowa.

Senator Depew is now a director or trustee in more companies than any other man in this country. He is a director in seventy-six different companies, forty-nine of which are railroad companies; president of six and chairman of the board of directors of six or seven others.—Esterville Democrat:

They Are Public Servants.

Des Moines Capital.

The Capital believes that the people of this country are entering upon an era in which men in public office will be looked upon more as the servants and less as the masters than ever before in our national history. Statesmen and politicians will be held to strict specific performance of their duty, and in case of recreancy will be called to account. Political parties are going to be successful only as they keep close to the masses of the people, manifest a sympathy with their needs and an earnest desire to do everything possible to enhance their general welfare.

An inquisitive cat climbed a country trolley pole in western New York recently, attempted to walk on the feed wire, brought her tail in contact with the parallel wire that takes the current back to Niagra Falls, had 24,000 volts passed through her body for her presumption, and took her revenge by laying her dead body across the wires, short circuiting the current, and cutting off light and power from almost all the towns and villages in Western New York until her sadly singed body was located some two hours later. This was a case in which the cat was neither harmless nor necessary.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

While the American republic refused to intercede in behalf of the struggling Boers on the score of the scene being distantly removed from the United States it will be difficult for us to reconcile our inaction now that England is holding Boer prisoners and they in rags and starving on the island of Bermuda. Bermuda is but little farther distant from our shores than Cuba. It was declared in the case of Spain and Cuba that we or other nations have a right to protest against the erection of a slaughter house in our or their back yard. If there is any redeeming virtue in a distinction between a slaughter house and an enforced and unnecessary famine it is in favor of the former. —Anamosa Journal.

Monopoly Hurrying to the Front.

Indianapolis News.

The friends of protection for the sake of protection are gallantly rallying to the support of the Dingly tariff. Mr. Payne, of New York, Mr. Steele, of Indiana, and Mr. Grosvenor, of Ohio, are convinced that there should be no "tariff tinkering.' They are doing their best to convince the president of the unwisdom of modifying a system which imposes heavy burdens and grevious to be borne on the American people ond which takes from their pockets every year millions of dollars which the government does not need. And then the secretary of the treasury is forced to go into the markets every once in a while and buy bonds at a premium in order to keep the money in circulation—money which should never have been taken from circulation.

There will be no tariff revision by the next congress. Hardly had the smoke of the battle died away when many members of congress were in Washington giving out interviews that the election meant that there should be no tinkering with the tariff. Congressman Babcock with his bill for revision of the tariff by which trusts would be affected is doomed to talk himself to death before accomplishing anything. President Roosevelt thought he had his ear to the ground and heard the people clamoring for a lower tariff on trust made articles with reciprocity accompaniment. He inferred from President McKinley's speeches that his predecessor was favorable to the lowering the tariff and was for reciprocity. The president calls Marcus Hanna in consultation and is informed that President McKinley had no such ideas, that he was wedded to tariff after the Dingley fashion. The president now has the other ear to the ground and hears differently. The trusts and high tariff barons have gotten in their work. The beneficient Dingley law, which is robbing the people of millions of dollars yearly for the benefit of the few, will stand.—Oelwein Record.

No One Cent Postage Now.

Senator William E. Mason, of Illinois, predicts that among the important measures to become law during the coming session of congress will be one cent letter postage. It is difficult to see upon what basis such a prediction is made. The postal department is not surfeited with funds. It is absolutely impossible to make all ends meet with the appropriations already allowed. Through the second class mail abuses which have been allowed to exist much revenue has been lost. It is true that there is to be radical reform in this respect from henceforth, and the additional revenues to be derived therefrom will come in good play. But in view of the constant necessary enlargement of postal facilities throughout the country, especially in the laying out of the rural routes, the postal department will have use for all funds available for sometime to come. There is no question but that one cent letter postage is a sure event on the program of the future, but we can afford to wait with reasonable patience the time when it may be propitiously inaugurated. It is certainly safe to predict that one cent letter postage will not be one of the fruits of the approaching session of congress. —Des Moines Capital.

A CHINESE CLASSIC.

COMRADES IN WARTIME.

How say we have no clothes?
One plaid for both will do.
Let but the king, in raising men,
Our spears and pikes renew;
We'll fight as one, we two!

How say we have no clothes?
One skirt our limbs shall hide,
Let but the king, in raising men,
Halberd and lance provide;
We'll do it, side by side.

How say we have no clothes?
My kirtle thou shalt wear.
Let but the king, in raising men,
Armor and arms prepare;
The toils of war we'll share.
—Book World

A Million Dollar Fire

By H. L. DAWES.

Copyright, 1901, by H. L. Dawes.

WHEN Thomas Proctor entered my office one October morning ten years ago, I little thought the day would prove to be the most eventful in the lives of three men.

I had aided Proctor financially in several promising business ventures, and they all wound up in disaster, which was not due to any mismanagement on his part, but to a combination of unfortunate circumstances.

After the last collapse Proctor obtained a situation at a salary which barely supported his family. This went on for about two years, when his employer failed, and Tom was again stranded. He had been without employment about a month when he called at my office that October morning.

I gave him some good advice and encouragement and, what to him was more substantial, some dollars to relieve his immediate necessities.

Proctor expressed his gratitude in his blunt, homely fashion and added earnestly, "Perhaps this is the turning of the tide, Mr. Burrows," and I replied, "I hope so with all my heart."

At that time I was a director in a large transportation company, and, thinking that possibly I might secure a position there for my young friend, we started on a search at once.

On the way down town we stopped at a wholesale house to buy a hammock to send to a friend in Florida.

The clerk informed us that as the hammock season was over all their stock had been packed away on the top floor, so we ascended to the fifth floor in the elevator and then climbed two flights of stairs, entering a room occupying the whole area of the building.

A clerk was busily engaged with a gentleman whom I recognized as Hon. Moses Oglethorpe, multimillionaire, the richest man in the state.

The clerk went downstairs for something, leaving us alone—a millionaire, a merchant and a poor man.

Suddenly we were startled by the clanging of gongs, a tooting of bugles and a commotion in the street.

We all rushed to the window, drawn thither by the natural desire inherent in the breast of the average American to witness the rush of the fire engines.

"Great Scott, gentlemen," exclaimed Tom excitedly, "the fire is in this building! I smell smoke. We must get out." We all rushed to the door, Proctor reaching it first. As he swung it open he was driven back by a sheet of flame and smoke.

"No chance to escape by the stairs," said he. "Perhaps there's a fire escape. You stay here while I take a look." And with that he ran to the front, side and rear windows. When he rejoined our little group, the answer was plainly written on his face, "No fire escapes anywhere on the building."

In that time of awful peril and danger Tom Proctor was cool and collected, so we naturally looked to him to find some avenue of escape. Ten minutes before he was the most insignificant person in the room, a penniless bankrupt, realizing his own insignificance more keenly because of the presence of a modern Crœsus.

A few moments had changed the standing of the two extremes of our trio, and Proctor had jumped to the head of the class, for we were in a situation where brains were of more account than dollars.

He carefully examined the room, hoping to find a skylight, but was unsuccessful. Then he sought the windows again, thinking he might discover a coping or cornice by which we could reach some adjoining building, but with the same hopeless result.

Then we ran to the windows to see if there was any chance of help from the firemen. A cry of horror reached our ears as the crowd in the street caught sight of us.

The firemen raised ladders against the side of the building, but our hearts sank, for the ladders reached only the window of the fourth floor.

One cry reached our ears, but it sounded like a death sentence. Some one, evidently a fire chief, roared through a trumpet, "Jump—it's your only chance!" at the same time pointing to a group of men holding a large blanket directly beneath us.

"My God!" groaned Oglethorpe. "It's suicide to jump from this height. It makes me dizzy to think of it."

Proctor was as cool as the proverbial cucumber and talked to us as calmly as if discussing a business scheme in my private office.

"It's a case of roast or jump," said he as we came together for a final conference. "That's the whole thing in a nutshell. The only redeeming feature in the case is that each of us can choose the way it suits him best to die. Personally it makes little difference to me. Death by fire isn't really so horrible as it appears, and, as for jumping, you will lose consciousness long before you reach the ground. After all, my case is much worse than yours, gentlemen. Your families will be well provided for, but God only knows what will become of my wife and children when I'm gone."

"See here, young man," Oglethorpe exclaimed, grasping Tom by the arm. "I can't be roasted like a rat, and to jump is still worse. God, man, isn't there some escape? We can't die like this. Why, man alive, I'd give a million dollars—a million, do you hear?—to be landed safely on the ground."

As he spoke he emphasized his words by shaking Proctor's arm almost roughly, staring into his face with a fierce, desperate expression. I glanced at Tom, for the instant forgetting our perilous situation, and noted that, unmindful of Oglethorpe, he was gazing intently to one side. Then suddenly his face lighted up with a gleam of hope. Turning quickly to the millionaire, he exclaimed, "Do you make that as a bona fide offer, Mr. Oglethorpe?"

"Certainly I do."

"All right. I accept the contract. No time now for any business formalities. Shake hands on it. You witness this, Mr. Burrows," said he, nodding his head in my direction, at the same time extending his hand to Oglethorpe.

They hastily grasped each other's hand, and I bore witness of the strangest business transaction on record.

"That's as binding as if drawn up by a regiment of lawyers," exclaimed Oglethorpe when the simple ceremony was completed. Then he added, "My word is good for that amount, never fear, if I get out of this place alive."

A wave of hope and courage took possession of me, and I watched eagerly for the next move in that exciting drama which a moment before looked more like a tragedy.

Pushing the millionaire aside roughly, Proctor ran to a case of drawers under the counter a few feet away. On the upper drawer was tacked a white card which bore the simple legend, "Fish Lines." It was only the work of a second to pull the drawer out and select a heavy, strong line about the size used in codfishing. The drawer underneath was labeled "Sinkers," and from this he grabbed a lead sinker, which he deftly fastened to the end of the line. From the wall he tore down a sign which read "No Smoking Allowed." On the back of this card he wrote in plain letters, "Hitch on a rope, quick!"

Making the card fast to the line near the lead, he rushed to the window, followed by Oglethorpe and myself.

When the crowd in the street spied us, they yelled excitedly, waved their arms, shouted and groaned until they saw that we were about to make a move of some kind. Then all was quiet, and the only sound we heard was the whir of the engines and the occasional call of a fireman.

We watched the descent of that white messenger with breathless interest, for our lives were in the balance, and time was precious. Think of it—three souls hanging to a cod line and a piece of common everyday cardboard!

A man on the ladder seized the card and read its message. Waving his hand upward to signify that he understood, he ran nimbly down the ladder, darted across the street to a ladder truck and with the help of a comrade seized a coil of rope, which they flung on the ground directly under our window. Fastening the end of the rope to his belt, the hoseman climbed to where the end of our precious cod line was swinging to and fro.

To prevent the line from chafing on the stone trimming under the window sill Proctor leaned far outward and carefully obeyed the command to haul. He was in a happy mood, probably from the fact that he was earning a million dollars and also that he was working for his own dear life and ours too.

"This is a kind of fish worth fishing for," cried he with enthusiasm—"sort of goldfish, hey, Mr. Oglethorpe? Ah, my beauty, now I've got you fast!" he exclaimed as the end of the rope slipped into his hands.

I believe that Tom had been to sea a couple of voyages when a youngster, and evidently the old sailor instinct returned the moment he got hold of that rope.

He yanked it in over the window sill hand over hand till it fairly hummed. Sailorlike he couldn't refrain from

He slid down from one knot to the next.

chanting the peculiar "Yo, he, O!" without which, I believe, no seafaring man is able to do anything in the way of pulling and hauling.

When the last fathom fell at our feet, Tom grabbed it and with a quick turn of the hands tied a loop, which I think sailors call a bowline. Slipping this bowline over Mr. Oglethorpe's head and down to the hips, he said to him tersely: "Now, then, Mr. Oglethorpe, you're to sit in this bowline. Hold on to the rope with a death grip. Don't be afraid. You can't fall out if you try. Mr. Burrows and I will lower you down, and all you have to do is to keep yourself away from the building with your feet. You may bark your shins, but that's nothing. Lively, now! There's not a moment to lose."

Even then the millionaire hesitated. The prospect of dangling from a seventh story window on the end of a rope appalled him. Proctor almost dragged him to the window, and after a few more instructions and no little urging the man of money laboriously crawled over the sill. We slacked away on the rope, and his head disappeared from view. We had a turn of the rope around a steam pipe and had no difficulty in holding Oglethorpe's weight, although he was a heavy man.

Presently we heard a tremendous cheer from the crowd below, which told us that Oglethorpe was safe. Running to the window, we saw him descending the ladder with the help of a fireman.

Tom hauled up the rope again, and in an instant I was ready to descend. His instructions to me were the same as to Oglethorpe, only he added: "If I don't get out of this alive, Mr. Burrows, you see that Bessie and the babies get that million." He glanced uneasily over his shoulder to the rear of the room, where the flames were just beginning to break through.

I made a feeble protest—and meant it, too—that it was only right that he should go next. The rope was his idea and he ought to reap the benefit and save himself before it was too late.

He replied almost angrily, "Stop your nonsense, Mr. Burrows, and get out of that window. I'll take two turns around this steam pipe, so as to hold you all right, and you'll be on the ladder in a jiffy."

My descent to the ground is still like a hideous dream. I have a dim recollection of twisting and turning, at the same time falling down, down, till it seemed as if I was dropping into a bottomless pit in the infernal regions.

There was more shouting by the throng of people, more tooting of the engine whistles, and before I knew it I was standing on Mother Earth once more with Oglethorpe shaking my arm off.

We looked upward, expecting to see Proctor climb down the rope. To the surprise of every one, he pulled it up a third time. "What's the fool doing?" exclaimed the fire chief, standing near by. "Why doesn't he slide down that rope? Guess he's lost his head."

"He knows what he's about," said the millionaire. "Look!"

To our amazement, the rope dropped from the window with knots in it about six feet apart.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the chief. "That's a trick worth knowing. Wonder how he did it in such a short time."

We saw Tom's feet come through the window, where he had to maneuver a moment to wind his legs around the rope. Then he slid down from one knot to the next easily and gracefully, disdaining to use the ladder, and finally landed within our midst with the cheery salutation, "All present or accounted for."

There is little more to tell. I heard Oglethorpe whisper to the chief a contribution to the firemen's relief fund of a thousand dollars for the possession of that rope, which was duly accepted, and it was afterward generously divided with Tom and me.

Then he said to the former that he was in the habit of settling his contracts promptly and there was just time before the banks closed.

Tom called to see me the next day, smiling and happy.

"I've got the million all right, Mr. Burrows," said he, "and have been walking on air ever since; have to pinch myself to make sure I'm not dreaming. It's a mighty queer feeling, and I haven't got acclimated yet. The papers laid it on so thick that I had to sneak through the back streets to get here, people stare so at me."

In the quiet of my private office he explained to me some of the details of the escape from the burning building, which show that brains count in an emergency.

"It was this way," said he. "When our position seemed hopeless and it looked as if we were doomed to a horrible death, Oglethorpe lost his head and acted half crazy, and you, Mr. Burrows, were in a trance, dazed like.

"Twice before in my life I had looked death square in the eye and learned by experience that one stands the best chance for his life by keeping cool, with his wits alive to take advantage of any favorable method or means of escape.

"I was working out a problem and finally arrived at the answer—a rope. Unless the fire was got under control within a short time a rope was our only hope. Then I remembered a story. You may think it a queer time to think of such a thing as a story. Nevertheless it did its part toward our salvation. It was the tale of a prisoner confined in a high tower. A friend outside shot an arrow through the window. Attached to the arrow was a silk thread, to the thread a cord and to the cord a rope. All these the prisoner pulled up successively, and when he secured the rope his escape was easy.

"About the instant that story was running through my brain Oglethorpe offered the million dollars, and I caught sight of the sign, 'Fish Lines.' That solved the problem. You know the rest. But right here I would like to justify myself concerning that million. I don't want you to think I took advantage of Oglethorpe because his life was in danger. I merely profited by his generous offer. It was a matter of business, pure and simple, and the fact that he paid up like a man is proof that he considered it a square deal."

"How about that string of knots in the rope?" I asked. "I'm very curious to know how you did it, and so are some of the firemen."

"Oh, that's a simple trick I learne at sea," he replied. "You make a coil of half hitches, pass the end of the rope through the center of the coil, and it comes out with knots about a fathom or so apart."

"By the way, Mr. Burrows, that was the turning of the tide, after all."

And I answered, "Well, I should say so!"

APHORISMS.

The man who procrastinates struggles with ruin.

An apt quotation is as good as an original remark.—Johnson.

Progress is the activity of today and the assurance of tomorrow.—Emerson.

To be vain of one's rank or place is to show that one is below it.—Stanislaus.

The desire of appearing clever often prevents one becoming so.—Rochefoucauld.

God is on the side of virtue, for whoever dreads punishment suffers it, and whoever deserves it dreads it.—Colton.

The mind that is much elevated and insolent with prosperity and cast down by adversity is generally abject and base.

Human nature is so constituted that all see and judge better in the affairs of other men than in their own.—Terence.

Despite all refinement, the light and habitual taking of God's name in vain betrays a coarse and brutal will.—Chapin.

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.

KARPEN GUARANTEED COUCH

If you want the best made, you will not fail to come to our store and see them. Our $6.85 Couch is a Trade-winner.

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