

ALL THE NEWS IN  
**The Democrat,**  
\$1.50 PER YEAR.

**Ladies!** Do You Contemplate  
Cleaning Your  
Lace Curtains?  
IF SO, We guarantee to clean them, Make Them Look As  
Good As New, and not damage them in the least, and the price  
will be right at  
**The Manchester Laundry.**

A SAVORY AROMA  
that is an appetizer, as well as a  
tickler 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 can-  
ning, fresh, nourishing and palatable.

**A. E. PETERSON.**  
PURITY.  
In flour ought to be an important consideration in every family. Pure  
flour really doesn't cost any more than flour that isn't strictly pure. In  
making  
**WHITE PEARL**  
(High Patent.)  
every grain of the wheat is thoroughly cleaned before grinding, and is  
converted into flour in a hygienically clean modern mill. The flour is  
purified, aerated and sifted through delicate silk cloths before it is sack-  
ed. Absolute purity is thus assured.  
**QUAKER MILL COMPANY.**  
Makers of Pure Flour.

**Harvest Time,**  
Is coming and I have a full sup-  
ply of  
**Machine Oils and  
Axle Grease.**  
Respectfully,  
**Geo. S. Lister.**

Those  
Qualities  
of Style and  
Service  
so universally demanded by 20th  
Century buyers of Men's Trousers  
are, today, found only in the  
best garments—the product of  
skilled labor and exclusive fabrics.  
Look for the "R & W" trade-  
mark.  
**THE NEW MODEL  
"R & W" TROUSERS  
FOR 1902--**  
combining long-wearing features  
with irrefragable correctness of  
cut and fit—commend themselves  
to all purchasers. Our line is now  
complete—both as to price-range  
and patterns.  
**Allen & Storey.**

**"Wait Till  
the Clouds  
Roll By"**  
By...  
**ERNEST JARROLD.**  
Copyright, 1902, by Ernest Jarrold.

ROBINSON had worked his way  
through Cornell university  
and had been graduated with  
honor. Having inherited a  
taste for literature, he decided to go  
to New York and win fame and fortune  
with his pen. He was a young and ardent  
man this prospect is a very pleasant  
one. In the effort a few men have  
succeeded, but many more have failed  
for the reason that the road is more  
than the famed rocky road to Dublin.  
But Robinson's heart beat high and  
strong. He knew he would have to  
work, but he was willing. His ambi-  
tion was to become an editorial writer  
like Horace Greeley or Henri Roche-  
fort.

When Robinson arrived in New York  
city in December, 18—, he had one suit  
of clothes and two ten dollar notes.  
Having passed through an apprentice-  
ship in economy at college, he knew  
the value of a dollar, and so he decided  
to make his cash capital go as far as he  
could. It was the first time he had  
ever visited a great city, and a feeling  
of inexpressible loneliness came over  
him as he looked into the faces of thou-  
sands of men and women and wonder-  
ed why he did not recognize any of  
them. Robinson had been reared in an  
environment of green trees and run-  
ning brooks, where nature smiles upon  
man. But to the country boy's percep-  
tion the tall buildings seemed to frown  
frowningly upon him, and the noise  
of innumerable vehicles sounded dis-  
cordantly in his ears.

Tugging his old carpetbag, contain-  
ing his clothing, a copy of Shake-  
speare, a Bible and a thesaurus, he  
walked up Broadway in search of a  
lodging place. He was amazed at the  
bustle and activity, the indifference of  
every man for his neighbor and at the  
indications of every hand of wealth  
and prosperity. Up the great thorough-  
fare he wandered, looking for a home,  
but without success. He had not  
arrived in Harlem. Here, in a quiet  
side street, he secured a half bedroom  
on the top floor of a tenement house  
by paying \$1.50 in advance. This little  
room, perched up on the eighth floor,  
just under the eaves of the building,  
contained a small bed, a washstand  
and one chair. Thoroughly exhausted  
by his long walk, Robinson lay down  
and fell asleep.

His first impulse on arising in the  
morning was to examine this great  
city which he had heard so much,  
to visit the public buildings and other  
objects of interest, but he repressed  
this inclination and began to work.  
As in the case with many young men  
he had no definite plan of action. He  
was an idealist, a dreamer. He delighted  
in writing little prose and poetical  
etchings of scenery and of human emo-  
tions. The publishers of newspapers  
have learned by experience that their  
readers do not care for this kind of  
writing. They prefer stories of crime,  
murder, burglary, arson. In short, they  
want the pepper of sensationalism.  
Robinson, unfortunately for his pocket,  
did not take notice of the direction of  
public taste. Day after day he worked  
away along ideal lines until at the  
end of a week he had a dozen sketches  
and poems ready. Then he discovered  
that half of his money was gone and  
he must seek some of his work in order  
to replenish his pocketbook. Filling his  
pockets with his stories and poems,  
he started to walk the seven miles in-  
tervening between his lodging house  
and that Mecca of journalistic genius,  
Park row. This is the street where all  
the great metropolitan papers are lo-  
cated, the street which never sleeps.  
Under its sidewalks mammoth presses  
are always in motion day and night.  
There gaping crowds congregate to  
read the bulletins of news from all  
over the world. "This is the spot where  
more American history has been re-  
corded than any other in the country."  
"This is a cruel place for a stranger with-  
out friends or money to be found, and  
here it was that Robinson took his  
first lesson in the sale of manuscript.  
Robinson was of a refined and sensi-  
tive nature. By the time he had met  
three office boys who were hired to  
keep just such men as he away from  
the editors he was weary and disencour-  
aged, and yet he felt that his work  
was good. And so he as trudge back  
to his room in Harlem with his pre-  
cious manuscripts still in his pocket  
he took heart of grace and resolved to  
start out again on the morrow. The  
editors he looked over by hand organ  
grinder who came under his window  
and played "Wait Till the Clouds  
Roll By." But it was uphill work.  
In after years Robinson could not remem-  
ber the various incidents that eventful  
week, so crushed and disappointed  
was he. It was not because the ed-  
itors were unkind to him, but they had  
no time to be sympathetic. "Bring us  
news," they said to him, "and we will  
print it and pay you liberally. We  
have no space for literature."  
In the course of a week Robinson  
visited the editorial rooms of nearly  
every newspaper office in New York  
city, but he did not dispose of a line  
of his work. His nearest approach to  
success came from an editor who  
offered to print some of his stories  
provided he did not ask for pay. With  
unconscious irony Robinson said he  
needed money to buy bread, but when  
he became famous—which was a  
certainty—he would be glad to furnish  
a few specimens of his genius. By  
this time Robinson's money was be-  
coming scarce, and he decided to take  
the advice of the editors and hunt for  
news. It is a fact peculiar to the  
newspaper business that news is sel-  
dom got by searching. An able report-  
er might start out tomorrow to hunt  
for news for news and not find a  
single item in a week. But let him visit  
police headquarters, where all the  
crime of a great city is chronicled, or  
the courts of justice, or slipping of-  
fices, or the headquarters of any great  
industry, and his search is likely to be  
rewarded. But Robinson did not know  
this. Besides, being untrained, he did  
not know what the word "news" meant  
in the vernacular. If he had run across  
an item of international importance, he  
would not have recognized its value.  
Two days' work along this line con-  
vinced him of the uselessness of his ef-  
forts, and he became despairing.

Why was it, he reasoned to himself,  
as he sat on the humble bed under the  
roof, that he could not get a chance to  
show what he could do? And the next  
day was New Year's. What hallowed  
memories were conjured up by that  
name! They would miss him at the old  
farmhouse in Cayuga county on the  
morning. He could not write home for  
money, because that would be an ac-  
nowledgment of defeat. His relatives  
expected great things of him. And  
there was Nellie, the blue eyed girl,  
whom he was a veritable Sir Galahad.  
When she heard that he had been  
refused by every newspaper of standing  
in New York? Then Robinson buried  
his face in his pillow and went to sleep  
hungry, for only 10 cents remained of  
his \$25.

In the effort to dispose of his manu-  
script Robinson had visited every news-  
paper office in the city except one. This  
newspaper, by reason of its acknowl-  
edged superiority over all the others,  
had frightened the young author. He  
did not have the confidence to think  
that he could write anything fit for its  
columns. But now that he was liter-  
ally driven to the wall Robinson re-  
solved to board the New York literary  
lion in his den, and if he failed he  
would go back to the farm and milk  
the cows. His breakfast consisted of  
two rolls and a cup of coffee, leaving  
him a cash capital of 5 cents. Before  
starting on his forlorn hope he picked  
out from among his manuscripts a  
short descriptive sketch of a mountain  
brook. It was the gem of his collec-  
tion. In glowing language he had pic-  
tured the rippling cascades, the silvery  
pools, the kaleidoscopic trout, the trees  
whispering overhead together with all  
the light and color of the woodland.  
This was the little brain child upon  
which he had expended more time than  
upon any other. He was satisfied that  
if it were rejected he could do no bet-  
ter, and that he was indeed a failure.  
How gingerly he went up the staircase  
leading to the editorial rooms! With  
what timorous glances his eyes roamed  
over the dusty apartment which had  
sheltered so many men of genius! And  
his voice was scarcely audible as he  
said to the office boy:  
"Can I see the managing editor?"  
"Certainly, sir. Come right in."  
Wonder of wonders! A courteous  
office boy!  
Shaking in every limb, he approach-  
ed the autocrat behind his rosewood  
desk.  
"Well, Mr. Robinson, what can I do  
for you?" said he cordially.  
"I called to offer a short sketch for  
publication in your paper," replied  
Robinson in a voice strengthened by  
his kindly reception.  
"Ah, thank you!" said the great man,  
taking the manuscript from Robinson's  
trembling fingers and thrusting it into  
his pocket. "Oh, to get it, sir, and  
to get it. Always looking for new ideas  
from you young men. Good day, sir."  
The editor turned to his mail, and  
Robinson walked down stairs with his  
head erect and his shoulders squared.  
He did not know that the sketch  
contained a small bed, a washstand  
and one chair. Thoroughly exhausted  
by his long walk, Robinson lay down  
and fell asleep.

His first impulse on arising in the  
morning was to examine this great  
city which he had heard so much,  
to visit the public buildings and other  
objects of interest, but he repressed  
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gotten something." And he placed in  
the young man's hand a small piece of  
glazed paper.  
Robinson reached the sidewalk in a  
dream, but when he had pulled him-  
self together he looked at the slip of  
paper and read the following words:  
NEW YEAR'S DAY, Jan. 1, 18—  
Cashier, New York—  
Pay to George Robinson the sum of  
10 in account of a check called "A Moun-  
tain Brook."  
Managing Editor.

That night Robinson's supper con-  
sisted of two pounds of fried ham,  
a plateful of old fashioned John Brown  
fried potatoes, half a pumpkin pie  
and two cups of coffee. As he sat back  
in his chair and lit his cigar the con-  
sciousness that it was New Year's day  
came to him in full force. He smiled  
as he reflected that he had not killed  
the editor. How bright and happy the  
waters all seemed! The tarnished ta-  
blers glistened in the gaslight. The  
Green flag recalls a very poor life in  
in, after all. A peripatetic piano stop-  
ped in front of the restaurant. The  
instrument was out of tune, and the  
tune was uneven, but no orchestra had  
ever played such seraphic harmony as  
the first selection, "Wait Till the Clouds  
Roll By."

**Modest Fees.**  
Lawyers do not usually get the small  
end of a bargain with their clients, but  
the Green flag recalls a very poor life  
where the clients had rather the best  
of it.  
Sir Walter Scott's first client was a  
burglar. He got the fellow off, but  
the man declared that he hadn't a pen-  
ny to give him for his services. Two  
bits of useful information he offered,  
however, and with these the young  
lawyer had to be content. The first  
was that a yelping terrier inside the  
house was a better protection against  
burglars than a big dog outside, and  
the second that no sort of lock bothered  
his craft so much as an old, rusty one.  
Small compensation as this was, the  
first brief of the noted French lawyer,  
M. Rouber, yielded still less. The  
penniless M. Rouber won the case  
and the client who he owed him.  
"Oh, say 2 francs," said the modest  
young advocate.  
"Two francs?" exclaimed the pen-  
sant. "That is very high. Won't you  
let me off with a franc and a half ap-  
proximately, by acting on the blood, liver  
and kidneys, by purifying the blood, and  
containing medicines that pass off the im-  
purities."  
For sale and guaranteed only by  
**LAWRENCE & GREMS,**  
Manchester, Iowa.

**The Most Perfect  
BLOOD  
PURIFIER**  
That Can Be Found Is  
**MATT. J. JOHNSON'S  
6088**  
Cures all kinds of blood trouble, Liver  
and Kidney trouble, Catarrh and Rheu-  
matism, by acting on the blood, liver  
and kidneys, by purifying the blood, and  
containing medicines that pass off the im-  
purities.  
For sale and guaranteed only by  
**LAWRENCE & GREMS,**  
Manchester, Iowa.

**HOFF'S  
German Liniment**  
A Few Drops  
Cures an Aker  
Of Aches  
The short cut to cure pain.  
Taken internally or rubbed ex-  
ternally. Perfectly clean and pure.  
Lotion in 2 cent and 50 cent bottles.  
GODDARD & JENNISON, Omaha, Neb.

**LEWIS  
SINGLE  
BINDER  
STRAIGHTS**  
THE TASTE VERY  
PURE  
FOR THE  
TASTE VERY  
PURE

**Baker's  
Patent  
Process  
Steel-Cut  
Granulated  
Java  
Coffee**  
Makes  
One-Third  
More  
Coffee  
Than  
Any Other.  
For Sale by Leading Grocers  
Sample and Descriptive Circular  
Free on Application.  
**BAKER & CO., 212-214-216,  
Second St. North, Minneapolis.**

**DELAWARE COUNTY  
Abstract Co.,**  
Manchester, Iowa.  
ABSTRACTS,  
REAL ESTATE,  
LOANS AND  
CONVEYANCING.  
Office in First National  
Bank Building.  
Orders by mail will receive careful  
attention.  
We have complete copies of all records  
of Delaware county.  
**ENNIS BOGGS,  
MANAGER.**

**WATERLOO, IOWA, JULY 18, 1902.**  
For the above occasion the I. C. R. R. will sell  
tickets to Waterloo and return at a rate  
of one and one-third fare for the round  
trip. Tickets good to return until July  
19, 27th & 31st. H. G. PIERCE, Agent.

**Railroads. ANNOUNCEMENT!**  
ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

**Manchesters & Oneida Ry.**  
**TIME TABLE.**  
Train No. 2 leaves Manchester at 8:55 a. m., ar-  
rives at Oneida at 5:30 a. m. Connects  
with west bound C. & W. No. 5  
returning leaves Oneida at 5:35 a. m.,  
arrives at Manchester at 8:20 a. m.  
Train No. 4 leaves Manchester at 7:15 a. m., ar-  
rives at Oneida at 4:00 a. m. Connects  
with west bound C. & W. No. 5  
returning leaves Oneida at 5:35 a. m.,  
arrives at Manchester at 8:20 a. m.  
Train No. 6 leaves Manchester at 8:45 a. m., ar-  
rives at Oneida at 5:14 a. m. Connects  
with west bound C. & W. No. 5  
returning leaves Oneida at 5:35 a. m.,  
arrives at Manchester at 8:20 a. m.  
Train No. 8 leaves Manchester at 2:10 p. m., ar-  
rives at Oneida at 1:40 p. m. Connects  
with west bound C. & W. No. 5  
returning leaves Oneida at 5:35 a. m.,  
arrives at Manchester at 8:20 a. m.  
Train No. 10 leaves Manchester at 4:20 p. m., ar-  
rives at Oneida at 3:50 p. m. Connects  
with west bound C. & W. No. 5  
returning leaves Oneida at 5:35 a. m.,  
arrives at Manchester at 8:20 a. m.  
JOHN L. SULLIVAN,  
Gen. Traffic Manager.  
Through tickets for sale at Manchester at all  
points in North America.

**ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.**  
**TIME TABLE.**  
Main Line Passenger Trains.  
WEST BOUND: MAIN LINE EAST BOUND:  
No. 11:15 m. West. Train. No. 11:15 m. East.  
No. 2:15 p. m. West. Train. No. 2:15 p. m. East.  
No. 3:45 p. m. West. Train. No. 3:45 p. m. East.  
No. 5:15 p. m. West. Train. No. 5:15 p. m. East.  
No. 6:45 p. m. West. Train. No. 6:45 p. m. East.  
No. 8:15 p. m. West. Train. No. 8:15 p. m. East.  
No. 9:45 p. m. West. Train. No. 9:45 p. m. East.  
No. 11:15 p. m. West. Train. No. 11:15 p. m. East.  
No. 12:45 p. m. West. Train. No. 12:45 p. m. East.  
No. 1:15 a. m. West. Train. No. 1:15 a. m. East.  
No. 2:45 a. m. West. Train. No. 2:45 a. m. East.  
No. 4:15 a. m. West. Train. No. 4:15 a. m. East.  
No. 5:45 a. m. West. Train. No. 5:45 a. m. East.  
No. 7:15 a. m. West. Train. No. 7:15 a. m. East.  
No. 8:45 a. m. West. Train. No. 8:45 a. m. East.  
No. 10:15 a. m. West. Train. No. 10:15 a. m. East.  
No. 11:45 a. m. West. Train. No. 11:45 a. m. East.  
No. 1:15 p. m. West. Train. No. 1:15 p. m. East.  
No. 2:45 p. m. West. Train. No. 2:45 p. m. East.  
No. 4:15 p. m. West. Train. No. 4:15 p. m. East.  
No. 5:45 p. m. West. Train. No. 5:45 p. m. East.  
No. 7:15 p. m. West. Train. No. 7:15 p. m. East.  
No. 8:45 p. m. West. Train. No. 8:45 p. m. East.  
No. 10:15 p. m. West. Train. No. 10:15 p. m. East.  
No. 11:45 p. m. West. Train. No. 11:45 p. m. East.  
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