The Democrat.

BRONSON & CARR, Publishers.

MANCHESTER, - - IOWA.

A sailor isn't necessarily a pugilist because he boxes the compass.

What a tiresome old world this would be if folks could have their own way all the time.

The excitement of dodging taxes does a great deal to prevent high society suffering from ennui.

It is never safe to gauge the sentiment of the country by the cheers in the Congressional galleries.

Schwab has begun giving money to colleges. We may expect that it will be "Dr. Schwab before long."

President Palma says he and his family will live plainly. On $25,000 a year they can afford to live as plainly as they please.

As if young Alfonso of Spain did not already have enough trouble on his hands with the Carlists and an empty treasury, his advisers are trying to get him married.

Prince Henry is in training for further diplomatic work for his brother, the Emperor. He has recently been visiting Ireland, where they keep the Blarney stone.

Senator Dolliver says poor people are the only ones who have a chance in the world. Still, as Senator William M. Stewart says, "If a man has money he doesn't need sympathy."

The latest one is "Meme," with an imported French accent over each "e." Of course it is our old friend Mamie in disguise, but just as sweet and charming as ever. Grayce and Alis are more easily recognized.

The doctors report that the trouble with Hobson is "compound hypermetropic astigmatism, retinal hyperemia and trachoma." Gracious goodness! Why don't they give the poor man a pension and let him go?

It is announced that the British authorities have introduced ping-pong into imbecile wards of poorhouses for the purpose of affording the inmates an easy and innocent amusement at a small cost. So it seems the game has its value after all.

A woman who married a man who claimed to have German estates that proved a myth, has secured a divorce. Quite right. It is evident it was not the man she was marrying, but the estates, and since they do not exist the marriage is void. The only wonder is that any divorce was legally necessary from a man who counted for so little in the marriage.

More evil is wrought, so says a celebrated physician, in the systems of boys from 12 to 20 years by lack of sleep than by any other one cause. Franklin's "early to bed" has not lost its force. Concerning the "early to rise," Chevalier Bunsen used to say that by always getting up four hours before other people he made his year into sixteen months instead of twelve. Inasmuch as an hour's mental or physical work in the morning is generally worth two late in the day, even the mathematics of the chevalier were not seriously at fault.

Eighty years ago a writer in the London Examiner made sport of the prevailing passion for newspaper personalities in a paragraph which, with change of hero, would be pertinent today: "The Duke of Wellington generally rises about eight. While he is dressing he sometimes whistles a tune. He uses warm water in shaving, and lays on a greater quantity than the ordinary man. While shaving he chiefly breathes through his nose, with a view, as it is conceived, of keeping the suds out of his mouth. The duke drinks tea with his breakfast, which he sweetens with white sugar and corrects with cream. He eats toast and butter, beef or eggs. The eggs are generally those of the domestic fowl."

What a mean Captain Kidd sort of pirate the "substitute" man is! You ask for somebody's sarsaparilla or somebody else's powders, and he says: "Haven't got it, but I have something just as good." Then he hands out an article made by a robber. No other word fits. The world is full of imitators. A man with genius and ambition discovers something that is of real use to humanity. He manufactures it, he puts it on the market, he spends a fortune introducing it. It is the only way; no matter how meritorious an article is, it has to be advertised. You would think that the man who had used money and time and skill would be allowed to enjoy the fruits of his daring and energy. Not so! Along comes the robber, the imitator, the leech. He puts up something in a box or a bottle, copies the successful man's wares as closely as he can and keep out of jail, cuts the price and asks the dealer, the man who is nearest to the consumer, to do the rest. It is an inexpensive way. There are no advertising bills to meet—nothing to do but copy and grow fat on the efforts of a more honest individual. It isn't fair. It discourages ambition, and very often it gives to the consumer something that injures instead of benefitting. When you know what you want, ask for it, and GET IT. That is the only prompt and efficient way to deal with the substitute pirate, who has not the brains to do business on business lines.

The conclusion of peace in South Africa is a cause for world-wide congratulation. The precise terms matter less than the fact that an end has come at last to the war which for nearly three years has desolated the two former Boer republic and parts of Natal and Cape Colony. On both sides there has been heroism, and on both sides, also, there has been a large measure of humanity. It is doubtful if so protracted and obstinate a struggle was ever fought out to a conclusion with less of wilful cruelty. It is characteristic of brave soldiers that they learn respect for each other from the experiences of battle; and after the bitterness of this long struggle has passed, there will abide on either side this sentiment of respect to temper and ameliorate future relations. It is highly important that this should be so, for the British and Dutch must live together in South Africa, and must together work out the problems of civilization. It would be a calamity if the work were long interrupted by the perpetuation of old animosities, whether of race or politics. In money and in men the price which Great Britain has had to pay for her new acquisitions in South Africa is prodigious. A recent parliamentary paper put the total money cost, allowing for the continuance of the war until next March, at more than eleven hundred million dollars. The mind does not easily grasp such figures, but some idea of their meaning may be obtained when it is remembered that this sum exceeds the enormous indemnity which Germany exacted from France, out of which she paid the whole cost of the war of 1870-71, and had several hundred millions left for pensions, fortresses and railways. But the appalling loss of life, the thousands of desolated homes in the British Isles, and the still more distressing calamities that have fallen upon the brave and enduring Boers—these things make the heart sick at the thought of the cost of war, and constitute the strongest possible argument for peace.

There is a wonderful story in the life of Otis R. Freeman. He is dead. He was the oldest practicing physician in America. He was a useful man. A great many years ago Otis Freeman mapped out his life work. That was probably years before you were born, for he arrived in 1809. Wealth didn't attract him. It isn't always the thing that useful men yearn for. The fellow who grubs for money, who loves it, who piles it up, who makes the dollar his standard for measurement, is often selfish, rarely useful to his kind, and seldom content. Dr. Freeman considered these things and decided to do all the good he could. Nearly all doctors are philanthropists in a way. Sometimes they use their skill for money, sometimes for experience, and often—more often than the world knows—for charity. It is a fact that should make humanity feel very kindly toward the profession. A practicing physician at 93. Think of the army of men and women and children that old doctor had treated. Think of the pain he had banished, the dying moments he had eased, of the people who became well and strong because of his skill. He was a war veteran, too. At the battle of Sailor's Creek, Va., he worked steadily at the amputation table for fourteen hours, and from 1862 to the close of the war he was actively engaged, not making wounds, but healing them. The more he doctored the more he sympathized. He was as tender as a woman and always kind. It was his ambition to work right up to the close of his life—to wear out, and he had no more fear of death than he had of sleep. Five days before his death he set a broken arm for a boy and insisted on seeing all patients who called upon him. So there you have the life story of a successful man, whose days spanned almost a century. He left no fortune. Many of those whom he benefited have forgotten him. He was a success. The human being who does good to satisfy the voice of conscience needs no monument. The man who deliberately leads a useful life, because of his noble qualities of heart and mind, leaves his impress on the world.

Summer is the time for health, or should be for those who know how to profit by it, yet it has special dangers which must be guarded against. These are mostly due to heat, and the higher the thermometer rises and the longer it stays high, the greater they are.

The chief sufferers are city dwellers, and it is of them mainly that one thinks in very hot weather, and especially of the poor in the cities. They usually live in contracted quarters in high tenements, in small, poorly ventilated, sunless rooms; cleanliness is often impossible to them, for even if certain families are clean, they suffer from the dirt of their neighbors; it is almost impossible for them to get fresh and well-prepared food; and the walls of their houses and the pavements of the streets, baked during the day in the merciless sun, give out their heat like so many immense ovens through the night.

This can be endured for a short period, but as the heated term drags on day and night without relief, conditions become worse and worse, and finally deadly. Children, especially babies, suffer most, but all, young and old alike, are threatened at such a time.

The two chief ills are sunstroke, the direct result of the stifling heat, and digestive disturbances, caused by food which has begun to spoil. Much, however, can be done to avert these ills. Those who are obliged to be in the streets during the day should carry umbrellas, and be deliberate in their movements; they should be lightly and loosely clad, and abstemious in food and drink. The less meat the better, and no wine or beer should be taken.

In the house the air should have free access to every part, especially to the bedrooms and living rooms. It is a foolish practice to close the windows and draw the shades, as so many do. It is a fact that this often does keep the temperature a degree or two lower than the outside air, but the confined air soon grows stagnant and unfit to breathe. It is far better to have an unappreciable increase of heat, and to have the air fresh and constantly changing.

Water is the great supporter in hot weather; water internally and water externally—not ice water, but cool water.

Much water, little food, free air, moderate exercise, long rests, avoidance of the noonday sun, and scrupulous cleanliness—these are the preventives of disease in the worst of torrid spells.

New Brand.

"Say," called the hardware drummer to the proprietor of the railway restaurant, "there is something wrong with this sandwich."

"Oh, I guess yes," said the traveler. "Why, the blamed thing is so soft I can actually bite a piece out of it without breaking my teeth."

Some Consolation.

Diggs—I tell you, sir, it's a great thing to be a poor man.

Biggs—How do you figure it out?

Diggs—Why, my inability to buy an automobile is alone a clear saving of at least $1,000.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

FORTUNES OF THIS DECADE.

By Chauncey M. Depew.

SENATOR DEPEW.

Nothing more marks this decade from others than the sudden accumulation of fabulous fortunes. When I graduated from Yale there were only two multimillionaires in the United States, John Jacob Astor and Commodore Vanderbilt. Neither of them at that period had reached the $10,000,000 limit. There were not in the whole country twenty people worth a million dollars. To-day there are more than one hundred in Pittsburg alone who have passed that figure.

These vast fortunes, themselves so conspicuous, so almost incomprehensible, are at present more matters of curiosity than of antagonism. Most of the possessors of them have shown a wise generosity in the distribution of their wealth. In no other country in the world, at no other period, have the rich from their abundance given so lavishly to education, philanthropy and patriotism. Last year the known sums which were thus contributed amounted to the high figure of $107,360,000.

The sudden acquisition of almost incalculable riches by so many in the last five years has produced many singular results. The most ghastly misfortune which can happen to a man who has been successfully prosecuting and increasing his business until he has passed middle life is to be compelled to sell out and retire. He may receive a sum far beyond any value he ever placed upon his plant and good will. Nevertheless, the sale is generally accompanied by an obligation not to resume and compete. Little outside the factory or office interests him because the cells of his brain have become, some of them, abnormally active, and others paralyzed through disuse. He can think of nothing and he cares for nothing but the shop and its results. Books, literature, lectures, travel, politics, society, and play bore the life out of him. I know half a hundred such men who have come to this condition within the last few years.

WOMAN'S DUTY TO SOCIETY.

By Mrs. Donald M'Lean.

The first duty of a woman to society is to make herself agreeable to those whom she does not consider to be in society.

It is easy enough to be agreeable to one's friends. The test of breeding, of course, comes in one's attitude to one's inferiors and one's enemies—two classes which a woman, in considering her duty to society, is very likely in her own mind to exile from society. On the contrary, they are very important members of it. She ought to know this because they occupy so many of her thoughts.

An attempt to be agreeable usually takes a very obvious form—that of flattery. Flattery is exceedingly bad form. Flattery is the spurious coin, the gold coin is simple graciousness. A cardinal principle of being agreeable is to be gracious. Graciousness includes a negative talent—the talent of snubbing nobody.

The bane of social intercourse is snubbing. Snubbing is adopted presumably to emphasize one's superiority to the person snubbed. On its face it defeats its own end. For the woman who wishes to be agreeable to society naturally wishes to make society believe in her. But when she snubs any one whom she considers beneath her she is giving ample proof that either she or her ancestors have not been used to the grade of society in which she finds herself; and that she is, therefore, not what she would have others believe.

The woman who has a right to the social position she occupies, and whose family for generations has been in the same position, will find it necessary to snub no one—neither those whom she meets socially and whom she does not consider her social equals, nor those in other walks of life with whom she is brought into casual contact.

Graciousness to her friends and to her servants, to her acquaintances and to her sewing woman, to her children and to every one asking a favor of her, to those who are gentlewomen and to those who are not—that is the first rule of conduct for one who fulfills her duty to society by being agreeable.

The duty of making one's self agreeable to society means simply a woman's duty to let her best impulses rule her all the time. So this becomes a rule for general conduct as well as for social intercourse.

HOW TO CURB TRUSTS.

By James J. Hill.

J. J. HILL.

The commercial expansion of a nation is the best index of its growth. Next to the Christian religion and the common schools no other single work enters into the welfare and happiness of the people of the whole country to the same extent as the railway. Great Britain has retained possession of the oriental trade for the reason that she furnishes the lowest rates of transportation to and from those countries. We are now preparing to challenge her for such share of this business as can be furnished by the manufacturers of the United States.

In a country as large as ours, carrying on enormous undertakings, large amounts of capital are necessary, and this capital can be more readily furnished by corporate ownership than in any other way. The only serious objection to so-called trusts has been the method of creating them for the purpose of selling sheaves of printed securities which represent nothing more than good will and prospective profits to the promoters.

If it is the desire of the government to prevent the growth of such corporations, it has always seemed to me that a simple remedy was within its reach. Under the constitutional provision allowing Congress to regulate commerce between States all companies desiring to transact business outside of the State in which they are incorporated should be held to a uniform provision of federal laws. They should satisfy a commission that their capital stock was actually paid up in cash or in property, at a fair valuation, just as the capital of the national bank is certified to be paid up. With that simple law the temptation to make companies for the purpose of selling prospective profits would be at an end. At the same time no legitimate business would suffer.

AMERICAN FARMERS FOR HAWAII.

By Robt. W. Wilcox, of Hawaii.

I am deeply interested in the bill providing for the division of government lands into homesteads for the farmers and middle classes, because at present we only have in Hawaii the very rich and the very poor—the poor being the laborers or coolies.

Out of the population of 100,000, nearly 90,000 are Asiatic, 60,000 being Japanese and 30,000 Chinese. There are also several thousand Porto Ricans, but they are undesirable, as they would rather lie in jail all of the time than go to work.

The land area of Hawaii is 4,000,000 acres. Of this area 2,000,000 acres are in the hands of seventy men engaged in sugar raising and cattle ranging. The other 2,000,000 acres, which constitute the government lands, are rented and leased to the sugar corporations, the leases ranging from five to sixteen years.

These government lands I want divided up into homesteads to encourage American farmers to go to Hawaii. Instead of dividing the government lands into homesteads of 160 acres, as in the United States, the best lands could be divided into twenty-acre homesteads and the pastoral lands into eighty-acre homesteads, either of which would give the American farmer a fine homestead to support his family all the year round.

To give an idea of how fertile the best land is, the sugar corporations produce an average of ten tons of sugar to the acre. The rice planters produce two crops a year, aggregating between 5,000 and 6,000 pounds to the acre. The same land planted with taro, a plant akin to elephant's ears, which is the staple food of the natives, will produce somewhere between 40,000 and 50,000 pounds per acre, and it sells at one cent a pound.

MILITARISM VS. COMMERCIALISM.

By W. Bourke Cockran.

This nation has been a world power—a world power of surpassing value to the civilization of the world. It has assumed the primacy of civilization because from the very hour of its birth it has been devoted unswervingly to justice. I believe that this country is commercial, that this is a commercial age, that commercialism is predominant; but far from regretting, I glory in it.

The object of every war that was ever waged, at least in the old world, was plunder—that is to say, profit. Vanquished countries are despoiled more scientifically, but more successfully, by tribute. Militarism is the pursuit of profit by plunder; commercialism is the pursuit of profit by industry. No fortune, however great, but was produced by peaceful pursuits. America has given a shining lesson to all the world for the benefit of all ages. It has taught that the pathway to advantage is through honesty and justice and not through violence and plunder.

AN HISTORIC STRUCTURE.

Benedict Arnold's New Haven Home May Be Torn Down.

In a dismantled condition, the prey of relic hunters and the ravages of time, there stands in Water street, in New Haven, Conn., a house erected by the most infamous man who ever called America his home and which was later occupied by one of the most renowned of Columbia's sons. It is a residence erected by Benedict Arnold in the City of Elms in 1771. Water street in colonial days was the select residential street of New Haven. Arnold, then a dashing young fellow, conducted a drug store. He prospered in business, married well and branched out into the East Indian trade, in which he made a fortune. He was one of the most prominent men in New Haven at the outbreak of the revolution and the mansion on Water street sheltered many a distinguished guest. Then came his brilliant career in the army and his subsequent ignominious betrayal of his country.

Time and the encroachments of business interests have brought the fine old colonial mansion down to the level now of its less aristocratic neighbors, but traces are still to be seen of the magnificence of which it once was proud. The house is now part of a lumber yard, and the parlors and spacious chambers where Arnold and his bride lived and received the elite of the town are now occupied with piles of scantling, and the colonial staircases are now changed to lumber elevators. In a short time what is left of the old house will be torn down and the space it occupied turned into a woodyard.

HOME OF BENEDICT ARNOLD.

While no attempt has been made by New Haven people to save the old Arnold house, as it can be believed that the reputation of its first occupant is no great source of public gratification, many of the finest pieces of its original architecture have been preserved. Antiquarians and unpoetical junk dealers have banded together to raze the old place, and what remains to-day is the merest shell of the old structure. The mantelpieces, carved English oak railings and the furniture have all been scattered among museums throughout New England. But there still remains the original exterior, and the window blinds, doorways, cornices and much of the original decorations are still left.

Not only Benedict Arnold, the traitor, but Noah Webster, the famous lexicographer, lived in this historic old mansion, and the rooms that once echoed with the laughter and gayety of the days before the revolution also harbored in later years the silent scholar, as the pages of his great dictionary grew under his hands. Webster came to New Haven in 1798. Up to that time the Arnold mansion had remained unoccupied so great was the aversion of the people toward anything in any way connected with the traitor's life. Webster remained there until 1812, when he removed to Ambert, Mass.

MACHINE MADE TORCHON LACE.

Austrian Invention Imitates Hand-Made Product.

Some fair imitations of hand-made lace are already manufactured by machinery. A recent invention by an Austrian named Matitsch renders it possible to reproduce one more variety, known as torchon lace. The real article is a moderately coarse but pretty lace and is used on garments which it is desirable to put through a laundry.

Herr Matitsch, after being associated with the lace industry in Vienna and inventing a machine which did not give satisfactory results, went to Nottingham, England, where he perfected the model in 1899. It was then necessary to make the jacquards for each pattern that it was desirable to produce. This part of the work was performed upon the inventor's return to Vienna. Hitherto it has been necessary to have a separate machine for each design. With the Matitsch machine it is only necessary to substitute one jacquard for another, as in weaving cloth.

The inventor does not intend to organize a company to make lace, says the New York Tribune, or even the production of more machines. He has already put nearly $100,000 into his experiments and is now looking for a company to buy his rights. The Nottingham lace manufacturers profess not to be disturbed by the prospect of competition and say that the Matitsch machine will injure French manufacturers chiefly. In Vienna the papers think that a new era in lace making is ahead.

WAS A ROSY-CHEEKED GIRL ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

This is a picture of Mrs. David B. Stamp, of Finchville, Orange County, N. Y. She is a little, old, almost forgotten woman, living in a little, old, almost forgotten town. You would scarcely believe to see her that she was an old woman as long ago as the outbreak of the Civil War; you would scarcely believe that one hundred years ago she was a plump, red-cheeked girl playing on the shores of the blue Hudson, and the prettiest girl, at that, for many mile in all directions.

MRS. DAVID B. STAMP.

But that is exactly what she did do and what she was, and now as she sits among the gathering shadows of life's twilight, waiting for the night to fall, she can look backward across the century and say that the world with all its teeming millions has been born again since that far distant time when she was a little girl at play.

Mrs. Stamp was born on the shores of the Hudson one hundred and eight years ago. She spent her girlhood there and saw the trial trip of Robert Fulton's first steamboat. She remembers when the country rang with the praises of General Washington. She remembers the day he died. She remembers the Marquis de Lafayette, Andrew Jackson, the war of 1812, and recalls most of the principal events that have taken place in her lifetime.

Mrs. Stamp spends most of her time at her spinning wheel, which, like herself, belongs to an almost forgotten time. Every garment that she wears, as well as nearly every piece of fabric in her humble home, is homespun goods, the work of her own hands.

LOADING WHEAT BY ELECTRICITY.

Behold the electric stevedore! It suffereth not from fatigue and it quitteth not even at the lunch hour, and yet it loads wheat upon a vessel in a style far beyond the possibilities of human hands. Just watch it, if you please. The sacks of grain come aboard by a sort of trolley and are dumped into the hold at the rate of one every two seconds. It is, in fact, the latest achievement of electricity as applied for power purposes. The picture is from the Year Book of the Department of Agriculture.

The Prince and the Painter.

When King Edward was still Prince of Wales, he sat to Julian Story for his portrait. The Prince could give the painter but a short time, so Mr. Story worked at high pressure. A little incident given on the authority of the London Chronicle exhibits the manly sympathy of the present sovereign of England.

While the Prince walked back and forth at intervals to rest, the painter worked at the background, never putting down his palette. The result was that his thumb went to sleep. Toward the end of the sitting the painter was pulling his thumb to get the blood into circulation, when his royal sitter saw and sympathized.

The next day, when the Prince came for a second sitting, he said:

"I didn't sleep very well last night, and I thought of you. I was worrying about your palette. Couldn't you have the thumb-hole padded?"

He Served Two Masters.

Husband—Hurrah! My employer has given me a week's vacation.

Wife—How nice! Now you can take down the stoves, clean out the cellar and whitewash the kitchen.—Chicago News.

No man ever realizes how much trash he owns until he moves.

WINDMILL IN A TREE.

Happy Blending of Nature and Mechanical Construction.

A windmill is apt to be a very prosaic and ugly construction, but many attempts have been made with varying success to beautify these very useful and economical power producers. Our engraving illustrates how nature and mechanics are sometimes blended. The trees serve only as a support for the platform at the top, and as side rails of a ladder, it being necessary only to provide rounds. The trees serve also to stay the iron supports. The windmill, which was built by J. G. Benster, of Moline, Ill., is of peculiar construction, there being no gear wheels nor crank, the power being transmitted by an involute wheel which is a part of the steel wheel to which the fans are attached. The surface of the involute is perfectly smooth, as is also that of the wheel attached to the pitman carrier, the one rolling upon the other. The mast is of tubing, the pitman being carried down inside. The wires for throwing the mill out of gear are attached to a thimble on the outside of the mast. From this it will be seen that the trees are not needed for actual support.

WINDMILL IN A TREE.

A number of these mills have been attached to trees and have been giving excellent results. It is also possible to carry the mills around on a wagon and set them to work at any part of a field.—Scientific American.

SOCIAL INSTINCTS OF ANTS.

Show Strong Sense of Devotion to Common Weal—True to Duty.

In order not to leave my readers under the impression of crime among ants, I shall give an account of a trait of devotion to the common weal, writes August Forel in the International Monthly. A swarm of Formica pratensis was closely pressed in its nest by an army of the same species, and crowds of alarmed defenders issued from the entrances to the nest and flew to take part in the fight. Like Satan, the tempter of old, I placed near them a beautiful drop of honey on a piece of paper.

At any other time the honey would have been covered in a few instants with ants gorging themselves, but this time numerous working ants came upon it, tasted it for scarcely a second, and returned to it restlessly three or four times. Conscientiousness, the feeling of duty, invariably prevailed over gormandism, and they left the honey to go and be killed while defending the community. I am bound to own, however, that there are ants less social, in which gormandism does prevail.

Comapred to the manners of other sociable animals, and especially to those of man, the manners of ants exhibit a profound and fundamental aggregation of facts of convergence, due to their social life. Let me mention devotion, the instinctive sentiment of duty, slavery, torture war, alliances, the raising of cattle, gardening, harvesting, and even social degenerescence through the attraction of certain harmful means of enjoyment. It would be ridiculous and erroneous to see in the fulfilment of this series of acts, individual reasoning, the result of calculated reflection, analogous to ours. The fact that each is fixed and circumscribed within one species, as well as the fatalistic character it has in that species, prove this superabundantly. But it would be as grave a mistake to refuse to recognize the deep natural laws that are concealed under this convergence. Is the case different as regards our actions, though they are infinitely more plastic and more complex individually? I do not believe it.

A CANALBOAT VILLAGE.

Every Inch of Space Is Utilized in Their Tiny Cabins.

People who object to living in snug quarters and think that love in a cottage is altogether too contracted for continual affection, should go and take a look at the cabins in the canalboat village in New York harbor. Those who are preparing to live in trunks and grips during the summer could get fine lessons there of snug existence.

The whole cabin is not much larger than an ordinary bedroom, but how every morsel of space is utilized! If there is a square inch of interior that gets away without doing its duty in the great work of containing things it must have a politician's talent for evasion.

The tidy little kitchen stove is so close to the wall that you wonder if the latter was not made of asbestos to guard against fire. The clock is about as small as our ingenious Connecticut friends have yet been able to make contain twenty-four hours. The pantry-cupboard-and-storeroom combined possess the appearance of having been packed and then put under hydraulic pressure.

The carpet pattern, says a writer in Will Carleton's magazine, Every Where (for a canal-villager always insists on having her floor neatly clad), is appropriately minute. A tiny library whispers its titles from an unexpected corner. Minute bedrooms for child or adult appear to you now and then like prone ghosts. Several pictures, narrowly but visibly framed, cover the wooden wainscoting.

Countermanded.

Ragson Tatters—Gee! Wouldn't yer like ter be sittin' in one o' dem swell restaurants, eatin some strawberry shortcake?

Hungry Higgins—I ordered some o' dat dis mornin', but I changed me mind a'terward.

Ragson Tatters—Come off!

Hungry Higgins—Sure; but the woman said if I wasnt' satisfied wid cold meat an' bread she'd sic de dog on me.—Philadelphia Press.

Let a girl have her own way about her marriage. Poor thing, she will never have it again.

The News of Iowa

Adam Hagny, a Keokuk capitalist, is dead.

A button factory will be built at Davenport.

Webster City wants a government building.

Laurens' new opera house is nearing completion.

The Dallas County courthouse will be dedicated Aug. 15.

The Dubuque County fair will be held at Cascade Sept. 9-12.

The recent floods will cost Dallas County in the neighborhood of $20,000.

Onawa is planning a street fair to be held during August or September.

The total cost of Blackhawk County's new courthouse, complete, is $145,000.

The body of an unknown man was found in the Mississippi near McGregor.

A grain elevator, with a capacity of 50,000 bushels, is being built at Laurens.

The Tri-City Carriage Works at Davenport have filed an application in bankruptcy.

Marshalltown's new fire wagon was struck by a switch engine and badly demoralized.

George Gabaline's store at Yarmouth was burglarized of a large quantity of merchandise.

Charles Ringgold, a Des Moines saloonkeeper, was robbed of $100 in cash and a diamond pin.

Prof. Geo. L. Pierce of Oberlin has accepted the position as director of music in Tabor College.

According to assessment figures there are nearly $12,000,000 worth of personal property in Dubuque County.

The Waterloo school board will expend nearly $12,000 in installing new heating plants in that city's school buildings.

The Waterloo City Council is considering the advisability of erecting a crematory for the disposal of city garbage.

Mrs. Edwards, an Indianola lady, was thrown from a buggy during a runaway and received injuries that may prove fatal.

A portion of the mill dam at Algona was blown up with dynamite. The miscreant and his motive are alike a mystery.

Isaac L. Brown of Marshalltown was re-elected grand master of Iowa colored Free Masons at the annual meeting at Keokuk.

Mrs. Mary Gilley, a resident of Blackhawk County for over forty years, has just died at Gilbertville. She was in her 98th year.

Winterset will vote on the question of issuing bonds in the sum of $10,000, the money to be used in enlarging the electric light plant.

Representative Asmus Boysen, of Audubon County, is a candidate for Republican State Committeeman from the Ninth District.

The receipts of the Fort Dodge postoffice for the past fiscal year were $30,000, an increase of nearly $4,000 over the preceding year.

Rev. F. A. Zickafoose, pastor of the Congregational Church at Clay, has been offered a place at Rock Rapids, and has accepted his new pastorate.

Gov. Cummins has appointed his sister, Miss Anna B. Cummins, as parole clerk to succeed E. O. Patterson, resigned. The position is worth $1,200 a year.

Louis Cerny, 12 years old, was run over in the Belle Plaine railroad yards by a C. & N. W. train and received injuries from which he died in a few hours.

Burlington carpenters threaten to strike. The action of the boss carpenters in buying lumber handled by non-union yard men is the cause of the trouble.

Iowa people believe in life insurance, the amount now carried in this State being in excess of $534,000,000, on 382,664 policies and scattered among 128 companies.

Petitions for injunctions against four saloonkeepers at Mapleton have been filed before Judge Oliver at Onawa. They are charged with divers violations of the mulct law.

Judge Hutchinson has set aside the verdict of $6,000 in the famous breach of promise case of Mary Christianson vs. the estate of Frank Crum, at Onawa. Another trial will be had.

There is a movement on foot to erect a railroad Y. M. C. A. building at Missouri Valley. The Northwestern Railroad will give $7,500 toward the building providing the citizens raise $2,500.

Tramps robbed a fellow traveler and threw him from a Milwaukee freight train near Dubuque. The man was found lying along the track and removed to a Dubuque hospital. He will recover.

The executive committee of the Cedar Rapids District Camp Meeting Association of the Des Moines conference of the United Evangelical Church has arranged a program for a camp meeting Aug. 10-21, on their grounds at Center Point.

One hundred and sixty new rural mail carriers have been added to the service in Iowa within the past two weeks. There are now about one thousand carriers in the State. The advance in their pay from $50 to $60 per month has induced a larger per cent of the carriers than ever before to stick to the work as steady employment, and the efficiency of the service has been greatly increased by reason of this fact.

Des Moines city officials favor the construction of permanent dykes to protect that city from future floods. The estimated cost would be $200,000.

George H. Warren, an insurance solicitor and collector, has disappeared from his home in Des Moines. The police and his family fear he has been foully dealt with. His accounts are in good shape.

The members of the Iowa world's fair commission have decided to allot $150,000 of the State's appropriation for the erection of a building at the world's fair. This will leave $75,000 for making exhibits in the department buildings.

The attorneys for Mrs. Hossack may ask for a change of venue when the case is called for retrial. If the change is granted the trial will likely take place in either Marion or Madison County.

L. W. Warrell, Ira A. Fudge of Des Moines, Thomas E. Holmes of Underwood and Harry D. Smith of Randalia, Iowa, have all been appointed special laborers in the Treasury Department.

Two portraits of Rev. Dr. Salter of Burlington, the oldest active minister of the State, are being painted. One will be given to the Burlington city library and the other to the State Historical Society. The cost of the two will be nearly $1,200.

Iowa postoffices discontinued: Argo, mail to Leclaire; Coralville, mail to Iowa City; Amity and Plainview, mail to Walcott; Cosgrove, Ferndale and Windham, mail to Oxford.

George Dewey Mann, a 3-year-old youngster, was struck by a batted ball at Emery. The blow jerked the lad's head back so quickly that he broke his neck and died immediately.

State Chemist Davis has completed the analysis of the stomach of Mrs. Maude Lambert, who was found dead June 28 at Marshalltown. He found unmistakable evidences of poisoning. The mystery surrounding her death may never be cleared.

Waterloo's city treasurer has disposed of $19,000 refunding bonds.

Waterloo musicians have organized a band on a stock company basis.

Joseph H. Scales, an Ackley pioneer, is dead at the advanced age of 92 years.

D. J. Barker of Ottumwa was fined $30 for violating the oleomargarine law.

Carrie Nation may attend the convention of Iowa Prohibitionists at Waterloo.

Rev. J. G. Johnson, a pioneer Baptist minister of Burlington, is dead at St. Louis.

John Koleting has been appointed postmaster at Bayfield, vice E. S. Schillig, resigned.

William Kern has been appointed postmaster at Houghton, vice William Fitter, resigned.

The postoffice at Watson has been reestablished, with Rudolph W. Fett as postmaster.

M. Young of Ralston possesses a Stradivarius violin for which he has been offered $1,800.

J. H. Wolters of Davenport had a foot crushed while attempting to board a moving train.

Work has begun on the new government building at Creston. The structure will cost $100,000.

Three historic cannon have been placed at the disposal of the park commissioners of Iowa Falls.

Congressman Lacey will spend some time among the ruins of the cliff dwellers in New Mexico.

Charles Weiting, a Davenport child, swallowed a kernel of corn. Death ensued from strangulation.

H. G. Dolling of Farmington was killed by a Columbia, Mo., man in a quarrel over the payment of a debt.

Conservative estimates place the damage by the recent floods in Woodbury County at nearly $1,000,000.

The Royal Hotel at Waterloo has been closed and the proprietor, H. W. Guy, has filed a petition in bankruptcy.

The second annual tournament of the Modern Woodmen of Southern Iowa will be held at Creston, Aug. 6 and 7.

Ed. Hicklin, County Clerk of Louisa County, is mentioned as likely to secure a deputyship under Collector Weaver.

T. J. Williams and Elias Smith, both over 60 years old, were fined for using profane language on the streets of Shenandoah.

Farmers in the vicinity of Mason City are paying as high as $45 a month for farm hands, and they are hard to get at that price.

Counterfeit silver dollars are in circulation at Fort Dodge and the police think they are on the trail of a gang of bad money men.

While fishing in the Skunk river, E. Knight, a young man living near Kirkpatrick, was drowned. He was wading in the water and got beyond his depth.

The wedding of Lieut. Harold Hammond, United States infantry, and Miss Mary E. Pierce, niece of Edwin H. Conger, minister to China, took place in Des Moines.

While carrying a lighted lamp, Miss Iva Kelley fell down stairs at her home in Hartley. The lamp exploded and Miss Kelley received fearful burns. Her recovery is doubtful.

The Secretary of State has turned over to the State treasury the sum of $21,818.75, fees collected during June. This is the largest amount of fees ever received in one month.

The trustees of Iowa College, Grinnell, have sued the estate of the late Edwin Manning of Keosauqua for $20,000, which they allege Mr. Manning agreed to donate before he died.

The union linemen employed by the Town Telephone Company at Keokuk refused to obey a strike order sent by the State organizer on account of the refusal of the company to recognize the union at Des Moines. The men say they think more of their wives than of the Des Moines "hello" girls.

Frank Leahey, a drug store clerk at Marion, recently from Chicago, was instantly killed by taking hold of a live wire, which connected with an electric fan, and several other parties about the city were severely injured in a like manner. It is believed the trouble was caused by a transmitter being burned out.

A sensational murder story comes from McGregor. A few nights ago Henry Wilson of that city was found lying along the Milwaukee tracks with his skull crushed. He was removed to McGregor, where he died without regaining consciousness. A Miss Lillian Ellsworth, who had been keeping company with him, is under arrest, as is also William Presbury, a cousin of the murdered man. Presbury is said to have been jealous of Wilson's attentions to the girl. He claims his innocence.

From 9 to 12 o'clock the other night over five inches of rain fell at What Cheer. A cloudburst occurred at the head waters of Coal creek, which flows through the city. The creek rose at the rate of five feet per hour, flooding the entire valley. The Standard Oil tanks, the City Hall, the What Cheer Drill Co.'s building, Valerius' saloon, Crow's restaurant and other buildings were destroyed by the flood and great damage done to all branches of business. Every bridge in the city was washed away and several families are homeless. The loss is roughly estimated at $100,000.

While Mrs. James Jones, living south of Iowa City, was attempting to refill a lighted gasoline stove, an explosion occurred, and the burning oil covered a 6-months-old child sitting on the floor near by. The baby was terribly burned and died in great agony. The mother was also slightly injured.

G. W. Thornwall, a farmer living south of Elwell, was drowned in the Skunk river. The river, which is greatly swollen, had cut off a number of cattle upon a higher point of ground and while engaged in their rescue he fell into the water and was swept down.

Julius Lineau, 10 years old, fell into a small pond near Wheatland and drowned before he could be rescued. He was watching other boys in swimming and lost his balance.

An order has been issued by the Postmaster General establishing three stations of the postoffice at Dubuque, with facilities for the transaction of money order and registry business and for sale of postal supplies.

The revenue offices for the sale of revenue stamps at Ottumwa, Keokuk and Clinton in the southern district of Iowa have been discontinued. There will be no changes in the Des Moines, Burlington, Davenport and Council Bluffs offices.

The board of directors of Amity College at College Springs elected Rev. Mr. Smith of Burlington Junction, Mo., as president of the college to fill the vacancy caused by the recent resignation of President Calhoun. President Smith is a retired Presbyterian minister.

Stillwell Goodwin of Osceola, aged 9 years, was shot by a playmate while practicing with a 22-caliber rifle. The lad refuses to tell who fired the shot and will keep the secret if he lives. Should the wound prove fatal, however, he has stated that he will give the name of his slayer before he passes away. The shooting was the result of the careless handling of the rifle.