

Table with columns for space, length, and rates. Includes rates for 1 inch, 2 inches, 3 inches, 4 inches, 5 inches, 6 inches, 7 inches, 8 inches, 9 inches, 10 inches, 11 inches, 12 inches, 13 inches, 14 inches, 15 inches, 16 inches, 17 inches, 18 inches, 19 inches, 20 inches, 21 inches, 22 inches, 23 inches, 24 inches, 25 inches, 26 inches, 27 inches, 28 inches, 29 inches, 30 inches, 31 inches, 32 inches, 33 inches, 34 inches, 35 inches, 36 inches, 37 inches, 38 inches, 39 inches, 40 inches, 41 inches, 42 inches, 43 inches, 44 inches, 45 inches, 46 inches, 47 inches, 48 inches, 49 inches, 50 inches.

Here's a Heavy Soled Shoe that Isn't Clumsy.

The Queen Quality



Exact reproduction of this style shoe in stock, sizes 2 1/2 to 8. Widths, A to E E.

ONLY \$3.00.

Made from soft, lustrous, Kibo Kid, Patent Leather Tip, and Oh My! how they do fit, perfectly ease the first time. Come in and try on a pair.

E. T. Grassfield, (Successor to Grassfield Bros.) MANCHESTER, IOWA.

WE FIT THE FEET.

Our Business Directory.

ATTORNEYS.

DUNHAM, E. B. STILES, W. B. BORNH... DUNHAM, NORRIS & STILES. ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND NOTARIES Public, Special Attention Given to Collections, Insurance, Real Estate and Loan Agency. Office in City Hall Block, Manchester, Iowa.

YORAN, H. P. ARNOLD, M. J. YORAN... YORAN, ARNOLD & YORAN ATTORNEYS AT LAW, and Real Estate Agents. Office over Delaware County State Bank, Manchester, Iowa.

BRONSON & OARR. ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Special attention given to collections. Office in Democrat Building, Franklin Street, Manchester, Iowa.

FRED B. BLAIR. ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in the City Hall Block, Manchester, Iowa.

PHYSICIANS.

A. J. WARD. Physician and Surgeon, will attend to calls promptly all hours of the day or night. LaSalle, Iowa.

J. J. LINDSAY, M. D. Physician, surgeon and Eye Specialist. Office hours for eye cases and fitting glasses 10 to 5 P. M. Office corner Main and Franklin streets.

C. BRADLEY, M. D. H. M. BRADLEY, M. D. BRADLEY & BRADLEY. PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS. Franklin Street, Manchester, Iowa.

DENTISTS. O. A. DUNHAM. C. L. LEIGH. DENTISTS. Office in the Adams building on Franklin Street, Telephone 215.

C. W. DORMAN. DENTIST. Office on Franklin Street, north of the Globe Hotel, Manchester, Iowa. Dental Surgery in the morning. Always at office on Saturdays.

E. E. NEWCOMB. DENTIST. Office over Clark & Lawrence's store on Franklin Street. Special attention given to bridge work a specialty. Will meet patients at Fairley Wednesday of each week.

VETERINARIAN. DR. J. W. SCOTT. VETERINARY Surgeon, and Dentist. 801 E. Main Street. Telephone 233.

MANCHESTER MARBLE WORKS. Prepared to furnish Granite and Marble Monuments and Tablets of various designs. Have the county right for Sipe's Patent Grave Cover; also dealer in Iron Fences. Will make all completions. WM. MCINTOSH.

W. N. BOYNTON. J. F. McEWAN. BOYNTON & McEWAN. WATCHMAKERS, Jewelers and Engravers. Dealers in Watches, Clocks, Silver and Plated Ware. Fine Jewelry, Spectacles, Cutlery, Musical Instruments, etc., Main Street.

A. D. BROWN. Dealer in furniture, etc., and undertaker. Main Street.

F. WERKMEISTER. GENERAL DEALER IN FURNITURE. Combs, Picture Frames, Etc. A complete stock of Furniture and Upholstery always on hand, at prices that defy competition. A good kitchen kept for attendance at funerals. Earlville, Iowa.

ALLEN & STOREY. CLOTHING and Gents furnishing goods. Corner Main and Franklin streets.

GILNER BROS. CLOTHING and Gents furnishing goods. City Hall Block, Franklin Street.

B. CLARK. DRY GOODS, Notions, Carpets, Gents Furnishing Goods, etc., Main Street.

QUAKER MILL CO. FLOUR. Feed and millings of the celebrated White Star and White Pearl Flour.

HIDDELL & CO. DRY GOODS, Carpets, Millinery, Hats and Caps, Hosiery and Shoes, etc., Main St. Manchester, Iowa.

A. THORPE. PROPRIETOR OF KALAMITY'S PLUNGER RIVER and Dealer in Sporting Goods, Shoes, Notions, etc. Masonic Block, Manchester, Iowa.

E. T. GRASSFIELD. 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, STUBWARE, ETC. Keeps a first-class tinners and does all kinds of repairing with neatness and dispatch. Store opposite First National Bank, Main St.

T. F. MOONEY. (Successor to Lee Bowman.) BLACKSMITH and Welder. Work done promptly and in a workmanlike manner. Charges reasonable. Your Patronage Solicited.

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

HOLLISTER LUMBER CO.

UMBER and all kinds of building materials. Posts and Coal, Corner of Delaware and Madison streets.

THOS. T. CARKEK. ARCHITECT and BUILDING SUPERVISOR. 212 E. 8th St., Corner 8th and Main St. Dubuque, Iowa.

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

WM. DENNIS. CARPENTER, CONTRACTOR & BUILDER. From 10 to 12 o'clock, give your work by day. 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 kinds of heavy hauling. All work will be done promptly. Charges reasonable. Give your draying to a man who has a share to stay.

LAWRENCE & GREMB. DRUGS, Wall Paper, Stationery, Paints, Oils, etc. City Hall Block.

PETER BOARDWAY. DEALER IN Flour, Feed, Hay, Straw, Manure, Lime, Stucco, and common and Atlas cement. Telephone 113. Lower Franklin St.

A. E. PETERSON. DEALER IN Groceries, Provisions, etc. Fruit, etc., Main Street.

J. M. PEARSE. JUSTICE OF THE PEACE AND COLLECTOR. Office in the Adams building on Franklin Street. Telephone 215.

ALEX. SEFSTROM. GENERAL BLACKSMITH, horseshoeing a specialty. Interfering and corns cured or a matter for consultation. All work done promptly. Charges reasonable. Shop on Franklin Street, near the bridge.

Business Opportunities For All. Locations in Iowa, Illinois, Minnesota and Missouri on the Chicago Great Western Railway; the best agricultural section of the United States where farmers are prosperous and business men successful. We have a demand for competent men with the necessary capital, for all branches of business. Some special opportunities for creamery men and millers. Good locations for general merchandise, hardware, harness, hotels, banks and stockyards. Correspondence solicited. Write for Maps and Sample Leaflets. W. T. Reed, Industrial Agent, 504 Endicott Building, St. Paul, Minn.

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 small 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 \$1.50 for the entire five year term. This is emphatically a good thing, and no farmer in this county should fail to take advantage of this 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 \$1.50. Come in and order them.

CUCUMBER, And Elder Flower Cream is the best protection for the face from the Spring Winds, Heat and soot. It keeps away black heads and keeps the skin soft and clear. Guaranteed pure and will not grow hair on the face. All kinds of Hair Work done to order. MRS. C. B. RAYTON. Over Harness Store, Main Street. Manchester, Iowa.

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

The Lafayette, Ind., Democrat says that President Roosevelt has not made very "strenuous" war on the trusts—several weak speeches and two lawsuits being the sum of his attacks, and describes the organization of the new beef trust as an insolent challenge to his antitrust declarations adding: "They have made a beef trust which can and will absolutely control the price of every head of cattle that the farmer may have for sale, and also the prices which consumers will have to pay for the meat they eat. They have spit in the face of the president."

When the coal cart backs up before your house to discharge its load the intimate bearing that politics has upon the expenses of the household is brought home to you.

For this is the time of year when you usually lay in your Winter's supply of fuel, if you are so lucky as to be of the class that you can buy things in quantity. And you find the price of coal about twice what it was last Fall.

If you are poor and buy the coal by the bucket the price has trebled at least.

Why? Because there is a Coal Trust.

The trust refuses to attribute its difference with its striking employes or to grant their demand for a small advance in wages. Hence the mines are closed, and what coal there is in the market commands famine prices.

What has politics to do with this situation? Everything.

The President could have broken the strike months ago by smashing the Coal Trust. He could have smashed it by instructing his Attorney General to proceed against it under the Sherman act, with the provisions of which it is in open defiance. That would have brought the Coal Trust to its senses at once.

A President who looks to the trusts for re-nomination and the chances of re-election need not be expected to use his power to hurt the Coal Trust or any other trust.

Thus you see how thoroughly politics is mixed up with your Winter's supply of coal, or your pitiful palifal if you live from hand to month—Chicago American.

An Ancient Firm of Law.

From an address by Hon. U. M. Rose, of Little Rock Ark., President of the American Bar Association, before the Law School Alumni Association of Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.

Of all sciences the law is the most ancient. In our day the centre of time has shifted. Formerly we were told that the pyramids of Egypt were four thousand years old; now archeologists say that they are six thousand years old. Thus time seems to be growing at both ends.

Our professional retrospect has been lately extended in a most unexpected way. Prof. Hildreth of the University of Pennsylvania, in excavating the ruins of Nippur, in Mesopotamia, lately discovered the vault of an ancient firm of attorneys known as Murashu and Sons, who are supposed to have lived about seven thousand years ago.

We used to consider Abraham as one of the ancients; but now he appears to be painfully modern. Murashu and Sons were practicing law in Nippur three thousand years before Abraham was born in Ur of the Chaldees, which, like Damascus, was of more recent date. They were farther removed from Abraham than we are from Romulus and Remus.

This vault of Murashu and Sons buried under twenty-seven feet of cosmic dirt, was found to contain legal documents inscribed on tiles, which had been deposited there for safe-keeping. One of these that was deciphered was a bill of sale of a ring with an emerald set, containing a guaranty that the set would not fall out for twenty years. The document is in the highest style of art; and all that it lacks to make it valid is a United States revenue stamp.

Don't miss the ring to adorn some high-born lady and to enable her to multiply or perpetuate her conquests. No better confirmation of the accuracy of the character and condition of the law in the heart of the world than the fact that the written word remains. The lady and all her lovely companions are gone, and have long since been swept into the dust of oblivion. The city was destroyed ages ago, and yet the vault of these attorneys has guarded these precious documents entrusted to its care until a man from a world unknown has broken into its privacy and revealed its secrets. Murashu and Sons are by thousands of years the oldest members of the profession known to us; and they make, I think, a good showing that they were prosperous in their professional pursuits; and their contents prove that they were esteemed and intrusted. There is one thing that I suppose we shall never know, and that is whether this particular document was written by the old man or by one of the boys. The senior member was, we may suppose, a man of strong family affections, since he took his sons into business with him, and taught them the way in which they should go. We should cherish this memory, and give the first watch of the night to the elder Murashu. As all of our ancestors were perhaps Asiatics in that early day, it may be that some drops of his blood are now circulate in the veins of some of our most distinguished jurists, and we have evidence that some of the law of his day has trickled down through generations to our own times.

It's Morgan's.

I came to a mill by the river side, The first mill long and nearly as wide, With a forest of stacks of straw of men, Telling at furnace and shovel and pen. I went down to see the miller, and there, And a man with a snuff on his face replied, "It's Morgan's!"

I entered a train and rode all day On a royal coach and a right of way, Which reached its apex all over the land, In a system of tracks to understand. A splendid property this I cried, And a man with his chin on his cap replied, "It's Morgan's!"

I sailed on a great ship, trim and true, From pansion to keel and to prow to crew— And the ship was one of a monster fleet— And I had seas may could scarce compete. "What a beautiful craft she is!" I cried, And a man with his chin on his cap replied, "It's Morgan's!"

I dwelt in a nation filled with pride, Her people were many, her lands were wide; Her record in war and science art And favored nations of ancient and heart. "What a grand old country it is!" I cried, And a man with his chin on his cap replied, "It's Morgan's!"

I went to heaven. The Jasper walls Shown bright by day and the golden halls Was over the gate, "Private Park." Why, what is this place on his cap replied, "It's Morgan's!"

I went to the only place left. "I'll take A chance in the boat on bromine lake, For I'm a griddle-door of the bottomless pit." But a leech, who hid on his cap replied, "It's Morgan's!"

Random Notes.

To make fine butter one must begin with the herd. Better cows so that you have fresh ones coming every month.

The fine nutty flavor comes from the milk of the fresh cows, and the churning quality of the cream is governed to a great extent by it.

The udder and adjacent parts of the body which are much shaken during milking is one of the chief sources of infection, while the dust of the stable, the hands and clothes of the milker, together with the pails and cans used, are only slightly less important sources.

Milk allowed to stand two hours without cooling contained twenty-three times as many germs as when milking was finished, while that which was cooled to 54 degrees only had four times as many at the end of two hours.

This emphasizes the importance of quick and thorough cooling.—Creamery and Dairy.

Among the Farmers.

By R. H. Towle.

Although the winter season is a busy time for the farmer and there is usually enough to do, yet there are occasionally a few days when work is pressing and he can, if inclined, get away from home for a brief outing and sight seeing. And it will do him good to get out among his neighbors and towns-people, or farther away if opportunity may offer, for the special purpose of seeing what is being done by others in the lines of his own business.

There is not as much of this visiting among the farmers as there ought to be. The farmer who always remains at home and lives, as it were, within himself, will be a measure, lose his connection with the great moving world outside and will hardly know where he belongs.

I do not believe in a farmer spending too much time on the road, as that will seldom advance his interests at home, which should be paramount in all things, but with work kept well in hand it will do them good to look around and find how others are prospering. Otherwise how shall he be able to measure his own success or see wherein he could better himself? If he is a good thrifty farmer he will find instances enough wherein others might, in his opinion, do better for themselves and the common occupation in which they are engaged, and possibly there occasionally will be others from whom he can derive instruction and help.

If a farmer excels in any one particular branch of agriculture, there may be others like minded, and in such cases a comparison of methods and results may prove of much value to them all. No one can understand everything best, and no one can accomplish everything in the best manner, but with the united help of many sometimes he obtains better results than he could have obtained for both of them. Hence this practice of going among the farmers, observing what they are doing and how they are doing it, will often prove an inspiration for better work at home.

When on the road a farmer should be a keen observer of all about him. How much can be learned in this way, even while passing through the country on the cars, although this is not the best time for the purpose. How often it is possible to get a pretty good idea of the character and condition of the farmers along the way by a passing glance. The buildings, the fences, the condition of the fields, and crops, the herds of cattle and flocks of sheep or other kind of stock, as well as many other things, catch the quick eye of the observing traveler, and at once he decided in his own mind, and pretty correctly, too, about the character and standing, agriculturally, of these tillers of the soil.

If our farmer is a dairyman, then he should keep a sharp lookout for others, and the best ones, of like occupation. There may be some idea or suggestion caught up in this way that will prove of much value in his own work.

If there is a creamery or cheese factory on the route, take it in, compare results with the same work on the farm, and so determine wherein either excels the other in practical results.

Should there be a fine herd of cows on the way, of whatever breed, pay it due respect, as there will very likely be some point worthy of attention. A nice field of any farm crop, a well kept orchard garden, are pleasant to look upon and may have a lesson of value to the observer. Do not pass the farmer's family by without a pleasant greeting and a word of cheer and helpfulness. In this way these days of feeling may be made very pleasant and profitable to the farmer and those with whom he comes in contact. Try this brother farmers, and see if the plan does not work well.—Farmers Tribune.

IGNORANT OF GEOGRAPHY.

Now a German Put Poets to an American Girl.

"A thing about Americans which has surprised me more than anything else," said a German artist who has been visiting in New York city for six months past, "is that with all your patriotism you know so little about the geography of your own country, to say nothing of the rest of the world."

There were several Americans in the circle, and they looked rather surprised. None of the men spoke. They knew that that were weak in geography and that there was a challenge which would have to be passed.

Not so a bright young woman of twenty, who rushed into the breach with her head in the air.

"We do know the geography of our country," she said decidedly, "of course, we do. Every child learns it in school."

"Might I ask you a question or two?" the foreigner said quietly. "The names of the capitals of some of your states, for instance?"

"Certainly, I'll be glad to answer." And she nodded confidently at the young American man who was already beginning to fear for her.

"What is the capital of Massachusetts?" was his first question.

"Boston!" was the prompt answer from the girl.

"And of North Carolina?"

That seemed to puzzle her a little, and it was a full minute before she answered.

The foreigner smiled, but made no effort to correct her. "What is the highest mountain in the United States?" he asked.

"It's not fair to ask about mountains," she protested. "You said I didn't know the capitals."

comes in contact. Try this brother farmers, and see if the plan does not work well.—Farmers Tribune.

IGNORANT OF GEOGRAPHY.

Now a German Put Poets to an American Girl.

"A thing about Americans which has surprised me more than anything else," said a German artist who has been visiting in New York city for six months past, "is that with all your patriotism you know so little about the geography of your own country, to say nothing of the rest of the world."

There were several Americans in the circle, and they looked rather surprised. None of the men spoke. They knew that that were weak in geography and that there was a challenge which would have to be passed.

Not so a bright young woman of twenty, who rushed into the breach with her head in the air.

"We do know the geography of our country," she said decidedly, "of course, we do. Every child learns it in school."

"Might I ask you a question or two?" the foreigner said quietly. "The names of the capitals of some of your states, for instance?"

"Certainly, I'll be glad to answer." And she nodded confidently at the young American man who was already beginning to fear for her.

"What is the capital of Massachusetts?" was his first question.

"Boston!" was the prompt answer from the girl.

"And of North Carolina?"

That seemed to puzzle her a little, and it was a full minute before she answered.

The foreigner smiled, but made no effort to correct her. "What is the highest mountain in the United States?" he asked.

"It's not fair to ask about mountains," she protested. "You said I didn't know the capitals."

"The capital of Illinois is?"

"Chi—Springfield, I mean."

"Of Montana?"

For the life of her she could not think of a town in Montana. "It's been an age since I studied geography," she explained.

"Your answers were better than the average," said the man. "You got one right out of four. As I said, American geography surprises me."—New York Tribune.

Only "Dad."

An exclamation says, "There is a class of men who are seldom ever appreciated at their true value. In this enlightened age they are commonly called 'Dad.' It is dad that humps himself year in and year out on the farm, in the office or workshop in order that his boy and girl may go away to school and upon their return home that the boy may have a fine horse and top buggy and the girl a costly piano. It is dad that hustles and cultivates great talents in his lands and becomes a poor straggler in order that his offspring may revel in luxury and make tawdry fools of themselves. His sons and daughters have learned at his expense to despise his old fashioned ways. They secretly laugh at the style of his Sunday coat and his bell crowned hat. On Sunday, when his daughter has company and he would sit in the parlor and listen to the music, he is given in various ways to understand that the presence of his son and daughter is a disgrace and a hindrance to the pleasure of the afternoon. God help the son or daughter who goes back on dad! In the catalogue of low down cussedness it is of ingratitude to call a parent that is the most contemptible."

Clears.

"There is very little difference between good cigars," said a dealer, "though they have many names. I have been in the business for many years and at one time or another served the most of the prominent men of the country. I have always smoked and considered myself a critic, but after I have had a cigar or two I can't tell for the life of me by the odor what is the name of the cigar I am smoking. Of course I can name it by its shape, and anybody knows a strong cigar from a mild one, but the most expert can be fooled on brands. In spite of this many prominent men insist on certain brands and are unhappy if they don't get them. Sometimes they complain that an inferior tobacco is being sold, but that is not true. Their taste has palled, and they need a change."

Tired of His Talk.

At a recent trial in Scotland a certain lady got into the witness box to be examined when the following conversation took place between her and the opposing counsel—

Counsel—How old are you?

Miss Jane—Well, sir, I am an unmarried woman and I think it right to answer that question.

The Judge—Oh, yes, answer the gentleman. How old are you?

Miss Jane—Well-a-weel, I am fifty. Counsel—Are you not more?

Miss Jane—Weel, I am sixty. The inquisitive lawyer still further asked if she had any hopes of getting married, to which Miss Jane replied: "Weel, sir, I wina't take a lee. I thina I had hope yet, for I am sick and tired of my palaver already."

Truth's Echo.

"Good men, you know, are scarce." "Yes, I know, and even bad men have to make themselves so at times."—Boston Courier.

The Kadievo Indians of Paraguay are skilled potters.

A Model.

"Oh, no," declared the younger one, "my husband never goes to clubs or any other places of amusement unless he can take me with him."

"Dear me! What a splendid man! How long have you been married?" "It'll be seven weeks next Tuesday."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Absentminded.

A professor of one of the universities is famous for his absentmindedness. He recently went into a barber's shop to get his hair cut. Taking a seat in the chair, he remarked: "As it is quite cool in this room perhaps I had better keep my hat on while you cut my hair."

THE HUMAN STOMACH.

It Requires about five hours for the stomach to work on an ordinary meal and pass it out of itself, when it falls into a state of repose; hence if a man eats three times a day his stomach must work fifteen hours out of twenty-four. After a night's sleep we wake up with a certain amount of bodily vigor which is faithfully portioned out to every muscle of the system and every set of muscles, each its rightful share, the stomach among others.

When the external body gets weary after a long day's work, the stomach bears its share of the fatigue, but if when the body is weary with the day's work it is put to bed, giving the stomach meanwhile a five hours' task which must be performed, we impose upon the very best friend we have—the one that gives us one of the largest amounts of earthly enjoyment—and if this overtaxing is continued it must certainly wear out prematurely as the body itself will if it is overworked every day.

And if persons eat between meals their stomachs have no rest from breakfast in the morning until 1, 2, 3 or 4 o'clock next day; hence it is that so many persons have dyspepsia. The stomach is worked so much and so constantly that it becomes too weak to work at all.

HE TOOK THE CAKE.

A Story of William Black, the Novelist, and Mary Anderson.

One time when Mary Anderson was playing in "The Winter's Tale" in Dublin (William Black, the novelist, who was very intimate with Miss Anderson and her family, insisted upon assuming the part of one of the supernumeraries, who was dressed in very old man's dress and carried a cane, and who was a venerable beard and looks that fell upon his shoulders. When Black went upon the stage in this disguise, he walked about among his fellow supernumeraries with unassuming modesty and, judging by the wild motions of his arms, seemed to be addressing to each in turn an impassioned harangue. The audience began to wonder who the new actor was and what on earth he was doing in a play in which neither Shakespeare nor the stage managers ever intended him to appear.

Presently came the time when it was the business of Perdita to distribute flowers among the peasants, among whom Black had his place. Miss Anderson, carrying on the practical jokes of the family circle, had prepared a surprise for this moment, and, having distributed flowers among the less favored supernumeraries, she handed to Black a large cake crowned with a wreath of laurel, saying as she did so, "You take it" in allusion to his triumph in the contest of wits at the supper table.

To her consternation, Black showed that he was quite prepared to carry out the jest, for, taking the cake from the hands of Perdita, he immediately distributed it in substantial portions to his hungry fellow supernumeraries, who, finding it to be of excellent quality, began to munch it greedily under the eyes of the house.—Exchange.

Merely Symptoms.