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PENTONY & HOAG

OFFICE OVER BLAKE & SON'S STORE,
Manchester, Iowa.

The... Candidate

By GEIK TURNER

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IN some parts of the country there may be still isolated specimens of the type of ex-Lieutenant Governor Culberson. With us he remained for years the last solitary representative of the fine old fashioned political leader who lived with the ideals of Webster and Calhoun and Clay still before him. His tall and stately figure, his smooth shaved face, his stock and his long tailed legislator's coat, of the type preserved in famous statesmen's pictures, but now as extinct as the dodo in real life, all remained still fixed in the minds of those who were honored in many speeches by his opening apostrophe of "fellow citizens." In the smallest detail of life he conducted himself with the dignity becoming a man on whom a thousand eyes are fixed. His very use of his handkerchief was a survival of the days of snuff. His speeches his few critics declared, were things of magnificent distances.

Ex-Lieutenant Governor Culberson had waited ten years to be governor, hungering and thirsting, but expecting fervently to be fed. Ten years is a considerable slice out of an individual's life, but it is rather less than it usually takes for the governorship to revolve around to our section, and then we have to divide it between ourselves at the county seat at Westchester and the manufacturing town of Johnsonville, ten miles away.

A great many things happen in ten years, but the ambition of the Culbersons is made of stern stuff. Ex-Lieutenant Governor Culberson's grandfather had been governor and his father a senator. He intended to live up to the family traditions. As a matter of fact, he was always called "governor." The title is much shorter and easier to say than "lieutenant governor." At the beginning of the decade, when he had just returned from the lieutenant governorship, "Governor" Culberson was the most prominent figure in our section of the state. He strove with every power he possessed consistent with dignity to retain the position. He was as erect and hearty as a young athlete and as particular in his appearance as a bridegroom waiting for his bride. In the meantime his wife, a beautiful old time gentlewoman, had died, and his children had all moved away, but the fine old fashioned figure remained among the ruins of the home, still staring at the prize which should consummate his career.

Early in the spring of the eventful year Governor Culberson made his first call on Sam Wilson at the Herald office—the once noted Sam, now only a memory in the minds of those queer gray old newspaper men who have come down to us from another generation. The governor's barouche drew up to the curbing before the office, and the governor himself followed the steps of many another illustrious man up the dingy stairs until he penetrated to the presiding genius of the place, seated in his little untidy temple, with the sacrificial piles of dusty newspapers around him. In the history of the underside of things, which will never be published, Sam Wilson was the greatest figure in his state. Other men made fame and history; Sam Wilson made the men. And many an unformed soul from the outer world which surrounds politics had clambered up there, pleading to be made, and many men famous

"Fellow Citizens."

in local history had come in submissively at all hours of the day and night to beg a favor or to ask advice, and many a letter came into that old black walnut desk, franked from the White House itself, asking information from the man who knew more about the state than any one else alive and who did not fear to tell the truth about it.

When Governor Culberson opened the door of Sam Wilson's little den, he recognized in a dim way that he had reached a crisis in his affairs. He had never himself experienced the power of the man, yet he had often observed it in the fortunes of others. Sam Wilson sat before him at his desk, a gray old schoolmaster of politicians, staring at him over his gold bowed spectacles. Wilson showed no surprise at the visit. Sooner or later they all came up to him. Yet in his grim way he was very cordial. He shook hands warmly, cleared a chair of its accumulation of papers for his visitor and rose and closed the glass door. Then the two old men sat down together, waiting for the first move, the one with the hope in his breast for the fulfillment of the ambition of his life and the other able in a sense to give it to him or at least to get it for him.

But the Culbersons are not the stuff that suppliants are made of. The governor was a petitioner at the power of the press, but he had no intention of losing his dignity. After some political gossip between them he made his whole proposition.

"I have come, sir," he said, "to remind you of what you are aware doubtless already—that our section of the state has the prior claim on the nomination for governor this year. It is my desire to ask you to agitate the subject, sir, in the columns of your newspaper. It would be a valued favor to your section, sir, to make our claim on the office apparent at this time before those people in the northern section of the state claim it again on some pretext or other."

Sam Wilson assented readily to the proposition. He had been planning to do this for some little time, he said, and he was very glad that the governor had come in to remind him of it. Nothing further on the governorship was said. Both men carefully avoided it. Yet Governor Culberson was much pleased with his interview. When he arose to go, Sam Wilson complimented him on his health.

"You are looking extremely well, governor," he said.

The governor acknowledged the compliment.

"By the way, governor," said Wilson, "are you older or younger than I am?"

"You are"—

"Sixty-seven."

"Ah, then, sir, I am a year your senior," said the governor. "I am sixty-eight."

The stately old figure, with its gold headed cane, tramped heavily away. As he heard its footsteps on the stairs Sam Wilson sank back again into his old office chair and shook his head.

Wilson had followed the world closely through his gold bowed spectacles, and he lived in a different generation from Governor Culberson. In the old school of politics a man had become just ripe for governor at sixty-eight. Now a man in his greatest strength was none too strong. Sam Wilson remembered with a half smile the days when a fine figure and manners and an unexceptional family were chief among the qualifications for the governorship. The governor must be a fighting man now, with the physique of an athlete, the intellect of a criminal lawyer and nerves like telegraph wires. Arrayed against him was the cleverest band of sharpers that the country afforded, hired by princely pay for what they could steal by outwitting the representatives of the people and especially this one man. The governor's work was not for a benevolent old gentleman. It may be different in some other states, but we are killing governors at forty-five.

Nevertheless Sam Wilson wanted the governorship for our section and began to call for it most heartily. At the northern end of the state there was some tendency to demur at first, but the general drift of events seemed favorable to us. There would be no difficulty in finding the proper candidate, the Herald asserted.

It was at this time that Governor Culberson began to enjoy a foretaste of the joys of victory. The old fashioned country politicians who formed his council of advisers considered the choice already made. "Was there any such candidate in our part of the state?" they asked convincingly. He also received many calls and many letters from homeless politicians who wished to put themselves on record.

In a short time the governor considered it his duty to visit the Herald office again.

"I have come, sir," he said to Wilson, "to congratulate you on your apparent success in upholding the rights of this section, sir."

The tough old newspaper man winced at the task there was before him, but he went at it with customary vigor.

"Yes," he said: "we're going to get it, I believe. Now, we have got to pick the man. I'm glad you dropped in today, governor, for I have been thinking over that matter pretty hard, and I'd like to talk it over with you. I'll tell you how I see it. You know how we are fixed. The times are hard, devilish hard, and there's a gang of rascals up there at the statehouse who would rob a communion box. It'll be a hard fight, but we want to knock them out, and we want a man from this end of the state to do it, a young man and a business man. I've given the matter a good deal of time, and I think I have hit upon the right man for the place. It's ex-Lieutenant Governor Miles Holcomb of Johnsonville." He stopped a moment to give emphasis to his words.

"Well, governor," he continued, "what do you think? How would Holcomb do for the place?"

The old man had been gradually stiffening up for the blow during Wilson's explosive conversation. His face was nearly purple when it fell. He arose to his feet.

"Mr. Holcomb is an admirable man, sir," he said. "No doubt he would make a good governor, sir. Good day, sir."

Sam Wilson mopped his face as the old man stamped down the stairs. "That's work," he said.

But Sam Wilson had something more to occupy his mind that day than sentiment. He must bring out in the morning the Herald's candidate. He bent all the best energies of a veteran political pleader into his appeal for Miles Holcomb, and to close up all avenues of retreat he quoted Governor Culberson on the nomination. "That veteran leader of the party," the article ran, "ex-Lieutenant Governor Culberson, when consulted on the subject, expressed his warm opinion of the choice."

This announcement of a candidate made a more than usual row. Old Governor Culberson had many friends in town. Besides, we have a natural feeling that we do not care to hand over to Johnsonville anything we can reasonably keep ourselves.

Sam Wilson had his work cut out for him, and he knew it, and the worst part of it was his candidate was not sure he wanted to run. This strange phenomenon was brought about by perfectly natural causes. Miles Holcomb was the head of the big Johnsonville mill. He was a leader in the ranks of the men who do things. Big, broad shouldered, rough and shrewd, he was the typical guardian spirit of a cotton mill, and he recognized that there was his place. Once he had taken time to play lieutenant governor for a term, but that was only a side issue. He was not anxious to let the big machine trundle along by itself for two years while he went off to play governor. When he first read his name in the paper, it was rumored as a remarkable fact among the men who would have laid down their lives to be governor for one month that he swore vigorously.

But no one knew better than Sam Wilson the man he had to deal with or the tools he had to use. Within twenty-four hours Sam was visited by half a dozen Johnsonville politicians, among them two or three friends of Holcomb. These he instructed to win Holcomb around immediately. "It isn't every day that the nomination for governor comes knocking at a man's door," said Sam. "Besides, you can tell him it won't hurt his business any to have had the title of governor. You want to start at him right off, too, because the Culberson fellows from here will be over right away to see what he will do. You've got an early start, and you want to keep going."

Sam Wilson was right. After thinking the matter over a couple of days the Culberson circle decided to approach Holcomb to learn his position. They found him still undecided and, in spite of the assaults of his friends, still with a leaning to decline, which they hoped to encourage.

The Johnsonville men in the meantime posted back to Wilson in alarm. "He's obstinate," said one of them. "He says he can't afford it. It will cost him $25,000 a year out of the business and heaven knows how much more, and he never was much on luxuries."

"What if it does?" said Sam. "He can afford it, can't he? Now, I tell you what I'd do if I were in this thing. I'd get the people started. The people want Holcomb, or they will want him, and it's about time they were heard from. You go over and get up a rousing citizens' meeting in Johnsonville and let him hear from it. That's what I'd do."

The politicians set off immediately, and the citizens' meeting was brought off the first night the village band had an open date. There was a crowd brought out in one way and another, and a delegation of leaders was chosen to present the call of the people. The Herald announced the next morning that in the light of such a demonstration from the heart of the people there could be no doubt that any hesitancy which Mr. Holcomb might have felt about accepting the nomination would be overcome, and quoted Latin to prove it. No man could afford to disregard such a call.

But the Johnsonville men were still in doubt about their man. He was of a Scotch-Irish brand, which dislikes to be driven.

"Send him over to consult with me, if you want to," said Wilson. "He's been here before."

Finally they induced Holcomb to drop in, and for a solemn period of three cigars the glass door was closed while the two men talked it over. Wilson began with congratulations and continued with the air of a man who sees resistance impossible.

"When a man has the governorship thrown at him like a bouquet," he said, "he can't afford to refuse to pick it up. Personally I look at all these things as a disinterested party, but it's mighty important for you not to make a false move here."

"But, good Lord, Wilson," said Holcomb, "imagine me trying to make a speech!"

"We don't want you as an orator. We want you to work. You can say how-de-do, and we'll get an oratorical lieutenant governor to do the talking."

Holcomb went out in a state of submission, and in the morning the Herald officially announced that Mr. Holcomb would certainly stand for the nomination for the governorship.

"He is the man for the place," it said. "The people have demanded him."

Such modern methods of political warfare were too much for the Culberson coterie. They were overwhelmed in the beginning in dignified defeat. After his first rebuff Governor Culberson could not be induced to have Wilson approached in any way in his interest.

"I refuse, sir," he said when urged repeatedly, "to have any communication whatever with that poltroon, that dirty scribbler, sir."

[CONTINUED.]

Wet Weather and Camels.

Camels are very sensitive to moisture. In the region of tropical rains they are usually absent, and if they come into such with caravans the results of the rainy season are greatly feared. The great humidity of the air explains the absence of the camel from the northern slopes of the Atlas and from well wooded Abyssinia. This sensitiveness expresses itself in the character of different races.

The finest, most noble looking camels, with short, silklike hair, are found in the interior of deserts, as in the Tuarek region, in north Africa, and they cannot be used for journeys to moist regions. Even in Fezzan, south of Tripoli, the animals are shorter and fatter, with long, coarse hair, and in Nile lands and on coasts it is the same. These animals, too, are less serviceable as regards speed and endurance.—Nature.

Birds Plant Trees.

An old time Arizona woodchopper says the bluejays have planted thousands of the trees now growing all over Arizona. He says these birds have a habit of burying small seeds in the ground with their beaks and that they frequent pinon trees and bury large numbers of the small pine nuts in the ground, many of which sprout and grow. He was walking through the pines with an eastern gentleman a short time ago when one of these birds flew from a tree to the ground, stuck his bill into the earth and quickly flew away. When told what had happened, the eastern man was skeptical, but the two went to the spot and with a knife blade dug out a sound pine nut from a depth of about an inch and a half. Thus it will be seen that nature has her own plan for forest perpetuation.—Indianapolis News.

How He Lost $1,000,000.

Colonel Ochiltree used to tell a story of how he once lost $1,000,000.

"It was at a banquet," he would say, "and Senator Hearst of California sat beside me. Hearst told how years before he and his party had once been helped across the Platte by a brave red haired boy. The boy to do this deed had risked his life. Senator Hearst as he talked on got enthusiastic in his gratitude to the lad.

"'Why,' he said, 'if I could only find that boy tonight, I'd make him a present of $1,000,000.'

"I could restrain myself no longer at this point. I burst into tears. 'Senator,' I said, 'I am that red haired boy. Behold the boy in me!'

"But Hearst said, 'Ochiltree, you lie!'

"And thus I lost a million."

The Pale Yellow Kind.

There is a double joke in this story which the New York Mail and Express relates. A little girl, riding with her mother in a street car, was much attracted by an amber necklace worn by a lady who sat opposite.

"Mamma," she exclaimed, "are those beans that the lady has on a string around her neck?"

"No, no, my dear," said her mother in confusion. "They are very pretty beads."

"But, mamma," persisted the child, "they look just like those beans papa wouldn't eat last night!"

Superfluous Implement.

"Here, madam," said the peddler at the back door, "I have a most useful little household instrument. It is a combined screwdriver, buttonhook, can opener, latchkey, lamp cleaner, letter opener, paper cutter, pipe fixer and penknife. Can I sell you one?"

"Sell me one?" repeated the housekeeper. "What do I want with one? Can't you see that I wear hairpins?"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A Business Man.

Excited Neighbor—What do you let that boy of yours build a bonfire in my back yard for?

Placid Neighbor—Isn't your yard insured?

E. N.—No, it isn't.

P. N.—That's all right. I'm an insurance agent. Here's my card.

Before and After.

The Adorer—It's wonderful, old man, what love will enable a fellow to see in a girl that he never saw before.

The Onlooker—No doubt, but it's equally wonderful what it won't let him see that he'll see later.

UNSEEMLY KNOWLEDGE.

How It May Bar the Road to Pleasure in Conversation.

The social law against "talking shop" is an indication of the very widespread opinion that the exhibition of unmitigated knowledge is unseemly outside of business hours. When we meet for pleasure, we prefer that it should be on the humanizing ground of not knowing. Nothing is so fatal to conversation as an authoritative utterance. When a man who is capable of giving it enters,

All talk dies as in a grove all song
Beneath the shadow of a bird of prey.

Conversation about the weather would lose all its easy charm in the presence of the chief of the weather bureau.

It is possible that the fear of exhibiting unusual information in a mixed company may be a survival of primitive conditions. Just as the domesticated dog will turn around on the rug before lying down for hereditary reasons which I do not remember, so it is with civilized man. Once ignorance was universal and enforced by penalties. In the progress of the race the environment has been modified, but so strong is the influence of heredity that the man who knows no sooner enters the drawing room than he is seized by guilty fears. His ancestors for having exhibited a moiety of his intelligence were executed as wizards. But perhaps the ordinary working of natural selection may account for the facts. The law of the survival of the fittest admits of no exceptions, and the fittest to give us pleasure in conversation is the sympathetic person who appears to know very little more than we do.—S. M. Crothers in Atlantic.

In a Maori Wooing House.

Among the Maoris sometimes in the whare matoro (the wooing house), a building in which the young of both sexes assembled for play, songs, dances, etc., there would be at stated times a meeting. When the fires burned low, a girl would stand up in the dark and say: "I love So-and-so. I want him for my husband." If he coughed (sign of assent) or said "Yes," it was well; if only dead silence, she covered her head with her robe and was ashamed. This was not often, as she generally had managed to ascertain either by her own inquiry or by sending a girl friend if the proposal was acceptable. On the other hand, sometimes a mother would attend and say, "I want So-and-so for my son." If not acceptable, there was generally mocking, and she was told to let the young people have their house (the wooing house) to themselves.

America's First Recorded Eclipse.

The first observations of an eclipse of the sun taken by American astronomers were made on Long island, Penobscot bay, on Oct. 27, 1780. On that occasion a party from Harvard college, headed by Professor S. W. Hollis, LL. D., having obtained the consent of the British general who was in command of Castine, landed at Bounty Cave and made the house of one Shubael Williams their headquarters. The totality of the eclipse was visible only at Penobscot bay and vicinity, a fact which would make such an event one of great import even today. It is but justice to add that the observations made by the Harvard scientists were very successful, notwithstanding the fact that their instruments were very crude and inaccurate

An Odd Pulpit.

The oak pulpit in the Seamen's church at Sunderland, England, is a curio in the way of pulpits. It is built of wood in the shape of a boat's bow and bears on the gunwale in letters of gold the inscription, "Nevertheless at thy word I will let down the net." The pulpit was the gift of the naval officers and men of the Dedway flotilla of torpedo boat destroyers in ackhowledgment of the kindnesses received during their visit to Sunderland in May, 1901.

Too Attractive.

"And here," said the salesman, "is a very fine umbrella. The handle, you will observe, is especially attractive."

"That's just what I want to avoid. Every umbrella I ever owned has been entirely too attractive."

THE PROCESS (our own patent) is as though a thousand pairs of shears cut the coffee into small granules of uniform size and a current of air carries off all the chaff, dust and impurities which remain in all ground coffees.

One advantage—each granule yields all its flavor quickly and uniformly; no over cooking of the small pieces or under cooking of the large pieces, as when coffee is ground in the ordinary mill.

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ENNIS BOGGS, MANAGER.

Railroads.

Manchester & Oneida Ry.

TIME TABLE.

Train No. 2 leaves Manchester at 5 a. m. arrives at Oneida at 5:30 a. m. Connects with west bound C. G. W. No. 5. Returning leaves Oneida at 5:35 a. m. arrives at Manchester at 6:05 a. m.

Train No. 4, leaves Manchester at 7:15 a. m. arrives at Oneida at 7:45 a. m., connects with east bound C. G. W. No. 6. Returning leaves Oneida at 7:50 a. m., arrives at Manchester at 8:20 a. m.

Train No. 6, leaves Manchester at 8:45 a. m., arrives at Oneida at 9:14 a. m. Connects with the north bound C. M. & St. P., No. 22. Returning leaves Oneida at 9:20, arrives at Manchester at 9:50 a. m.

Train No. 8, leaves Manchester at 2:10 p. m., arrives at Oneida at 2:40 p. m. Connects with C. G. W., No. 4, east bound, and No. 9, west bound. Returning leaves Oneida at 3:00 p. m., arrives at Manchester at 3:30 p. m.

Train No 10, leaves Manchester at 4:55 p. m., arrives at Oneida at 5:20 p. m. Connects with south bound C. M. & St. P., No. 21. Returning leaves Oneida at 5:45p. m., arrives at Manchester 5:21 p. m.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN,
Gen. Traffic Manager.

Through tickets for sale at Manchester to all points in North America.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

TIME TABLE.

Main Line Passenger Trains.

WEST BOUND	MAIN LINE	EAST BOUND
No 1* 12:18 a m	..Fast Train..	No 2* 3:34 a m
No 401 12:08 a m	Chi & St P lim	No 402 3:24 a m
No 3* 2:18 p m	Thro Express	No 4* 3:16 p m
No 33 6:22 p m	...Clipper...	No 34* 8:55 a m
No 5 † 8:53 a m	Local Express	No 6† 8:40 p m
No 98† 3:16 p m	Way Freight	No 94 11:45 a m
	Thro Freight	No 60* 1:35 p m

CEDAR RAPIDS BRANCH.

North Bound —Arrive—	Bet Cedar Rpds and Manchester	South Bound —Leave—
No.806 6:05 p.m	..†Passenger..	No.805 9:00 a.m
No 832 8:40 a.m	..†Passenger...	No.833 5:35 p.m
No. 353 1:00 p.m	...†Freight....	No.360 3:30 p. m

All above trains carry passengers.
*Daily.
†Daily Except Sunday.

H. G. PIERCE, Station Agt.

Nos 5 & 6 run between Dubuque and Albert Lea.
Nos. 31 & 32 run between Lyle and Dubuque with connection through to Ft Dodge by train No 31.
New train 4 makes same stops east of here as No. 2 except that east of Rockford it stops at East Rockford, Genoa & Coleman. This train is a through vestibule train with dining car from Omaha to Rockford. No 2 & 4 only stop at Dyersville between Manchester and Dubuque.
No 3-4-6-1-8 & 31 Run daily Sunday Include

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"THE LIMITED"	Lv. Omaha 7.35 p. m. Ar. Minneapolis 7.30 a. m. Ar. St. Paul 8.00 a. m.	Lv. St. Paul 8.00 p. m. Lv Minneapolis 8.30 p. m. Ar. Omaha 8.15 a. m.

A fast vestibule night train, daily, carrying through Pullman sleeping car and couches.

"THE EXPRESS"	Lv. Omaha 7.00 a. m. Ar. Minneapolis 7.00 p. m. Ar. St. Paul 7.30 p. m.	Lv. St. Paul 9.00 a. m. Lv Minneapolis 9.30 a. m. Ar. Omaha 9.40 p. m.

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Day Express daily.....2:42 p m
Way Freight daily ex. Sunday.....11:55 a m
Going West, North and South.
Way Freight, daily ex. Sunday.....10:20 am
Day Express daily.....3:00 p m
St. Paul & Kansas City Exp, daily.....5:31 a m

For information and tickets apply to
C. A. Robinson, Agent, Oneida.

B. C. R. & N. R'y.

CEDAR RAPIDS TIME CARD.

MAIN LINE GOING EAST AND SOUTH.

Arrive		Leave
9:20 p m	No. 2* Chicago Passenger	9:40 p m
10:40 a m	No. 4 Chi. & Burlt'n Pass	11:00 a m
3:10 a m	No. 6 Chicago & St. Louis Ex.	3:30 a m
1:05 ngt	No. 8 Chicago Fast Express.	1:01 ngt
	No. 18 Burl. & Davnp't. Pass	3:25 p m

No 2—Pullman sleeper, free chair car and coaches to Chicago. No. 6—Pullman sleepers and through coaches to Chicago and St. Louis. No. 8—Pullman sleeper and free chair car to Chicago; Dining car will serve breakfast from Joliet to Chicago.

Ngt.—night.

MAIN LINE GOING NORTH.

7:35 a m	No. 1 Minneapolis Pass	8:05 a m
12:05 p m	No. 3 Rockford Passenger	3:30 p m
12:05 ngt	No. 5 Minneapolis Express	12:30 ngt
5:45 a m	No. 13 Chicago Passenger.	
11:50 p m	No. 19 Chicago Passenger.	

No. 1—Free chair car and coaches to Albert Lea. No. 5—Wide Vestibuld Pullman Buffet sleepers and coaches to Minneapolis and St. Paul.

DECORAH DIVISION.

9:10 p m	Decorah Passenger	8:20 a m
10:50 a m	West Union Passenger	3:40 p m
4:05 p m	Decorah Freight	6:20 a m

IOWA FALLS DIVISION.

7:30 p m	Iowa & Minnesota Pass	9:00 a m
1:05 a. m	Minnesota & Dakota Pass	12:30 a m

IOWA CITY, DAVENPORT, BURL. AND CLINTON.

12:05 p m	Burl. & Ia City Pass	3:05 p m
7:45 p m	Clin., Ia City, Dvpt Pass	7:15 a m
7:35a m	Burl. & Ia City Pass	9:40 p m

"Trains numbers 5, 6, 8, 13, 19, and Minn & Dakota Pass run daily, all other trains daily except Sunday." No *2 daily between Cedar Rapids and West Liberty.

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