

County Correspondence.

BAILEY'S FORD.

Mrs. Frank Emerson has returned home from a visit with her son and wife who live near Volga City. Claire Engstrom returned to his home in Manchester Thursday after a weeks visit with relatives in this place. Harriet Steinhilber, of Pocatamos, is the guest of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. N. Scofield. A. J. Pease of Manchester was a business caller in this place the latter part of last week. Manchester has a very swell ball team now, and expect to win many honors on the Westfall. Miss Nellie Westfall left for Manchester Tuesday evening for a few days visit with friends. H. Fisher came up from Manchester Monday to spend a few days with his family.—Mail Press.

COGON.

Miss Sadie Hanna of Manchester was an over Sunday visitor at the home of her uncle L. S. Hanna. Ralph Richardson of Manchester visited relatives in Coggon and vicinity. John Milroy of Hopkinton was in town Wednesday. Mrs. C. E. Weeks was a Manchester visitor last Thursday. Mrs. Dr. Scofield visited relatives in Manchester Saturday. Mrs. A. W. Savage attended the funeral of Wm. Ricketts, one of the Raymond railway wreck victims, at Hopkinton Sunday.—Monitor.

DYERSVILLE.

John F. Boeckstein and son, Johnnie, of Bear Grove were here Monday visiting friends and transacting business. Henry Raehle and Chas. Kramer were at N. Amers and Joseph Bagge were in Dubuque Tuesday. Fred Rubly the popular merchant of Petersburg was in this city last Saturday enroute to Manchester on business. Joe Woerdehoff and his sister of Petersburg were Dyersville visitors last week Thursday. Frank Warren took in the base ball game at Manchester last Tuesday. Leo Willemberg and sister, Miss Angela, of Petersburg were in this city Saturday visiting friends. Mrs. Elizabeth Willemberg returned Friday from an extended visit with her daughters, Mrs. B. Sassen and Mrs. Frank Bangemann at Bancroft and also her son, Frank, at Ashton, Iowa. She enjoyed her visit very much. Prof. H. C. Kramer of Petersburg was here on business last Monday. Anton Heiring departed for Stanley, Iowa, last Friday where he is visiting his brothers, Barney and George and also his sister, Mrs. Otto Heid. Roland Toogood of Manchester was calling on his friends in this city last Saturday and Sunday. Mrs. Brooks and Hess were passengers to Manchester on professional business last Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Wentz, Mr. Clemens Schwars and daughters, Josephine, Veronica and Ottilia, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Goedken and daughter, Agnes, Mrs. Anna Scherbring and son, Joseph, Miss Annie Scherbring, and J. P. Kelchen and his son, Peter, went to Dubuque last Friday, where they attended the festivities at St. Francis convent.—Commercial.

GREELEY.

W. C. Kirchheck and father were over from Colesburg Thursday. Frank and Mrs. Matthews are the guests of Dunham Correll at Necedah, Wis. Born—on Tuesday June 23, 1903 to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hockaday, Jr. a girl. A. C. and Mrs. Marcham came home Tuesday after a two weeks visit in Missouri. D. A. Cole won his case against the "T. X. L." Remedy Company at Eldora last week. The new telephone exchange will be located at Farwell and Miss Mate Willard will have charge of the board. Gay Miller and wife were up from Manchester on Sunday. Robert Goldsworthy cut his leg very badly while mowing grass at Delaware Tuesday. Several stitches were taken in the wound. Eads Grove Letter: Charles Lash, Grace Edmunds, Lon Frenstess and Blanche Wood spent Sunday at the fish hatchery. A few more hellos on our line now: Jake Moser, John Cropp and Floyd Harvey being added to the list. Mrs. J. J. Edmunds visited her aunt in Manchester Saturday, and brought her mother, Mrs. Williams home with her. Mrs. Williams departed for Oelwein Monday. Fred Frenstess and wife have been entertaining their daughter Mrs. Birdsell of Oelwein, the past few weeks. She was accompanied by her two daughters.—Home Press.

HOPKINTON.

Fred Vesey who has been working with the fence gang at Waucoma, returned home Monday. John and Olaf Swanson, two thrifty farmers residing near Manchester, drove down here Monday to do some trading. Special Ricketts arrived home Saturday evening from Huron, S. D., called by the death of his brother, W. H. Ricketts. The following friends and relatives from out of town were called here by the death of W. H. Ricketts: Andrew and Milton Alcorn, and Mrs. W. J. Breed and two daughters, of Edgewood; Mr. and Mrs. Savage of Coggon; Mr. and Mrs. Galliard of Dubuque; Mr. Lathrop Nathan; Lathrop, Howard Lathrop and wife, Oxford Junction. The following members of the I. O. O. F. order from out of town were in attendance at the funeral of W. H. Ricketts last Sunday afternoon. From Delhi: E. E. Holdredge, W. Z. Phillips, A. A. Cummings, Peter Jakelin, E. H. Blanchard, J. W. Swinburne, J. S. Garlow, G. R. D. Smith, L. Barnes, D. F. Jones, S.

RE-UNION OF OUR FIRST SETTLERS.

The meeting of the Delaware County Old Settlers Association, held at the Grand Hotel last Thursday was one of the most largely attended of these meetings held in years. Over a hundred partook of the basket dinner and it was one big family of happy pioneers and their children and grand children. Through the kindness of Secretary C. J. Bailey, of the Association, we are enabled to present to our readers the papers in full. The following poem and prose picture written by Mrs. J. L. McCree, were read by Miss Mary Bailey:

The Missing Spoons.

By J. L. McCree.

"Twas April—month of tears and hope,
Whose skies alternate smile and frown;
And rains of spring were coming down.
The breeze was blowing fresh and keen,
The forest was in full of bud,
The forest was in full of bud,
Beneath a foot or two of mud.
On Iowa's fair and fertile plain,
A stockaded plowed and sowed,
Drenched by the slowly falling rain,
And every other mile benighted.
It was before the railway age:
The only rail the travelers knew
Were those that were in the stage,
To land, when foundering in a slough.
Watches, and appetites as well,
Informing men it was noon,
When distant view of a hotel
Gave promise of a dinner soon.
At a solemn meeting, one and all,
Addressed his comrades, one and all,
And in his voice was as it were,
The voice of a leader.
"My friends, I've traveled here before;
And yonder, where you see that sign,
I've stopped a dozen or more times,
With expectation there to dine:
"But some conspiracy, I fear,
Has stolen away my missing spoon,
Existence between the driver here,
And yonder, where you see that sign,
"This is the plan, as I have found:
First in the progress of events
The party lands in some remote place
With his demand for first:
"You scarce begin to eat before
The sound of rattling wheels is heard,
The stage is driven to the door,
The cry is given, "All aboard!"
"Then unexpectedly you find
That you are called on to decide
Whether to eat and stay behind,
Or leave your dinner uneaten,
"Well, now, by Jiminy, I guess,
Cried one who paissably had come
From some remote place,
Within the bounds of "Yankedom,"
"I rather guess that I shall eat
And leave my dinner uneaten,
And when my dinner is complete
Will ride on with the rest of you."
Replied the other, "Very well,
If you can get the boards and
Of one full meal at that hotel,
I'll be glad to eat with you."
They reach the house; the passenger
Diamonds all hungry, wet, and cold;
The driver, who had been waiting,
Precisely as had been foretold.
For half an hour they wait supplies
Before they begin to eat and drink;
Meanwhile the Yankee occupies
The intervening moments well.
For some dishes he has been waiting,
Of this suggestive circumstance
The driver, in the kitchen, there,
Has been waiting for the signal.
At last the passenger are called—
They rush to occupy their seats,
Their glasses with burning wine are read,
Nor pause to masticate their meats.
They scarcely have begun before
The driver, who had been waiting,
The stage is driven to the door,
The cry is given, "All aboard!"
A hungry and indignant set
Into the stage again they climb;
The driver, who had been waiting,
For he must start on "whelpie time."
All but the Yankee; he sat still,
And by the great horn spoon,
Here I shall stay and eat my fill,
And then I'll go with you."
"I cannot go with you," he said,
"I don't propose to pay my cash
At this hotel unless I can and hash."
The stage refused to be delayed,
And towards its destination pressed;
The driver, who had been waiting,
Struck terror to the landlord's breast.
Coffee and codfish, pork and beef,
To an amount beyond belief,
Went through the great horn of his jaws.
Then spoke the Yankee: "On the whole,
A better meal I rarely get,
And you'll let me have a bowl
Of bread and milk I'll quit!"
The bowl of bread and milk was brought;
The Yankee looked about, and soon
Inquired: "Say, landlord, but you got
About your premises, a spoon?"
The landlord looked the table over
And then the cupboard standing near.
And then his darkening features bore
The marks of a sudden fear.
"I surely had some spoons," he said,
"Of no great worth to any one."
For heaven's sake tell me, landlord,
For use, when dinner was begun:
"And then some spoons of silverware,
Which I had in the cupboard there—
Were lying in the cupboard there—
And every one of them is gone!"
"Now, what do you mean?" he said,
"If all the folks, this region through,
Exclaimed the Yankee, "are as slow,
And greedy and unscrupulous,
"If so, it must be for the best.
The stage has left me in the rear;
I'll go on my further westward,
But stop and settle down right here!"
"What do you mean?" the landlord cries:
"Is this the time to be so slow?
"Do you suppose," the first replies,
"That I'll let you go with me?"
"Do you suppose," the Yankee adds,
"That stage-load under, if you please,
I'll let you go with me?"
"Whom you can evade at your ease?"
"Do you suppose they all would pay
Without obtaining in some way
A fair equivalent, quid pro quo?"
"Let all your suppositions go;
Say something definite, if you can,
If there is anything you know,
For heaven's sake tell me, landlord."
"Well, this I know, and don't suppose:
That he took your spoons away,
The Yankee said, "I have seen
Who stopped for dinner here today."
"And could you, do you think, point out
The spoons that were missing?"
Replied the Yankee, "I've no doubt
That very easily I can."
Outraged the landlord in his rage,
And hurried up his steet horse;
And followed the retreating stage—
The Yankee, who had been waiting,
They hastened onward through the rain
That fell like pouring like a flood,
And made the stage a pile
Of bottomless and boundless mud.
They rode a dozen miles or more
Against the piercing western blast,
When, as the twilight gathered o'er,
They overtook the stage at last.
"Good evening, gentlemen—I'm glad
To meet you all," the Yankee cried,
And descended the seat which had
Since dinner been unoccupied.
"Landlord, I really can't do less
Than thank you for having brought
Me safely to the top of the hill,
You'll find 'em in the coffee-pot!"

Early Day Reminiscences.

Mrs. J. L. McCree. Of Delaware county I have many pleasant recollections. You will pardon me if I go back to the starting point from which I emigrated to the far west. It was about the middle of March, 1856, that we left Cattaraugus county, New York, in the midst of a raging snow storm that drifted high along the Erie railroad. There were twelve in our party, my father, Abram Knapp, and his family. After about ten days travel in cars packed with emigrants, both native and foreign, we reached Dunleith, to find that the ice in the Mississippi river was beginning to break, which rendered crossing in many ways dangerous. The hotels were over-crowded, the city full of people who were waiting for the ice to break, and many went out in the country to seek shelter. One day, during my husband's

to get one room at the hotel for the family and baggage. Luckily we had two feather beds and pillows in the trunks. These were spread on the floor, and with one bed in the room, we stretched our weary bodies as best we could, feeling thankful that the home flock was gathered into one fold. During our three days stay in Dunleith there were many amusing incidents that kept the crowd good-natured. The old saying "misery loves company," was exemplified. We were all in the same boat, yet the boat that we were waiting for was not yet afloat. "Beware of pickpockets" was posted conspicuously about. My father carried his bills in a belt buckled around his waist. I was custodian of the gold, which I carried tied up in a night-cap and concealed among heavy skirts. It was a laborious task, but I can assure you that I felt the responsibility.

After three days waiting, the ferry-boat steamed across the water, and conveyed us to Dubuque. There were no railroads in Iowa then, and how we were to go from Dubuque to Delhi, Delaware county was a puzzling question. There were stages and stage-coaches, but they all failed inside and out. The best that could be done was to pile trunks, children and all into a monster wagon that was strong enough to carry us through the sloughs and over the worst kind of roads. We put up over night at the old sod tavern (between Dyersville and Epworth), and again bunked like sardines, and awoke good-natured with longing anticipations of what was before us. On the fourth of April we reached our home, which had been purchased the previous autumn. This home, which none of us except my father had seen, is situated in Milo township, on the old Quasqueton emigrant road. Sand Creek crosses this road at the entrance lane which leads to the house. Our back view was a thirty-mile prairie. In front the timber on the banks of the Maquoketa was in view. A thirty-acre field of corn skirted our house during the first summer of our residence. In this house Mr. McCree and I were married on April 10th, 1857. Manchester was only a pertense of a town, but it grew and it grew like the peach of emerald hue. My sister, Mrs. E. J. Cook, opened the first millinery store in Manchester. The house that she occupied consisted of a parlor and a kitchen. She occupied one-half of the house, and Mr. Wells the other, at eight dollars a month each. The partitions and inside doors of the house were of chintz of various colors bought of Loomis. During the dull season Mrs. Cook taught select school in her own house. The school meetings in Milo district were held in my father's house, and my sister, Julia, taught one term of district school in our sitting room.

In 1857 came the financial crisis that tried men's souls and made heroic the men and women who struggled, conquered and triumphed. There are still among the old settlers of Delaware county men and women who can recall the conditions of this period. Most of the settlers came with money enough to buy stock necessary to carry on their farms, furnish the needed supplies for the household, buy seed grain, and supply the family for one year until crops were harvested. The surplus, above what was needed to supply the necessities of the prudent and economical settlers, as most of them were, was placed in banks for future emergencies. All of these little savings were sunk in this financial abyss, and many who had come with bright prospects were stranded among strangers in a strange land. It was remarked by some of the old-fashioned ones who were disposed to look on the bright side and take things as a matter of course, that on the first year of arrival the families were well and comfortably dressed, on the second year their clothing was a good deal patched, and on the third they were in rags. Most of the settlers reached the last stage before the panic was over. Human sympathy illuminated this night of gloom. Hand in hand and heart to heart stricken neighbors assisted each other. Plenty was withheld from all alike; those of large possessions had little advantage over those of the smallest means. A stroke of misfortune had placed them on a common level. When they could not buy flour they borrowed from their neighbor's grist; those who had fat cattle and goats butchered them, and divided with their less fortunate neighbors. They loaned wheat and corn and other products for seed to those who needed, and trusted to crops for return. There were certain firms employed workmen and paid in commodities. Some of these firms issued "wild cat" money, which could be used only in exchange for commodities. The greatest need was for real money with which to pay taxes, buy postage stamps and other things that only money could buy. This was brought about by the issue of greenbacks as a result of the civil war, which followed this I recall an incident that the interested party may remember. My husband was publishing the Delaware County Journal in Delhi, and was also superintendent of schools of that county. A friend had given him the use of a horse for his keeping during the winter months. Some of you may remember seeing a fiery steed galloping over the county roads with a rider, on thought intent, his head bowed and his coat-tails flying, on his way to the various school houses in the county, to visit schools and schoolmasters and schoolmistresses. One day he placed his pocket-book containing forty dollars (in one of his coat-tail pockets. (I suppose he did this because there were so many leads, and type, and sticks and things in his trousers pockets, or it might have been because he hadn't much use for a pocketbook anyway, and he didn't exactly know where it did belong). At any rate the pocketbook galloped out, and took to the roads. It didn't cost anything to advertise the loss in the Delaware County Journal. One day, during my husband's

absence, a well-known citizen of Manchester, and an honest man, came to the office with the pocket-book and the forty dollars. I was counting out the amount that had been offered for the return of the pocket-book and its contents when the finder, with a timid and a pleading voice, said: "Could you give me greenbacks, so I can pay my taxes?" I gave him the greenbacks, and he went in the direction of the court house with a quick step and a smiling face. I hope that honest man is still living in Manchester and will be present when this is read.

Much might be said of war times, of the rejoicing over victories, of the terrible shocks of defeat when perhaps our loved ones were slain, when an hour would bring its burden of years. The results of the conflict may be traced in many ways. I recall the meetings we had from house to house to make garments for those in hospitals and prepare catfish for the sick, might, I believe, have been the greenbacks and the money that we had saved. Five years we toiled and struggled to keep alive the Delaware County Journal, a republican paper striving to exist under a democratic administration. From the files that are stored in our house in Dubuque many items of interest might be gleaned. When we go back to Dubuque we will forward to Delaware county these files to be preserved in the archives of the county. They will serve as a lasting monument to an enthusiastic pair who were more plucky than wise. We might add to this file the old subscription book, showing unpaid subscriptions to the amount of nine hundred dollars. We look upon the adventures of the past as stepping stones to something better, and we cherish kindly feelings toward the friends of Delaware county who were struggling with us for something better.

Delaware county is well represented here in Washington, and Iowa is always to the front. To all friends we extend a kindly greeting. Very sincerely,
LORETTA W. KNAPP McCREE,
232, 11th St. N. E.,
Washington, D. C.

Deaths During the Past Year.

Secretary C. J. Bailey reported the death during the past year of the following members of the Old Settlers Association:

NAME.	DATE OF DEATH.	AGE.
Mrs. Drusilla Childs,	Oct. 17, 1902,	69
Mrs. Isaac Littlefield,	Feb. 6, 1903,	87
A. P. Dunfee,	Feb. 14, 1903,	79
Mrs. Jane Bethel,	Dec. 6, 1902,	76
John Ferris,	Feb. 14, 1903,	79
Mrs. J. F. Merry,	Jan. 18, 1903,	67
Rev. H. M. Amason,	Jan. 23, 1903,	84
William Elliott,	Feb. 1, 1903,	78
John Weiser,	Feb. 10, 1903,	83
Mrs. A. M. Stieck,	Feb. 10, 1903,	86
Mrs. Nancy Hostler,	Feb. 10, 1903,	42
Mrs. E. M. Carr,	Feb. 10, 1903,	42
G. P. Tripp,	Feb. 27, 1903,	66
Mrs. H. N. Corliss,	May 27, 1903,	66

Continued Next Week.

EXPERTS USE THE WHIP.

One Man Could Crack Off a Snake's Head at Twenty Feet.

"That crabbled old German, Schopenhauer, who said the crack of a whip was like a drink from the bad places, would have found but little to complain of if he had postponed his passing for awhile," said a thoughtful man, "for the whip is getting to be an awful scarce article in this age. I suppose the whip will finally pass out of existence altogether unless it is put to a new use. Of course the small riding whip, the kind which jockeys use in urging the horses they ride, will be used as long as horsedesh is used.

"But the kind of whip the old German had in mind was of a larger, longer and older type, the kind the ox driver uses even now in some of the more remote sections of the world. Whips of this kind generally swing easily on the end of a long handle. Frequently the handle is eight or ten feet long and is made of hickory or some wood that is supple enough to bend in the green state. The whip itself, which is generally four and six plait rawhide, is from ten to fifteen feet in length, with a soft grass cracker on the end tightly twisted and knotted at spaces an inch apart. It is this article that makes the noise of which the old German pessimist complained, and a whip of this kind in the hands of an expert can be popped until it sounds like the crack of doom. In a quiet forest where timber men carry on their work this noise is even fiercer than it is in the cities.

"Toasters in the cities still use the old whip to some extent, but it is gradually going out, and the sharp crack of the sea green is rarely heard.

"Speaking of whips, I am reminded of the marvelous accuracy some men acquire in the use of whips. I suppose the Eskimo has reached a higher standard of proficiency in this respect than any other class of men. I have seen boys of this race pop a silver ball due at a distance of twenty feet every time they swung a whip. They can simply hit anything they want to hit as long as it is within reach of the whip. But here in the south I have seen ox cart drivers crack off a snake's head at a distance of twenty feet, and so on to it whenever it pleased them to do it."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Reduced Rates East and West.

One fare plus \$2.00 for the round trip via Chicago Great Western Railway; Boston, on sale July 30, to return July 4. Good to return July 12th. Saratoga Springs, N. Y., on sale July 4 and 5. Good to return July 20th. Atlanta, Ga., on sale July 5. Good to return July 15th. San Francisco and Denver, on sale July 1-10. Good to return Aug. 31st. Stop-overs allowed. For further information apply to any Great Western Agent or J. P. Elmer, G. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

4th of July Excursions.

One fare and a third for all stations on the Chicago Great Western Railway within 200 miles. Tickets on sale July 3 and 4th. Good to return July 6th. For further information apply to any Great Western Agent or J. P. Elmer, G. P. A., Chicago, Ill.



WILL N. HARBEN
Author of "Abner Daniel," Our Next Serial Story.
In this story Mr. Harben is at his best, drawing from life characters he has known since childhood. The New York Commercial-Advertiser, comparing the book with Eben Holden and David Harum, says: Now that a really good book has come to light, a book far ahead of most of its class, it will be hard to induce people to believe it. We have gained more personal enjoyment from reading Abner Daniel than from any other novel of this particular type since the days of David Harum. You will agree with the Commercial-Advertiser when you have read the story, which will be printed in this paper.

You Ought to take The Democrat.

Are You a Renter?

Why not own your own farm when good tillable land is within the reach of your purse?

We have some of the finest farms in Delaware county for sale to you cheap. And we have pieces in North Dakota and the Canadian northwest that can't be beat for genuine worth at so low a price.

- 120 a. 3 miles from Manchester, good improvements, \$75.00 per acre.
- 80 a. 4 miles from Manchester, good improvements, \$60.00 per acre.
- 105 acres, 4 miles from Manchester, well improved, \$60.00 per acre.
- 40 a. 3 1/2 miles from Manchester, good heavy soil, well improved \$75.00 per acre.
- 260 a. 6 miles from Manchester, good soil, good improvements 40 a. timber, \$55.00 per acre.
- 160 a. 4 miles from Manchester, well improved, heavy black soil, \$70.00 per acre.
- North Dakota farms from \$16.00 to \$35.00 per acre, rich black loam and clay soil.
- Canadian tracts for \$5.00 to \$20.00 per acre.

For special low rate to see our lands apply to your local agent, or to Byron Bronson, Manchester, Iowa.

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For Cold Drinks of All Kinds.

Phosphates, Ice Cream Sodas, Fruit and Nut Sundays or Ice Cream. Plain Schoster Malt Tonic on ice all the time, Coca Cola and Root Beer. It is a fact that you can get a fine cold treat at

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Call and see for Yourself.