

# The Democrat.

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Throw physic to the neighbor's dogs.

Starched goods don't always command a stiff price.

Character writes its name on a man's face in indelible ink.

No man can succeed unless he has faith in his own ability.

A successful revolution is sometimes but a turn for the worse.

Love that has nothing but beauty to keep it alive is apt to be short lived.

It's easier to get the best of an argument than it is to prove that you are right.

Can you fancy a debate on the Irish land bill developing into a "veritable love feast?"

It is easier to be a little man in a big town than it is to be a big man in a little town.

Should Miss Stone get \$70,000 out of Turkey she ought to start a bad debt collection bureau.

If the pulpit is not more careful it will soon be supplanted by the press as a moral teacher.

A scientist has discovered that hens lay eggs in the daytime because at night they are roosters.

The new King of Serbia smokes cigarettes constantly. Still he isn't likely to be killed by cigarettes.

This is a world in which the Christian has only to examine himself inwardly, as his friends are ready to do the rest.

It may appear to you that all the good jobs are taken, but by the time you are capable of filling one it will be vacant.

Never stop to explain your actions. People prefer to form their own opinions, besides they wouldn't believe you, anyway.

A feud broke in North Carolina was suspended to allow a picnic party to pass. Merely one picnic partying its respects to another.

If there's anything in these vacuum caps advertised to make hair grow, some people's skulls must be very hairy on the inside.

It is one of the compensations of obscurity and poverty that a man does not have to dodge kodak sends nor perfume himself in swearing off his taxes.

Thomas A. Edison has gone into politics, and the people of the Oranges are excited. They fear he will invent a new political machine which will baffles the oldest experts. Oh, let it be soon!

Statistics figure that it costs \$1.17 to keep a train going at full speed. And one of the worst ways to attempt to make the train hesitate is to grab the rear rail on the last coach and hold back. Then the expenses are much heavier.

Small American towns and cities ought to be interested in a report made by the United States consul at Hamilton, Ontario, on the paying in that city. He says that tar-macadam roadways have been built in the business part of the town for sixty-eight cents a yard, and that the cost of the same as good at the end of four years as when first made. Either asphalt or brick costs two or three times as much, and is not so durable.

In bygone times it was the practice of the Newfoundland coast folk to appropriate everything they secured from shipwrecks, but this lawlessness had to be sternly repressed. Now the unwritten rule is that they get "half their haul," or 50 per cent, as salvage.

Portable and valuable articles, such as silverware, there is still a strong temptation to keep the whole, but the punishment is severe. Champagne, liquors, cabin stores and the like have also a poor fisher's cottage you will come upon rare china, costly napery, silverware of price and wines to tempt an epicure.

Physicians are calling attention to the alarming increase of pneumonia. Figures compiled by the health commissioner of Chicago show that in 1900 the disease stood side by side with consumption, as regards the number of deaths throughout the whole country, and that since then the mortality rate in the one has increased and in the other has fallen. Pneumonia, therefore, may now be said to have displaced the "great white plague" as the most terrible human scourge. Good evidence of the highly communicable character of pneumonia comes from Chicago, where thirty-eight cases occurred among the three hundred employees of the county treasurer's office, and eight resulted fatally. The evidence of contagiousness is in one respect encouraging, for it will lead to the establishment of the same safeguards as those which have checked consumption.

They do some things better in Russia. The Standard Oil Company undertook to corner petroleum at Baku. A Rockefeller agent got control of all the rolling stock and sent the price up. All the visible supply was kept under perfect control until the railway authorities telegraphed to the imperial capital for instructions. An immediate reply was returned that if delivery were not ordered within twenty-four hours the tanks ready for haulage should be emptied on the railroad tracks and returned for fresh filling at Baku, subject to open market control. The corner in petroleum was convincingly broken and a repetition of the business so familiar in this part of the world was not attempted. Had the Sherman law been promptly and faithfully enforced from the time of its enactment the history of corners in the United States would be briefer. We cannot afford to substitute despotism for democracy, but it is a humiliating comment on democracy that it has failed to prevent the erection of a despotism in commerce as absolute as that of the imperial government in Russia.

It is a fact that no witch was ever burned or put to death by fire in Salem or any other part of Massachusetts. How the impression that Cot-

ton Mather and his associates had perpetrated that horror gained currency is inexplicable, but it has been floating around for generations, and in all probability will "go on forever." Salem was the scene of the trial, conviction and execution by hanging of persons accused of witchcraft, says the Washington Star. Galloway hill, the eminence on which the hangings occurred, is perhaps the most interesting show place in New England. It can hardly be doubted if more sincere or conscientious men ever lived than Cotton Mather and his brethren. They went to the Bible for their authority, to the Mosaic law, omitting the Christian dispensation. That law told them, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." Fully believing in witchcraft and having no doubt that they had witches to deal with, what were they to do but to kill them? From their point of view they excelled great humanity in employing the gallows rather than the fagot.

It is not generally known that John W. Gulteau, brother of Charles J. Gulteau, who shot Garfield, is in many respects the greatest statistician in the world. Gulteau is a veritable crank on figures, but his crankiness is very profitable. Just now the government is under contract to pay him \$25,000 for certain tabulations. The big insurance companies are his profitable clients. Gulteau is the only man who has succeeded in getting inside the books of Dun & Bradstreet's commercial agencies. It was he who gave out the startling statement that the books of these companies contained but 3 per cent of the names that were there twenty years ago! What a pathetic story of the premature deaths and business failures of twenty years! But here is more of the same sort! Gulteau says that of the men of this country who live to be 90 years of age 80 out of every 100 are absolutely dependent upon other people for a living. That is an appalling revelation. Of every 1,000 human beings that with previous argosies set buoyant sail 800 are wrecked on the coasts of business failure. Failure! Eight of every ten who fight in the business arena bite the savdust. For men do fight to-day as they fought in the arena at Rome and Antioch. And 80 of the 100 are carried out dead or defeated. Why? Because of competition. Because of extravagance. But habits are many other things. But largely, because of speculation. Read the list of the victims of the get-rich-quick swindles at New Orleans and St. Louis. Men, women and children—all were trying to get something for nothing. And there is gambling on the board of trade where the maestro swallows men alive. The wheat pit is only thirty feet across. But it has swallowed whole fleets of business cargoes. It is only a few feet deep, but it has let thousands of dollars down to Hades! The man who is doing well becomes dissatisfied. He reasons: "I work like a slave and save a few dollars. So and so makes dollars where I make cents. He runs the risk. Why should I not venture?" And before he knows it he is in deep water and unable to swim. We are a nation of speculators. The craving for wealth becomes a disease. Men are money drunk. This is not rhetoric. It is fact. Government and insurance companies pay men like Gulteau large sums of money for disclosing this real history. He who runs may read it.

**TWO SUITS FOR CHILDREN.**  
No. 1 displays a chic plaid linen Russian blazer suit for a little boy from four to seven years of age. No. 2 shows a white duck sailor suit, trimmed with turkey red sateen and braid. The tie is of red silk. The suit is suitable for a boy from seven to ten years of age.

**DEAR DEAD PAST.**  
Modern Terms of Measuring Affections of the Human Heart.  
The old millionaire entered his study and after carefully bolting the door behind him sat down at his desk and began rummaging in the spacious bottom drawer, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. A look of intense anxiety overspread his seamed and rugged visage as he failed to find the object of his search, but presently this gave way to a smile when further search revealed his endears. He gave a sigh of relief and settled back in his chair to examine the package of old letters he held in his hands. With trembling fingers he untied the faded cord of blue ribbon that bound them, and slowly began to read. They were love letters, his own love letters, written in the days of his ardent young manhood, when success had first smiled upon him. As he read, the countenance of the old man softened, and the present was forgotten. He was alone with the past, the dear, dead past. But was it dead? No, for the magic of those burning words seemed to ignite again in the old man's heart the flame that had glowed there long ago. For see—a tear galls in his wrinkled cheek. "Dear little Amy," he whispers, "dear little woman! how foolishly fond of you I was in those days. You were indeed, the dearest woman I ever met. Your breach of promise suit cost me a cool \$25,000!"

**Faithful at School.**  
A schoolgirl at Lee has been awarded a medal for seven years' perfect school attendance. All the members of the family—nine in number—attended the same school, and not one missed a single attendance.—London Tit-Bits.

**Export of Olives.**  
Spain's annual export of pickled green olives amounts to about \$800,000.

Never try to dispose of wedding presents if you would preserve your confidence in friends.

## HIS CABIN SUITS HIM, ALTHOUGH CATTLE KING HEALY IS A MILLIONAIRE.

A Unique Character in New Mexico Whose Wealth Is in Land, Cattle, Copper and Silver Mines—He Spends Less than \$500 a Year.

On a bleak and lonely side of the Santa Margarita mountains in New Mexico is a rude, barn-like cabin of rough-sawn boards. It is the home of James Healy, one of the wealthiest cattlemen in the Southwest. Healy would be taken for a tramp by almost anyone, and none would laugh more at the error than Healy himself. In some ways Healy is one of the most interesting men in the territory. His possessions in land, cattle, copper and silver mines in New Mexico and in Chihuahua, Mexico, are easily worth several millions of dollars. His average annual income for several years has been upward of \$80,000. Last year he sold cattle that alone brought him \$35,000, and he believed his income ran up to about \$105,000. Yet, with all this wealth at his command, and with a knowledge that his great fortune is in gold-edged securities, he lives as cheaply as the commonest Mexican vaquero in his employ. He boasts that he spends less than \$500 a year on himself. His income is greater than that of some leaders of American society and notable votaries of fashion and elegance, but he has absolutely no knowledge of the influence and power his riches would have in other people's hands and a different environment. "What good is there in money, if you can't buy land and cattle?" is the terse answer he gives to someone who was trying to sell the cattle king how other millionaires would use an income of nearly \$90,000 a year.

He has not been farther away from his range than to Kansas City in over thirty-five years, and he seldom goes farther from his shanty, home than over to Las Vegas or down to Albuquerque. His horse is piling up in land, cattle, copper property and mortgages to the amount of thousands of dollars every year. One hour's homely talk among the people in Las Vegas and the white settlers in Miguel and Bernalillo counties in northern New Mexico, as to the disposition this strange and taciturn millionaire has made of his money, and you will find that he has made it in a way that is almost unique. He has not been farther away from his range than to Kansas City in over thirty-five years, and he seldom goes farther from his shanty, home than over to Las Vegas or down to Albuquerque. His horse is piling up in land, cattle, copper property and mortgages to the amount of thousands of dollars every year. One hour's homely talk among the people in Las Vegas and the white settlers in Miguel and Bernalillo counties in northern New Mexico, as to the disposition this strange and taciturn millionaire has made of his money, and you will find that he has made it in a way that is almost unique.

**AN HISTORICAL BUILDING.**  
Old Masonic Hall, Neosho, Confederate Capital of Missouri.  
During the Civil War Neosho, Mo., was the scene of many stirring events, and it was on the line between the North and the South. It would be one day in the hands of the Federal forces, and next in the hands of the Confederates. It was here that the seceders met, and on October 21, 1861, in the old Masonic Hall building, of which we give an illustration, which is still standing, signed the articles of secession. The body was composed of the deposed Governor Jackson and 30 members of the Confederate wing of the House and 10 members of the Senate. The following is the text of the bill passed: "An Act declaring the ties heretofore existing between the United States and the State of Missouri dissolved." During the consideration of this measure the town was in the hands of the Federal forces, which was the only time it was ever captured. The only dissenting voice to the passing of the bill were those of Charles H. Hurdin in the Senate and Isaac N. Shinn in the House. The passing of the act was greeted with applause and the ringing of the cannons of Preece's command. The building has been removed from its original site, to give place to the city's growth, but it still stands in a fair state of preservation and is an object of much interest to strangers who visit the town.

**WANTED "LIGHT READING."**  
It is interesting to find a familiar theme considered from a new point of view. It is more interesting to find that there is a new point of view from which to consider the ever-discussed tragedy of "Hamlet." In East Healy the other day two women met on the threshold of the village library. She who was going in noticed the book which her neighbor, who was coming out, was carrying, and remarked, "I didn't know, Mrs. Bins, that you were a reader of Shakespeare." Mrs. Bins looked apologetic. "Well, Mrs. Brown," said she, "I ain't generally speaking; I really ain't. With a family the size of mine, I'm too busy. But doctor's been telling me I got to lie down every day after dinner if I don't want to go all to pieces and I ain't another case of nervous prostration; and goodness knows I can't afford to do that. He said to take a nap, but I told him that I couldn't; I ain't in me. I'm as wide-awake a body as there is stirring from sunup to sundown, an' I couldn't go to sleep. I held my eyes shut by main force. So then he said, 'You lie down and take a book, and don't pick out anything solid or edifying, but take the lightest thing you can get hold of, and put your feet up, and pillows to your back, and if it ain't as good as a nap, why, it's the next best thing.'"

**Sea-Water Bread.**  
A Philadelphia baker is the authority on the assertion that the latest fad of dyspepsics is bread made with sea-water, instead of fresh water. "It has a saltier taste," he says, "than we are accustomed to, but it is very palatable. In fact, he who likes salty things is apt to like it better than the other kind of bread." A physician, he says, "asked me about three months ago to make some of this bread for his patients. At first I made six loaves a day, but now I make thirty. My sea-water comes up to me three times a week. The dyspepsics who buy the bread say it is the only kind they can eat fresh without discomfort."

**Longest Span Bridge in World.**  
The longest span bridge in the world is now in process of construction across the St. Lawrence river about seven miles west of Quebec, Canada.

**Speed of Flying Electrons.**  
The flying electrons will whirl through sheet iron with no diminution of speed and photograph an object afterwards.

## AMATEUR SURGEON AND HUSBAND WHOSE LIFE SHE SAVED

One of the Amazing Incidents During the Recent Hotel Strike.



Eight hundred miles from the nearest physician and with her husband in danger of dying unless operated on immediately Mrs. William H. Logan, of Bethany, Ill., who recently went to China as her husband's missionary, gave him an anesthetic and successfully removed his appendix, following instructions he gave her before he relapsed into unconsciousness. When Dr. Logan had rallied sufficiently from the operation Mrs. Logan took him 800 miles by rail and wagon to a physician, where the treatment was completed.

But some real good people feel different nowadays; and under doctor's orders—

"That's why I took out a play; and of course I've heard tell of Shakespeare as the best play-writer, and I asked Letty to ask at the high school whether it was his best play, and she said 'Hamlet.' Well, I can't say I fancied the glance had in the library before I brought it away with me. But I don't suppose hasty judgments are good for much, so I took it, after all. Perhaps I'll turn out more entertaining than it looks to be. Anyway, I'm going home to mind doctor's orders right away—out literature, six pills and a soft—and if I don't improve, undenied it ain't my fault. Well, I'm glad to hear you found it so interesting. Land, you are enthusiastic! Well, maybe I shall, but I don't hardly think 'Good morning'—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

**HAMMURABI OF BABYLON.**  
King Who Reigned Over Twenty-two Hundred Years Before Christ.  
Hammurabi reigned in Babylon about 2250 B. C. We know nothing of Babylon before his time. There is a tablet of laws, known as the Code of Hammurabi, which was discovered in his excavations at Sippara, the modern Abu-habba, dug up, from a great depth, the sacred image of the god, a bas relief on a large slab, accompanied by the names of the king, King Nabu-al-lil, or Nebu-sivas, son. The sun god sits on his throne under a canopy, and the king is presented to him by two divine attendants. Before the god, resting on a table, is the system of the sun, with alternate rays and streams, and above are two figures who direct the course of the sun in his daily journey, much as a Persian artist would place the disk of the sun in a chariot to be drawn by his horses, or as a Greek artist would have him a chariot, with his alternate rays and streams. There are smaller symbols of the sun, the moon and Venus, and the cuneiform inscription explains the meaning of the composition. When this stone was found by the Arab workmen, they took it to the city of Hammurabi, and he had found none with him. Hammurabi, son of Hammurabi, was so pleased that he killed an ox and made them a great feast.

In this city of Sippara and before the sun god, temple of Hammurabi set up one of the great stone columns above which were inscribed the laws. It remained there three hundred years or more, until, in feeble succession, the kings from the mountains of Elam invaded and conquered again the rich plain of Babylon. We know not what costly spoil of gold and embroidered vestures they carried away; but much more important for us was their loot of the historical stone monuments of Babylon, and most fortunate of them all, the stone of Hammurabi. He had first brought the heavy stone, perhaps, from the mountains of the Arabian peninsula, some think even from the Hindu quarries of the north end of the Red Sea. That would have taken a year's travel. The Elamite conqueror put this stone and a considerable number of smaller stone records of land grants, called kudurus, into boats and, following the main canals, reached the Tigris River for Sippara, near the Euphrates, and then passed down to the Persian Gulf, and thence up the Karun or Euleus River, or quite as likely through one of the interesting canals, and by this long journey they were brought to Hammurabi's triumph at Susa—Century.

**MISTAKEN FOR A UNION BRY.**  
It was dance night at the Hotel del Prado, but owing to the sudden stampede of waiters that morning the great dining hall had not been cleaned, and consequently there was no dancing. The musicians, however, were filling the air with rag-time hoise, and the corridor was thronged with excited people talking together in groups. Every stranger who entered was eyed suspiciously and discussed in whispers. A poorly dressed woman carrying a shabby traveling bag came in, went to the office and asked for a room for the night. She made no inquiries as to rates or location, and when asked to register did so in a hesitating, uncertain manner. She followed the bell-boy to the room assigned her, which was on the first floor, with a window overlooking the street. Immediately on entering she locked the door, but did not turn on the light. This roused suspicion. Later on she did not respond to a knock; this roused more suspicion.

"A spy," they said, "a union spy, sent here to find out about the state of things in the house." A detective was stationed outside the door and a policeman patrolled the street outside her window. The latter reported that she had opened the window.

Meanwhile bewildering rumors were floating around concerning the strange lady, such as that she was a private detective; that she was a man in woman's clothing; that she had dynamite in her bag and was going to fire the house; that she was going to signal to the pickets outside and let the unionists in through the window; that she was sent to search out the few kitchen girls who had not gone out on strike.

She did not emerge from her room for nearly an hour. By that time everyone was on the qui vive, and when she did appear her actions were watched with absorbing interest. She walked deliberately down the long corridor, through the crowds of people, apparently oblivious to their glances.

"Going straight to the kitchen to testify those Swedish 'fish' and a lady." "Wonder how she knows where to go? Must have been informed." When she reached the telephone box she stopped, looked around uncertainly, asked for a book and began to search for a number. The bellboy captain, who had been previously warned about her, offered to assist her, but she refused his offers. More suspicion. "Doesn't want anyone to know where she telephones," they said. After fumbling with the address book for a few minutes, and glancing furtively around her, she returned to her room without telephoning.

Imagination ran riot after she disappeared. "Looks like an anarchist," said one. "There'll be trouble to-night," said a nervous woman, "I'm scared to go to bed." Nothing happened that night. The next morning the strange lady promptly paid her bill and departed.

And the imaginative people who supplied her with a story are still guessing.—Chicago Record-Herald.

**A MACHINE TO MAKE THE DEAF HEAR.**  
Miller R. Hutchinson has been giving some wonderful exhibitions in New York City with his "Acousticon" apparatus, designed to enable the deaf to hear.

As most cases of deafness are only partial and result from missing or defective parts of the ear, the Acousticon is made so as to correct those faults.

## POLITICS OF THE DAY

"Turn the Rascals Out." What little of the postoffice scandals that has been allowed to come to light and the charges made of official shortcomings in other departments, makes it evident that the entire official machinery of the nation is clogged with dishonesty. Every department and bureau that has been even partially investigated, reems with loot and dishonesty that parallels, if it does not exceed, the era of robbery that culminated in the election of Eldon. The Star Route frauds; the Mulligan letters; the Credit Moblier, and the Pacific Mail subsidy were crimes for which the people held the Republican party responsible.

The voters are now confronted with the postal scandal, the Cuban looting, the Agricultural Department rottenness, the Land Department frauds, the Porto Rican smuggling cases, and the War Department and Philippine Insular cases, besides charges against the other departments that have not yet been investigated and which will doubtless swell the unsavory record.

The old cry that aroused the country, "Turn the rascals out," will again be heard in the coming presidential campaign, and the voters and corporations hold out as the bait to obtain immunity for their extortion. The donations of the trusts and corporations to Republican campaign funds have been recaptured by trust protection funds, such as that set up by the trust to capture their depleted bank accounts from exorbitant profits from the people.

Judging the future by the past, history is repeating itself and the present immunity that the trusts are enjoying is an arrangement mutually satisfactory to both.

**PLENTY OF MONEY—FOR SOME.**  
Speaker Cannon says there is no need of financial legislation, as there is an abundance of money in the country.—News Item.—Cincinnati Post.

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Uncle Sam sees things. The quarterly report of the United States Steel Corporation again reminds us of what a heavy load we are carrying in our protection baby carriage. This great big, lumbering, bulldozing, beggar brut reports its earnings for the quarter ending June 30 of \$28,469,628.