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The TOUCH of OBLIVION

By THEODORE WATERS

Skin Nigger is the shellback name for Homer Shoal. The light could be seen about three miles out, a yellow, low lying speck midway between the blinking beacon on the highlands and the steady gleam of the buoy lighthouse. If this tug were towing a scow, there was little chance of her being the Refuge, but as she was in the path of the Wanderer they would shortly be able to make sure.

Now, on the way down the bay they were being slowly overhauled by a big coast line steamer, and when they slowed down to speak the tug this liner, brilliant with electric lights and gay parties of tourists on their way to southern resorts, surged past them heavily. When, however, the Wanderer regained her former speed, the coaster drew away less swiftly, and the Wanderer hung on to her port quarter and tossed about in the muck of her screws for fully fifteen minutes. An orchestra was playing on the big boat, and her searchlight flitted hither and thither about the bay. The sight was cultivating to the men in the pilot-house of the hospital boat. It was so different from that of which they were used.

While they were looking wistfully after the liner, Swainley in particular making some invidious comparisons, they heard off to the right a peculiar spine racking sound which brought them up standing with exclamations and began with one of the lower notes in the musical scale, the wonderful low D of "Gottendamerung" which is terror compelling in itself, and ran up, octave on octave, until it thinned out to a sustained shriek. Then it dropped to a steady, shrill, and it sank to a weakening moan. It was the siren call of the police boat, the signal which had been agreed upon. There was a rush of the liner's passengers to the starboard side of the vessel, and the searchlight which had been playing along Conroy Island beach, came around and shot out to the right. The Wanderer slowed down immediately, and the liner drew away, leaving an unobscured view of the bay. There, about a mile away, illuminated by the searchlight shaft of light, was what appeared to be a geyser sprung suddenly from the bed of the bay, a rising column of steam that dispersed in the upper darkness. Deep in the middle of the rising steam was a dark object without form or shape. Near by a patient dumping scow tossed about helplessly in the surges that sped away from the liner's screws.

"Why, what can it be?" asked Baxter, with a pair of night glasses was scanning the queer cloud of vapor.

"Must be the toy that fellow spoke of up above," said the captain of the Wanderer. "His engineer 'll lose his certificate. He's let his water go down until his fuse plug has given way and flooded his fire. It'll rise off in a minute. Wonder if he got burnt?"

The liner did not slacken its speed and shortly drew so far away that the electric light no longer picked out the rolling coils of steam rising from the passengers did not lose interest in the spectacle. They crowded to the quarter and peered astern. The lengthening shaft of light quivered as if some one were adjusting the projector. Then, strangely enough, the gigantic shadow of a man's hand was outlined momentarily on the white steam. Some one on the liner had moved in front of the lens. Finally the shaft of light turned away to the fortifications on Sandy Hook. As it swept around it lighted up the dumping scow for an instant.

"Good heavens! Did you see that?" ejaculated Swainley.

"Oh, that's a common phenomenon," said Baxter.

"No! No! The scow! Listen!"

From the direction of the dumper came a strange, weird, discordant noise. Its volume kept pace with the varying strength of the land breeze. Sometimes it was faint; sometimes it came over the water in hoarse roars. Out of its vortex came words:

Star spangled banner
long may
home land
the free
home land
the brave

Far in the distance the siren call of the Patrol caught up the last note of the refrain and hurried on to the fearful shriek, which seemed to tap the very pinnacles of the heavens with reproach and which, when it could go no higher, fell again to the lowest depths.

"Why, it's the quartet," cried Baxter, with the glasses to his eyes, "and all the rest of them too! But how did they get on the dumper? Patrick did not say anything of that."

"There was a scow tied up at the lower wharf at the island," said the superintendent in a suppressed tone. "Peterman must have taken that toy."

"Yes," continued Baxter; "they are. There's the Mathematical Genius, and Dockey (it is Dockey sure enough) and Central Park and East River; there's the tandem, lockstep and all, just as though they were in the pavilion on the island; there's that big hydrocephalic nodding in the stern, and there's Eddie Apple leaning over the bow. What is he doing, I wonder? Here, Swainley, take a look at that!"

Swainley took the glasses and looked. In the bow of the dumper stood an enormous boy. He was not over five feet tall, but his girth was so great that he had been dubbed Eddie Apple. He must have weighed 300 pounds. He was not pathologically an idiot. He belonged in the feeble minded class. He was looking toward the Refuge, from which the steam had cleared. A smoke begrimed man stood in the stern of the steamer gesticulating wildly with one hand. Eddie gazed stupidly at him across the rift of waters on which the rope connected vessels roiled helplessly.

"Curious," muttered Swainley. "There is Peter in the stern of the tug. His left arm seems to be injured. He evidently wants Eddie to do something. He's promising to take Eddie to the circus. There! Hear that? That is Eddie's great hold—the circus." Suddenly he yelled: "Good God! I have it! In with her, captain! Work her in, for God's sake! He's trying to make Eddie dump the scow. That's a patent dumper. Eddie's got his hand on the lever, and if he pulls it the bottom 'll go out of her, and the whole crowd will be dropped into the sea. For God's sake, hurry!"

They worked her back and forth with the starting bar in a nerve endeavor to get close without ramming the scow, while every one who could spare the time and breath yelled to distract the bewildered Eddie from the lever. The big low whistle of the New Yorker sounded near at hand,

and they knew without looking that she was coming to their aid, while as close on the other side the interminable siren of the Patrol worked the general din up and down the shrieking gamut.

"Eddie!" called Peterman joyfully during the intervals of comparative quiet. "Eddie! Pull it! That's a good boy!"

"Goin' to circus next week. Gimme 5 cents!" replied Eddie vacantly.

"Yes, I'll take you to the circus. And see—here's 5 cents for you. Pull it. Pull that big stick. Five cents, Eddie, 5 cents."

"For God's sake, Peter, old man, don't do it! It won't help any," called Swainley entreatingly.

But the look in Peterman's eyes showed that nothing short of physical restraint would keep him from his purpose. He was not instantly silent. The condition of those idiots.

"Pull it, Eddie; pull the stick!" he called repeatedly.

"Five cents," muttered Eddie dubiously. He had been asking for "5 cents" all of his life, and he had received many promises. Now, for the first time, he hesitated between an order and the impulse to obey. Peterman actually hurled a coin at him, but the aim was short, and it fell into the water. But this did not disconcert Eddie. "Five cents" was to him only a name. He never had seen a coin in his life.

The prow of the poltro boat moved in beside the Refuge, and its captain, revolver in hand, threatened to shoot Peterman if he was not instantly silent. But the peril of the situation was now centered not in Peterman, but in Eddie, who had passed the period of promises and on whose slow rolling brain the meaning of Peterman's request was beginning to dawn. He gazed blankly at the lever. He even fingered it cautiously. He might suddenly draw it forward at any moment. Back of him the idiots tramped or stood in groups, pointing and leering at the lighted boats drawing nearer and nearer.

It seemed to the anxious men on the Wanderer that the black moat between the boats would never be closed. Only one thing in all the world seemed to be of importance, and that was the thought impulse of the idiot brain. Jameson, who was coolest, sat afterward that during the long interval (it was fully half a minute) he formulated the plan

of a monograph to discuss the probable speed of an impulse which from the brain of an imbecile might start to influence his finger tips. The superintendent, who at the tension was greatest because his whole professional future depended on the pulling of that lever, laughed gleefully and perpetrated a joke which no one appreciated just then, but which has come since to be regarded as the most remarkable witicism in the history of Randall's Island.

But finally the swell rocked the two boats together, so that Swainley was able to make a flying leap at the rail of the tossing scow. He landed safely and then, crowding forward swiftly and stealthily toward Eddie Apple. One of the poor creatures on board got down on his hands and knees and followed after, mocking him, to the delight of the others, who laughed loudly at the queer performance. As Swainley neared him Eddie Apple seemed suddenly to be filled with a final resolve. The impulse had reached his finger tips. His body straightened, and he clutched the bar and pulled just as Swainley, with a half scream, hurled himself at it and held it rigid.

On the way back to the city Peterman exhibited almost no trace of mental derangement. He did not even chafe under the restraint imposed upon him in the cabin of the Refuge. He regarded his captors almost with amusement, the exact expression one might assume toward the rage of a willful child who insists upon plucking his gas flame from its burner. He merely responded to their questions, and when only did he reply, and that was when Swainley made an exultant remark about the saving of the idiots.

"You saved them?" he cried. "Yes, you saved them—for what? Every morning of their lives the poor devils eat bread and milk; every noon they eat sugar; every evening they eat bread and milk again—800 times a year. Think of it—always the same, day in, day out, never any change. Now, on the other hand, some have been doing it for sixty long years; some of the younger ones can expect to do it for sixty years longer. Beyond that it is all sleep and dream. Yes, indeed, you have saved them. Your heroic effort in their behalf has placed the crown of long life on their heads. It is a distinction which will probably remain to remind you of your great work as long as you live."

There was little said after that, but as the steamer parted slowly homeward under the stars the unanimity of thought was almost if not quite telepathic.

Utilizing an Old Bureau.

Some geniuses recently made a piece of hall furniture out of an old mahogany bureau, one of those with handsome carved legs terminating in claw feet. The top and interior, with the exception of the deep bottom drawer, had been removed. This drawer was covered with a hinged lid and served for the seat. The inside of the

drawer was lined with panels in which the rejected drawers were utilized, and the whole carefully dressed over and polished. When new handles of colonial design were added to the remaining drawers and the seat filled with gay cushions, an exceedingly attractive settle with a convenient receptacle for wraps and parcels was the result.

Close Cases.

Glove cases are very useful indeed, serving to keep gloves separate from other things, and if well embroidered they are ornamental as well. Sachets or cases for gloves are preferable to boxes, especially to those who move about a good deal, as they take much less room in packing. A glove case can be made of art linen, Roman satin, silk, etc., and should be long enough to take ordinary four button gloves easily, and if you put a division in it the result will be a most useful and durable lengthwise and consists of a doubled piece of silk used for lining. This permits of the separation of white from colored gloves.

Miss Alice C. Fletcher.

Miss Alice C. Fletcher, now connected with the bureau of ethnology, is president of the Anthropological society of Washington. It was she who several years ago devised a system for learning small signs of money to all Indians to buy land and build houses for themselves. A lifelong student of aboriginal languages, poetry, music and customs, her latest work on Indian music and poetry will outlive the Indians themselves and give a true and original idea of what their music and poetry were like.—Washington Post.

THE HOME DOCTOR.

A day or two's abstinence from solid food aids the system to throw off a cold.

Cloths (dressed) wrung from hot water often relieve neuralgia and other severe pains.

If rhealgia do not yield to the usual remedy of drinking water very slowly, take a small piece of sugar and dissolve it gradually on the tongue.

Heartburn can be immediately got rid of by taking cream of tartar, about half a teaspoonful in half a glass of water. It makes a pleasant effervescent drink to the blood.

The best treatment for a bruise is an immediate application of hot fomentations; after that, hot hazel, vinegar and hot water or alcohol and water, put on with a bandage and often moisten.

Sprains require prompt treatment. Immediately on receiving the injury bathe the part in water as hot as can be borne and then swathe in compresses of witch hazel, changing as each becomes dry.

There is nothing so good as turpentine for a bruise or cut. It will smart for a moment, but takes out every particle of soreness in an incredibly short time. Wet a cloth and bind on and keep it wet. Witch hazel is good also, but the turpentine is best.

Effect of Suggestion.

Study carefully the temperament and tastes of your children, that you may put before each the suggestions that will arouse within him his own constructive, making powers. Let nothing be said before the little one that will not be repeated and nothing done that may not be imitated.

The greatest characteristic of early childhood is the power of imitation," says Professor Elmer Gates.

Not a slight sound or condition escapes the watchful eye of a bright, active child, and to put into expression every new thought or fascinating mental picture, which he sees or hears, is an irresistible instinct. This is why stories, amusements, pictures and everything that feeds a child's mind should be suggestive of only that which would place beautiful and happy pictures before his mental vision.

Of the grandeur, beauty and joy in the world seen in some simple manner to make the little children conscious and that they, too, in a way are inlets, great or small, of what they see, hear, taste or feel.—Mind.

Asbestos Mats.

The common custom of using rush mats under hot dishes as a protection to the polished wood does not appeal to a housewife as giving an air of refinement to a pretty set dining table, and we suggest a pretty idea for table mats. Cut a round or oblong piece of linen the size desired and embroider with sprays of flowers or a conventional design; then cut two pieces half as large for the under-side. Place the two straight edges together, which should be on the selvedge at the middle across the center. When placed in this manner, they are the size of the upper piece, and both should be basted together at the top and bottom, leaving the edge through the top and under-side. Now you have a mat with an opening in the center, into which you can slip a piece of asbestos cut the shape of the linen, only a trifle smaller. The mat should be made waterproof, slip out the asbestos and launder same as dollies.—Martha Manning in Pilgrim.

To Preserve Brushes.

Good hairbrushes are costly items, and a way to keep them stiff and clean for years is worth knowing. A Russian coiffeur gives this recipe: Have ready two basins; put a lump of soda the size of a walnut in one and three parts fill it with boiling water. The other basin is to be filled with cold water as cold as you can get it, to which you have added sufficient lemon juice or good white vinegar to give it a noticeably acid taste. Shake the bristles of the brush well up and down in the boiling water till they are clean, then at once rinse them thoroughly in the cold water and stand them up to dry in the air or in a warm place, but not too near the fire. Of course the backs of the brushes must not be wet.

Be Moderate.

A great writer tells us that "moderation is the inseparable companion of wisdom," and another writer says, "Moderation is the silken string running through the heart of all our virtues." When we try to do too many things at once we are unfitting ourselves for that practical usefulness which holds no over-crowded state of affairs. She is a wise woman who regulates her life to take upon herself no more duties than she can attend to properly and successfully. She not only saves her health and her strength, but her work is satisfactory and her pleasures, though few, are thoroughly enjoyed. Indeed, there is no greater blessing than a well regulated life.

Rusty Flatirons.

Rusty flatirons can be made clean and as smooth as glass by the use of a piece of cloth and keep it for the purpose. When the iron is hot rub it with the wax and then scour with a

paper or cloth sprinkled with salt. Wax the iron again before putting it away, for the little film of wax will prevent the formation of rust.

Linoleum.

If linoleum is losing its freshness it may be restored and made to last twice as long. Mix a little ordinary alumina with a pint of water. At night have the linoleum clean and dry, go over it with a flannel cloth dipped in the glue water and by morning it will have a fine, hard gloss.

Saving Himself In.

At a party given last winter in a western city, says an exchange, was a bashful cowboy who had not been in civilized society for several years. He was a good looking fellow, and one of the young ladies present kindly took an interest in him and tried to make him feel at ease. He fell desperately in love at once, and the hostess, noticing this, encouraged him all she could. On leaving the house the young lady who had taken a friendly interest in the cowboy forgot her overshoot, and the hostess told the young Lochlavar from the plains that he might return them to the girl if he wished. The horse-leaped at the chance and presented himself in due time at the young lady's house. She was surprised to see him, but greeted him cordially.

"You forgot your overshoots last night," he said, awkwardly hanging her the package.

"She thanked him, and opened it. "Why, there's only one overshoot here!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, Miss X," said the blushing cowboy earnestly. "I'll bring you the other one tomorrow. I only wish, my dear miss, that you were a centipede!"

Threadneedle Street.

Threadneedle street is a corruption of Thridnal-street, meaning the third street from "Chepeyde" to the great thoroughfare from London bridge to "Bishop Gate," (consisting of New Fyde-sirate and Bishop Gate streets, Anglo-Saxon, thridal, third). Another etymology is Thrid-needle (three needle street), from the three needles which the Needle Makers company bore in their arms. It begins at the Mansion House, and thence to the Bank of England stands in it. The directors of the Bank of England were called "the old lady in Threadneedle street" by William Cobbett because, like Mrs. Partridge, they tried with their broom to keep back the Atlantic waves of national progress. After giving the foregoing, Brewer notes the following extract from Dickens' "Dr. Marigold":

"A silver curl paper that I myself took off the shining locks of the ever beautiful old lady of Threadneedle street" (a bank note).

Follies a Fakir.

A story used to be told of Calro of Sir Richard Owen during one of his sojourns in Egypt. The great naturalist was seated in the shade on the veranda at Shepheard's hotel when the inevitable snake charmer came to him and produced from his bag a lively specimen of the horned asp, the deadly creature. The professor gazed and, nothing daunted, stopped and plucked the horns from the head of the reptile wriggling at his feet, remarking to a bystander that the man would probably think twice before trying to palm off upon any one else a harmless snake as a cornet by the aid of a couple of fish bones. With anybody else the charmer would probably have succeeded. He had tried it on the wrong man.

Not Very Far Wrong.

In one of the public schools on one occasion, while an examination was in progress in one of the eighth grade classes, the teacher inquired of one of the sweetest girl pupils:

"What form of government have we in the District of Columbia?"

The pupil hesitated an instant. Recalling that the district commissioners had been busy making addresses at the several commencement times in progress, she explained in true school-girl style:

"In the District of Columbia we have an oratorical form of government."—Philadelphia Press.

A Feeling of Security.

"I'm so surprised to hear your wife likes the house so much; it's so small!"

"Yes, but there are lots of closets in it."

True, but they're extremely small too.

"That's just it. My wife is satisfied that not one of them is big enough to hold a burglar."—Exchange.

Used the Whole Book.

"That count," said Miss Baltimore, "will never do for me. He is too wasteful and profligate in his habits."

"Why, what has he done now?" asked her friend.

"Done! Why, he had the nerve to write his full name, titles and addresses in my autograph album."—Baltimore News.

Her Ambition.

"Won't it be splendid when we can talk to the people of Mars?" exclaimed Mr. Meekton's wife.

Mr. Meekton roused himself from his semidoze and exclaimed:

"What's the matter, Henrietta? You haven't got all through with the people of this earth, have you?"—Washington Star.

His Choice.

"What kind of breakfast food do you prefer?" asked the landlady of the new boarder.

"Flannel cakes and pure maple syrup, buttered toast; ham and eggs and coffee," replied the young man, who had his appetite with him.—Detroit Free Press.

If It Only Were.

"After all, my friend," said the moralist, "life is but a dream."

"Not much it ain't," snorted the hard-headed man. "I've nearly every dream I ever had I was getting' more money than I knew what to do with."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Suspicious.

An uncultivated Boer, who had heard of banks, determined to take some of his savings to one of those places. With this object in view, according to a London paper, he traveled to Cape Town, found a bank and handed in his cash to the clerk, who in return gave him a bankbook. "How much do you charge for taking care of my money?" asked the Boer. The clerk smiled and said, "We don't charge, but will give you money for taking care of it." "Let me have it back at once," said the Boer. "I always thought you British rascals were dishonest. Now I am sure of it."

Asking For Her Hand.

He—Now, if I only had three hands I could get through life so much better. She—Well?

He—I was just wondering if you wouldn't give me one of yours.

Railroads.

Illinois Central EXCURSION RATES.

Excursion tickets will be sold by the Illinois Central to the points, and at rates, as follows: OPEN RATE OF ONE AND ONE-THIRD FARE.

Manchestor & Oneida Ry.

TIME TABLE.

Train No. 2 leaves Manchestor at 8:30 a. m. arrives at Oneida at 9:30 a. m. Connects with west bound C. G. W. No. 5 returning leaves Oneida at 6:30 a. m. arrives at Manchestor at 8:00 a. m.

Train No. 4 leaves Manchestor at 7:15 a. m. arrives at Oneida at 8:15 a. m. Connects with east bound C. G. W. No. 4 returning leaves Oneida at 7:30 a. m. arrives at Manchestor at 8:30 a. m.

Train No. 6 leaves Manchestor at 9:45 a. m. arrives at Oneida at 10:45 a. m. Connects with the north bound C. G. W. No. 2 returning leaves Oneida at 5:30 a. m. arrives at Manchestor at 6:30 a. m.

Train No. 8 leaves Manchestor at 1:45 p. m. arrives at Oneida at 2:45 p. m. Connects with west bound C. G. W. No. 5 returning leaves Oneida at 3:30 p. m. arrives at Manchestor at 4:30 p. m.

Train No. 10 leaves Manchestor at 4:05 p. m. arrives at Oneida at 5:05 p. m. Connects with south bound C. G. W. No. 2 returning leaves Oneida at 5:30 p. m. arrives at Manchestor at 6:30 p. m.

California and Arizona.

The Chicago Great Western Railway will sell tickets September 15th to Nov. 30th, inclusive to points in above named states at a reduction of \$15.00 from usual rates. If you contemplate going it will pay you to inquire of any Great Western Agent, or J. P. Elmer, G. P. A., Chicago, for full particulars.

FARM LANDS!

If you are looking for a home or an investment, do not forget that the best farm lands in the Northwest are along the line of The Minneapolis & St. Louis R. R. where crop failures are unknown. Good soil, good climate, good people makes a farm values are rising rapidly and the time to buy is NOW. Low excursion rates from point on Iowa Central and Minneapolis & St. Louis Railroads, if you wish to investigate. For particulars address, A. B. CUTTS, G. P. A., Ia. Cent. and M. & St. L. R. R., 2014 Minnesota Bldg.,

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

TIME TABLE.

Main Line Passenger Trains.

WEST BOUND	MAIN LINE	EAST BOUND
No. 12 11:15 a. m.	Fast Train	No. 23 3:45 p. m.
No. 24 2:15 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 44 8:15 p. m.
No. 38 10:30 p. m.	Chicago	No. 34 8:30 p. m.
No. 42 1:00 p. m.	Chicago	No. 48 11:45 a. m.

CHICAGO RAPIDS BRANCH.

North bound	East bound	South bound
Arrive	Leave	Leave
No. 96 8:05 a. m.	Passenger	No. 96 9:10 a. m.
No. 98 8:30 a. m.	Freight	No. 98 9:30 a. m.
No. 99 1:00 p. m.	Freight	No. 99 2:00 p. m.

All above trains carry passengers.

Daily.

*Daily Except Sunday.

H. G. PIERCE, Station Agent.

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Omaha - Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Illinois Central between Omaha and Fort Dodge in connection with the Minneapolis and St. Louis between Fort Dodge and Minneapolis and St. Paul, also to be inaugurated January 28, 1903.

Omaha	St. Paul
THE LIMITED	THE LIMITED
7:30 a. m.	8:00 p. m.
8:00 a. m.	8:30 p. m.
8:15 a. m.	8:45 p. m.

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

Omaha	St. Paul
THE EXPRESS	THE EXPRESS
7:00 p. m.	9:30 a. m.
7:30 p. m.	9:00 a. m.
7:45 p. m.	8:45 a. m.

Fast day train, daily except Sunday, carrying through-sleeping car and coaches.

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"The Maple Leaf Route."

Chicago Special, Daily, Going East.....7:45 a. m.
Day Express daily.....11:30 a. m.
Going West, North and South.....11:30 a. m.
Way Freight, daily ex. Sunday.....11:30 a. m.
Day Express, daily, ex. Sunday.....5:31 a. m.
St. Paul & Kansas City Exp., daily.....5:31 a. m.
For information, C. A. Robinson, Agent, Oneida.

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Illinois Central UNUSUALLY LOW RATES TO THE SOUTH AND SOUTHWEST, OCTOBER 20

On the above date the Illinois Central will sell round trip tickets from Manchestor, Iowa, to Jackson, Miss., Vicksburg, Miss., Natchez, Miss., New Orleans, La., and to all Illinois Central and Yazoo & Mississippi Valley R. R. points in the State of Mississippi and Louisiana, at \$16.00 for the round trip.

Jennings, La., Lake Charles, La., Beaumont, Texas, Houston, Texas, and to points on the Southern Pacific R. R. in the States of Louisiana and Texas east of and including Houston, Texas. At \$20.00 for the round trip. Returning Limit, November 11.

Tickets and full information of agents of the Illinois Central and connecting lines.

A. H. Hanson, G. P. A., Chicago, 39-73.

LOW-RATE-EXCURSIONS

Twice each month, on specific dates, the Illinois Central will greatly reduced rates from points on its line north of Cairo, round trip to some of the following points: West and Southwest in Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Kansas and Indian Territory. Particulars of your Illinois Central agent.

For a free copy of the Homeseekers' Guide describing the advantages and resources of the South, address: F. MERRY, A. G. P. A., C. G. W. R., Dubuque, Iowa. For information regarding lands in the famous Yazoo Valley of Mississippi, address: F. S. CANN, Land Commissioner, Yazoo Valley, Natchez, Miss.

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Such investments are not speculative. The South is a new country. Market and shipping facilities are adequate and first class. The climate is mild and favorable. Notwithstanding these and other advantages, southern lands are being sold at very low prices. West and at present prices set large returns on the investment. The following are the points: Kentucky, West Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana, on and near the Illinois Central Railroad, for Homeseekers and investors, address the undersigned: F. S. CANN, Land Commissioner, Yazoo Valley, Natchez, Miss.

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