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Editors and Proprietors

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The Democrat.
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Bargains!
If you have not yet bought your
Christmas Gifts
Come and see the BARGAINS we have to offer you for the two days.
We Can Save You Money
ANDERS & PHILIPP, Central Pharmacy
We Wish You A Merry Christmas.

Our Business Directory.

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

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BRONSON & CARR.
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A. J. WARD,
PHYSICIAN and Surgeon, will attend to calls promptly at all hours of the day or night, Lamont, Iowa.

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BRADLEY & BRADLEY.
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS. Franklin street, Manchester, Iowa.

DR. T. J. BURNS.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. All professional calls promptly answered, day or night. Office opposite the Post Office. Telephone 100.

DENTISTS.

C. L. LEIGH.
Dentist. Office in the Adams building on Franklin Street. Telephone 215.

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DENTIST. Office on Franklin Street, north of the Globe Hotel, Manchester, Iowa. Dental Surgery in all its branches. Makes frequent visits to neighboring towns. Always at office on Saturdays.

E. E. NEWCOMB.
DENTIST. Office over Burton Clark's store on Franklin street. Crown bridge work a specialty. Will meet patients at Farley Wednesday of each week. 821f

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DR. J. W. SCOTT,
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MANCHESTER MARBLE WORKS
IS prepared to furnish Granite and Marble Monuments and Head Stones of various designs. Have the county right for Sipe's Patent Grave Cover; also dealer in Iron Fences. Will meet all competition. 22f 94.
WM. McINTOSH.

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WATCHMAKER, Jeweler and Engraver dealer in Watches, Clocks, Silver and Plated Ware, Fine Jewelry, Spectacles, Cutlery, Musical Instruments, etc., Main street.

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

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

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CLOTHING and Gents furnishing goods. Corner Main and Franklin streets.

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DRY GOODS, Notions, Carpets, Gents Furnishing goods, etc. Franklin Street.

QUAKER MILL CO.
FLOUR and Feed, Manufacturers of the celebrated White Satin and White Pearl Flour.

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DRY GOODS, Carpets, Millinery, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, etc., Main St. Manchester, Iowa.

A. THORPE,
PROPRIETOR OF KALAMITY'S PLUNGER Store and Dealer in Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Notions, etc. Masonic Block Manchester, Iowa.

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BOOTS AND SHOES of all grades and prices. Custom Work and Repairing given special attention. Store in City Hall Block.

GEO. S LISTER,
HARDWARE, STOVES, TINWARE, ETC. Keeps a first-class tinner and does all kinds of repairing with neatness and dispatch. Store opposite First National Bank, Main St.

T. F. MOONEY.
(Successor to Lee Bowman.)
BLACKSMITH, and Wagonmaker, Delhi, Iowa. Work done promptly and in a workmanlike manner. Charges reasonable. Your Patronage solicited. 18tf

HOLLISTER LUMBER CO.
LUMBER and all kinds of building materials, Posts and Coal. Corner of Delaware and Madison streets.

THOS. T. CARKEEK.
ARCHITECT AND BUILDING SUPERINTENDENT, S. E. Corner, 8th and Main St. Dubuque, Iowa.

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

WM. DENNIS.
CARPENTER, CONTRACTOR & BUILDER. I am now prepared to do all work in my line in a good and workmanlike manner. Satisfaction guaranteed. Plans and estimates furnished. Work taken in town or country. Shop near the stand tower on West Side of river.

C. E. OATES.
CITY DRAYMAN. Am prepared to do all work in my line. Moving household goods and pianos a specialty. All work will receive prompt attention. A share of your patronage is solicited. Charges right. Give your draying to a man who has come to stay.

LAWRENCE & GREMS.
DRUGS, Wall Paper, Stationery, Paints, Oils, etc. City Hall block.

A. E. PETERSON.
DEADER IN Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Fruits, etc. Main Street.

J. M. PEARSE.
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE AND COLLECTOR. All business entrusted to him given prompt attention. Office in City Hall block, second floor.

ALEX. SEFSTROM.
GENERAL BLACKSMITH, horseshoeing a specialty. Interfering and corns cured or no pay. Prices reasonable, and the best of work guaranteed A share of the public patronage is solicited. Shop on Franklin street, near the bridge.

CYCLONE AND TORNADO
Insurance in first class companies written and policies issued by BRONSON & CARR.

M. & O. Excursion Rates.

For the Christmas and New Year holidays the Manchester and Oneida Ry. will sell excursion tickets to stations WITHIN A DISTANCE OF 200 MILES, at a fare and one-third for the round trip.

Tickets will be sold December 24, 25 and 31, 1903, and January 1st, 1904, good to return up to and including January 4, 1904. 47-w6

Business Opportunities For All.

Locations in Iowa, Illinois, Minnesota and Missouri on the Chicago Great Western Railway; the very best agricultural section of the United States where farmers are prosperous and business men successful. We have a demand for competent men, with the necessary capital, for all branches of business. Some special opportunities for creamery men and millers. Good locations for general merchandise, hardware, harness, hotels, banks and stockbuyers. Correspondence solicited. Write for Maps and Maple Leaflets, W. T. Reed, Industrial Agent, 604 Endicott Building, St. Paul, Minn.

$2.00 More Than Half Fare Via C. G. W. Railway.

To points in Arkansas, Colorado, Kansas, Louisiana, Missouri, New Mexico, Oklahoma and Texas. Tickets on sale Dec. 1st and 15th, 1903; and Jan. 5th and 19th, 1904. For further information apply to any G. W. Agent, or J. P. Elmer, G. P. A., Chicago, Ill. 47-w6.

Farm For Sale.

A fine Stock and Dairy farm of 200 acres 5 miles south of Manchester, 1 mile from railroad station and creamery Comfortable house, good horse and cow barn, hog house corn cribs and other out buildings, a fine well of water with wind mill attached, 10 acres of splendid timber 3 miles east of farm will be sold with same if desired. For terms inquire of
ABNER DUNHAM OR O. A. DUNHAM, Manchester, Iowa.
36tf

TIRRILL & PIERCE
are Loaning Money as cheap as any person or corporation.

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

Slaughter on the Railroads.

"Killed, 3,554; wounded 45,477." This is not the report of a great battle, but the report of the United States interstate commerce commission on the injuries inflicted by our railroads for the fiscal year ending June 30 last.

John Quern, for twenty years a waiter in Delmonico's, New York, left that establishment four years ago, having made $100,000 in stocks Last week he returned to his former occupation, and is now whisking a napkin as of yore, having lost everything on the Stock Exchange, chiefly in steel.

Senator Pettus of Alabama, who has been accumulating gastric wisdom for eighty-three years, says that gravy is one of the most injurious things we can eat. Possibly it is, but what are a few years at the end of one's earthly existence compared to the present moment of supreme bliss when there is no company at the table and a fellow can sop a hunk of bread in the meat platter?—Brooklyn Eagle.

King Edward and the Emperor William occasionally condescend to "shake hands" with those who have the privilege of being presented, but never at state functions. Emperor Francis Joseph rarely extends his hand, save to the members of his family. He will often lay his hand paternally on a man's shoulder or pat him on the back. King Humbert of Italy was also quite democratic as a handshaker.

Frank W. Cushman, the picturesque congressman from Washington, has a refreshingly breezy way of expressing himself at times. He reached the capital after 7,000 miles of continuous travel, having been in Alaska trying a lawsuit when the extra session was called His 3,000 miles ocean trip was very rough, he and his trunk chasing each other around the stateroom most of the time. "Sore?" he said in reply to a question, "I guess I am—sore from the umbillicus to the Euphrates and from first base to the equator."

Congressional Mileage Scandal.

(Springfield, Mass, Republican.)

It is a contemptible little steal which congressmen have been perpetrating on the United States treasury in voting themselves mileage compensation for the recent extra session. They allow themselves, by virtue of a law which they take the liberty of stretching, 20 cents a mile for traveling expenses in going to and returning from Washington once during a session of congress. This is an absurdly extravagant allowance, since railway charges average little more than 2 cents a mile, and Pullman and eating charges en route would not bring the cost altogether up to more than 5 cents a mile at most.

Dr. Charles A. St. John of Buffalo, who died, recently was buried in a coffin which had once contained his supposed corpse. In May, 1901, Dr. St. John fell into a comatose state while serving with the army in Luzon and was properly interred, it being supposed he was dead. He recovered consciousness, however, and succeeded in releasing himself from his shallow grave. Returning to his Buffalo home, he resumed his practice, but could not get rid of the seeds of the disease contracted in the tropics and passed away on Wednesday of last week. He had brought home with him the coffin that had been used at his first interment and at his own request he was laid to his final rest in it.

Uurest Among the Republicans.

The republican programme may be completely cut and dried, but it doesn't look that way. Roosevelt may set himself again leading the party of perquisites first and progress when it can't hold back. It still seems that if his control is to continue he must mount that broncho and do some of his roughest rough riding. He must give the disgruntled faction of his party a record-breaking taste of the strenuous life. Otherwise to another republican may yet fall the honor of being defeated by the democratic nominee. The signs of general unrest, coupled with open revolt against Roosevelt, lead some not hasty politicians to believe that the action of the next republican convention is by no means certain.—St. Louis Republic.

William M. Treloar, who beat Champ Clark of Missouri for congress in 1895 and served only one term, is known to have saved at least $8,000 of the $10,000 drawn by him in salary. Treloar's nomination was a huge joke in the district. He had taught school and fiddled at country dances. No republican of prominence would take the nomination, as everyone thought Clark could not possibly be defeated. A landslide took place and the fiddler got the seat. He put up a couple of buildings with the money saved in congress and just after going out of congress was appointed postmaster at the thriving and growing city of Mexico, in Audrain county. He rents one of his buildings to Uncle Sam and still holds the office.

The Grindstone of Fate.

One day when I, a boy, bewailed the wealth
to me denied,
I recollect my uncle Hiram taking me aside
To chide me for my petulance and whisper in
my ear
A bit of homespun logic and some facts designed to cheer.
"My boy," he said, "In after years you'll recognize that strife,
Unceasing toil and poverty equip one best for
life;
For men, like tools, don't get an edge on things
as smooth as wax.
It's just the grindstone's roughness, lad, that
sharpens up the axe.

'Twas Lincoln's task of splitting rails, his
buffeting by fate
In early life, that made him fit to steer the ship
of state.
A top path life proved Garfield's steel, a tan
yard's pleasures scant
And weary round of work brought out the best
there was in Grant.
If each had held within his mouth, when born,
a silver spoon,
And had not been so ground by fate the whole
of life's forenoon,
Their brains that keenness would have lacked
to probe prosaic facts—
It's just the grindstone's roughness, lad, that
sharpens up the axe.

"If things went always smooth with you," my
Uncle Hiram vowed,
"You'd go through life unknown and undistinguished from the crowd,
More apt than not; while rasping want and
grinding work I've found,
Will sharpen wits that steps may cleave to
fortune's highest ground.
The wearing stones of fate that seem your progress to retard
You'll some day bless, and thank the world for
bearing down so hard.
The grittbat puts an edge on is just what success exacts—
It's just the grindstone's roughness, lad, that
sharpens up the axe.

One Trust Affecting Farmers.

And the meanest one on earth. We refer to the packers' combine. It is surely one of the most vicious combines known to trade. It ought to be wiped out at all hazards, even though other than strictly legal methods must be employed. The Standard Oil trust, the steel trust, or any other trust, appears innocent and virtuous when set along side of the cold-blooded diabolism of this meat trust. It has succeeded in getting a grip on both the buying and selling price of live stock and meats, and the way the grip is being tightened up on both ends is a terror to all outside of the combine. When meat went up two years ago the packers explained that live stock was scarce, and that prices were adjusted to suit the situation. Now, however, when live stock is plenty and low, they can hardly explain the big advance in dressed meat. A copy of the agreement, signed by the combine, however, has been unearthed at Omaha, by which it appears they agree to refrain from bidding till prices are pressed down to the lowest possible limit, while at the same time and in the same agreement, they advance the price of dressed meat to consumers. It is shown by a comparison of the market prices that the packers' combine is paying 40 per cent less for hogs and 25 per cent less for cattle than a year ago, and at the same time charge the retail dealer from 10 to 20 per cent more for dressed meats. They rob the farmers at one end and the consumers at the other. Their plan is to depress prices for live stock to a point just above utter ruin of the stock business, allowing the producer no profit; at least, no living profit. There must be some method by which such brazen piracy in trade can be stopped, but the government, which has been working on the case for some time, has up to date failed. However, if the matter is continually kept before the public a way will eventually be devised to circumvest their wickedness.—Homestead.

Is the Low Price of Hogs Forced?

There is a very strong suspicion among a great many farmers that the rapid decline in the price of hogs is due not so much to natural conditions as to the manipulations of the packers. We are not surprised at this. The packing industry is now in the hands of a very few men, who can, for the time being at least, put the price about where they want it. All that is neccessary to do is to have a tacit understanding between themselves and bid a low price and wait until the shipper gets ready to take it, which he will sooner or later. The only thing that can possibly prevent putting down the price under these conditions would be a very brisk demand for hogs from eastern shippers. This is human nature.

Whenever a few men have the business so thoroughly under their control that they do not have to bid against each other they are not very likely to do it. Few men do what they "don't have to." The principles of the Sermon on the Mount are not recognized by large corporations.

There are but two remedies of which we know; one, the strong arm of the law dealing with the combination as a trust, which it evidently is in reality, but whether that is susceptible of legal proof or not is doubtful. The other is competition, which will come sooner or later. Packing house will spring up if not in the great cities then in smaller places: in fact, are springing up in cities the size of Des Moines, Cedar Rapids, Ottumwa, and a dozen other places which now pack not far from a third of the hogs. The movement of the National Live Stock Association to establish competitive plants may prove successful. We hope it will.

It is a big problem and will have to be worked out, or, rather, will work itself out in time. Great corporations like the packing combination always in the end over-reach themselves, and while the farmers suffer lost the combination itself suffers in the end. It is everlastingly true that "If one member suffers all the other members suffer with it." If the packers are to be permanently prosperous, the farmers who raise the stuff must be prosperous. There is, however, a legitimate reason for hogs being somewhat lower in price than they have been for the last two or three years past. There is cheaper corn as the raw material for the hog. There is and will be less buying power among the people who consume the product. There will be less activity in business along all lines, and hence lower prices. The farmers, therefore, do not object to a reasonable decline in price. What they do object to is a decline that is not warranted dy excessive receipts nor by low prices for the product.—Wallace's Farmer.

Just Laugh.

As the pen is sometimes mightier than the sword, so the laugh is on occasion as powerful as in eloquence the spoken word.

"There are many different kinds of conversational accomplishments," remarked a man well up in the ways of the world, "and I have paid due attention to the cultivation of such as lie within my range. Great is language—great, indeed—and beautiful withal. Next to my limited ability with words, however, I rank my faculty of using the smile or the laugh, as the case may be.

"I don't mean pleasantry and mirth, as domestic social graces, but as defensive business artillery. Of course a man's first impulse when another misguided man makes a palpable move to 'do him up' or asks some unreasonable and preposterous business favor is to enter on wordy opposition, strenuous naturally and perhaps violent. This, I have learned, is waste of nervous force and allows argument on the part of the unfriendly man who is trying to make the touch. The stronger weapon is to laugh—just laugh. Utter not a word, no matter how much the other may say, but just keep on laughing. I've routed many deep laid, dishonest schemes with a good, hearty laugh. Try it."—Detroit Free Press.

Smelling Out Bank Bills.

If a bill must be sent in a letter the safest plan is to roll it tightly into the shape of a lamp lighter and lay it in the fold of the sheet inclosed. Arranged in that fashion, the fact that it is money cannot well be distinguished by the "feel." A thread with a knot at the end will not be so likely to fetch a telltale fragment of the fiber paper when drawn by means of a needle through the envelope, and the smell of it will be less perceptible. So peculiar is the effluvium belonging to bank or treasury notes that experts at the bureau of engraving say that they can distinguish them when sealed in envelopes by the nose every time. A thief once showed to government detectives who had caught him that he could pick out while blindfolded from a pile of 400 letters every one of seven which contained paper cash merely by scent.

An English Election Experience.

An Englishman relates the following election experience: "I was taking part in canvassing a constituency without a representative. I was announced as a speaker at a mass meeting held in a large field within shadow distance of a famous cathedral. One of the other orators delivered the most impressive speech I have ever heard. He spoke of the struggle of the poor, how they had to bear their burden. He made me almost cry by his eloquence. He talked about his own little home, which he only just managed to keep together by 'the sweat of his brow.' 'Who is he?' I asked. 'Well,' replied my friend, the candidate, 'he is known in his own town as "Popshop Dick" because he is a prosperous pawnbroker.'"

Sweetheart Abbey.

There is in Galloway, Scotland, an ancient ruin known as Sweetheart abbey. Within its ivy covered, storm battered walls lies buried the affectionate and devoted Dervorgill, with the heart of her husband, John Baliol, embalmed upon her breast. Lovely in their lives, in death they are not divided. The crumbling masonry is still and must ever be a romance in its symbols of death and decay, telling every day, as it has for 600 years, the thrilling story of a woman's tender love and devotion.

The Sudanese Baby.

A Sudanese baby when dressed up in its best clothes is probably the most uncomfortable infant in the world. The coat or outer garment which fashion dictates should be worn reaches to its very heels. It is of heavy velvet, hanging in many folds. This in turn is adorned with countless buttons and bangles of brass, considerably adding to its weight. Its cap in turn is of the same material, similarly decorated and doubtless equally uncomfortable.

The Cradle.

Peter Cooper had fifty-five years of domestic happiness and morning fire building. Mr. Cooper was an ingenious man. When a cradle became necessary in his home, as was sometimes the case years ago, Peter rigged a self rocking cradle, with a fan attachment. Afterward he patented the device and sold the patent. There were many opportunities "in those days."

The Loser.

"He's what I call a 'good loser.'"
"He didn't seem that way to me."
"Why, I saw him lose $150 at poker last night, and he didn't kick at all."
"Funny! You should have heard him today when he dropped a half dollar and it rolled down the culvert."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Quickly Solved.

"Yes, for a year and a half she was in doubt as to whether she loved him enough to marry him or not."
"And how did she succeed in finding out?"
"There was another girl who got to acting as if she wanted him."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Means.

Old Lawyer—Why do you feel that your client will lose his case? Have you exhausted every means at your disposal to—
Young Lawyer—No, but I have exhausted all the means at his disposal.

Keep in the sunshine and go where men and women are hopeful. If it rains keep enough sunlight in your heart to last till the sun beams again.—Schoolmaster.

Which Was His Wife?

A certain Turk, according to rumor, was once married to a veiled lady in white in the presence of the sultan. As soon as the ceremony was concluded the bride mysteriously disappeared. The groom was led into an adjoining room, where stood twelve ladies all dressed in white, but without veils. "Choose from the twelve," exclaimed the sovereign, "her that is your bride." As the man had never seen her face the command bewildered him. "If you make a mistake," added his majesty, "your life shall pay the forfeit." The poor man walked up and down the row of beauties, but saw nothing whatever to aid his choice. "You have only a minute left," yelled the sultan in anger; "choose at once." Ten of the ladies, he noticed, gave him nothing else than a stony stare. One of them frowned, the other smiled. "The frowning one," he thought, "is my bride, for she expresses her displeasure and impatience at my ignorance. "No," he said to himself, "it must be the smiling one, for she desires to invite me to her." After debating the subject in his mind until his time was up he boldly made a selection from the two. He was successful. He had regained his bride. Which was she, the one who frowned or the one who smiled?

The Vault of St. Michan's.

The most interesting place of pilgrimage in Dublin is St. Michan's church, where the organ is still to be seen upon which Handel is said to have composed his "Messiah." In the graveyard is the last resting place of Robert Emmet, and the vault of St. Michan's provides a more grewsome thrill than the morgue. The sexton lifts an iron door and descends a few rude steps, carrying a light, without which the place would be pitch dark. You follow and find yourself in a narrow passage, from which cell-like recesses belonging to different families branch off. Whether it is owing to the extreme dryness of the surroundings or to some mysterious property of the place, the process of decay has been arrested, and the features of persons dead for two centuries may be recognized from authentic portraits. Perhaps the strangest thing about the vault is the fact that, apart from the weird sensation, there is nothing offensive in the surroundings.—London Tatler.

A Thrifty Bride.

"It's a pity," said the man in the rough brown suit, "that Johnson married at the very beginning of his business career. I am afraid that young wife of his, with her love for pretty clothes, will be a millstone around his neck."

"Don't you believe it. She'll make him president of a bank one of these days," said the man in the new derby, who had been spending the week end at the small suburban home of the aforementioned Johnson. "Every towel and napkin I saw in the house had the name of some hotel stamped on it, and so did the spoons, by Jove! She had gathered them up on their wedding journey."—New York Press.

The Democratic Apple.

A southern editor says this in praise of the apple: "The apple is the most democratic of all fruits. The pomegranate is priestly, the grape is royal, the orange is luxurious, the peach and pear are plutocratic, but the apple belongs to the populace. It is symbolic of the country store and the corner grocery. It breathes the free spirit of the American township and village. It has a flavor of old New England and yet a pungency as of the south and middle west. It is mild, palatable, nourishing and promotive of good fellowship and long life."

Oriental Rug Dyes.

In his monograph, "The Oriental Rug," Mr. W. D. Ellwanger, writing on the crucial matter of the dyes used, says:

"One expert Armenian has a sure test for mineral dyes in his tongue. When in doubt he cuts a bit of wool from the rug, nibbles it a minute or so and then pronounces his sure verdict. But the test is a delicate one, and the fruit of knowledge is presumably bitter."

The Nice Thing He Said.

"I'm not given to flattery," drawled Mr. Staylate. "I don't make a point to say nice things to girls"—
"No? I'm sure that was a nice thing you said to me earlier in the evening," replied Miss Bord, with a yawn.
"What was that?"
"You remarked that you didn't have long to stay, you know."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Unabashed.

Irate Patient—I want you to get out of here and never darken my door again. If I had a sick cat I wouldn't send for you!

Imperturbable Physician—Of course not. You'd send for my brother, the veterinary, who lives over on the street next to the one I live on. Here's one of his cards.—Baltimore American.

A Possible Contingency.

"Remember, my boy," said the old man to his son, who was about to join the army, "never talk back to your officers."
"But, father," inquired the young American anxiously, "supposing they talk back to me?"—Syracuse Herald.

His Rebate.

"Why do you always occupy two seats?"
"To even things up," replied the street car hog. "Half the time I don't get any seat at all."—Town Topics.

One hundred dollars' worth of butter bears off from the soil less of its valuable elements than 5 cents' worth of hay.

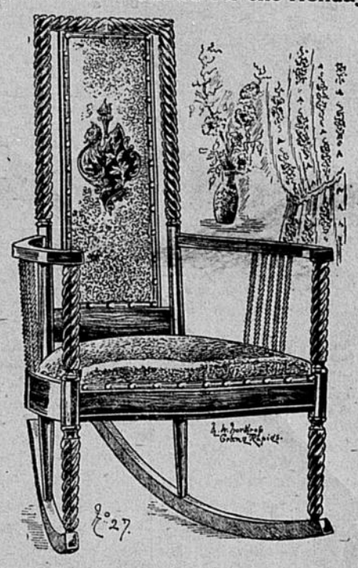
The Mystery of It.

"I can't understan'," said Uncle Eben, "how it is dat some folks kin be too proud to work an' at de same time humble enough to let de fam'ly give 'em board an' lodgin' free."—Washington Star.

Discontent.

"You're discontented."
"Yes."
"Why?"
"Well, I've noticed that the contented man doesn't often get ahead in this ...ago Post.

Special Holiday Sale of Chairs.
We invite attention today to our magnificent assortment of Chairs for the Holidays.



Exquisite Designs and Novel Finishes, Chairs that delight the Eye and are a solid comfort, Chairs for every member of the family,
Large Luxurious Leather Chairs,
Elegant Rattan Rockers,
A Large Assortment of Misses' and Children's Chairs.
And all Marked at REDUCED PRICES in PLAIN Figures for this
GREAT HOLIDAY SALE.
As a special advertising feature and in conformity with our usual custom, we will, on Christmas morning, give to the lucky holder of the Chair Coupon, a beautiful Rocking Chair. Cut out this Coupon, write your name and address upon it, and BRING IT to our store and place it in the sealed box provided for the same and on Christmas morning the coupons will be thoroughly mixed up and the first one drawn from the box will be good for the chair. It costs you nothing but a TRIP to our store to try for this.
Brown, the Furniture Man's
CHAIR COUPON.
Name.....
Address.....
.....
Attend to this NOW, as this Coupon will not appear again.
Buy Your Christmas Furniture Now!
Brown, The Furniture Man
Sells Cedarine Furniture Polish.

DON'T FORGET
That we manufacture the best
TANK HEATER
That was ever put on the market by any live man. We EXCEPT NONE. With this heater we have thawed out a 40 barrel Tank of Solid Ice in two days. We can burn coal or wood without any grates—nothing can clog up the draft. Call and see it.
CARHART & NYE,
TELEPHONE 139. FRANKLIN STREET.

The Cook Tried It; Then She Said:
WHITE PEARL FLOUR makes perfect bread.
THE OLD PROCESS
Of making flour is antedated—left at the post a couple of decades ago. The great success of
WHITE PEARL and WHITE SATIN
Flours is due, in part, to scientific milling in a modern, 20th century mill. Carefully selected wheat and expert millers do the rest. Our
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR
Is now on the market and is guaranteed to be absolutely pure. Cakes made from Purified Buckwheat taste like buckwheat, because it is buckwheat.
REMEMBER
We deliver feed to all parts of the city, also keep feed of all kinds at our warehouse, in town, at the M. & O. yards.
QUAKER MILL COMPANY.

Slippers for Christmas Presents.
We will be glad to show you our large assortment, whether you buy or not.
Special Bargains in Misses' and Children's Slippers.
Red Felt—black fur trimmed
size 5 to 8.....40c
Sizes 9 to 11.....65c
Sizes 12 to 2.....75c
E. T. Grassfield,
We fit the feet. Manchester, Iowa.