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The Democrat.
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MANCHESTER, IOWA.
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, $60,000.
ESTABLISHED 1885.
We invite you to keep your bank account and do your business with this institution With ample means for the care of patrons, we are prepared to accord all the courtesies and accommodations consistent with safe banking.
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The old reliable Cedar Falls full patent.
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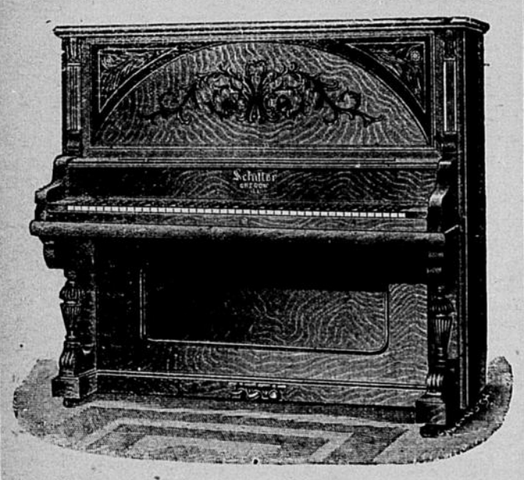
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The Piano Man,
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SOLID SILVER AND PLATED WARE.
If you contemplate purchasing silverware of any description, it will pay you to examine my new line of up-to-date patterns, suitable for presents for any occasion. I also carry a fine line of
DIAMONDS, WATCHES, CHAINS, CHARMS AND RINGS.
In fact, anything in the jewelry line that fancy can desire Call and see our new goods, whether you wish to purchase or not. Engraving done when desired.
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A New Haven school has as a graduate this year a negro woman 73 years old, who is just receiving her diploma.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale attributes his excellent health at the age of 84 to the serenity with which he takes life, sleeping nine hours a night and always keeping his mind occupied.

The Most Reverend John J. Keane, D. D., Archbishop of Dubuque, delivered the baccalaureate sermon at the Iowa State University last Sunday. Archbishop Keane was for many years at the head of the great Catholic University at Washington, and ranks high among the best educators of the country. His sermon was undoubtedly a classic.

The Iowa Lubricant.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat declares that Senator Allison is one of the most useful men in public life because "he is always ready with a can of oil to lubricate the turbulent waters of legislation." That is very good. The spectacle of Senator Allison pesticating around with an oil can in his hand, squirting oil on the troubled waters of legislature, is worth preserving in photographic form. The honorable representative of the allied oil and steel trusts angrily declares that the honorable representative of the allied coal and railroad trusts is not toting fair. Immediately there is a commotion of the senatorial waters and the public imagines for a brief moment that perhaps it will profit by this falling out of the representatives of selfish interests. But it is all a well-rehearsed farce. Just before the honorable representatives come to blows, Mr. Allison appears with the oil of compromise, the honorable representatives subside, and the people are again let in the lurch. And every once in a while some senator who is old-fashioned enough to think that he represents the people introduces a bill in the interests of his constituents. Immediately the senatorial waters are troubled. Violent commotion rages for a time, and then Mr. Allison dawns upon the view with the ever-present can of compromise oil in his hand. In a short time the commotion subsides and again the people get the worst of it. The Globe-Democrat is eminently correct in its statement that Mr. Allison is one of the most useful men in public life. We note with regret, however, that our esteemed Missouri contemporary fails to specify. It fails to tell us that Mr. Allison's usefulness is all along the line of helping the corporation interests. He is, indeed, a useful man to the corporations.—The Commoner.

Missouri Democrats for Bryan.

Former Governor David R. Francis, who was secretary of the interior under Cleveland and for many years was prominent among sound money democrats, created a political sensation at the democratic state convention at Jefferson City, Mo., last week by coming out for Wm. Jennings Bryan for president. Francis is the first close political and personal friend of Cleveland to join the Bryan movement and because of this his speech attracted unusual attention.

"I wish to ask this convention," said Mr. Francis, "to send its congratulations to the national democracy on the disappearance of our differences. There are no differences between us now. In 1904 what is known as the conservative element of our party asked that it be allowed to make the platform and name the candidate. Right liberally did the radical faction concede the honor to the conservative element. You know the result.

"Now another campaign is approaching. Those of us who belong to what has been the conservative faction would not be magnanimous, we would not be worthy democrats, if we did not say to you that we will support your candidate and your platform this time. The differences that have divided the democracy exist no longer."

Governor Francis described Bryan as "a sincere lover of humanity and a patriotic citizen of the United States." He enlogized both Bryan and Cleveland amid profuse cheering.

At the conclusion of Governor Francis' speech former State Senator David Ball of Pike county, was called on for a speech. He pronounced Wm. J. Bryan the greatest private citizen in the world.

"When I see Grover Cleveland in the rear end of a train in Missouri talking for Bryan I'll take back everything I ever said against him," he declared.

Former Governor Dockery was the next speaker. He urged the convention to stand by Governor Folk and everything he had done as governor, "whether you like it, gentleman, or not," he said. He spoke of Bryan as the next president.

Mayor James A. Reed of Kansas City addressed the convention briefly. An invitation was sent to the capitol asking Governor Folk to address the convention. Governor Folk responded and was cheered when he entered the hall and mounted the rostrum. He declared that Bryan would be nominated for president in 1908 and would be elected. He said the principles which Bryan had advocated in 1896 were then considered anarchistic, but now are considered the acme of patriotism.

WHEN—

The people will get a fair share of their toil
When protection's no longer a graft
The farmers will profit from tilling the soil
When protection's no longer a graft.
The trusts will walk straight and have to tote fair,
The Standard Oil stock have less moisture per share,
And lawmakers will have a good chance to act fair
When protection's no longer a graft.

The men who produce will have a good chance
When protection's no longer a graft
There'll be fewer schemes of the higher finance
When protection's no longer a graft.
There will be fewer steals under guise of the law,
Coal barons and such will be forced up to taw,
And closed be the steel trust's vain ravenous maw,
When protection's no longer a graft.

Good laws then our congress can quickly enact,
When protection's no longer a graft
Committees by selfish men can not be packed
When protection's no longer a graft
Every man will be given a fair start in the race,
Nobody be shoved into third or fourth place,
And merit, not boodle, will settle each case,
When protection's no longer a graft.

—Selected.

The Farmer's Warfare Against Weeds.

"Thorns and thistles also shall it bring forth to thee" was written ages ago, when the first farmer first began his farming operations. The warfare against thorns and thistles, using this as a general term to indicate every kind of weeds, has continued with greater or less success, generally less, ever since. The farmer assumes that the land was cursed with these pests; that there is an inexhaustible supply of the seeds in the soil; and therefore all that he has in general attempted to do has been to reduce them to the minimum for the present year and present crop.

Weeds have their uses, the main one of which is to put the farmer on his nettle; to make him think, plan, and work to accomplish success; and thus develop in him a higher type of man. The statement "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread" is not a curse, but really a blessing. The nations of farmers that have not been obliged to work to secure results are invariably a poor class of farmers and a poor type of men.

In the prairie sections of the west, where the weed curse was at its minimum when the country was first developed, it has been increasing from year to year. In addition to the weeds native to the soil we have introduced by carelessness and neglect all sorts of foreign weeds. They traveled some from east to west, still others from north to south, and vice versa; and most of them seem equally at home in the rich corn lands of the Mississippi valley. Farther north outside of the corn belt the weeds are a greater curse than in the corn belt proper, because some of the very worst weeds seem peculiarly adapted to that section, and because farmers not having a rotation including a cultivated crop allow weeds such as Canada thistles, quack grass, and French grass to increase and multiply until life becomes a burden.

Farmers seem to assume that there is an inexhaustible supply of weed seeds in every fertile soil, and that therefore the most that can be done is simply to minimize the mischief for the present. The farmer aims to keep the weeds out of his corn up to the first of July. He allows ragweed to grow rank in his pastures, forgetting that mowing it in time would at least prevent the more abundant sowing of seed.

It is our purpose to devote considerable time and space and to use abundant illustrations during the next three months in order if possible to stimulate the farmer to greater exertion in his warfare against weeds, and by pointing out the peculiar habits and nature of different weeds show how their extermination may be carried on with the maximum of success.

There are three classes of weeds which the farmer will do well to consider—the annuals, biennials, and perennials. Annual weeds, like ragweed, cocklebur, velvet weed, and the miscellaneous assortment that may be found growing in every corn field, grow each year, produce seed, and die. Hence if they are not permitted to go to seed the supply of weed seeds, of which every soil contains a large abundance, will gradually be diminished. These weeds are the easiest to kill, provided the farmer goes at it intelligently. In the corn and potato fields this can be done by attacking them at their weakest point, when they have the first and second leaves, which the farmer can do in any kind of good weather with the harrow, weeder, and cultivator.

They cannot be thus attacked in the pasture, for obvious reasons, but as every farmer knows, land that is kept rich and well seeded with grasses produces but a small crop of weeds; for the simple reason that the weeds have no chance to grow, or, if they grow, are smothered out by the thick stand of grasses.

Biennial weeds are those which grow one year and produce seed the next, such, for example, as burdock and many varieties of thistles. If these are attacked with the mower when they first appear in the pasture, before they produce seed, the supply in the soil can be very greatly diminished. With reference, however, to thistles, there must be co-operation among the farmers over a large section of country and also in keeping the roadsides clean; for the reason that no matter how clean a farmer keeps his land from thistles, the wind will blow the seed in from the roadsides or from the fields of his slovenly neighbors.

The most difficult problem in weed destruction is presented by perennials, such as quack grass, Canada thistles, horse nettle, and weeds of that class. Some of these form underground root stocks, or rhizomes, to use the language of the botanist, which grow from year to year. The only way in which these weeds can be controlled is by strangulation, that is, by not permitting the green leaves to obtain carbon, dioxide, commonly called carbonic acid, from the atmosphere and thus store up starch in the roots.

There are various ways of strangulation. In a small patch of Canada thistles, for example, it is not a difficult matter to hoe them off once a week. Where there are larger areas, and the same applies to quack grass, one must necessarily take a year, and keep the ground stirred and harrowed frequently during the season, and finish up the work by digging out the remainder with the spade.

Difficult as may be the problem, if our lands are to continue to be really worth their present prices, it must be attacked with greater earnestness than it has been in the past. We can point out hundreds of farms whose actual value has been reduced at least ten dollars an acre during the last three or four wet seasons, when the weeds have had unusual chances to grow. If we were to buy land that is infested with cocklebur, for example, as thousands of farms are, we would ask a discount of not less than fifteen dollars per acre, and on some lands twenty or twenty-five.

How to deal with these weeds will be discussed in detail in a series of articles during the season. The object of the present article is simply to impress upon farmers the necessity for greater vigilence and a higher intelligence in attacking the enemy, the weeds, which, after all, are the greatest enemy of the farmer. —Wallace's Farmer.

A GENEROUS CRITIC.

Story of John Oxenford, a Once Famous London Character.

John Oxenford was for years the leading theatrical critic of London. Mr. Oxenford was troubled with a serious bronchial affection, which occasionally disturbed the audience, for he refused to give up his beloved theater, although desperately ill. A certain rising young actor was very anxious to obtain Oxenford's valuable opinion on his work, and the tender hearted old gentleman literally left his bed and came down to the theater on a bitter cold night to do a good action to a clever youngster. In the middle of one of the actor's finest scenes on came the cough from the Oxenford box. It continued so long that it unnerved the actor, and he came to a dead stop. To the surprise of everybody he advanced to the front and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am sorry to say that unless the old gentleman with the irritating cough retires temporarily from the theater I really cannot go on. I forget everything. It is painful so to address you, but I am powerless in the matter and place myself in your hands."

The disturbance at once ceased, and the box was empty. When the curtain fell a friend rushed around and, breathless, said to the distressed actor: "Do you know what you have done? Do you know who it was that you turned out of the box?" "I neither know nor care," was the reply. "Why, it was John Oxenford!" The actor was paralyzed, but he got his good notice all the same. The veteran critic went home coughing to praise the young actor who had turned him out.

JUDGING DOGS.

The Rules by Which the Different Points Are Valued.

The average man is greatly puzzled to find one dog awarded a first prize and another, which to him appears to be quite as fine a specimen, awarded no prize at all. A man who knows the relative values of the different points in all breeds of dogs is a veritable walking encyclopedia.

Generally speaking, the best dog is one which comes nearest the standard of requirements for its own particular breed, about 25 per cent of the points being usually awarded for fine head proportions, an equal number for legs and feet, a similar number for body and color and the rest for symmetry.

In the Dalmatian, for instance, thirty points are given for color and markings, while head, eyes and ears have only fifteen; the bulldog, on the other hand, has forty-five for head and ears, while coat and color amount to but five points; the collie has twenty-five for coat, color being immaterial, and twenty-five for head and ears.

The St. Bernard has forty for head and ears and five each for coat and color. The Pomeranian has but fifteen for head and ears, forty-five points going for coat, color and tail, with fifteen for appearance. It may be set down as governing in all breeds of dogs that whatever is the typical feature of that breed is the feature upon which stress is laid in the allotment of points.

The Ant's Cow.

The aphis, one of the most widely distributed species of insects known to the entomologists, is sometimes referred to as the "ant's cow." The aphis actually gives milk, although the creature itself is so small that it is estimated to weigh but the one one-thousandth of a grain. Out of the back of the aphis project two hollow tubes. These connect with ducts in the body, which secrete a sweet liquid. When the tubes are touched the liquid exudes in small drops. The ants know this, and they make a regular business of tickling the tubes of the little aphis to make her "give down her milk." The ant is very fond of this saccharine food and will "milk" a hundred aphides in the course of an hour.

Wouldn't Trust Him.

"Of course," said the sarcastic man, "you always do your wife's bidding."

"Gracious! No!" replied Mr. Henpeck. "She wouldn't let me. When she goes to an auction sale she never takes me with her."—Philadelphia Press.

Contradictory.

"Has your son arrived at years of discretion?"

"Oh, yes. He's about to be married."

"How you contradict yourself!"—Cleveland Leader.

ANCIENT WATER VILLAGES.

Relic of Old Customs Prevailing In the "Spreewald."

One of the most interesting regions in the "old fatherland" is the so called "Spreewald," the forest of the Spree, situated not far from the German capital, in the province of Brandenburg. Each village is a little Venice, every house a little island, and these islets are connected by bridges sufficiently raised to allow boats to pass under them. Most of the houses, with their barns and stables, rest on piles, and there is generally a strip of artificial terra firma either in front or at the rear of every building. By means of these land strips and of the bridges the slender land communication is kept throughout the district, but most of the business and amusement are carried on through the canals, which not only form the main highways, but penetrate and cross and recross the whole region. It is on these lagoons that all traffic is conducted in boats during the period from spring when the last vestiges of frost and ice are disappearing until the end of autumn. You see the letter carrier shoot up and down the canals, performing his duties in his frail craft; the police glide leisurely along the banks, watching everything going on; peasants bring the products of their toil to the nearest towns; children go to and from school; young mothers, dressed in their Sunday clothes, are rowed to church, carrying in their arms a small, queer looking bundle from which two large eyes in a tiny face stare at the stranger in wonderment—baby is going to be baptized, an important moment with this strongly religious people.—Technical World Magazine.

DREAM MYSTERY.

The Events That May Be Crowded Into a Few Seconds.

The duration of a dream is so seldom accurately measured that a story published in the St. Louis Medical Record is worth repeating.

The writer, a doctor, was seized with an uncontrollable drowsiness during a call and was struggling to keep awake when he was asked by his companion, "How long may you stay in B.?" His answer, which came promptly enough, was, "That depends on the Western Union," and, catching himself, he explained that he was expecting a telegram. In fact, however, his answer related to the facts of a dream which had been sandwiched between the two parts of the sentence.

After hearing the words "How long" the doctor had dozed off, dreamed that after long and tedious experiments he had invented a wonderful apparatus for holding telegraph poles in a vertical position, had negotiated with the postal company for its sale, but unsuccessfully, and had finally gone to the authorities of the other company. They, in the dream, told him they were considering a German invention for the same purpose, and the dreamer crossed the ocean to examine the rival device, returned, explained the differences to the intending purchaser and was writing a reply when he woke in time to hear the end of his companion's question.

The events of the dream had apparently consumed months, yet the actual time that elapsed was merely that required for uttering about four short words.

Precedent For "Governess."

Albert VII., archduke of Austria, married Isabella Clara Eugenie, infanta of Spain, who brought to him as dowry the sovereignty of the Low Countries, etc. When Philip IV. of Spain ascended the throne in 1621 he took from his aunt the sovereignty of the Low Countries, but left her the title of governess. Her husband died soon after, whereon she took the veil, though still retaining the reins of government. She died at Brussels in 1633, aged sixty-six. Here there is precedent for the use of the word governess when a lady holds the post.—London Notes and Queries.

Paid For the Opinion.

Shortly after Chief Justice Purley of the court of appeals of New Hampshire had retired from the bench and resumed the practice of his profession a man called on him to get his opinion in a certain matter. After stating his case clearly he said, "Well, judge, what do you think of my case?" The judge promptly replied, "I think you are a scoundrel." "How much do I owe you for that opinion?" inquired the client. "Ten dollars," demanded the judge. The fee was promptly paid.

Rhodesia's Largest Nugget.

Weighing 21.62 ounces, a gold nugget which measures five and a half inches in length and three inches in width was recently found near Bulawayo. It is believed to be the largest yet found in Rhodesia, and is now in the British South Africa company's museum at 2 London Wall buildings, E. C.—London Mail.

The Woman of It.

Mother (impatiently)—You have been very naughty today, Juanita. I shall have to tell your father when he comes home. Juanita (aged seven)—That's the woman of it! You never can keep anything to yourself!

The Determining Factor.

Helen—Sometimes I like waltzing and sometimes I do not. Ethel—It depends on your mood? Helen—It depends on my partner.—New York Press.

Of all persecutions, that of calumny is the most intolerable.—Hazlitt.

Sunny People.

The world delights in sunny people. The old are hungering for love more than for bread. The air of joy is very cheap, and if you can help the poor on with a garment of praise it will be better for them than blankets.—Henry Drummond.

The Critical Period.

Duffer—One is born every minute, you know. Puffer—Yes, but they're not listed till they get old enough to think they are not.—Indianapolis Star.

THE SECOND WEEK OF OUR
JUNE BRIDE SALE

is now with us, and to people going to housekeeping and to all others in need of fine furniture, we wish to emphasize the fact that our stock is complete in every department, and first quality, dependable goods are being sold by us at the very lowest prices consistent with first class material and finish.
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FIR - - - - - Do you use it?
POPLAR - - - - - Do you use it?
WOVEN WIRE FENCE - - - Do you use it?
PLASTER - - - - - Do you use it?
CEMENT - - - - - Do you use it?
CEMENT - - - - - Do you use it?
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If so, we shall be pleased to fill your orders, which we are better prepared than ever to do. Estimates cheerfully furnished whether you buy or not.
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For All Live Stock
EASY AND SAFE TO USE.
KILLS LICE, TICKS, FLEAS, MITES. CURES MANGE, SCAB, RINGWORM, SCRATCHES, ETC. DESTROYS DISEASE GERMS AND DRIVES AWAY FLIES.
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