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### Free Air Saves A Doctor's Life.

With his life despaired of by all the medical authorities of the city, and unable because of the dread loneliness of the Dakota prairies to remain in the secluded spot which he had gone in quest of health and strength, Dr. J. Hilger returned to this city some three months ago, "returned," his friends said "to die." And yet he has cheated the grim visitor.

Taken with hemorrhages that threatened his very existence, unable to greet the friends whom he had returned to see before his looked for passing to the great beyond, the young physician in the open air cure has found a panacea for his ills and now, with renewed manhood, in his little pagoda on Mt. Pleasant avenue, he greets his friends and laughs heartily as he tells his remarkable story.

The history of his case is most peculiar and the story of his recovery is remarkable in many ways. Almost a year ago Dr. Hilger commenced complaining of an affection of the throat and unable himself to discover the cause of his ill health, he summoned to his aid all the medical talent he could find. The medical authorities advised an immediate change of climate. Dakota was chosen and with his wife a trained nurse, he left for Dakota, hoping that life on the great open prairies might bring back to him his former strength and vigor.

Three months he lived in a secluded section of the state, but his condition did not improve, and he returned to Dubuque to die. He suffered several hemorrhages and had given up hope, but concluded to try the fresh air cure.

Living in the tent, his meals brought to him from the residence by his wife, the oxygen began to build the diseased tissues. The screens were rarely covered by their storm-protecting canvas curtains. At night with no protection save the canvas roof above, the doctor slept in his open-air house and gradually the strange life began to put a bloom in his cheeks that had been foreign to them for over a year. His breathing was seldom stopped by a hacking cough, as it had been prior to his trial of the open air treatment. In fact he had become a new man.

Plenty of sleep, strict attention to diet, and the careful nursing of a devoted wife, together with undisturbed and unstinted fresh air is making Dr. Hilger a new man. In his few months life out of doors he has gained almost 25 pounds in weight. No vestige of the once hacking cough now remains.

### Then and Now

When the earth is wrapped in silence  
With the moans of the night,  
And I seek the cozy corner  
Where the fire is burning bright  
And I gaze upon the shadows  
Where the faint light gleams,  
Fancy takes me with her beckons  
To my vanished bygone dreams,  
And aunts the city castles  
That I built before me rise,  
And I smile at boyish visions  
As they pass before my eyes.

Once again I tramp the furrow  
With my hand upon the meadows  
And the fragrance of the meadows  
Brings a longing to me now.

There beyond the hills and pastures  
With their shimmer, golden spires,  
I feel the wind and dazling promise,  
I stand the city of the future.

There the way to fame and fortune,  
Easy sailing of the seas;  
There the rounds of joy and pleasure  
Mistake a life of pampered ease.

There no more the weary burdens  
That the farm forever brings;  
Only hours of glad employment  
That few men enjoy in this age.

Ah, the dreams my youthful longing  
Built upon my discontent,  
And enchantment distance lent!  
Gone those dreams! How quickly vanished!  
Time and life have changed since then,  
And I long for the farm again.  
—J. Schuyler Long.

### THE DIAMOND CROP.

#### What Becomes of the Peaks of Gems Turned Out Each Year?

Where do all the crystallized gems go—many millions of pounds—which come into the market every year? The diamond is said to be one of the hardest things in nature and is practically impervious to wear and tear. I have an idea, though I am not certain, that an old diamond is every bit as good as a new one, supposing both belong to the same class that is to say, diamonds do not wear out as trousers or hats wear out.

Then what becomes of the thousands and thousands turned out each year? I know that the financial geniuses who control the diamond output keep the supply down to the actual demand so as not to lower the price, and thus there must be a steady demand for these things to the value of millions a year, and there must be a gradually increasing stock or accumulation of them in rings or tiaras, crowns, scarfpins and so on.

People do not cover themselves all over with these gems and then jump about in the street to shake them off for the sake of humble friends and poor relations, as was done by the gaudy Duke of Buckingham. A certain number, I know, are stolen every year, but after all, they are comparatively few, and most of them come back into the market in a very short time.

The man who steals diamonds does not eat them. He disposes of them for the benefit of his humble family, and all he really does (poor, honest and uneducated fellow) is to put them into circulation. Where do they go?—London, M. A. P.

### WEDDING BELLS A-PLENTY.

#### Marry Young and Often Seems to Be the Rule in Egypt.

According to information given from authentic sources to a correspondent of Leslie's Weekly while in Egypt, "there are few men in Cairo past the age of twenty years who have not been married at least twice, and the majority of women over sixteen have made a half dozen or so matrimonial experiments." There is no disgrace attached to divorce in Egypt. If mutual admiration wanes with the honeymoon, there is nothing more natural to the Egyptian mind than that the dissatisfied party take to themselves another trial. Marriage is universal in Egypt. There are no old maids. Widows remain widows but a short time, and, as a rule, no young man is considered fitted for business or entitled to the respect of the community until he is married. These numerous marriages and their attendant celebrations make it extremely interesting for the stranger from the west who journeys through Egypt. Toward the end of the last century, when the country was considerably more plentiful than it is today, before the travelers invaded the country and began to scatter plasters along the Nile, there are hundreds of marriages. In Cairo they average during the month of April ten to twenty a day of the elaborate ones—with brass bands, processions and feasting—and any number of less showy ones.

### THE WEASEL.

#### His Ferocity Unbounded and His Courage Inevitable.

The weasel is the most bloodthirsty of all our native carnivores. His ferocity is unbounded, his courage inevitable. He is one of the few British wild animals from whom man has to fear attack.

If you meet a group of weasels you will do well not to interfere with them, for those who have done so have occasionally suffered for their temerity. His dwarfish size rather accentuates than diminishes the detestation in which he is held, for there is something uncanny in the idea of so much relentless and cruelly being compressed into so small a frame.

The rabbit, who will fight a fierce and bitter battle with one of his own kind, is paralyzed with fear at the mere sight of this puny foe, whom he could probably pulverize could he brace his heart to the attempt. Squealing with fear, he hops stupidly about until the little vampire springs upon his neck and buries his fangs in an artery.

Then the victim either sinks to the ground and submits to his fate or, suddenly acquiring the use of his muscles, he speeds aimlessly along, the weasel clinging to his neck till his work is done. There are few more pitiful sounds in nature than the piteous cry of a rabbit when he finds that he is being stalked by a weasel.—London Answers.

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### SELECTING A HUSBAND.

#### Capture Him While He is Still Young, Deeds and Plastic.

Because it is the duty of every woman to marry some man it by no means follows that she is deprived of the privilege of making acute discrimination. On the contrary, to fulfill her selection as completely as possible she should exercise the greatest care in selecting a mate. The man who has had no say in the matter, and in some countries she has little or none today, but in this happily civilized land she still possesses and will undoubtedly hold for all time the right first to choose and then consent. It is a noble prerogative—one, in our judgment, that should be appreciated and cherished above all others. And yet, as we have observed, it should be exercised with caution. Let nothing be left to chance. One Plato would have had it when he decreed that pairing should be done by lot. While not overdone, he is at least particular in order that the one chosen may feel honored by the distinction conferred upon him and so be the more ready, indeed to show his undying gratefulness.

Much that was thought and written years ago on how to choose a wife was good enough for the time, but the recent reversal of the relative attitudes of the sexes has rendered the old rules less applicable. Nevertheless, despite the fact that in considering the points to be heeded and the precautions to be observed by womanhood we find ourselves in a fallow field, certain general principles may be regarded as established. It is less for example, to capture a husband while he is still young, docile and plastic. Preferably also he should be in love. He may then be trained after the manner best calculated to serve the convenience of her for whom the fourth he must and should toil.—George Harvey in North American Review.

### OUR LARGEST SCALES.

#### The Monster Weighing Machine in the Washington Navy Yard.

The biggest scales in the country are in the navy yard at Washington. They outweigh the largest railway scales by fifty tons. The latter are not to be succeeded at, for they easily weigh as many as a heavily loaded car. The navy yard scales are so accurate that they come within a pound of the exact weight. Railway scales are considered good if they come within fifty pounds. All the large ordnance manufactured for the navy is weighed upon this machine, which is some ten years old. The scales look like ordinary hay scales.

The delicate mechanism is invisible, the most intricate parts being in a broad pit below the ground. The platform is forty-eight feet long and twenty feet wide. Beneath the platform machinery is a cement base laid upon long piles. A solid base being one of the prime requisites of a powerful weighing machine, it was found necessary to use a pile driver to secure a stable foundation.

The machine is regarded as the finest of its kind in the world and is a splendid achievement of American ingenuity. In order to show the accuracy of the scales an official picked up half a brick and tossed it upon the platform. He then consulted a long brass lever and found that the brick weighed just one pound.

The capacity of the scales is 150 tons. Two twelve-inch guns lying on a forty-eight foot car truck can be weighed on the machine without taxing its capacity.—Washington Star.

### A LONG DRIVE.

#### The Expert Lumbermen of the Canadian Rivers.

One of the most interesting sights of the new arrival in Canada is to witness a log drive on one of the rivers there, especially should there be several rapids to navigate.

The expert river man is a clever athlete—clever and hardy as any circus rider, his needs are cutting more antics than any horse could think of. He will jump from one log to another quickly as they swirl around until he reaches the one he wants; then he will make for the center and stand perfectly upright and still, balancing himself with a long pole or pike, sometimes running down stream miles without landing.

He also guides other logs into the channel in passing, at times jumping from one to another in marvelous fashion, although the logs are twisting and turning in every direction.

Probably the cleverest piece of work one could observe out here is when the logs get jammed in passing the rapids. Then you see the expert at his best. He will get there and everywhere until he gets things as he wishes them, when he will calmly stand and ride down among the heaving, grinding mass as though there were no danger at hand. This scene, so full of excitement, which the witness could never be forgotten.—London Tit-Bits.

### A Royal Martyr to Etiquette.

In Spain the etiquette to be observed in the royal palaces was carried to such length as to make martyrs of their kings. This is a historic instance. Philip III. was gravely scathed by the fire. The framaker of the court had kindled so great a quantity of wood that the monarch was nearly suffocated with heat, and his grandeur would not permit him to rise from the chair. The domestics could not presume to enter the apartment because it was against the etiquette. At length the Marquis de Totat appeared, and the king ordered him to damp the fires, but he excused himself, alleging that he was forbidden by the etiquette to perform such a function, for which the Duc d'Usseda ought to be called upon, as it was his business. The duke was gone out. The fire burned fiercer, and the king endured it rather than derogate from his dignity. But his blood was heated to such a degree that he was seriously ill the next day. A violent fever succeeded, which carried him off in the twenty-fourth year of his age.—London Standard.

### New to Stiprups.

An eight-year-old, who has spent all his short life in the city and numbered roller skates, tricycles and toy autos among his accustomed playthings, passed yesterday on a farm a short distance away. During the afternoon a small saddle was hunted up and one of the horses pressed into service. The boy was enjoying his first horseback ride, and after he had been walked up and down the barnyard a few times he asked his father, who was leading the horse, to make him run. The father complied. Suddenly the boy called out: "Oh, stop, papa, stop! I've lost one of my pedals!"—New York Sun.

### No Decoration Required.

It was Mr. Robert's first experience with wallies, and he liked the taste of them. When he had been served twice he called the waiter to him and spoke confidentially.

"I'm from Pokeville," he said, "and we're plain folks there. Don't care much for style, but we know good food when we get it. I want another plateful o' those cakes, but you tell the cook she needn't stop to put that fancy printing on 'em; just send 'em along plain."—Youth's Companion.

### Water on Gibraltar.

On the eastern side of the rock of Gibraltar there is a curious looking white patch which led an American tourist to ask whether the rock was being armor plated. It is really a catchment for rainwater to increase the reserve of water on the rock. The catchment covers ten acres. It is made of galvanized corrugated iron fixed to piles driven deep into the sandy slopes above the village of Catalan. The water collected at the foot of the catchment runs through the rock into a tunnel 2000 feet long and is delivered into reservoirs on the western side. The yield to the inch of rainfall is 240,000 gallons.—New York Tribune.

### Billville Office Rules.

We never return rejected articles. We get a dollar a ton for them at the paper mill.

Write on one side of the paper only. When the other side is blank we can figure up our losses on it.

Subscribers who have not received the paper in three weeks or more should inquire at the sheriff's office, where a reason will probably be given them.—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

### Accounting For It.

"No," said the stubborn man, "nobody can alter my regard for Jiggins. He's a man you don't meet every day."

"I admit that," replied Markley, "but I attribute it to the fact that I loaned him \$10 several months ago."—Catholic Standard and Times.

### A Faint Resemblance.

"Ah, my boy," said the purse proud individual as he handed round the Flor de Toofas, "that's something like a cigar!"

"Yes," responded one of the victims; "what is it?"—London Opinion.

### Protecting His Magazines.

"While waiting at the doctor's the other day I picked up a magazine from his table to pass the time," said the man who observes things. "All through the book on nearly every other page was stamped his name, and it so irritated me that I spoke to him about it."

"If I didn't all that magazine up with my name," he said, "it wouldn't last ten minutes in this place. Somebody would be sure to carry it away. Even as it is, I lose one every little while."—New York Press.

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