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The First National Bank

MANCHESTER IOWA. CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$100,000. 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.

LATEST COPYRIGHTS.

R. A. DENTON.

A Fall Shoe For Men



Which combines style and service. This shoe is made with Velour Calf upper stock, in Blucher pattern, heavy sewed sole, and a neat, good fitting last. The price is ONLY \$3.50

Other styles at \$5.00, \$4.50, \$4.00 and \$3.75. Give our Men's Shoes a trial. IT WILL PAY YOU. H. H. LAWRENCE Phone 361. The Shoe Man.

FANCY STATIONERY

A New Lot Just Received

Anders & Philipp,

COAL

We have a good line of coal, and are independent of any other concern on prices. We make our own prices and will use you right. Also FLOUR and FEED.

C. H. PARKER. Bunker and Baumgartners old stand. TELEPHONE 113.

Nearly 1,500 political friends and personal admirers of Wm. J. Bryan attended a dollar democratic dinner at Lincoln auditorium Wednesday evening. The dinner was intended as an endorsement of his candidacy for the presidential nomination and was attended by prominent democrats of all parts of the country. The speeches without exception were aggressively democratic, but some good words were said for President Roosevelt and kindly expressions for radical leaders of the republican camp.

Owing to his many years and his rather poor health, ex-Governor Larrabee has written Superintendent Barber of the Anti-Saloon league Des Moines that he will be unable to preside as permanent chairman at the big temperance convention to be held there January 23 and 29. Ex-Governor Larrabee had hoped to be able to act in that capacity, but he now believes it will be inadvisable for him to do so. Judge Weaver of the supreme bench will probably act as permanent chairman instead.

According to several Southern members of congress, an attempt will be made at Denver to write some sort of a prohibition plank in to the democratic national platform. Whatever may be the personal views of these southern statesmen, they feel the force of sentiment at home and their voices always are heard in the cause of temperance. Their policy is reflected on the question of prohibition for the District of Columbia, over which congress has exclusive jurisdiction. There would be no possibility of prohibiting the sale of liquor at the national capital were it not for the southern democrats. When the question first came up Washington people were inclined to make a jest of it. They refused to believe congress ever would seriously entertain such a proposition. But they have discovered that the prohibitionists have staunch and able supporters in congress. While it is not probable that anything will be done at the present session, a "dry" capital is one of the possibilities of the not distant future. It is recalled now how congress was driven by public sentiment into abolishing the army canteen, though army officers were almost unanimously against it and it was contrary to the convictions of a majority of congress—Washington Cor. Cedar Rapids Republican.

The delivery at the Gedney Opera House, Tuesday evening, by Wm. Jennings Bryan, of his great Chattanooga lecture, "The Prince of Peace," attracted an audience completely filling the place from pit to gallery. Mr. Bryan was introduced by County Attorney O'Brien. The lecture is perhaps one of the best expressions of the popular conception of Christ and his religion that has been made in the present time. In the delivery of this lecture, Col. Bryan demonstrates his versatility, for in his manner therein is that of the polished pulpit orator, and in every phrase there is the nice distinction of style appropriate to the sacred theme. Those who ever heard Col. Bryan in any of his great political speeches will more fully recognize his greatness as a master of the arts of the orator after hearing him in this oration. It need not be said that he held his audience "spellbound." All recognized that they were listening to the finest example of his kind. The lecture did good to those who heard it. Many had the pleasure of personally meeting Col. Bryan at the Gedney hotel, and all were charmed with the personality of the great orator, and with every one he met he left the impression that here is a brainy, cultured, kindly Christian gentleman.

Peace and Big Guns. A correspondent who is with the big fleet commanded by Del Evans tells an interesting story about the way they celebrate Christmas on the warships. Among other things, Chaplain Evans of the Connecticut found a long pine board and had the carpenter paint on it, "Peace on earth, Good will toward men." This board was twined with smilax and hung with white lanterns under the great guns on the quarter deck turret. And all day long the Christmas picture hung there. The wife of the Spanish consul at Trinidad, who was on board with a party said, "You Americans have such a curious sense of humor—to put that sweet sentence so close to those awful guns."

Pardon me madam, promptly returned "Fighting Bob," but that is not a sense of humor. Those guns are the greatest agency for peace that we Americans possess. Which is all true. Pity 'tis, 'tis true. That the best guaranty of peace should be ample preparation for war is a tremendous reflection upon what we call modern civilization. But in national matters we must take the world as it is. Many believe—and President Roosevelt is one—that if we shall escape a war with Japan it will be because of a showing of force. The Oriental respects a big stick. Here are some facts. We wanted to buy fifty White-

Saloons on the Run. The closing of the run, "O Johnny get your gun." Drive it out! Its already stayed to long With its rival, the machine gun. Drive it out! It is fleeing from the South. Drive it out! Better have perpetual drought. Drive it out! For the lack will then be free. From the high Sierra chain. It depends on you and me! Drive it out! Wasn't that a mighty slain— Drive it out! That came up from Alabama. Drive it out! Then will have it going some. Drive it out! From the granite hills of Maine. To the high Sierra chain. Will resound the glad refrain. Drive it out! W. C. T. U.

Get into the Pulpit. A Madison avenue pastor who likes to be first in the eyes, ears and hearts of his congregation had occasion to discuss seriously with his curate one of that young man's "habits." "There have been complaints," said the pastor severely, "that you talk too much. Not gossip, understand, not anything of that sort—but certain parishioners have found you loquacious—long winded, one might say. At a christening, at a wedding, at a funeral or at any little meeting over which we are called to preside you talk much more than is necessary. That may in time become a serious fault. There are certain prescribed forms for those occasions, you know. Now, if you could only keep your discourse down to the briefest length—"

Turkish Farriery. Turkish horsehoes are simply a flat plate of iron with a hole in the middle. In his volume of "Personal Adventures" Colonel J. P. Robertson describes the extraordinary method of preparing the horse to be shod. The farrier takes a good long rope, doubles it and knots a loop at the end to about the size of a good large horse collar. This is put over the horse's head after the manner of a horse collar, the knot resting on the horse's chest. Then the two ends of rope are brought between his legs. Each rope, then taken by a man, is hitched on to the fetlocks of his hind legs and brought through the loop in front; then by a hard, steady pull the hind legs are drawn up to the fore legs, and the four falls heavily on his side. All four falls are then tied together by the fetlocks, the horse is propped up on his back, and the farrier sits quietly down beside him, takes off all the shoes and puts on his side. When the work is finished the horse is untied and allowed to get up.

Crab Has 2,000,000 Joints. The crab known as the scale tailed apus was believed to have become extinct in Great Britain fifty years ago. The last recorded specimen being taken in the ponds on Hampstead Heath. But now it has turned up again in some numbers in two ponds on Preston Merse, near Southwick, in Kirkcaldyshire. About two and a half inches long, the apus bears a very striking likeness to that remarkable creature, the king crab, and this is because the fore part of the body is covered by a great semicircular shield or carapace, while, as in the king crab, it swims on its back. In the great number of its legs the scale tailed apus has few rivals, while in the number of the joints which these share between them no other creature can compare. The naturalist Schaffer once essayed the task of counting them and made the magnificent total of 1,802,694. Latreille put down the number at a round 2,000,000.—London Graphic.

Dislocation. A superintendent in the elementary schools of New York city was making his dreary rounds among the teachers of a girls' school. He suddenly opened the door of one class room and asked the teacher in charge, "What are you doing in nature study?" She hurried out of the room and fetched out a basket of bones. "Very good, indeed," said the superintendent, and he hurried out pleased with this evidence of industry and interest in school work. If an hour later he appeared in a neighboring room and taking a comprehensive glance, remarked, "What have you done in nature study?" She, too, from somewhere fetched out a basket of bones.

A Tale of Two Parrots. An old man had a parrot whose favorite expression was, "I wish the old woman was dead." This worried her a great deal, and one day when the minister called she spoke to him about it. He said he had a parrot which only said "religious things" and that he would bring it over some time and see if it would not break her bird from using its favorite expression. So one night they were going to have a meeting in her house, and he gathered up his parrot and took it with him. When he went in he hung his cage up near where the old maid's was hanging. The meeting was being opened with prayer, and all of a sudden her parrot began to utter "religious things." The minister's parrot cocked his head and, looking at the other parrot, in a solemn voice said: "We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord!"—Judge's Library.

Rotation of Crops. It seems that every force in nature is trying to compel the farmer to practice a rotation of crops. If corn is grown for several years on the same plot, the land will be infested with all manner of insects, from root worms and locusts to the insect that eats the tassel. The farmer who grows wheat year after year on the same plot of ground has the Hessian fly and the chinch bug to contend with; cotton planter and tobacco planter have each insects to fight and fungous diseases to overcome because one crop has been grown continuously for a number of years on the same plot. If rotation is practiced these insects and diseases may be held in check. If rotation is not followed no remedy will destroy or overcome them.—Southern Cultivator.

Free Consent of the People. The Rev. Thomas Hooker of Connecticut, who, in a sermon in Hartford in the year 1633, said, "The foundation of all authority is firstly laid in the free consent of the people." There, in embryo, were the Revolution and the great republic. In the "Fundamental Orders of Connecticut," inspired by Hooker and adopted at Hartford in 1638, we have the first written constitution known to history that created a government. And that government was as near a perfect democracy as the world has ever seen.—New York American.

A Delicate Task. "The newspapers," said the orator solemnly, "do not tell the truth." "Perhaps not," answered the editor regretfully. "We do our best; but you know, there is nothing more difficult than to tell the truth in a way that won't put it up to some one to challenge your veracity."—Washington Star.

His Ambition. "To think," said the visitor, "that you will have to go through life an ex-convict!" "Well, miss," replied Crowbar Claude, "to tell you the truth, just at present there ain't nothing I'd like more to be"—Exchange.

Her Generosity. He—I wish that you were poor, so that she would be willing to marry me. She—Evidently I am far more generous than you. I wish you were rich, so that I might be willing to marry you.—Exchange.

Not His Fault. The Vicar—I was surprised to see your husband walk out in the middle of my sermon last Sunday. Mrs. Jones—you must really forgive him. He's a somnambulist and walks in his sleep, you know.—London Opinion.

Names of Dances. The position taken by the dancers gives the name to the "quadrille" in French English for "a little square" in the French tongue. From the French we get also "country dance," which, as a matter of fact, has no reference to rural frolics. "Valse," which has reference to the position of the couple, opposite each other, is readily corrupted into "country dance." The "polka" is a Polish dance, the name being derived from the Bohemian word "polka," meaning half, and refers to the half step which occurs in this measure. The "waltz" is German-waltzen, meaning to revolve—the circular motion of the couple easily explaining the connection. The "reel" is successively obvious. "Jig" is of course from the French jigote.—Harper's Weekly.

Inside Light. A number of butchers were conversing on what they had found in the stomachs of animals they had killed. After narrating several stories which could only be accepted by the credulous an old farmer sitting by declared that he had something to beat anything that had yet been told. The company asked for it. "Well," said the farmer, "I had a cow once, and I went out into the yard with a lantern to feed her, and I left the lantern in the yard and did not see it after that until the next day. When we killed the cow there was the lantern in her stomach and the light still burning."

Passed the Limit. "I purchased these shoes here last month, and I want to get them exchanged," began the man in the department store. "You'll notice that the patent leather has cracked." "Oh, yes," exclaimed the clerk when he had examined the shoes. "They are old stock. The patent has probably expired."—Harper's Weekly.

Heads Instructions. Father—Joe, why do you suppose that old hen persists in laying in the coal yard? Joe—Why, father, I think she has seen the notice. "Now is the time to lay in your coal."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Not an Outing. "Ever been in Siberia?" asked the reporter. "Er—yes," answered the distinguished Russian refugee. "I took a long trip there one summer."—Chicago Tribune.

Very Likely. Mr. Hoag—Here is your fool says in the paper that women have forgotten how to laugh. Mrs. Hoag—I guess he means married women.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Grant, the Unassuming. Grant and Sherman were the only officers of high rank I ever met who did not charge the atmosphere about them with military consequences. While at City Point I frequently joined my friends of General Grant's staff, Porter, Babcock, Billy Dunn and others, at his headquarters. The general, in address uniform, always neat, but not fastidious in appointment, would sit at the door of his tent or sometimes on one of the long sofas that faced each other under the tent fly, smoke, listen and sometimes talk, and not a soul of us from the youngest to the oldest ever had a thought of rank, without lowering his manner to the level of familiarity, he put every one at his ease by his natural simplicity. He had none of the caprices of moods or vanity. Quiet in his presence and natural in his manner, he was the only man I ever met who had a thought of rank, without lowering his manner to the level of familiarity, he put every one at his ease by his natural simplicity. 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