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The Democrat.
RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE.	1W	2W	1M	3M	6M	1 yr
One inch	$1 00	$1 50	$2 50	$4 50	$8 00	$10 00
Two inches	1 50	2 25	3 50	5 75	9 00	15 00
Three inches	2 00	3 00	4 50	7 00	12 00	20 00
Four inches	2 50	3 75	5 75	10 00	16 00	25 00
Five inches	3 00	4 50	7 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
¼ Column	4 50	6 50	8 00	15 00	25 00	40 00
½ Column	6 50	9 00	13 00	20 00	40 00	65 00
One Column	12 00	15 00	25 00	40 00	80 00	125 00

Advertisements ordered discontinued before expiration of contract will be charged according to above scale.
Business cards, not exceeding six lines $5.00 per year.
Business locals, ten cents per line for the first insertion, and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

THE SAME CONSIDERATION

The child with her penny savings bank,
The small boy with his small change,
The lady with her pin money savings,
The small man with his small roll,
The big man with his big roll,
The big man who applies for a big loan,
The man who applies for a small loan,
The lady with her church subscription list,
The small boy with school entertainment tickets,
The child with society entertainment tickets,
are each accorded the same considerate attention and extended the most liberal treatment consistent with good and profitable banking.

The First National
Bank of Manchester,

... THE ...
Beauties of a Home
Depend largely upon the decoration of the walls. Our Spring Stock of Wall Decorations include the best patterns of American and foreign manufacture, suitable for all kinds of rooms, from the lowly kitchen to the rich and pretentious parlor, at prices suitable for the different purposes. It will pay you to see our line before you buy.
Anders & Philipp.

.. COAL ..
We have a good line of coal, and are independent of any other concern on prices. We make are own prices and will use you right. Also FLOUR and FEED.
C. H. PARKER.
Bunker and Baumgartners old stand.
TELEPHONE 113.

50 Cent Sale
... OF ...
"High Grade" Enamel Ware.
On Saturday, May 23,
Come Early
A Special 50c Sale of "High Grade" Enamel Ware, an entirely new line, and many of the articles articles are worth three times the amount asked for them. See the display in our north window.
No sale will be made before Saturday morning, and will close Saturday night.
CARHART & NYE.
Tel. 139 Franlin St.

"When a poor $800-a year postal employe attempts to take measures to secure better wages and conditions Roosevelt promptly discharges him from the service," says the Boone Independent. "Taft, who receives $1,000 a month as secretary of the navy, puts in all his time gadding about the country plugging for the presidency, with the approval and connivance of the president, whose candidate he is. If there are no classes in this country, as the president tries to make us believe, why has one employe of the government any more right than another to steal time from his employers?"

A Corruption Admitted.

Mr. Ryan of the Metropolitan Street Railway company has admitted on the witness stand that his company contributed $500,000 to the campaign in 1900. As a part of this sum was, according to Mr. Ryan, used to prevent Mr. Bryan's nomination, it is quite evident that the rest was used to defeat him after the nomination. When one corporation—and that a local one—gives more money to a national campaign than the democrats were able to collect from some six million and a half of voters the American people ought to get some idea of the corrupting influence of predatory wealth. These contributions are not gifts, they are investments. They are advance payments on contracts for the future delivery of the government into the hands of the contributors. These same influences are now trying to control both the leading parties—and every intelligent man ought to know it by this time. Fortunately the masses are in corruptible and the scheme will fail in the democratic party.—The Commonner.

A FEAT IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Daring Descent to Get a View of an Osprey's Nest.

Now commenced my work, and I descended on my rope to terrace after terrace, forcing my way through thick rows of prickly pear, a most painful operation. And now we found that there was nobody below to signal us where the nest lay. The inevitable result was that after descending more than 100 feet I had to signal to be hauled up again, always through the prickly pear. Again did I descend, and again did I fail to find the nest. On the third occasion I reached a recess in the great cliff, whence, after unheading my rope and securing it to a bush for obvious reasons, I made a cast along a ledge to the south and reached a point which I identified as being not far from the nest as seen from below. So I retraced my steps and, regaining my rope, was hauled up for a third time. During this operation I passed a ledge where a peregrine falcon was nesting. The old female swept close around with shrill cries and eventually alighted on the sandy shelf of rock within a few feet of me and, with outspread wings and every feather standing on end, lowered her head and screamed furiously. I have no doubt I was close to her young, but I had more serious work in hand, and so I left her alone.

I now made my fourth and last descent and found myself immediately over the nest, but before I could go down to it the party handling the rope had to work their way down toward me, since the rope was too short. Finally I reached the nest, an enormous mass of big sticks measuring more than five feet across and doubtless the result of many years' work. In it were two eggs much incubated. By standing on a ledge close to the nest and pressing the camera between my body and the face of the cliff I was able to take some long time exposures with fairly good results. It was near sunset, and the cliff was in deep shadow, which did not facilitate my task. Between the shaly nature of the cliff, the slippery terraces covered with loose soil and stones and the detestable prickly pears I never had a more unpleasant or arduous task on a cliff before. But I have lived to endure worse experiences, although not so painfully protracted as were these.

My very curt entry in my diary summarizes the whole job thus: "Bad shale cliffs, vertical and dangerous. Height over sea, 160 feet. Top of cliff, 310 feet. The worst bit of rope work I ever did."

With regard to the prickly pears, it was many months before the last of the poisonous spines I had collected in various parts of my body consented to come out, and then only after first festering.—London Saturday Review.

Book Auction Back In 1732.

John Montgomerie, governor of the province of New York, died on July 1 1731. In the New York Gazette of May 8, 1732, is the following advertisement, the first of the kind:

"On Thursday, June 1, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, will begin to be sold at public auction a collection of valuable books belonging to the library of His excellency John Montgomerie, Esq., late governor of New York, etc., deceased. A catalogue of the books may be seen at the Coffee House in New York, with the conditions of sale."

This is also the first instance where the word "auction" appears," "vendue" being the term in general use.

Saw For Himself.

A man carrying a looking glass said to a newsboy, "Come here and look into this glass and you will see a donkey."

"How did you find that out?" retorted the boy.—London Express.

Opposites Often Wed.

"Miss, you are a holden. Nobody will ever care to marry a bolsterous girl."

"Don't worry, mother. I'll find some nice, girlsterous boy."—Kansas City Journal.

Externally.

The Doctor—You understand, don't you, that this is only to be used externally? The Patient's Wife—Sure, sir, I allus makes him get out o' bed to drink it!—London Scraps.

A Bird's Nest.

Over my shaded doorway
Two little brown-winged birds
Have chosen to fashion their dwelling
And utter their loving words;
All day they are going and coming
On errands frequent and fleet,
And warbling over and over,
"Sweetest sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

Their necks are changeful and shining
Their eyes are like living gems;
And all day long they are busy
Gathering straws and stems,
Lint and feathers and grasses,
And half forgetting to eat,
Yet never failing to warble,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

I scatter crumbs on the door-step
And fling them some flossy threads;
They fearlessly gather my bounty,
And turn up their graceful heads,
And chatter and dance and flutter,
And scrape with their tiny feet,
Telling me over and over,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

What if the sky is clouded?
What if the rain comes down?
They are all dressed to meet it,
In water-proof suits of brown.
They never mope nor languish,
Nor murmur at storm or heat,
But, say, whatever the weather,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!

—Florence Percy.

HER FIRST SPEECH.

It Wasn't the One She Learned, but It Won the Crowd.

It was the first appearance in public of Ada C. Sweet of Chicago, United States commissioner of pensions under President Grant and one of the first women in the movement for equal political rights for the sexes. When the civil war broke out she was living with her parents in the village of Lombard, now a suburb of Chicago, and was chosen to present to the boys of the Lombard company a silk flag which the women of the place had made with their own fair hands.

The literary woman of the village had written for the occasion a beautiful presentation speech, in which the soldiers were adjured to "take the fair flag into which your wives, daughters and sweethearts have sewed fond hopes and tearful prayers for your safe return, carry it through the smoke and shell of battle free from the stain of dishonor and the rents of defeat and bear it home victorious at the end of the war."

"I thought," says Miss Sweet, "that I had learned that piece up and down, backward and forward, inside and out, but on the great day itself, when the band ceased playing and an awful hush fell upon the crowd and every face was turned expectantly up to mine, it was different. I opened my mouth—and paused. The literary lady creaked forward in her chair and whispered loudly, 'Soldiers of Lombard'—

"That whisper went through me like a knife, but left me still speechless. I set my teeth, stepped decisively forward and pushed the flag into the hands of the nearest soldier. Then I spoke. Every word of that speech had left me, but I knew what it meant.

"'Soldiers of Lombard,' I said in a desperate voice that must have been heard to the utmost confines of the crowd, 'here's your flag! Don't get it dirty! Don't tear it! And be sure to bring it back!'

"A shout rose from that crowd such as no orator before or since has ever evoked from a crowd in those parts. The first thing I knew I was riding on the shoulders of two soldiers, while the whole company pressed about me, with waving hats, and my father was leaning over toward me from the back of his big horse and calling me his 'own original girl,' while the tears rolled down his cheeks with laughter.

"As long as I lived in the village of Lombard I never dared to meet squarely the vengeful eyes of the literary lady who had written that presentation speech."—St. Louis Republic.

THE ART OF GARGLING.

Not the Same Thing as the Process Usually Followed.

The proper method of gargling is thus described by a writer in the Medical Record:

"The patient (at first under the guidance of a physician) should sit well back in a chair, take a swallow of water in the mouth and bend the head as far back as possible.

"Now he must protrude the tongue from the mouth (the tip of the tongue may be grasped with a handkerchief) and in this posture with protruding tongue he must try to swallow the water. The physician should control the patient's vain efforts, for it is impossible to swallow under such circumstances.

"The patient has the sensation as if he actually had swallowed the water. Now he must start to gargle, to exhale air slowly. One can see plainly the bubbling of the fluid in the wide open pharynx.

"After gargling thus for awhile the patient is ordered to close the mouth and quickly throw head and body forward. Thereby all the fluid is forced through the choanoe and nostrils, washing the throat and nose from behind and expelling all the accumulations that had been present with great force.

"This should be repeated several times, as the first trial is not always successful and satisfactory. It is an act that must be learned.

"When properly executed the sensation, as the patient will assure you, is that of great relief not had by any other method. It will be wise for the practitioner to try the method first on himself. Even small children who are at all clever learn the method readily and rather enjoy it."

A Vacation.

A certain scientist in the service of Uncle Sam at Washington is said to be a hard taskmaster to both his official and his domestic servants.

Being detailed once to accompany a scientific expedition on an extended cruise, the scientist is said to have unbent a trifle in communicating the news to his personal attendant.

"Henry," said he, "how would you like to go with me around the world?"

"Do we go from east to west, sir?" asked the man.

"Yes."

"And we lose a day going that way, do we not, sir?"

"We do."

"Then, sir, I should like very much to go. It would give me a day off."—Harper's Weekly.

There is never a question as to the absolute purity and healthfulness of food raised with
DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
A pure, cream of tartar powder
Its fame is world wide
No alum; no phosphate of lime
The poisonous nature of alum is so well known that the sale of condiments and whiskey containing it is prohibited by law.
In buying baking powder examine the label and take only a brand shown to be made with cream of tartar.

THE ODOR OF SANCITY.

A French Writer's Theory of How It May Be Exuded by Man.

Dr. Georges Dumas is the author of an article in the Revue de Paris on "The Odor of Sanctity." The writer accepts as true the numerous reported instances of saints and mystics of the Catholic church whose bodies after death or during moments of ecstasy emitted peculiarly pleasing odors of various kinds. Then men and women with whom such legends deal, argues Dr. Dumas, were neurasthenes, and it is not impossible that the aroma of sanctity which surrounded them was the product of strictly physiological and chemical changes common to all men, but present in highly intensified form in subjects who, so to speak, burned up the candle of their existence at an unusually rapid rate. He says in part:

"So far, then, we have come across a great variety of perfumes—cinnamon, clove, orange, pineapple, rose, violet, lily of the valley, yellow amber and benzoin. Now, the natural constitution of all of these is well known, and chemistry produces them daily for commercial purposes. We may therefore substitute the equivalent chemical expressions for the ordinary terms we have employed and say that orange, cinnamon, violet and musk owe their perfume to aldehydes and acetones, aromatic liquids derived from the alcohols, just as the artificial essence of pineapple comes from butyric ether. We have, then, to ask whether the human body can produce odorous compounds of the kind we have mentioned and under what conditions. As a matter of fact, it does produce a certain number of such compounds in the destruction of organic matter, which is the constant condition of life, in particular acetones and the volatile fatty acids, butyric, formic, acetic, etc. If the process of combustion is normal all these constituents are burned up, completely oxidized, and give as a residue water, carbonic acid and urea. But let some slackening occur in the inmost nutrition of the tissues and the same constituents will escape through the breath, perspiration and the skin."

MAGIC MIRRORS.

Peculiar Effects In Some of the Polished Bronze Reflectors.

Now and then mirrors of a curious kind are seen in Europe. They are called "magic mirrors" and are of Japanese origin, made not of glass silvered, but of cast bronze, polished on the face and bearing on the back raised patterns, inscriptions, symbolical designs, crests or pictures. When exposed to a bright beam of light from the sun or from an electric lamp they reflect in the light from their polished face the image of the pattern on their backs.

This is a purely optical property and has of course nothing in common with the fortune telling magic crystals of the astrologer or the alleged magic mirrors of necromancy, yet it long puzzled the scientific optician and even now is little known or believed. The researches of various scientific men have established the fact that the phenomenon is due to very minute differences of curvature in the polished face, differences so minute that they do not affect the ordinary use of the mirror as a looking glass and that can be detected only by delicate optical tests.

The only remaining mystery has been as to how these delicate differences of curvature were produced in exact correspondence to the pattern on the back. The makers themselves are often in ignorance of the magic property and do not know which of their mirrors possess it and which do not. The mirrors are cast in molds and afterward polished by hand, and it is held by scientific men that the difference of curvature is caused by the metal's yielding unequally under that pressure of the tools used in scraping and polishing, the thin parts naturally bending more than the thick. This accounts for the mirrors' becoming magic.—Chicago News.

Different Stars.

An "Auld Kirk" man was being shown through the new United Presbyterian church in a town in the west of Scotland. Gazing at the stars painted on the ceiling, he inquired their meaning.

"Oh," was the reply, "you know what the book says—'He made the stars also?'"

"Weel," observed the man, "ye ken the differ between your kirk and oors? It's this—ye hae your stars on the ceilin', and we've oors in the poolpit!"

SAVED BY THE MUD.

Exciting Elephant Adventure in the Heart of Africa.

During a hunting trip in Africa A. Henry Savage Landor had a narrow escape from two elephants which he was stalking. He had got to within ten yards of the male elephant and, taking careful aim, pulled the trigger. The story of what followed is told in Mr. Landor's book "Across Widest Africa:"

The cartridge never went off, but unfortunately my kresh, who relied on the effectiveness of my weapon, fired at the same moment with his matchlock. We were such a short distance from the animal that he actually hit him in the head. I shall never forget my surprise when the elephant lifted his trunk skyward and in his fury roared like thunder.

A moment later the elephant, with his trunk extended, dashed after us, I, too, with my useless rifle in my hand, having by that time acquired a high rate of speed.

Had I been running a race for the world's record I am sure I should have won the prize. It was amazing to me how fast I could run, as I confess my blood turned perfectly cold when I could feel the hoarse blowing trunk of the elephant only a few rods behind me, and I expected every minute to be crushed into a jelly.

In that particular part of the country these marshy plains are extraordinarily sticky and slushy, so the moment I dashed into the grass at the record breaking speed at which I was traveling my feet stuck in the soft and slushy mud, and I was precipitated with my face and hands in the slush, my rifle sinking deep.

This was the supreme moment of apprehension. I said goodby to the world and imagined myself dead. No one could have been more surprised than I was when, a reasonable time to be killed in having elapsed, I got up again and perceived the elephant a few yards off, cantering away in the opposite direction.

His back view was a great relief to me. He had come to within two or three yards of where I had fallen and, having himself sunk in the soft mud, had turned around and struggled away, leaving big circular footmarks, regular holes four or five feet deep in the mud.

GOLD MADNESS.

A Passion For Literally Reveling in the Yellow Metal.

A singular passion for literally reveling in gold is exhibited now and then by men who have suddenly become rich. Some years ago a London journalist who had speculated in railroad stocks netted £5,000 as the result of a lucky venture. Drawing it in gold, the fortunate man repaired to a hotel, emptied the bags of gold in the bed and went to sleep literally in the sands of Pactolus. The man was so crazed by his good fortune that he found indescribable pleasure in reveling in a golden bath.

Paganini, the violinist, when he received the proceeds of his concerts—he insisted upon being paid in gold—used to wash his hands in sovereigns.

A French novelist, Soulie, wrote a book entitled "The Memoirs of the Devil." It took. The publishers paid him for the first volume $10,000 in gold. The author carried the gold to his bedroom, poured it into a footbath and enjoyed for half an hour the excitement of moving his feet to and fro in a bath of gold coins, smoking meanwhile the biggest of Havanas.

A Boston merchant of great wealth, believing certain symptoms indicated that he would become insane, consulted a specialist and, under his advice, became an inmate of a private asylum. For twelve years there his recreation was piling up gold coins and then knocking them over. At times he washed his hands in gold eagles and half eagles. At the end of the long seclusion he returned to his counting room and in twelve months confirmed the thoroughness of his recovery by amassing $500,000.—St. Louis Republic.

Too Easy.

The Union bank of St. Petersburg has its own police service. One night the director was sleepless. He wondered whether the bank police were really trustworthy. He concluded to make a trial. He disguised himself and rushed, pistol in hand, into the bank vault. The police were good for nothing. They looked on quietly, while the director pocketed 2,000,000 rubles and carried them away. Since then no one has seen the director.—Simplicissimus.

SOMETHING NEW
.. IN ..
FLOOR COVERING.
We have just received direct from the manufacturers a large shipment of BLUE GRASS FLOOR MATTING. We bought this at the hundred roll price and we are selling it at the trade winning figure of
35 Cents Per Yard.
This matting is a very superior article and if you are going to need anything of the kind this spring we want you to come in and look over our stock. This matting is in a class by itself, and the best you ever saw for the price. This matting is made in a variety of patterns and colors.
This matting will please you
BROWN, THE FURNITURE MAN.
Sells Cedarine Furniture Polish.

We Invite You to Make This Bank Your Depository...
If you have an idle hundred—or fifty or any other amount which you desire to lay aside for safe keeping, bring it to this bank for deposit.
We issue Certificates of Deposit payable on demand, also Time Certificates bearing 4 per cent interest.
Delaware County State Bank,
of Manchester, Iowa,

Lest you forget, we will again call your attention to
Golden Glow Coffee
Packed in one and two pound net weight cans and retails at 25c per pound.
AS GOOD AS THE BEST
AND BETTER THAN MOST ANY OF THEM
Also our Circle Blend Coffee packed in one pound parchment bags to sell at 20c per pound.
Try them and you will always buy them. Sold only by
A. E. PETERSON.

Cheaper than Native Timber
Don't build your barn out of unseasoned Oak, Cottonwood or Basswood. In the first place it costs as much as good lumber. The carpenter work will cost you much more, and it won't be a good job when you get it done.
Let us figure with you on your barn bills complete, and convince you of the truth of the matter.
We also haudle the best Portland Cement on the market, the famous "Iola" from Kansas, which we sell as cheap as the numerous inferior brands.
"We Meet or Beat all Competition."
Eclipse Lumber Co.
PHONE 117.

Paints, Oils
and
Painters' Supplies.
R. A. DENTON.