

RATES OF ADVERTISING table with columns for space, length, and duration.

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,

Misses' and Children's School Shoes.

We have given the school shoe problem our careful attention. Now we can offer you one of the finest selections of Little Folk Shoes on the market today. Infants' as low as 50c. Children's 5 to 8 per pair 65, 75, 85 90c. Children's 8 1/2 to 11 per pair, \$1.15, \$1.35, 1.50. Misses' 1 1/2 to 2, per pair, \$1.25, \$1.35, \$1.50, \$1.75.

P. F. Madden.

Meet Us at our office. Or Beat All Competition. Let us call on you. Our prices if you can. We ask is a chance to meet.

Eclipse Lumber Co. Phone 117

Tank Heaters

We handle the only tank heater made in Delaware county and we make it the only heater that will cause a circulation of warm water throughout entire tank, thereby causing uniformity of temperature; neither too hot nor too cold but just right for stock to drink. It is called the

A. B. C. "Circulating Hot Blast"

and is the only Heater made in which coal can be burned without grates to give trouble.

Call and see it.

Carhart & Nye.

A. E. PETERSON

Sells you solid meat SEAL SHIPT Blue Point oysters.

Fit for the table of a King

Accept no other than Seal Shipt Oysters, they are not water soaked.

The Best In Flavor,

Always Fat Solid Measure.

A. E. Peterson

109 Main St. Manchester, Iowa



ESTABLISH MILK CONDENSERY.

The letter which follows is dated January 20, and was sent to Mr. Joseph Hutchinson, who, in an interview last Thursday morning, stated to a representative of this paper that he was willing to assist in whatever way presented itself in bringing this condensery to Manchester. Mr. Joseph Hutchinson, Manchester, Iowa. Dear Sir: As you are aware of the fact, that we have had a grand proposition presented to us as business men, the establishment of a condensed milk plant in our city, which means a total expenditure of at least \$75,000.00 and when completed would give employment annually to at least fifty hands, as you are a wide awake business man, and have several houses for rent, some of which at this time are standing idle can you not see what a plant of this kind would mean to you alone regardless of the rest of our community? Would not this plant when completed mean an addition of at least thirty families from outside, and would not this be a benefit to each one of our business men? Has it not been with us in the past, that we took too much for granted, with institutions of this kind, that they would have to locate here, and hasn't it invariably been the case they have slipped through our fingers one by one. Do we want to see it again? There will be no excuse for us this time to offer, as business men and citizens, if we fail to have this plant located here, for the opportunity awaits us for the taking, and with the beautiful little city of which we are justly proud, including its lighting system, water power, telephone system and railroad facilities, have we anything to fear from other neighboring cities, and as you know a wide awake community with the facilities at our fingers ends, should not be afraid to tackle any of these enterprises. As you understand these men are not coming here asking for aid, or selling stock, simply desiring our co-operation showing them that the business men desire this manufacturing plant to locate here and give them their support. Then, what an opportunity this is knocking at our door. Now the question is, shall we open the door and let them in or shall we again add another bar and keep them out. Will you not take it upon yourself as a business man and one interested in this matter to use all of your influence on whom you meet, and who are opposed to the proposition, and should not these men when they again visit our little city, be shown all due attention, and extended every courtesy, thus conveying to them in every possible way that a mass meeting be called for the benefit of all of our business men and citizens to further this proposition to a successful end. I remain, Very respectfully, "A Citizen."

In explanation of this letter, it can be stated that in promoting this contemplated industry, that it must be necessary to obtain definite information from the manager or a committee who has the matter in charge, before any Manchester man will actively engage himself in supporting it. Mr. Hutchinson said that he had attempted to obtain a statement from several parties here as to what was really expected of the city in order to secure the condensing plant. If these New York parties are desirous of locating in Manchester, it would be fitting that they give out in a public way what their wishes are and advise the people more fully in the matter.

PRAYER IN COLLEGES. The week of prayer for the colleges in this country was universally observed the past week. In the thousands of schools in the United States daily prayer meetings were held during class hours and special addresses given by visiting ministers and clergymen. The practice is a charitable one. The life of the student body is the one topic of prayer and devotion, above all else. Of course, the success of the institution is remembered in the many petitions which are uttered, but that which prompted the minds of educators in setting apart a certain week each year, was for a purpose good in itself—that of influencing the thoughts of the young men and women along spiritual things and invariably, each college or university reports conversions and conversions as a result of these few days of sober and serious attention to things holy and right.

ILLNESS LIGHT THIS WINTER. In conversation with several physicians in the city, it was stated by each of them that this season has been an unusually healthful one, few attacks of severe colds being reported, and no epidemics or diseases prevalent. Pneumonia, at all times a dreaded sickness, has not as yet visited the community, and very few fevers have been treated. The checked weather conditions would have seemed to create more illness than has been noted, but owing to certain precautionary methods taken, which are recommended, not only by physicians, but heralded in the daily paper and monthly magazines, it is believed that the people of this country will gradually educate themselves as to how they may take better care of their bodies and minds.

COURIER IS FIFTY YEARS OLD. The Waterloo Evening Courier celebrated its golden or fiftieth birthday last week, and in this connection published a four part paper of 64 pages. The edition contained many historical sketches of the city of Waterloo, and a variety of half-tone cuts of the office buildings, churches and public schools. J. C. Hartman is editor and president of the publishing company, and with his staff, made the anniversary number one that is justly entitled to well deserved mention.

ARMENIAN LULLABY.

If thou wilt shut thy drowsy eyes, My mulberry one, my golden sun, The rose shall sing thee lullabies, My pretty cosset lambkin, And thou shalt swing in an almond tree, With a flood of moon beams rocking thee— A silver boat on a golden sea. My velvet love, my nesting dove, My own pomegranate blossom, The stork shall guard thee passing well All night, my sweet, my dimple eye, And bring the myrrh and asphodel, My gentle-rain-of-springtime, And for thy slumberous play shall twine The diamond stars with an emerald vine To trail in the waves of ruby wine, My myrtle bloom, my heart's perfume, My little chirping sparrow, And when the morn wakes up to see My apple bright, my soul's delight, The partridge shall come calling thee, My jar of milk and curdled, Yes, thou shalt know what mystery lies, In the amethyst deep of hurried eyes, If thou wilt fold thy onyx eyes, You wakenful one, you naughty son, You cooling little turtle.—Eugene Field.

ANOTHER STORY OF A FIRE.

The life of a newspaper reporter is one of sadness. In a village of several thousand inhabitants, news, such as will interest the readers of one of the weekly papers, is not plentiful, and when something of importance, large or small, occurs, especially on an evening or the following day after the edition has been printed, it is a veritable occasion of sorrow and lamentation. One feature alone compensates that presumption, wherein the paper which has lost out in getting a "scoop," has from six to seven days to work out its salvation and make a story which people will read again, concerning the same thing. The people of Manchester all know that the coal elevator in the Illinois Central yards was totally destroyed by fire Wednesday evening at about 6 o'clock. Everyone either heard the weird screeching of the fire whistle and the strident jangle of the bell, which called together the fire department and the truck and hose carts were drawn to the scene of the fire, which was extinguished after having burned itself nearly out. The company is a loser by nearly three thousand dollars. Then, too, town folk generally knew that an explosion of gasoline caused the ignition, and that the quantities of fine coal dust, thickly settled on every girder and timber of the frame building, served to spread the fire more swiftly. All that is now history, and people are wondering if the railroad company will rebuild, and of what manner of building it is to be.

You know, when a fire alarm is given, every patron of a telephone is of the opinion that he should ask "central" where the fire is, and sometimes you have to wait your turn before receiving an answer. There are only three girls to answer as many hundred calls when fire breaks out. By the time the fire boys have started the heavy trucks rolling down icy or muddy streets, a long procession of kids are streaking it for the fire and any number of women forget to tie on a bonnet or put on galoshes only desiring to watch the fire at as close range as possible. Did you notice how the sidewalks were lined up with folks Wednesday night between Marion street and the tracks on Third street? As Howard Smith was anxiously waiting to know whether the burning brands flying through the air were going to settle on the roof of a big barn in which Mr. Smith had several thousand dollars of valuable horse flesh, a couple of hundred girls and women stood bareheaded or with shawls around their necks, watching the pillar of fire illuminate the sky for miles and as the top of the 40-foot structure sunk down into a bed of white-hot coals, a long, drawn-out sigh of relief was heard from the onlookers. The houses just north of the elevator were closely watched, for fear the sparks and burning pieces of wood might ignite the roofs, although the drizzle and half-past afternoon prevented any danger of such alarm. But after the fire was out, and the people turned back to finish their interrupted suppers, the thoughts of the gossipers were turned loose. "How do you 'spose it started," and "want it beautiful to watch the thing burn" were the most frequent exclamations given voice, and then a discussion of what might have happened had it not rained, and if the department hadn't responded as quickly as it did, was kept going until the little groups of people were divided and went to their homes.

A fire is always a topic of much conversation, not only in a small town but in a great city. The village seldom affords an opportunity for its volunteer firemen to distinguish himself for bravery, nor is there a loss of life as is reported in large conflagrations, but just the same, when that ungodly whistle blows and the fire bell rings, it sets a body's heart and nerves throbbing and thrilling.

Three of Them Knew. According to the Philadelphia Record, a boy of eight said to his mother: "Well, Mrs. Jones told me three boys in school today who could answer one question that the teacher asked us." "And I hope my boy was one of the three," said the proud mother. "You bet I was," answered the young hopeful, "and Sam Harris and Harry Stone were the other two." "I am very glad you proved yourself so good a scholar, my son; it makes your mother proud of you. What question did the teacher ask, Johnny?" "Who broke that glass in the back window?"

In Different Sets. It is but seldom, one imagines, that a good joke is made about an oyster. Edmund Yates, however, in his "Recollections and Experiences," relates one "I was walking with Thackeray one evening from the club," writes Yates, "and, passing a fish shop in New street, he noticed two different tubs of oysters, one marked '1 shilling a dozen' and the other '1s. 3d. a dozen.'" "How they must hate each other," said Thackeray.

London's Bridges. Few people are aware of the extent to which the city of London is bridged over. In all, it seems, there are no fewer than seventy-five bridges. Of these, thirteen are railway bridges, three are bridges over roads (such as Holborn viaduct), and fifty-three are bridges which connect private premises.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Placing Him. "May I ask you what your profession is?" "Certainly, I cure people of the blues by hypnotic power." "Oh, I see. You're what you might call a cheerupodist."

Mean. Maud (before the laughing hyena's cage)—How provoking! Here we've been twenty minutes, and the hyena hasn't laughed once. Ella—Strange, and he's been eying your head hat too!

Slim Women of Hungary.

The women of Hungary regard a small waist as the greatest possible beauty, and they will endure anything in order to put on an appearance of being small waisted. Tight lacing is carried on to an extraordinary extent, and the waist is compressed by force until one would think that the owner could hardly breathe. Yet in this confined state the women will plunge into the wildest of Hungarian dances, known as the czardas, and prance frantically like ballet dancers until at the end they sink, gasping, exhausted and well nigh suffocated, on a sofa. As they grow older most of these slim beauties become enormously stout, and then they are regarded as quite old. The Hungarians, though they resemble the Turks in many ways, have not the Turkish admiration for fat women or the English admiration for elderly made up belles. Hungary is a land of slim young women, and when they lose their figure they lose their attractiveness and their power.—Modern Society.

"Times Is Changed." "Yes, siree, Bill; times is changed since you an' me was doin' our courtin'." "Well, Mrs. Jones told me three boys in school today who could answer one question that the teacher asked us." "And I hope my boy was one of the three," said the proud mother. "You bet I was," answered the young hopeful, "and Sam Harris and Harry Stone were the other two." "I am very glad you proved yourself so good a scholar, my son; it makes your mother proud of you. What question did the teacher ask, Johnny?" "Who broke that glass in the back window?"

The Innocent Young Thing. The manufacturer of a moving picture machine was explaining to a group of acquaintances how he had obtained a series of pictures showing a celebrated massacre that had once taken place at a western army post in the days when Indian warfare was a horrible reality instead of an exhibit on a Broadway stage. "The commander of the post," he said, "had a detachment of soldiers and another of Indians re-enact the scene for us, dressed exactly as in the old days, so our machines could secure every detail—the onslaught of the Indians, the defense by the white soldiers, their massacre and the destruction of the fort." "It may be very interesting," said the kindly citizen, "but I should not care to see it in even a picture." "The sweet young thing listened with wide eyes." "And did they really kill the white soldiers for you?" she asked, breathless.—New York Press.

Two Arctic Enemies. Since the beginning of time there probably has been enmity between the polar bear and the walrus. Except for the walrus, brulin's reign over the arctic regions has been almost unchallenged since the race of mammoths passed. All the hardy flesh eaters that inhabit the bleak, sterile northland are his natural prey. But most of all he depends upon the seals and sea lions for his food. There is only one animal that is powerful enough to defend itself and offspring against the polar bear's attack, the huge and cumbersome walrus, but its movements are so slow and awkward when out of the water that often it is impossible for the bulky animal to retard the swift attack and retreat of its smaller opponent.—Frank Steit in St. Nicholas.

Courship in Ireland. An Irish boy marries when he has a rid house and an Irish girl just when she pleases. Sometimes she so pleases while yet her years are few; at other times she is content to wait upon wisdom. In the latter case, of course, she makes a wise choice, but in the former almost always a lucky one, for luck is the guardian angel of the Irish. "You're too young to marry yet, Mary," the mother said when Mary pleaded that she should grant Laurence O'Mahony a particular boon. "If you only have patience, mother, I'll cure meself of that fault," was Mary's reply. "And she's never been used to work, Laurence," the mother said to the astor discouragingly. "If you only have patience, ma'am, was Laurence's reply to this. 'I'll cure her of that fault.' And he did too.—Seumas MacManus in Lippincott's.

The Nervous Mother. An Atchison woman who is very nervous and inclined to worry is the mother of a boy. She recently read of a boy who was killed while roller skating and immediately put her son's roller skates in the fire. Another newspaper told of a boy who was killed riding the street cars, and as boys are frequently killed while walking by street cars running over them she chained her boy to the front door. Then she read of a boy who died of blood poisoning caused by his shoe rubbing his heel, and her boy's shoes and stockings came off. The story of a boy who bit off a button on his waist and choked to death resulted in her taking off her boy's clothes. He had left only a damaged shirt, and she is reading now that wearing flannel shirts is the cause of great mortality and is thinking of removing that—Atchison Globe.

The Bloom on the Egg. "I know these eggs at least are fresh," said the young housewife. "As I took them from the basket a white bloom, like the down of a peach, came off on my hands." "Her husband, a food expert, gave a sneering laugh." "It is lime dust," he said, "I'll forego my usual morning omelette. That bloom, my dear, proves your eggs to be a year or so old—maybe four or five years old." "The bloom, as you so poetically call it, is lime dust. It shows that the eggs are pickled. Lime dust, which rubs off like flour, is the surest test we have for pickled eggs—a not unwholesome article, but not to be compared with the new laid sort."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Riddle. Here is a strange riddle which we have never met before. It is sent by a friend from Jhansi, India: Divide 150 by 6. Add two-thirds of 10. So ends the riddle. Here is the answer: COLENSO. C-100. L-50. EN—two-thirds of TEN. 80—ends the riddle.—London Scraps.

Changeable Names. Tom-Belle is a strange girl. She doesn't know the names of some of her best friends. Maud—That's nothing. Why, I don't even know what my own will be a year from now.—Boston Transcript.

The Process. "You are a pretty sharp boy, Tommy." "Well, I ought to be. Pa takes me out in the wood shed and straps me three or four times a week."—Harper's Weekly.

Literal Thirst For Work. The lawyer who made a bluff at a big practice turned hastily to part from his companions. "I am sorry, but I must go," he said hurriedly. "I have a case at home which I must absorb to the last detail." "I guess," said one of the party, "it's a case of beer."—Baltimore American.

Nowhere with more quiet or with more freedom does a man retire than into his own soul.—Marcus Aurelius.

A BIG SPECIAL SALE OF BEDROOM FURNITURE. Suits, Dressers, Dressing Tables, Commodes, Beds. IN OAK, MAHOAGANY and BIRDS-EYE MAPLE. Quality—with the right price; of course—in our watchword. The following are some of the features that help to make our quality: Accurate Construction, Good Fitting and Easy Running Drawers, Proper Finish Throughout, First-class Trimmings. We might say more, but if you will kindly give us an opportunity we will show you. BROWN, The Furniture Man. Sells Cedarine Furniture Polish.

New Feed and Coal Store. We have opened a Feed and Coal establishment in the Boardwalk building on lower Franklin street. We have purchased the coal business of C. H. Parker, and are prepared to supply your wants with all kinds of HARD AND SOFT COAL at lowest possible prices. We also carry a full line of Mill Feed, Chicken Feed, Lime, Cement and Plaster. Try some of our "BEN HUR" FLOUR. Every sack guaranteed. Call and see us. We solicit a share of your patronage. GEO. E. PACKER. TELEPHONE 171.

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