

The NEW STORE'S CANDY SALE!

- Cocoanut Kisses, per 1/2 lb 5c
Southern Raspberries, 1/2 lb 5c
Cream Mixed, 1/2 lb 5c
Peanut Candy, fresh daily, 1/2 lb 7 1/2c
Chocolate Creams, 1/2 lb 7 1/2c
Red Hawk Chocolates, 1/2 lb 12c
Cocoanut Fudges, 1/2 lb 12c
Venetian Cream Chocolates, 1/2 lb 10c
Salted Peanuts, fresh daily, 1/2 lb 6c
5c pkgs Clay's Lemon Drops, 3 pkgs 10c
C. H. E. Rings are the best. Guaranteed one year.

HANDKERCHIEF SALE

Slightly soiled Handkerchiefs at greatly reduced prices.

228 E. Main A. M. STEWART, Prop.

Tri-Weekly Courier.

CHANGING ADDRESS. Subscribers wishing their address changed will please give the name of the Post Office to which the paper has been sent as well as the Post Office where they desire it to be changed to.

LOCAL NEWS ITEMS.

From Wednesday's Daily. Get your window glass of Elliott, fruggist, the cheapest place in Ottumwa.

Special—ladies' black and colored dress hats, \$3.00 values, at \$1.00. Saturday, only, at The Emporium.

Miss Lillian Sprague, 223 West Second street, who has been seriously ill for several weeks is convalescent.

Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Rasmus, of Iowa Falls, arrived in the city last evening on the Rock Island and will locate in here.

Mrs. Emma Mitchell of Kirksville, returned to her home this noon on the Rock Island after a short business visit in the city.

Mrs. M. Humphrey of Agency, who has been in the city on business, returned to her home on Burlington No. 4 last evening.

Mrs. F. P. Griffith of Kirksville, who has been a business visitor in the city returned to her home this noon on the Rock Island.

Mrs. E. J. Franklin, of Batavia, who has been a business visitor in the city, returned to her home last evening on Burlington No. 4.

Miss Mary Harper, of Agency, returned to her home last evening on Burlington No. 4, after a short business visit in the city.

Miss Sadie Wright of Dudley returned to her home this afternoon on Burlington No. 9, after a short business visit in the city.

Rev. and Mrs. M. Jameson left last evening on Burlington No. 4 for East Alton, Ill., where they will locate and make their future home.

Miss Lulu Triplett, of Miller, Neb., who has been a guest at the home of John Miller, 314 Norris street, returned home this morning on the Milwaukee.

Special for Saturday, ladies', misses' and children's ready to wear hats, regular \$2.00 and \$2.50 values, at 25 and 50 cents. For Saturday, only, at The Emporium.

Mrs. John Reeves of Agency, who has been a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Connelly, 207 North Green street, returned to her home last evening on Burlington No. 4.

Marriage licenses have been issued in the office of the county clerk to Henry W. Naugle and Viola Lang; Frank W. Galey and Laura P. Griffith; Jesse Simis and Lillie Wilburn.

John Fitzgerald, who has been spending the summer at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Fitzgerald, 542 West Second street, left this afternoon on the Rock Island for Chicago.

Mrs. M. Hickey, 111 South Union street, left this morning on Burlington No. 3 for St. Joseph, Mo., where she will visit with friends. Mrs. Hickey was accompanied by her daughter, Miss Ada, who will go to Denver and Colorado Springs, Colorado, to make an extended visit.

While lighting a furnace in her residence this morning, Miss Vesta McGraw, 330 North Green street, had the misfortune of burning her hands and face quite painfully. The furnace had not been used since Monday and immediately after Miss McGraw had applied some kerosene to the wood in the furnace, it exploded. Dr. A. O. Williams dressed the injuries.

From Thursday's Daily.

Mr. and Mrs. John Laughhead of Blakesburg were business visitors in the city yesterday.

Ed Collins of Eldon returned to his home this morning on the Rock Island after a short visit in the city with friends.

Mrs. M. L. Downey of Batavia, returned to her home this morning on Burlington No. 10, after a short business visit in the city.

Mrs. E. R. Thomas of Hiteama, who has been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Davis, in Fairview, returned to her home this afternoon on Burlington No. 9.

Dr. William D. Walker has been awarded an increase in pension. Dr. Walker was a private in Company D, Fifteenth Iowa infantry and now receives a pension of \$8 per month.

Mrs. M. McCune and children of Newkirk, O. T., returned to their home on the Rock Island this morning after visiting at the home of Mrs. McCune's father, David Cobler, who resides north of the city.

Mrs. Ellen Trebilcock of Hutchinson, Kansas, who has been visiting in Farmington, arrived in the city this noon on the Rock Island and is a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Hunter, 605 East Second street.

The Woman's Relief corps of Clinton post, G. A. R., delightfully sur-

THE FIRST SETTLERS

A PIONEER'S REMINISCENCES OF EARLY HOMES IN IOWA.

PEN PICTURES OF A SIMPLE LIFE

A Pioneer Breakfast and the Toilet That Preceded It—With the Indians—Securing the Claim—A Story of an Early Family.

Notwithstanding the fact that in this city there are many old settlers, who came to Ottumwa when log cabins were the only habitation, the honor of being the first family circle within the present limits of the state of Iowa west of the bend of the Des Moines river, save one, that of Samuel Clayson, who arrived in November, 1836, belongs to James Duffield, his wife, Margaret, and their children, Maria, John, George, James, William, Joseph, Joshua H., and Elizabeth Duffield. George C. Duffield, one of the family, in the annals of Iowa has the following interesting story to tell of primitive life in Iowa:

Glimpses of Early Life.

"We moved into our cabin, two miles west of Clayton's, in April, 1837, where soon after our family was enlarged by the birth of Henry D. Duffield.

"Accustomed to the luxuries of the east, the settlers sought conveniences here, making their claims 'ordin to wood 'n water. My father opened his cabin in the woods at an opening in the timber near a spring, which fed a rivulet entering Chequest creek two miles above its mouth.

"The scenes and experiences of our cabin life, commencing in my fourth year, are sweet and vivid memories. My senses were constantly thrilled. The mornings passed something like this—Supposing it to be the summer of 1838: 'Clink, clink, clink,' went down to the earth, striking flint on stone. Then came a pause as he blew and blew the tiny spark into a spreading ember. Quiet for a time and a nap for me. 'Maria, Maria,' came the call from mother's bed, 'the kettle is boiling,' and then Maria's 'William! George! Jimmie! Clear out!' This meant that we were to get off the floor with our made down beds so that the cabin could be used as a kitchen, or, lingering in the way, were tumbled sans cunctio upon the puncheon floor, and a second offense was a swiftly switched breach of discipline.

Set a Table. "The floor being cleared the dry goods box table was set where we had slept. The baking corn bread, the frying pork or venison and the coffee (for father and mother only), boiling on the fire, filled the room with appetizing odors. Meanwhile John had hunted the hills and hollows. Had driven up, yoked and tied 'Dick' and 'Buck' near the door. 'Old Jule' and 'cut and split the wood for the day. William came from the spring with a pail of water. Those of us who were large enough had gone along, and in the stream below had washed our faces, drying them in the air on our way back. Lucky were we if mother did not send us back for a mere thimble of water.

A Primitive Toilet. "From William's pail father took a cup of the cold, fresh water, and hanging his hat on the cabin corner, made his toilet in this way: Placing his cup between his knees and spreading his hands over the rim, he poured into his clasped hands the exact amount of water needed. The filled hands were rubbed, the proper lurch added a good back for the face, and the hair and hair was carried to the hair and thoroughly rubbed in. A homespun towel did for his face what the breezes did for ours. The comb was slightly seized by the right hand, the left being extended tightly upon the hair above the left ear. It was raked across the forehead and back until the last stroke of the comb was under the hair under the ear. The comb then changed hands, the right hand marking the place the left hand had fixed; when done the part if it could be called such, was kept on the forehead to the nape of the neck, with both ears completely hidden. The last stroke was to throw a roach over the forehead, more, perhaps, to decorate the head. Such, with lustrous and luxuriant black hair, was the appearance of one settler's toilet. And such was the toilet of every one of the boys in the family. (Mother was a barber, and she got around to the task of cutting our hair once or twice a year. The head being shaved, she cut the shears below the left ear, clipped around and came out under the right. If the edges were even it was a good job.

Spring Mornings. "Mornings in the spring were a delight. On every side the sight and scent met blooming crab, service berry, choke cherry and the various thorns and luxuriant annuals. The woods were a delight and the children, waiting the second, if, indeed, not the third table. We were now turned outdoors.

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One Day of a Pioneer Boy's Life. "A day's history can be made from the experiences we had in our cabin with certain strings made for us by mother, a part of what had been a hunting knife, and no more clothing than necessary to support our pockets, we went to the camp. Our play fellow went with us to the creek where the choicest swimming holes were ours. To our strings they joined hooks for which they had bartered with a trader. One of the Indian boys and I went to get the bait. He did not set me to turning rocks and logs or tearing the tough sod forms. He led me to the rocky bluff, where it looked and felt as if the sun had never shone. Creeping between the mossy banks, he ran his hand under the roots of the great ferns and among the leaves and began handing me the bait for which he sought—the fresh, tender, silvery snails, whose shells in countless thousands were the wooden moldboard turned on the claims of the timber settlers of that early day. Filling our pockets and hands we returned to the cabin.

who with our broken knife had prepared us to eat. Hanging near one of the tepees was the carcass of a large bear, the skin still on, and none of the meat seemed to have been taken off. The bear was lying on its back, and its fragments dropped into the fire started the saliva in our mouths, and caused us to accept the invitation with unhesitating alacrity. Of course the first line skin-saver was favored guests, and my Indian companion brought to me a fresh clean piece of bark on which lay a steaming piece of that big bear's fat, which he had cooked and hung and appreciated expectancy. Then I saw that I was offered a whole unskinned, unscraped foot of the bear, I took it from me, but my companion skinned the bear's foot, took the fat and hung it on the wall. I had now. One of the kindliest and most active of the squaws sat in the door of her tepee rapidly drawing into the tent the skins of the animals of the bear, as with her right hand she stripped out their contents.

Indian Guests. "We returned with the Indians to the camp. As usual the squaws asked us to eat. Hanging near one of the tepees was the carcass of a large bear, the skin still on, and none of the meat seemed to have been taken off. The bear was lying on its back, and its fragments dropped into the fire started the saliva in our mouths, and caused us to accept the invitation with unhesitating alacrity. Of course the first line skin-saver was favored guests, and my Indian companion brought to me a fresh clean piece of bark on which lay a steaming piece of that big bear's fat, which he had cooked and hung and appreciated expectancy. Then I saw that I was offered a whole unskinned, unscraped foot of the bear, I took it from me, but my companion skinned the bear's foot, took the fat and hung it on the wall. I had now. One of the kindliest and most active of the squaws sat in the door of her tepee rapidly drawing into the tent the skins of the animals of the bear, as with her right hand she stripped out their contents.

Keokuk and Black Hawk. "These first few years of our residence were the last years of the Sacs and Foxes in this locality. Both Keokuk and Black Hawk were with the Indians. Keokuk and his coming and going was remarked both by the Indians and the settlers. He was of fine appearance, dignified and courteous. Black Hawk, on the contrary, was not very highly regarded by the tribe, and not much noticed by the settlers until his death in 1838 a few miles above here, when a great many of the settlers had seen him and achievements by both whites and Indians. Both Keokuk and Black Hawk were often at our cabin, and I remember their appearance well. The latter was usually clad in appearance, wearing ill kept garments of the whites' style and manufacture, while he was nearly always in a state of at least semi-civilization. I do not recall this fact disputed in late years, but I can positively assert its truth. We thought little of their doings at the time, but now it seems strange that they should have been so different in the compensation the government was making them, and not have regretted leaving the rich sugar tree land for the barren prairie. The latter had made along the hills and river banks above his mouth.

A Settler's Duties. "The duties of a settler on his claim and on his land were not very different, though severe. The responsibility was all theirs, but they had the finest knack of distributing it. Father directed the outdoor force, planning every task, every day, and seeing to correct execution on the boys under the management of John, aged 20. How father urged and excited even youngsters to heap the brush and logs around the house, for the appearance of the delight of the big fire at night! I did not learn for twenty years that he was getting overtime pay for his services. He was a hard worker and a hard driver. John admitted of his necessarily long and tedious trips into Illinois and Missouri to mill and market. On these trips he usually took one of his sons, and to that extent relieving mother's cares.

Tasks of the Pioneer Women. "On her part, mother used the same ingenuity, having Maria, aged 22, upon her mind to be a mother. I do not recall her doing much of her own wood or run errands was Maria's assistant. Mother bore and cared for the babies, saw that the floor was clean and clean, that the beds were made and cared for, the garden tended, the turkeys dressed, the deer flesh cured and the fat prepared for candles or culinary use, that the wild berries were dried, the spinning and knitting was done and the clothing made. She did her part in all these tasks, made nearly all the clothing and did the mending and mending of the clothes. Her finds to do. But as assistants in the tanning of the children, the performance of hard labor, and the bearing of the burden of the household, she and John and Maria of pioneer life have never received their full credit.

Observe the Sabbath. "Devoutness is characteristic of women, and the peace that passeth understanding, also, is characteristic of women. In our case, the Sabbath was observed with grace, enforced the rules of righteousness in our family, and to others outside, with stern exactness. It was he who made it compulsory, who kept our promises, attend any religious service within walking distance and observe the Sabbath. And my father's cabin was ruled as every other settler's. The Sabbath was observed with grace, enforced the rules of righteousness in our family, and to others outside, with stern exactness. It was he who made it compulsory, who kept our promises, attend any religious service within walking distance and observe the Sabbath. And my father's cabin was ruled as every other settler's. The Sabbath was observed with grace, enforced the rules of righteousness in our family, and to others outside, with stern exactness. It was he who made it compulsory, who kept our promises, attend any religious service within walking distance and observe the Sabbath. And my father's cabin was ruled as every other settler's.

At the End of Day. "I tried to describe a morning at the cabin. I wish I could describe an evening. Age makes one think of evenings, those great logs were dragged by 'Old Jule,' to be rolled as backstiffs on the fire, sat father and mother. The sun's red streaks shot up from the 'dear's' beyond the field. The planning for tomorrow done, mother calls the little ones and with her they disappear within. No lights in summer time. The girls soon follow mother and 'Dick' rub their yoke chaffed necks against the trees and stroll away into the woods, browsing as they do. 'Old Jule' the cow, knolls, they drop in breath from her nostrils with a snort that tells of pain from fullness.

The Throng of Claim Hunters. "Before the first land sales in November, 1838, the country was thronged with these claim hunters. During the summer seasons there was not a week that our cabin did not house from one to five or six at a time, and each stayed from one to several days, going out over the unclaimed country. Some of these visitors were, like ourselves, bona fide seekers after cheap homes. Another class did not want much money, but they had the money of the settlers, but a smooth manner, a ruffled shirt during the week, and a bit of jewelry, marking them as speculators. To these I never knew father

or mother to offer an impatient or discourteous word, but I knew them to withhold information which, if cheerfully volunteered to others, would have been of great value to them. Settlers protect each other.

This aroused much uneasiness and disturbed the peace and quiet of the settlers. The squaws, though grown up, witnessed the contention, even if they did not share in the apprehension. Their work and love for the United States was precious to them. In the summer of 1838 a plan was set afoot by the settlers whereby it was understood that those occupying the lands should not bid against one another. The plan was to have the lands sold by unknown persons. I have tried to discover written evidence of these understandings, but fear none has been preserved. As a result, however, when I entered a part of section 31 of what was afterward Van Buren township, in which the town of Keosauqua is situated, and who is set living, says in his first writing of the settlers for the purpose was at the house of Ulrich Biggs, on his claim near Pittsburg (northwest quarter of section 14); Lemuel Jackson, whose claim was in section 1, was president, and Biggs, secretary. For that township there was a court of three persons appointed to settle any differences among the settlers, and James Biggs was appointed bidder for the township. Among other things done there was a resolution offered by me which Biggs amended as follows:

"Resolved, That our government is by the people, of the people, and for the people, and that we are the people."

There were two or three contested claims, but our court settled them, and when the first sales for the township occurred in November, 1838, at Burlington, we had more fear than difficulty in the sale, and consequently, those from other localities came and examined them. The people of West Point township, Lee county, adopted them. There were two or three contested claims, but our court settled them, and when the first sales for the township occurred in November, 1838, at Burlington, we had more fear than difficulty in the sale, and consequently, those from other localities came and examined them. The people of West Point township, Lee county, adopted them. There were two or three contested claims, but our court settled them, and when the first sales for the township occurred in November, 1838, at Burlington, we had more fear than difficulty in the sale, and consequently, those from other localities came and examined them. The people of West Point township, Lee county, adopted them.

Bidding in the Home Land. "When the time came for the sales there was some dread that the plan would fail. Though the differences among the settlers seemed gone, those with the speculators were ahead. When father left home to go to Burlington, about the first of November, 1838, mother and the whole family were worried. I shall not forget his start. He went on horseback in company with other settlers, and there was no apparent reason for fear, yet all did fear. To see his horse he took a bag of shelled oats—there was no thrashed oats on those days. In the oats he put \$200 borrowed from 'Thos. Biggs' at 30 per cent interest. I do not think my father put anything else in the bag, though of this I am not sure, for it is recorded in history that the settlers at that first sale had weapons available.

"It will be remembered that when the settlements were begun, the territory east of the Black Hawk purchase had been laid out in congressional townships in 1835, 1837 and 1838, by William Burt, inventor of the solar compass. The west line of the purchase ran from a point on the Missouri line in a northerly direction, just touching the northwest corner of Jackson township, Van Buren county, and intersecting the line of Cedar county. The settler who blazed or staked his claim, or built a cabin or claim pen, knew that when the country should be sectioned the claim and even the line might be cut off. He was a speculator, without the feeling of love for home, or of anything but gain might step in and dispossess him, was a thing he could not comprehend.

Act of Congress Read. "So, when the sales began, and Gen. Ver Plank Van Antwerp and John C. Woodson, then a settler, and afterward vice president of the United States, stepped out and read the act of congress and proclamation authorizing the sale, and especially when that portion was announced which was a penalty was attached to any act preventing open, free and honest competition in the auction of the lands, a settler who blazed or staked his claim, or built a cabin or claim pen, knew that when the country should be sectioned the claim and even the line might be cut off. He was a speculator, without the feeling of love for home, or of anything but gain might step in and dispossess him, was a thing he could not comprehend.

Mr. Woodson's Address. "Ladies and Gentlemen: I am glad to come to your city at this time to address an audience in which are so many of our countrymen. I was pleased to notice today as I walked down the streets of your city the many evidences of progress revealed in every quarter of your city. It is the strongest argument that can be brought against changing the political policy of the country which has brought about such a result. If things had come to such a direful pass in 1836 that Mr. Bryan should have been elected, we would not be able to show the content and prosperity we see here now.

No New Issues. "Always when there are new questions before the people to stir them up; when civil liberty is at stake; men come from the mines, the counting room, the workshop and the business mans to lift their voices in the matter. It is not so now. There are no new issues. The people are satisfied. It is only necessary to look into the history of the country and the world to see that there is no reason to consider for a minute the propositions to elect a democratic ticket.

Collapse of Free Silver. "In 1896 they declared that unless we had free silver the money of the United States would go to the dogs and that American labor would be reduced to serfdom. You remember Bryan's speech at the Chicago convention south of the great divide of the world. He said that the free silver party would be a party of traitors and would deserve a place beside the grave of Benedict Arnold.

A President From Iowa. "I do not think that you will turn down the party that has always stood up for your rights; the party that is always on the side of the weak against the strong. The grave danger of this year to the ticket is from the stay at home vote. There are too many that think that there is nothing at stake this year. That we are sure of a victory. Iowa cannot afford to feel this way. We want to see a republican president from Iowa. Not next year as we are going to re-elect Roosevelt then, but in 1908. The republicans of Iowa want to keep their ears close to the ground, to talk little and to work hard for the plum. We may have a vice president next year and if we do not the only reason will be that we shall be waiting to elect a president in 1908.

Praise for Lacey and Buchanan. "Then there is our congressman, the Hon. John R. Lacey. He is not a candidate this year, but he will be next year and he will be re-elected. If there is a man in the halls of congress who deserves the fullest support of his constituents that man is Lacey.

Then there is your candidate as the legislature, Hon. A. W. Buchanan. A worse calamity could not befall Wapello county than the defeat of Mr. Buchanan. He has in the legislature the best interests of Wapello county at heart.

Mr. Woodson spoke of each of these men with words of warmest praise and closed by thanking the colored people for turning out in such a large number to hear his address.

When in the City

Come and visit with us. You will see the best line of medium-priced Furniture ever shown in Ottumwa. We have the largest show room in the city (the Jordan Building) and by fair, honest treatment we hope to receive a part of your patronage and we guarantee everything to be just as represented and to deliver just what you buy. We also sew and deliver all Carpets free of charge.

MARTIN FURNITURE & CARPET CO.

232, 234 East Main Street

A STIRRING ADDRESS

HON. GEO. H. WOODSON HOLDS SUCCESSFUL MEETING.

LARGE AUDIENCE IN ATTENDANCE

Colored Orator From Muchakinoch Talks on Issues of the Day and Makes Strong Plea to Colored Voters to Support Republican Ticket.

One of the most enthusiastic republican meetings of the campaign was held at the Second Street Baptist church last evening, when Hon. George H. Woodson, the colored orator from Muchakinoch, addressed an audience which almost packed the church. For almost two hours Mr. Woodson held the closest interest of his audience and his address, which was interspersed with humorous anecdotes, dealt in a masterful manner with the issues before the people.

The meeting was opened by District Chairman W. W. Epps, who introduced the chairman of the evening, Joseph D. Hopkins, with a few remarks which were well received. Mr. Hopkins, in assuming the chair, delivered a short address. He stated that every law passed in the state looks like a dagger to the negro were enacted by the republican party. Mr. Hopkins then introduced Mr. Woodson, the speaker of the evening, who spoke in part as follows:

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