

Historical Department

Circulation Guaranteed To Exceed 1850

Audubon County Journal

Circulation Guaranteed To Exceed 1850

TWELVE YEARS OLD.

EXIRA, IOWA; THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1897.

\$1.00 PER YEAR



A Few Cold Facts!

WE deal with the public through the newspapers the same as we deal with people personally—honorably—and by this method we have gained the confidence of intelligent people and shall not betray it. To-day our trade is larger than ever and we intend to increase it. There are many reasons why people should deal with us.

- WHY?** Because our stock is new and up-to-date and has not been in company with the moths on dusty shelves for years.
- WHY?** Because our store is complete and we can satisfy your ever desire. Another good reason, is it not?
- WHY?** We buy for two stores, large quantities of goods, and one who understands anything about it knows that by so doing we obtain the lowest prices. Good argument.
- WHY?** Because we buy for cash and obtain every possible discount, an item in which our customers partake of the profit-sharing.
- WHY!** Look at a few of the bargains we offer and you will more readily understand WHY.

.....Look at the List.....

Men's Blue Chinchilla Overcoats.....\$4 40	We sell Wright's best health Wool Fleeced Underwear at \$1.00 per garment.
Men's Blue Kersey Overcoats..... 5 75	We sell the best 50c Unlaundersed White Shirt in the market; long or short bosom.
Men's Light and Dark Brown Cheviot Overcoats 4 40	We are agents for the Gotham Stiff Hats—the latest blocks on hand.
Men's Blue Chinchilla Ulsters..... 5 75	We are agents for the Great Western Glove. Every \$1.00 glove warranted.
Men's Fancy Plaid Suits..... 5 00	Boys' Underwear, 50c and \$1.00 per suit.
Boys' Long Pant Suits..... 2 50	Men's Duck Coats, 75c to 2.50.
Child's Black Cheviot Knee Pant Suits..... 1 50	Men's and Boys' Duck Coats, 25c to \$1.00.
Child's Cape Overcoats, from 75c to..... 4 00	

Men's Fifty Cent per Garment Fleeced Underwear!

We have the best article to be found at that price.

The hoary-headed sage proclaims that winter is near at hand. Prepare for the chilling breeze and biting blast and buy your clothing, your underwear and the many, many things you'll need. We will protect your purse and our clothing will protect your forms.

J. Friend & Son,

Boston One Price Cash Clothing House, - - Audubon, Iowa.

P. S.—The Utica Clothing Co. of Des Moines, is sending catalogues into this section, soliciting orders. We have compared their prices to our own and find that we are lower in everything. We invite those who receive a catalogue from them to make a like comparison.

Democratic County Ticket.

For Representative.....Thos. L. Kelly
 For Treasurer.....T. J. Cogan
 For Sheriff.....J. H. Jones
 For Supt. of Schools.....Rob't C. Spencer
 For Supervisor.....E. B. Perry
 For Surveyor.....Peter Lytko
 For Coroner.....Jno. I. Hensley

Republican County Ticket.

For Representative.....S. M. Gardner
 For Treasurer.....L. D. Phelps
 For Sheriff.....Thos. Davis
 For Supt. of Schools.....D. P. Ross
 For Supervisor.....Nels P. Hoegh
 For Surveyor.....H. S. Wattle
 For Coroner.....W. R. Koob

Made Him Feel Good.

"John," said the editor to his office boy, "John, am I a rich man—a very rich man?"
 "I never heard tell that you wuz," replied the office boy.
 "Am I not even comfortably well off?"
 "Not that I knows on."
 "Have I not money in bank and checkbooks without number lying all around me?"
 "Nary one."
 The editor sighed, then turned to three letters that lay on his table and read aloud:
 "Our bank has a claim against you for \$100. Please send check on receipt of this."
 "Our firm has been instructed to collect \$50 out of you. Kindly forward your check at once."
 "We have a claim for \$70 against you. Please remit us by check as early as possible."
 "God bless the banks and the lawyers!" he exclaimed. "They do make a poor, struggling devil feel so good!"
 And then he silently dropped the letters into the wastebasket and wrote an editorial on "Brighter Days Ahead."—Atlanta Constitution.

Wanted a Change.

On the one excursion north of Mason and D.

SOME FAMOUS GARDENS.

Spots of Beauty and Recreation From the Earliest Ages.

In Babylon, a crowded city built on a flat plain, the queens had their gardens in the air, hanging over the city, whence they could look far away to the distant sky line. Here rich and rare blossoms grew and lovely foliage gave shade, and a cooler air refreshed the brow than that of the heated streets far below. The rich also had high, terraced gardens on land, and, sweetest of all, floating gardens on the lakes. These were made on rafts, and in the rich soil and abundant moisture the flowers bloomed marvelously, while in the waters another garden, counterpart of the first, bloomed in a fair shadow world. In such a garden as this one might have the enjoyment of movement gliding slowly over the waves or rest at will moored to the bank.

Another fairylike garden was the desert garden in which the royal ladies of Persia and of Egypt delighted. Surrounded by burning sands, they yet contrived, by artificial means, to extend the waters of some spring in an oasis and rear beautiful shrubs and a profusion of flowers and tender grass, sprinkling the air continually with fountains that laughed and played in the sun. Think of the delight of entering such a retreat after a toilsome journey on camel's back in the hot glare and across the parched sands of some desert route. In the great tanks were cultivated aquatic plants, the lotus, or water lily, of the Egyptian river, with coiling stems and cool, veined leaves.

The Romans and the Greeks delighted in gardens, and those of Pompeii, the city destroyed so many

predominated. The Pompeians loved red; they sometimes painted the lower part of the columns in their graceful peristyles or porticoes a bright red, leaving the upper part untouched. You looked through the portico across hall and parlor and perhaps picture room, all open and cheery, into the little garden beyond with its trim flower beds, its little fountain, its vases on pedestals and statues in the shrubbery.

Illusions and fanciful devices were in great request. The garden walls were tinted and painted in perspective, trees, temples, etc., to produce an appearance of more space than really existed. Bronze boys with silver eyes and nymphs scattering wreaths were favorite ornaments. Everything looked ready for a feast.

In Italy, during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries and even later, the greatest attention was bestowed on gardens. These were full of fountains and little lakes and winding walks and borders of flowers, of course, but their special feature was the resemblance to the old gardens of Rome. Their boundaries were marked by marble pillars with a sculptured head of Hermes; under the stately stone pines were little temples built in classic style; beside the streams were grottos with statues of water nymphs and deities; in the groves you came suddenly upon a white marble Pan with his pipes or Apollo and Diana with their bows.—Philadelphia Times.

It is often very difficult for newcomers in a community, especially if the community is a small one, to understand the local ideas of social requirements, for etiquette—a ticklish thing at best—is often greatly modified by local usage.

A Mrs. Cathcart, who had gone to a large city to live in a small island, was a woman of many instincts, and

cart rose to go and said, "Now, Mrs. Johnson, I hope, since we have become acquainted, that you will come over and see me."

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Johnson, "I ain't no hand to gad. You see, I have so much to do at home, 't I don't get no time. I hain't ben out but once all winter, 'n' that was when Aunt Sally Bashford was buried. Of course, I make it a pint always to go to the funeral when any o' my friends die, but I don't get out no other time."

"In that case," said Mrs. Cathcart, "I hope you won't be in any hurry about returning this call."—Youth's Companion.

The Last Match Saved Them.

The ship had lain becalmed in a tropical sea for three days. Not a breath of air stirred the mirrorlike surface of the sea, or the limp sails that hung from the yards like drapery carved in stone.

The captain resolved to wait no longer. He piped up all hands on deck and requested the passengers to also come forward.

"I must ask all of you," he said, "to give me every match that you have."

Wonderingly the passengers and crew obeyed. The captain carefully arranged the matches in his hands as each man handed him his store until all had been collected. Then he threw them all overboard but one, drew a cigar from his pocket, and, striking the solitary match on the mainmast, endeavored to light it.

In an instant a furious gale swept over the deck, extinguished the match and filled the sails, and the good ship Mary Ann sped through the waves on her course.—Pearson's Weekly.

No Insult Intended. A London exquisite—in America he would be called a dude—had gone to a west end restaurant, says a friend, and was far from

A TAME BUTTERFLY.

How It Was Kept, Trained and Fed For Several Months.

The butterfly seems to be born and to die three times, but it is only a case of progressive development, accomplished in the midst of an apparent torpor. The caterpillar already contains the rudiments of all the forms that it is to take on in succession. The anatomist discovers in it three creatures, one incased within the other, and the third is enveloped in a double winding sheet, which it finally throws off, to appear in all its beauty.

One cold, bleak November morning, when all nature wore the sullen aspect of the English climate at that season, a lady who had just risen from a bed of sickness went into an adjoining apartment, where she was astonished and delighted to perceive a beautiful butterfly in the window. As the sun came out for a brief bright space it fluttered joyously about the window and imparted to the sickroom an air of cheerfulness and hope. Toward evening the tiny creature dropped its wings, and the lady placed it in a glass tumbler on the mantelpiece. During the night a hard frost came on, the room was very cold and in the morning the butterfly lay in the bottom of the tumbler apparently dead. The invalid, grieved that her gentle companion of the previous day should so soon perish, made some effort to restore its fragile existence. She put it in her own warm hand, and, breathing upon it, perceived that it gave signs of returning animation. She then once more placed it in the glass tumbler on the rug before the fire.

Soon the little insect spread out its many colored wings and flew to the window, where the sun was shining bright. By and by, when the sun retired, the window panes grew cold, and the butterfly sank down on the carpet again, apparently lifeless. The same means were used to restore animation and with the same success.

This alternation of life and death went on for many days till at last the little thing became quite tame and seemed to be acquainted with its benefactress. When she went to the window and held out her finger, it would of its own accord hop upon it. Sometimes it would settle for an hour at a time upon her hand or her neck when she was reading or writing.

Its food consisted of honey, a drop of which the lady would put upon her hand, when the butterfly would unroll its sucker and gradually sip it up; then it usually sipped a drop of water in the same way. The feeding took place only once in three or four days.

In this manner its existence was prolonged through the whole winter and part of the following spring. As it approached the end of its career its wings became quite transparent and its spirits apparently dejected. It would rest quietly in the tumbler even when the sun was wooing it to come out, and at last, one morning in April, it was found dead.

By the transformations of the butterfly the imaginative Greeks typified the change that takes place in man when the soul passes from its earthly existence, enters upon a spiritual life and realizes the glories and splendors of a happy immortality.—Our Animal Friends.

A Picture of Hawthorne.

In "Memories of Hawthorne," by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, is the following portrait of her father as Mrs. Lathrop remembers him:

"In the early years of our stay in England his personality was most radiant. His face was sunny, his aspect that of shining elegance. There was the perpetual gleam of a glad smile on his mouth and in his eyes. His eyes were either a light gray or a violet blue, according to his mood. His hair was brown and waved loosely (I take it very hard when people ask me if it was at all red), and his complexion was as clear and luminous as his mother's, who was the most beautiful woman some people have ever seen. He was tall and with as little superfluous flesh and as much sturdy vigor as a young athlete, for his mode of life was always athletic, simple and abstemious. He leaned his head a little to one side often in a position indicating alert rest such as we find in many Greek statues—so different from the straight, dogged pose of a Roman emperor."

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

The Many Requirements of an Ocean Passenger Steamer.

First class passengers must have a large and handsome dining saloon. Indeed the commissariat depart-

able or unwilling to pay the highest fare. In many cases a third class of accommodation is given for emigrants and those to whom cost is a matter of the first moment. According to their several ranks, all these passengers must be waited upon, so that a large body of stewards and servants must be carried in addition to the crew of navigators and engineers.

With this large number of people to be fed, cooking arrangements of the most elaborate and complete kind must be made. Provisions must be stored in such a manner as to remain fresh and good throughout the voyage, and for this purpose steam refrigerating machinery and cold storage chambers are usually provided at the expense of some of the cargo space. A practically unlimited supply of fresh water must be allowed to everybody on board, and yet the arrangements for its supply must be such that anything like waste shall be prevented.

The passenger is by nature a grumbler, and being shut up for days together on an island from which there is no escape, with little occupation but to find fault, he must be an angel indeed if he uttered no complaint. It is the constructor's province, if possible, to shut his mouth by anticipation.

This huge floating caravansary has to be lighted, warmed and ventilated. The progress in lighting by incandescent electric lamps without vitiating the atmosphere has been an immense advantage to passenger steamers, even though it be a costly light.

The maintenance of an equable temperature, with pure, fresh air free from drafts, warm enough in cold climates and cool enough in hot latitudes, presents almost insurmountable difficulties. Where spaces are so contracted and nooks and corners so numerous the air must lie quiescent unless disturbed by currents too violent to be admissible, and it is to be feared that even in the best vessels there must still be a smell of the ship shippy. In recent practice all unnecessary linings have been removed and all apartments thrown as open for the free ingress and egress of air as is consistent with necessary privacy—a quality, by the way, which passengers would do well to remember is never absolute on board ship.—Henry H. West in Cassell's Magazine.

This slang word seems to have come in at first as a mere written contraction. I have found the word laygents in law reports of the seventeenth century, particularly those of Popham and of Davis. In Sir John Northcote's "Note Book," Dec. 2, 1640, Lord Gray is described as saying of one Hallford or Holford "that he is no gent; that in memory of divers he kept hogs." The cognate word geman can be traced about a century earlier.—Notes and Queries.

The Modern Shark.

The modern shark is deteriorating. In ages gone by there were ferocious sharks, such as would make a mouthful of you without blinking, 70 feet in length. Plenty of their teeth have been found which are 5 inches long, whereas the biggest of the teeth belonging to sharks that exist at the present day are 11-2 inches long.

Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption

This is the best medicine in the world for all forms of Coughs and Colds and for Consumption. Every bottle is guaranteed. It will cure and not disappoint. It has no equal for whooping cough, asthma, hay fever, pneumonia, bronchitis, la grippe, cold in the head and for consumption. It is safe for all ages, pleasant to take, and above all a sure cure. It is always well to take Doctor King's New Life Pill, in connection with Doctor King's New Discovery, as they regulate and tone the stomach and bowels. We guarantee perfect satisfaction or return money. Free trial bottles at C. W. Houston's drug store. Regular size, 50c and \$1.00.

H. B. AMMONS RESTAURANT.

Fruits, Candies, Nuts, Temperance Drinks, Ice Cream, Cigars, Pies and Cakes, Etc. Meals & Lunches

THE NEBULÆ.

Not an Aggregation of Stars, but a Luminous Gas.

On the evening of the 29th of August, 1864, I directed the telescope for the first time to a planetary nebula in Draco. The reader may now be able to picture to himself to some extent the feeling of excited suspense, mingled with a degree of awe, with which, after a few moments of hesitation, I put my eye to the spectroscope. Was I not about to look into a secret place of creation?

I looked into the spectroscope. No spectrum such as I expected. A single bright line only! At first I suspected some displacement of the prism and that I was looking at a reflection of the illuminated slit from one of its faces. This thought was scarcely more than momentary. Then the true interpretation flashed upon me. The light of the nebula was monochromatic, and so, unlike any other light I had as yet subjected to prismatic examination, could not be extended out to form a complete spectrum. After passing through the two prisms it remained concentrated into a single bright line having a width corresponding to the width of the slit and occupying in the instrument a position that part of the spectrum to which its light belongs in refractivity. A little closer looking showed two other bright lines on the side toward the blue, all the three lines being separated by intervals relatively dark.

The riddle of the nebulae was solved. The answer, which had come to us in the light itself, read: Not an aggregation of stars, but a luminous gas. Stars after the order of our own sun and of the brighter stars would give a different spectrum. The light of this nebula had clearly been emitted by a luminous gas. With an excess of caution, at the moment I did not venture to go further than to point out that we had here to do with bodies of an order quite different from that of the stars. Further observations soon convinced me that, though the short span of human life is far too minute, relatively, to cosmic events for us to expect to see in any detail, the whelm of the nebulae is the only one of the heavens that matter now condensed into the sun and planets filled the whole space occupied by the solar system, in the condition of gas, which then appeared as a glowing nebula, after the order, it may be, of some now existing in the heavens. There remained no room for doubt that the nebulae which our telescopes reveal to us are the early stages of long processions of cosmical events which correspond broadly to those required by the nebular hypothesis in one or other of its forms.—William Huggins in Nineteenth Century.

Greetings.

The Arabians shake hands six or eight times. Once is not enough. If, however, they are persons of distinction, they embrace and kiss one another several times, and also kiss their own hands. In Turkey the salute is to place the hand upon the breast and bow, which is both graceful and appropriate.

In Burma when a man meets a woman he puts his nose and his mouth close to her cheek and draws a long breath, as if inhaling a delicious perfume. He does not kiss her cheek, strange to say. A man is greeted in exactly the same way.

In the greater part of Germany it is considered an act of politeness, not of gallantry, for a man to kiss a woman's hand. In Italy that privilege is allowed only to near relatives, while in Russia it is extended to kissing the forehead.

The men of continental Europe have a custom that would seem queer, not to say laughable, here. They greet one another with a kiss, if they be friends, not on the cheek, but right on the lips.—Harper's Round Table.

Osprey Plumes.

Speaking of osprey plumes an English tourist says: "I have seen the ground covered with these white plumes round many inland lakes in India at certain seasons, and picked up handfuls and sometimes found them lying in quantities under trees on which the birds have built. All over India this is the case I believe. My experience was in the Punjab, but I could show a bunch of ospreys picked up under a tree in a Rajputana by my daughter. All over India every bit of water is covered with these white egret's."

Hindoo Birth Customs.

When a Hindoo child is born many ceremonies are gone through with priests and astrologers, and in the first few days