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NATIONAL REPUBLICAN TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,
BENJAMIN HARRISON,
of Indiana.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
LEVI P. MORTON,
of New York.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR,
JOHN M. THAYER.

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,
GEORGE D. MEIKLEJOHN.

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE,
GILBERT L. LAWS.

FOR TREASURER,
J. E. HILL.

FOR AUDITOR OF PUBLIC ACCOUNTS,
THOMAS H. BENTON.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,
WILLIAM LEESE.

FOR COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC LANDS AND BUILDINGS,
JOHN STEEN.

FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,
GEORGE B. LANE.

CONGRESSIONAL TICKET.

FOR CONGRESS,
(First Congressional District.)
W. J. CONNELL.

ONE MORE OF MILLS' FALSEHOODS.

Roger Q. Mills declares that the price of pig-iron is about $18.72 a ton, and that the duty on that article, which is $6.72 a ton, is clear profit to the manufacturer. Mr. H. A. Crawford says that thousands of tons of pig-iron have been sold in St. Louis, within the past three months, at less than $15 a ton. Furthermore, Mr. Crawford says that pig-iron makers would be very glad to take $1.50 profit, or less than one-fourth of the sum which Mr. Mills declares they are making right along on that product.

There is considerable difference between these two statements. They conflict on all points, and conflict so radically that it is impossible to harmonize them If one of them is right the other must necessarily be wrong. An inquiry, therefore, into the character and qualifications of the witnesses will be necessary before an intelligent opinion can be arrived at as to the relative value of their testimony. Who is this Roger Q. Mills? Why, this Mills is—Roger Q. Mills, of Corsicana, Tex. Who is H. A. Crawford? Mr. Crawford is president of the Sligo Furnace Company, of St. Louis. Roger Q. Mills has never been in a furnance, a foundry or a factory in his life—perhaps never saw one—while H. A. Crawford is at the head of one of the biggest furnaces in the Mississipp i Valley. Mr. Mills does not know whether pig-iron is a natural product or a manufactured commodity. For all he can tell of his own personal knowledge pig-iron may grow on trees, like apples or persimmons. Mr. Crawford, on the other hand, is recognized from San Francisco to New York as an authority on questions of this nature.

Mr. Mills has solemnly declared at least twenty-five times, and in as many places, that the labor in a ton of steel rails amounts to just $3.75, while experts men who are in the business, and know from years of practical experience what they are talking about, put the labor cost at from $13 to $15. A careful inquiry made a few weeks ago in Pennsylvania placed the cost of the labor in 2240 pounds of steel rails, at present rates, at $14.85, or almost four times as great as the Texas statesman's estimates The Globe-Democrat has pointed out at least a dozen falsehoods made by Mr. Mills in his speeches at Richmond, Ind. and East St. Louis. They are not only falsehoods which any intelligent person could discover on inquiry, but they are falsehoods which cut the ground completely from under him, and prove that the scheme which he advocates is as vicious and iniquitous as the methods which he employs in advocating it are diereputable and dishonest. All this trickery and mendacity, of course, is telling disastrously on the fortunes of the democracy. In fact, Mr. Mills' withdrawal from the stump in the north to go down and save himself from defeat in his own district is the severest blow which the republicans have received in the present canvass.—Globe Democrat.

SENATOR HALE'S resolution touching the confidential political order issued by Brigadier General Benet, with the approval of Secretary Endicoot, is timely. It calls upon the war department to furnish all the facts that made the issuing of the order necessary, why it was marked "confidential," and what changes have been made in pursuance of it. These are just the facts which the senate and the people of this country want to know; and they have a right to the fullest information. Of course, the democratic senators would not let such a resolution pass without objection, but they made no attempt to explain or justify the extraordinary proceeding of the chief of ordinance and his superior. Mr. Endicott is, to be sure, placed in a humiliating position, and the strong probability is that the opinion that has been held concerning him must be revised. The political atmosphere of Washington has been too much even for him..—N Y. Tribune.

OUTING for October contains a varied and interesting lists of subjects. Noticeable articles are; The Boat Clubs of Chicago, One Man's Work for Cycling. Memories of Yacht Cruises, by the late Capt. R. F. Coffin; A Talk about the Pigskin, a review of riding for both sexes; Wild Duck Shooting, by William G. Beers; Spearing Fish at the Lachine Rapids, by the author, E. L. Chichester; The Training of a University Crew, by F. A. Stevenson, Captain of the Yale Crew of 1888; How to take a Tramp Trip, by Lee Merriwether; and Coursing in Ireland, by Robert F. Walsh. Fiction is well represented by a powerful story. Eolin' off Goose P'int, by Scott Campbell, and Ysleta, an interesting tale of adventure among Mexicans, by E. Hough.

What Am I To Do?

The symptoms of biliousness are unhappily but too well known. They differ in different individuals to some extent. A bilious man is seldom a breakfast eater. Too frequently, alas, he has an excellent appetite for liquids but none for solids of a morning. His tongue will hardly bear inspection at any time; if it is not white and furred, it is rough, at all events.

The digestive system is wholly out of order and diarrhea or constipation may be a symptom or the two may alternate. There are often hemorrhoids or even loss of blood. There may be giddiness and often headache and acidity or flatulence and tenderness in the pit of the stomach To correct all this if not effect a cure try *Green's August Flower*, it costs but a trifle and thousands attest its efficacy.

$500 Reward.

We will pay the above reward for any case of liver complaint, dyspepsia, sick headache, indigestion, constipation or costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Large boxes containing 30 sugar coated pills, 25c. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by John O. West & Co., 862 W. Madison St. Chicago, and Sold by W. J. Warrick.

How to Kill Cockroaches.

A housekeeper who was recommended to try cucumber peeling as a remedy for cockroaches, strewed the floor with pieces of the peel cut not very thin, and watched the result. The pests covered the peel within a short time, so that it could not be seen, so voraciously were they engaged in sucking the poisonous moisture from it. The second night that this was tried, the number of the cockroaches was reduced to a quarter, and none were left alive on the third night.—Good Housekeeping.

A Wife's Mental Vows.

On the eve of my marriage I made three mental vows. They were—never to aggravate my husband, never to have a secret from him, nor by any selfish or thoughtless act of mine to lead him one step toward bankruptcy. Fifteen years afterward I told him of these vows, and although I have been a widow for ten years, I should blot this paper with my tears if I attempted to put in writing the love and tenderness of his reply.—Cor. London Telegraph.

To Prevent Sick Headache.

Very many attacks of sick headache can be prevented if those who are subjected to them are careful about their diet and largely restrict the same to vegetables and fruits easy of digestion. They must forego meat, cheese, pastry, beer, wine, etc.; in fact, neither eat nor drink anything which is stimulating in character and at all likely to tax the digestive organs.—Boston Budget.

No married woman, of course, dresses for her husband. It would be too much like hunting a blind fox. She dresses for other women. That is the reason she does it so well. It is not so much "love of dress," as preachers and moralists call it, which ruins so many husbands, but—well, not love of their rivals in lace and feathers.

Carus Sterne declares that "the highest polish, the finishing touches of education, are given to people, not by home, school or church, but by their own children. Should they be so unfortunate as not to have any they will experience difficulties in replacing this factor in the education of their affections."

Wash sadirons each week before putting them on to heat; there will then be no danger of clothes being soiled in the ironing. The starch is very apt to stick to them, and unless washed off carefully each week is almost sure to soil damp pieces, even if the irons are rubbed before using them.

If matting becomes soiled it is easily renovated, unless stained, with a little salt put into a pail of tepid water. Mop the straw with a soft cloth wrung out well, and dry it with another as the mopping progresses. Never use soap. Some people use skim milk for rubbing out the spots.

Surgeon and Author.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has made more

AMONG THE ALPS.

AN AMERICAN TOURIST WRITES A LETTER FROM SCHAFFHAUSEN.

The Peculiar Dance Called "La Francaise"—A Short Ride Into Germany. Solitude of the Black Forest—A Party of Woodchoppers—An Interior.

In former years our little American colony in Schaffhausen numbered in all six souls, and, to use an excusable bull, two of these Americans were Belgians, having resided in New York some years. Now there is not even a shadow of a colony here, and beautiful as the tours about the environs are, they are quite abandoned by our countrymen. The average traveler arrives at Schaffhausen, is immediately rushed into an omnibus, driven over to Neuhausen, sees the falls of the Rhine, and then away again. Not so your correspondent, for I quietly settled down at the Hotel de la Poste, a quiet hostelry in the city itself, slipped into my smoking jacket and slippers, and was soon chatting with mine host, Buehlman, just as if the seventeen years since I last rested here were yesterday.

"Ah!" said my genial host, "you are just in time, Herr Elson. To-morrow evening the castle, the old Munoth, is to be the scene of a reception, given by the Stadtsrath to the singing societies of Canton Appenzell, and I will see that you are specially invited." And invited I was, and the following evening found me seated at the round table within the esplanade of the castle, while the Appenzellers made merry music about me. Then dancing was in order, and although I am not a dancer myself I will try to describe a peculiar dance they call "La Francaise," which appeared very pretty to me as I sat and looked on. The sets were formed as for our ordinary German at home, but after a few bars of music by the orchestra I saw it was to be quite different. Everybody is the pink of politeness. "Mademoiselle, may I have the honor?" the hat is raised, the lady courtesies very low, and in fact more quiet politeness is displayed than one meets at a similar Parisian gathering.

At length all is ready. After the customary salute the music falls into a veritable minuet, as stately almost as the one of the French Louis. Follow it with me, dear reader, in fancy, at least. The old minuet of our ancestors, forward and salute, the gentleman holding the lady's hand with a quite indescribable grace as high as the shoulder, then across and back again; but while I am gazing dreamily on this scene, what do I hear? Why, to be sure, one of Strauss' ravishing waltzes, and presto! the whole is changed from the sober to the gay, and I see nothing but the rosy, healthy faces turning about, while the tails of the gentlemen's dress coats stand at an angle of forty-five degrees, so fast do these South Germans and Swiss waltz. And so the dance ends.

But I have promised, gentle reader, to take you into the country, so let us take this train for a short ride into Germany (for you must remember Schaffhausen lies on the German side of the Rhine) and we soon come to the village of Krotzingen, on the extreme southern edge of the Black Forest. It is justly called the Black Forest, for the tall pines and cedars grow close together, making night of noon under their shadows. Taking a carriage, or, more properly, a sort of light cart, I directed my driver to strike by the most unfrequented road into the forest. In fifteen minutes we were in a solitude so still that it was oppressive. Not a sound save that peculiar swaying noise of the pines that only a Bret Harte can describe, and an occasional cry of a bird very similar to our catbird; otherwise all is majestically still.

I order the driver to halt, and while he is opening the little hamper and spreading our frugal luncheon I take my compass and make a little inroad into the woods. I hear a brook trickling over the rocks, and as I approach a frightened hare scampers through the brush. "Poor creature! I am as much startled as he, for my head is full of such stories as the "Iron Ring," and I half look to meet one of the old robber chiefs and his band, that a couple of centuries ago made this forest a dangerous place, and whose spirits, some of the more ignorant peasants believe, are still to be met with by the belated traveler. But hark! I hear my guide calling, so back I go to luncheon. The wise fellow has put our bottle of Macon into the brook to cool, and we sit down together in the best of fellowship to our little luncheon in the Black Forest. At length all is finished and we drive along, and by a circuitous route reach the village of Staufen. It is a more populous place than I expected to find here. It has its own little hotel, called "The Wild Man," and adjoining it a brewery, a little row of stores, and, in fact, is quite a city in the woods.

But we plunge into the woods again and presently come to a party of woodchoppers, their axes ringing merrily, but only against such trees as the Herr Forstmeister has given permission to be cut, and still farther along I hear the dripping of water on a mill wheel, and here we enter the little village of Untermunsterthal, a veritable Black Forest dorf. I knock at the doorpost of a house, for the door stands open, and a man with a heavy pair of sabots appears, and I ask permission to come in and see his house. He is naturally surprised that any one should want to see his house, but accords me permission and I enter. Against the wall stands a large porcelain stove, at least eight feet high, while just outside is his pile of brush and wood for the winter. His cattle shed is just to the rear, and his chamber above, reached by a short ladder. The odor of the cattle pervades everything, so I make my adieus and we are soon on our way to Neukirch, where I take the train back again to Schaffhausen, which I reach not a bit fatigued with my beautiful journey.—George H. Elson in Boston Transcript.

Character in Handwriting.

A certain number of men are calm, even lived, sensible and practical. Men of that class are almost certain to write plain, round hands in which every letter is distinctly legible; neither very much slanted forward, nor tilted backward; no letter very much bigger than its neighbor nor with heads much above or tails much below the letters not so distinguished; the letters all having the same general uprightness and the lines true to the edges of the paper, neither tending upward nor downward. Exact, business like people will have an exact handwriting. Fantastic minds revel in quirks and streamers, particularly for the capital letters, and this quality is not infrequent in certain business hands, as if the writers found a relief from the prosaic nature of their work in giving flourishes to certain letters. Firm, decided, downright men are apt to bear on the pen while writing, and to make their strokes hard and thick. On the contrary, people who are not sure of themselves, and are lacking self control, press unevenly, and with anxious looking, scratchy hands. Ambitious people are apt to be overworked; they are always in haste and either forget to cross their t's, or dot their i's. They are also apt to run the last few letters of every word into an illegible

THE LANTERN'S LIGHT.

Lack of the Little Illustrated Paper of Thirty-six Years Ago.

I have not seen it stated in any of the sketches of his career that Lester Wallack was at one time an editor. And although he was such in a comparative sense only, the fact, nevertheless, is worthy of record. In 1853 the late John Brougham originated and published a little illustrated paper here, modeled after The London Punch, calling it The Lantern. Its flame was a brilliant one. Once a week all the leading contributors and artists connected with the paper used to meet at dinner, as do the artists and editors of Punch today, to make suggestions for and decide upon the principal cartoon to be printed in the next issue.

The meeting was held every Saturday night at Windust's, a famous restaurant on Park row, and after every one had dulled their faculties with well served viands and muddled their brains with innumerable draughts of sherry and ale, cigars would be lit, the brandy decanter passed around and John Brougham sitting at the head of the table, with Lester Wallack at the other end, would call the meeting to order and the business of the evening would begin. The assemblage generally broke up at about 3 in the morning; and when the subject for the cartoon had at length been decided upon, my old friend Frank Bellew would go home and make the design. In the editorial duties of the paper, Lester Wallack, so Mr. Brougham has told me, was his right hand man, while a Mr. Tinson, whom if I am not mistaken, was a carpet manufacturer, with no ability whatever in art or letters, was chief adviser. Just why these two gentlemen were chosen it is impossible to say, for their artistic and general ideas were far inferior to those of others in the party. Nevertheless the fact remains.

The contributors to The Lantern were all men of genius. They belonged to a certain set that marked a sort of Elizabethan era in the annals of New York journalism. There was Fitz James O'Brien, the author of many charming bits of verse, and an able literary and dramatic critic, who enlisted in the Union army at the breaking out of the war, and was killed while serving as aide-de-camp to Gen. Lander. There was Thomas Dunn English, one of the few who survive today, notwithstanding the bitter attacks made upon his character by Edgar Allan Poe—attacks which were calculated to kill outright any ordinary man. Thomas Power, who was christened Micawber by the party, both for his traits in common with, as well as his resemblance to that gentleman, and William North, author of "The Slave of the Lamp," and who afterward committed suicide, were also members of the Lantern club. Thomas Butler Gunn, who stammered so that no one could understand what he said, but who was, nevertheless, a very able writer and artist, was another of The Lantern's leading contributors, and there are many more whose ghosts I might conjure up were it worth while doing so.—John Preston Beecher in New York News.

St. Paul's Indian Scare.

"It is difficult to realize," said a lady who has resided in St. Paul from the early days, "that we had such a scare about the Indians in this city twenty-six years ago, during the Indian troubles. There was a good deal of excitement all over the city for two or three days. I remember one day an old colored woman came in great excitement to my house and said she had heard the governor had ordered the whole population to leave the city at once—the Indians were marching on us, fully armed and thirsting for our blood. She rushed away, saying she was going to pack up and leave. A German woman who lived on the other side of the block, and whose lot was opposite mine, barricaded her door with her bureau and bed, and got her ax ready to defend herself and, in an extremity, to chop down the fence and take refuge in our house. She was fully convinced an attack would be made that night.

"Toward evening on that day several of my neighbors began to pack up, having heard that the Indians had captured St. Anthony and were about to give their attention to St. Paul. One or two families living near me packed up what they could conveniently carry and rushed down to Bridge square, where many persons were assembled, expecting every moment to hear the war whoop of the savages. Our carriage horses were taken by the state for service during the campaign. One of them, a very fine horse, was shot dead in the first battle with the Indians. I confess I was somewhat nervous. These were really very trying times; but St. Paul, of course, was in no danger of attack."—The Casual Listener in Pioneer Press.

Golden Rods and Asters.

Vick's Magazine thinks that these groups together should be accepted as our national flowers—"emblems of endurance, light and freedom." After midsummer, in this country, our rural landscape is everywhere brightened by the golded rods and asters; they form a distinct and beautiful feature of the scenery. The eyes of our countrymen are everywhere gladdened by their smiles, north and south, east and west, on the hills and the mountain sides, in the valleys and on the broad prairies, by the roadsides and the streams, and in the field and copses they stand as tokens of the genial heat that brings from the soil the golden grains and the beautiful, luscious fruits. No other country in the world is thus characterized; these plants belong to America, and as such should be our pride and delight.

While on this continent there are from sixty to seventy species, and perhaps more, of the solidagos, or golden rods, and nearly all of them of vigorous habit, growing from a foot to eight feet in height, all the world besides affords less than a dozen, and these for the most part of small size and confined to few localities of limited area, and always in such small numbers as to make them rare plants. The species of asters in this country are still more numerous than those of the golden rod. Both are the children of the sun, basking in his favors and reflecting his smiles. Although many indigenous species of flower are peculiar to this country, yet none so abound and apparently claim possession as these.—Home Journal.

A Typical Adirondack Guide.

The great character of our party was the driver, Charley—a chap who is as hard to catch asleep as an old weasel. He is as trim built as an Indian runner, as quick as a greyhound, and can so exactly imitate the bound in full chase that it will puzzle an old hand to tell which is the real hound. He seems made of whalebone, trimmed with india rubber. He will start out towards the east with a couple of dogs attached by a chain to his waist, another he leads, and his own two travel in front, with them he holds general conversation on the way. Within three hours he will start each dog after a separate deer, and by short cuts or by some hocus pocus, he will be up with one or more of them coming in from the opposite direction, join his voice, and by the time the deer is killed, he is on hand to join in the hilarity and fun usual on such occasions. This inimitable fellow has but one fault, and I do not know that you would term it such; you

RELIEF FOR ALL EYES

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Plattsmouth !

—OFFICE AT—

RIDDLE HOUSE

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and how to take care of them. More light for the unfortunate spectacle wearers, and the doom of blindness prevented by the use of his Alaska Brilliants and Australian Crystals. A new chemical combination of

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And patent self-adjusting

Spring Eyeglasses

The first time intraduced into this country; manufactured to order after careful examination by modern instruments.

PROF. STRASSMAN

has arrived in Plattsmouth, and has an office at the Riddle House. He is doing an immense business throughout the United States, giving the best of satisfaction and delight to hundreds with defective sight. His knowledge of the human eye and his skill in adjusting the glasses is marvelous beyond imagination. Endorsed by all the great men of this country and Europe.

In an instant, as if by magic he is enabled to tell you any ailment of your failing vision, point out the cause and danger, and adapt brilliant glasses, peculiarly ground to suit every defect of the eye, which will aid in strengthening the eyesight of the old and young. Scientists invited to examine the new system for the preservation of the human eye.

Teachers should watch the early manifestations of their scholars' eyesight and report in time to their respective parents to have their eyesight examined by Prof. Strassman, the expert optician of national fame.

Artificial Eyes Replaced.

Persons deprived of an eye can have this deformity removed by the insertion of an artificial one, which moves and looks like a natural organ.

OFFICE HOURS.

9 to 12 a. m., 1 to 4 p., and 7 to 8 in the evening.

REFERENCES:

NEBRASKA CITY.

George Burgett, Rev. A. Clark, Mr Duff, Mrs Dr Lamb, D P Rolfe, Mrs Streeter, Dr Brinker, R M Rolfe, Rodenbrock, C Anderson, J W Waldsmith, W A Cotton, S H Calhoun, Judge Myers, David Brown, Dr Hershey, Wm Hyer, T S Jones, E M Taggart, E Reiber, W H Murphy, Frank McCartney, James Fitchie, Rev. Emanuel Hartig, Mrs. A. E Rudd, W D Merriam, Miss VanMeter, Dr S L Gant, A Horne, Paul Schminke, Nat Adams, Geo A Wilcox, Mr Sheldon, Mr. Gunsell, Rev R Pearson, Shomerus, L Levey, S M Kirkpatrick, Dryscoll, Donald McCuaig, William Wilhelmy, Rev Rivers, Logan Enyart, N Redfield, J F Welch, Rev. J B Green, John Goodlett, C B Bickel, Dan Gregg, C W Scherfy, E S Hawley, A R Newcomb, Wm Nelson, Mrs N Davis, Wm Fulton; Adam Kloos, Mrs Ed Platner, M T Johnson, Mrs Carnout, Mrs. Sterling Morton, Mrs. Watson, Miss Morton, Mr Geo W Hawke, Mrs W T Bloss, Mrs L W Lloyd, Mrs

Prof, Strassman,

Never before has an Optician received such testimonials from the people.

Office of Iowa Soldier's Home.
Marshalltown, Ia., Feb. 17, '88.

PROF. STRASSMAN,—*Dear Sir:*—The glasses you furnished myself and wife when in Clinton, have proven in every way satisfactory, and we take pleasure in recommending your work and glasses to all who may be in need of safety and and comfort for your eyesight.

Very Respectively,
COL. MILO SMITH, Commandant.

Mayor's Office, Marshalltown,
November 3rd, 1887.

Prof. Strassman has been in our city some six weeks or more, and as an optician has given the best of satisfaction both as to prices and quality of work, having treated some of the most difficult cases of the eyes with success and am satisfied you will find him a skillful optician and a gentleman.

Very Respectfully,
NELSON AMES, Mayor.

DESERVES IT.—No transcient occulist has ever visited this city before who has given to the public such excellent professional service, or has won such testimonials from the people, as Prof. Strassman, now in our city. We are not in the habit of volintarily testisying in these matters, but in Prof. Strassman's case we do it cheerfully, and entirely in an unsolicited way—simply because he deserves it.—Oskaloosa Herald.

Prof. Strassman, a distinguished optician, now stopping in our city, comes before us with the highest testimonials of skill and experience in his art, and I take pleasure in recommending him to my friends and the public who may be in need of his services, as one entitled to his confidence. J. WILLIAMSON, M. D.
Ottumwa, Iowa.

After a stay of several weeks, Prof. Strassman, the optician, is about to close his labors in our city. Persons who have not yet made use of his skill and science would do well to call at once and thereby do themselves a lasting benefit. He has shown himself to be a man skilled in his profession, fair and liberal in his dealings, and withal, a gentlemen in every respect. The many commendatory notices given him by the press are well deserved and we shall part with him with regret.—Red Oak Express, March 23rd.

REFERENCES.

RED OAK.

Dr E B Yonng, C F Clark, G K Powers, D B Miller, J B Reeves, Mrs J Seank, Mrs T H Dearborn, G W Holt, A C Blose, W A Close, Mrs. Applebee, Mr Stockslager, J S Wroth, Rev McClure, Mrs Hesfler, Mrs. Farrier, Manker, Rev McCullery, Mrs Stanley, R Wadsworth, Mr Marenholtz, Mr Jeffries, Rev Jagg, W Stafford, C W Schneider, Harvey Spry, C E Richards, David Harris, Mr. Isold, C H Lane, C M Mills, T H Lee, Wm Koehler, C J Lillijeberk, T M Lee, Geo L Platt, Mrs L Holyser, Wm Dubley, O Runnels, Mrs B S Porter, I H Hazarenus, Mr Broadby, F A Carter, Mrs Fisher, Mr Stoddard, E O Shepherd, A McConnell, E A Brown, Mr Gibson, Mr Fikes, Rev J W Hamilton, S P Miller, Mrs F C Clark, B E A Simons, J W Sautbin, Mr Van Alstine, L F Ross, Mrs Deemer, Mrs. Junkin, Thos Griffith, I Sanborn, Geo Binns, Mr. Meyers, P. P. Johnson, and many others from the surrounding country.

OTTUMWA.

Dr O'Neill, C F W Backmon, Rev F C War, Mrs W F Rose, Dr. Lewis, Capt. C. P Brown, Mrs. Slaughter, Dr. J Williamson, D T J Douglas, Dr H W Roberts, S B Evans, A C Leighton, J Hansman, Rev A C Stillson, Dr B F Hyatt, Mrs. O S Phellis, Mrs Dr Taylor.

CLARINDA.

Col W P Hepburn, ex-congressmen; Hon T E Clark, senator; Rev Snook, Dr Cokenower, Dr Lewellen, F W Harish, J S McIntyr, A S Baily, J D Jones, B W Foster, H C Beckwith, John Glascby, O A Kimball, Mrs. Morsman, V Graff, Rev. Seay, Dr Van Sant, J D Hawley, T M Monzingo, Dr Millen, H Bedwell, Capt Stone, J H Stet, Hon Wm Butler, O N Hurdle, A T Clement, J M Crabill, Mr Newton, Mrs Shaul, Hon T E Clark, Mrs Lorenz, Dr. Power, Rev Eddy, Raymond Lorenz, A P Skeed, J P Burrows, Dr Barrett, Mrs Ells.

CRESTON.

President of First National Bank and President of Creston National Bank; J H Patt, Mr Beadle, Mrs Teed, Ed Derr, Rev Van Wagner, Geo Webster, Miss C Webster, Mrs Mary Eckert, Thos. McGrath, Ed Lewis, Dr N Turrey, Prof Larrabee, Col Swall, Mrs W D Moore, W V McQuaid, J H Lichty, Mr Spurr, Dr Groves, Mr H Newman, Dr Dunlap, W F Patt, Rev F W Eason, Mrs M Sullivan, Mrs Laramore, Mr. Zallars, Mrs K Duane, Miss C Eoyer, R E Ewing, W M Lparr, Dr. Reynolds, Mrs H P Sawyer, Miss Mattie Muntz, C Hurley, D G Miller, N H Blanchard, Dr Schifferle, Mr B Hurley, Mr Hamman, Mrs A M Gow, Prof Meyer, Dr Reynolds.

IOWA CITY.

Senator Bloom, Dr I F Hansit, Dr. Copperthwaite. Mrs Dr Lee, Messrs. Parvin, Kost, Mosier, F H Bradley, H H Jones, D Shireliff. p m Purily, Gen Ross, Warner, Mrs F J Cox, Hon P A Day, Rev Porter, Prof Parker, Prof McClain, Prof McBride, Prof N R Leonard, Prof. A O