

DAZEY.

Dazey, Dazey, called the brakeman in the usual sing song tone so common to railroad men, and at the call several well dressed ladies arose, looked at their neighbor's hat to see if it was on straight, mentally sized up the color and make up of the different traveling costumes to note if they were the latest cut, and disembarked, leaving the rest of us to infer that the rest were either pansies or rosebuds. Now, I don't belong to the flower class, and especially am not a daisy, unless it is the ox-eyed kind, but this being my destination I got off to save the conductor the trouble of putting me off, although he stated that it would be no troddie at all.

This town, although effeminate in name, I learned was named after a man by that title, who settled here in the early days. It is located on the Coerstown branch of the N. P. and has, I judge, a population of five or six hundred people, with its business portion along all lines well represented. Schools and churches add not a little to the greatness and help to make the town not only a Dazey in name but reputation as well. Just at this time of the year, when farmers were engaged in putting away sun dried grass, times in the new subscriber line were very dull, but nevertheless we got a few, while the rest were getting away and from those who did not subscribed I received the very best of treatment as also from the many prior patrons whom I met. Harmony to a large extent pervades the town, which is as it should be, and many imposing business blocks add to the beauty of the business portion, not to mention several fine residences in the suburbs.

Perhaps one of the best equipped and well appointed shops in the northwest is the meat market of E. Oppgard, a permanent fixture of the place. His place would do credit to a town of ten thousand with its patent cold storage plant, gasoline engine, brick smoke house, and ice house with a slide leading into the main building. At this market you can get all kinds of meats, fish or fowls, besides fruits in season, besides getting a pleasant look whether you buy or not.

The town has doctors, too, but I only visited one, and he was not a reliever of mankind's ailments, but a veterinary surgeon of wide renown. It seems easy for a physician to prescribe to the ailing ones when they can make their wants known, but to understand the diseases of the dumb animals must of a necessity require even greater skill. But Doc. seems to have the business down to a science, as I hear him well spoken of, not only at this place, but up and down the line as well.

As a general rule a newspaper man doesn't get very near to a church, but as my brother-in-law, C. L. Moorhouse, formerly preached in the Methodist church, I had a curiosity to see the building. A very pleasant spoken gentleman in summer attire who was busy about the place intro-

duced himself as the minister, and kindly showed me around the grounds, as also the interior of the building itself, which through the efforts of the Ladies Aid or some other church society has recently been refurnished and painted, a much needed improvement and highly appreciated by the minister himself. The fence around the church reminds one of the weak members of a congregation. It needs bracing up. The Rev. Kimberly is a native of Canada and although a young man apparently, he has so firmly entrenched himself in the good graces of the Dazeyites that his stay here is indefinite. The parishioners up here are not the same in the support of the church as the Wall street broker, consequently when they go hence they may be admitted in the inner sanctuary instead of having the amount to their credit handed to them and told to depart into outer darkness. This story is of a Wall street broker who sought admission to the pearly gates.

"Who are you," said St. Peter.

"I am a Wall street broker," was the reply.

"What have you done that entitles you to admission?" said St. Peter.

"Well, I saw a decrepit woman in Broadway the other day and gave her two cents."

"Gabriel, is that on the records?"

"Yes, St. Peter, its marked to his credit."

"What else have you done?"

"Well, I crossed the Brooklyn bridge the other night and met a newsboy half frozen to death and gave him one cent."

"Gabriel, is that on the records?"

"Yes, St. Peter."

"What else have you done?"

"Well, I can't recollect anything else just now."

"Gabriel, what do you think we ought to do with this fellow?"

"Oh, give him back his three cents and tell him to go to hell."

As I didn't have much time I didn't mix it much with the business portion, but met a few, among them Nelson & Heimark, the hardware leaders, whose gentlemanly bearing has won for them many warm friends and hundreds of patrons.

Here, too, I encountered Mr. Olson, the pioneer elevator man, who is just as good natured as he is large, and thats some.

When looking for a live medium for advertising Wm. Schneider, a prominent farmer, knows just where to go and doubtless ere this he has sold his gasoline engine through using the Record as a medium.

Carl Maronda, a farmer who has lived here six years, did not advertise, but he became a patron, which was equally as gratifying

J. Markuson, a young man comparatively but old in business, owns one of the live general merchandise establishments of the place which, with its 24x64 steel finished addition to be erected at once, will make it the leader of them all. A ten thousand dollar stock isn't considered much in a good year as his goods don't stay on the shelf long enough to become shop worn. Call in when in town and see where your at.

Wm. Saar and F. F. Schultz, both well known farmers west of town, became converts to the leading paper after a short conference in which Mr. Saar's better half cast the deciding vote. A live county paper appeals to a good woman, who invariably takes as much if not more interest in county affairs than does her better half.

Another building that is going up in Dazey is the splendid bank of Jacobson Bros. The construction and architecture is going to be not only modern but complete in every part. This firm of bankers has won an enviable name for themselves in the financial world and a host of friends in the social vortex. J. E. Jacobson, the president, inspires one with confidence on first acquaintance which is only strengthened by dealings. George J. Jacobson, the vice president, is a similar disposition and that they have succeeded in a business way is no surprise to those who know them best.

As I stated before my time being limited, I did not get on friendly terms with all the business men, but they are all obliging and even tolerant, which is all that can reasonably be expected. Not having my list of names I have to be guided by memory and if any omissions are made criticize them gently. A hotel and restaurant serves to satisfy the inner man and as to drinks, well the water there is as good as elsewhere and plenty of it. When farmers are not rushed more business can be done in this berg than a casual visitor would infer. Of one thing you can rest assured you will receive the best of treatment, for here a white man is just as good as a negro so long as he behaves himself as well.

-J. T. Kidder.

Try for Health

222 South Peoria St.,
CHICAGO, ILL., Oct. 7, 1902.

Eight months ago I was so ill that I was compelled to lie or sit down nearly all the time. My stomach was so weak and upset that I could keep nothing on it and I vomited frequently. I could not urinate without great pain and I coughed so much that my throat and lungs were raw and sore. The doctors pronounced it Bright's disease and others said it was consumption. It mattered little to me what they called it and I had no desire to live. A sister visited me from St. Louis and asked me if I had ever tried Wine of Cardui. I told her I had not and she bought a bottle. I believe that it saved my life. I believe many women could save much suffering if they but knew of its value.

Georgia Dunbar

Don't you want freedom from pain? Take Wine of Cardui and make one supreme effort to be well. You do not need to be a weak, helpless sufferer. You can have a woman's health and do a woman's work in life. Why not secure a bottle of Wine of Cardui from your druggist today?

WINE OF CARDUI