The Classic.

PUBLISHED AT ORANGE CITY, IOWA.

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WIRELESS telegraphy will be ready for commercial messages within a short time. In the latter part of January the first real message was sent across the ocean from President Roosevelt to King Edward. Marconi, not expecting that the apparatus at the other end of his line would be ready to receive a message, began to practise it, and to his astonishment he received a message from Glace Bay that King Edward had received the message from President Roosevelt. It is said that England will attempt to make a connection with South Africa. Already the King of Italy is building a power station which will have ten times as much power as the station at Cape God.

STILL THERE is no sign of peace in Venezuela. Three German ships continued to bombard Fort Carlos day after day during the latter part of last month. On January 27 a small German vessel tried to pass the fort. Now it is not exactly known whether the Germans fired first or Fort San Carlos. The Germans claim that the Fort opened fire, while some of the Venezuelans say that the German ship fired first, while still others say that the fort fired a blank shot, which is most probable. But at any rate the ship began actual fire and was soon repulsed. She soon returned however, with two larger ships, and shattered the fort. Then the small ship passed and was soon sailing along the shore of Lake Maracaibo. It is reported that Fort San Carlos is now in the hands of the Germans.

DURING THE last week of January two treaties were made by the American Department of State; one was the Panama Canal treaty and the second the Alaskan treaty. The terms of the agreement of the Alaskan treaty are that the matter is to be placed in the hands of a Commission consisting of six jurists, three appointed by the American and three by the British government. About three years ago this very same plan was proposed by Colonel...
Hay but at that time it was rejected by the Canadian members of the Joint High Commission, which was sitting in Washington.

AGAIN A Mormon, Mr. Reed Smoot, has been elected a United States senator. President Roosevelt had requested him to withdraw his nomination but both Mr. Smoot and his supporters refused to do as requested. He cannot be excluded as Mr. Roberts was, for he is no polygamist and therefore has not broken the law in this line. The only reason for not allowing him the office as senator is that he holds a high office in his Church, while if this is done the power of the officers in the Mormon Church will be greatly increased. He should not only be refused this office, but the disgraceful Mormon Church should be excluded from our country.

Stoves.

While sitting before our cheery fire one evening last week, I thought over the various subjects that suggested themselves for service on this occasion. I knew you would not care to hear about studies, so I rejected the subject. The Christian Student, also the subject, What Religion will do for a Student, as too philosophical. I threw away the subject Knowledge and Religion. Gazing into the stove with its cheery glow and its heart of coal radiating warmth, I found my subject. It is "Stoves." Young people we must be like unto stoves, hard coal magazine stoves.

There are many names that confront one in the stove market, the Red Oak, the Larch Oak, the Red Gross, the Art Garland, and there are many styles and sizes. Some have simple lines and ornaments, others are covered with lines and hieroglyphics and are overloaded with ornament. But neither outward ornament nor alluringly suggestive name is enough. In Canton, China, there are streets with the euphonious but sadtly misleading names: "Peace, Five Happenings, Accumulated Blessings, Ninefold Brightness." Admiral Blake went out against the enemy with ships having the simple rugged unpoetical names, The Tiger, The Tenth Whelp, John, etc.; but the men behind the guns counted more than the names of vessels and the admiral swept the seas clear of the enemy. Names and titles do not always represent much. But when they do, greatness can get along without them. Titles describe, but men who deserve titles hardly need the description. The man looms up above the title and so people soon forget to apply the title to those that best deserve it. A man of certain attainments is styled the Rev. Jonathan Edwards, D.D. Then he becomes better known and is called Dr. Johnathan Edwards, and after a while he is simply Johnathan Edwards and then simply Edwards: and this in spite of the fact that there was a son, also called Johnathan Edwards, who was a distinguished theologian. But the father loomed up above the son so that nothing additional to the name Edwards need be added to distinguish the two. We know who is meant when Chalmers the great Scotch preacher happened to be absent from the community and another was supplying his pulpit, many of his people would turn away from the church, saying to those they met on the way, "It's no hisself the day." By hisself they meant Chalmers. So there was a man who could get along even without a name. The names we bear are good enough to hang titles on. For that a homely name is as good as a euphonious name. It's the heating value of the stove that makes the name worth something in recommendations. Resolve that your names are going to stand for something. Then even a name may mean much.

More important than the name of the stove are the magazine to contain the coal, the firepot for the fire, and a system of regulation.

I. We, like the stove, all have the magazine for the fuel,—our mind. I shall not refer to the differing capacities of these human magazines. There is fuel enough and to spare for all sizes. No fuel famine here. O the amount of knowledge! First there is so much already mined. Man has been a-digging for six thousand years. Some indeed has been lost and in our vanity we think that moderns can do better at mining truth than the ancients. But this is a mistake. In the tombs of Egypt are found pieces of jewelry dating back three thousand and more years before Christ, and they are as fine in design and delicate pattern and workmanship as anything the best goldsmiths of today can produce. There is a brilliancy and a permanence in the coloring of the pictures in these tombs which is the despair as well as the envy of modern artists. But it is freely conceded that the objects of study and the amount of knowledge have greatly increased. What would the author of the saying, "Of making books there is no end," say if presented with a catalogue of the new books of a single year? Then there is lots of coal that has never been touched. It still lies hidden in the earth.

Now it is our business to buy coal. We can not get it without effort, the knowledge. Even the Sacred Scriptures tell us to "buy the truth." Hearing or reading is not necessarily learning. The fact or truth which I labored for is mine. The truth with which I have wrestled as did Jacob with the Angel and which has mastered me, blesses me. I win in being overcome, and am henceforth Israel,
Prince of God. Thus by being servant of Truth I become its master. The question then is not how much coal is there, but how much is in my coal bin and in my magazine? We are to apt in these days of books of reference to slight the knowing of things. We are apt to leave the coal in the bin instead of filling the magazine of the stove. It is a comfort to have books in one's library. But this is a case where possession is not nine tenths of law. Let not be in the position of him who wrote:

"So in likewise of bookes I have store
But few I read and fewer understand;
I follow not their doctrine nor their lore,
It is enough to have a book in hand;
It were to much to be in such a land,
For to be found to look within the book:
I am content on the fair covering to look."

II. We need a fire as well as fuel. You need heart as well as brain, feeling as well as thought. Of what use is a magazine full of coal if there is no fire in the stove? If there is any disappointment more keenly felt than another a severe wintry morning it is to find that the coal fire is out. You come huddled into the room. You expect warmth and a cheerful glow to greet you and behold darkness and cold. There are people who disappoint just like that. They have the magazine full, but the fires of love and sympathy have died out in their hearts. They have laid down too much fuel. The separate facts of science have covered over the fires of human feeling. They have become cold, mere magazines of learning.

Faust's lament was this:

"I've now, alas! Philosophy,
Medicine and Jurisprudence too,
And to my cost Theology;
With ardent labor studied through,
And here I stand with all my lore,
Poor fool, no wiser than before."

Bacon says our studies should be neither "A crutch on which to rest; nor a cloak with which to promenade alone; nor as a tower from which to look down on each other; nor as a fortress whence we may resist them; nor as a workshop for gain and merchandise; but as a rich armory and treasury for the glory of the Creator and the enoblement of life."

The fires do not burn to warm the stove tho that be the first effect. And so while the knowledge we gain has the first effect on us, the generated heat should extend beyond us. We can laugh at the ignorant when they almost unconsciously act selfishly. "They know no better," we say. But how disappointed when educated people live for self. After the naval battle with Xerxes, the Athenian generals stopped at a temple and as was customary wrote with a lead bullet the names of generals most worthy of honor. They all wrote their own names first and gave second place to Themistocles.

The heart, the affections, the feelings need to be awakened, and that not in the interest of self. There are such as have plenty of feeling and emotion, but they are the unsteady steeds harnessed to the car of Self. The heart must radiate so as to warm others. Young people, do not despise the heart life. That is the fire which makes useful the fuel of knowledge. For what is the measure of life?

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; In feeling, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives,
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest:
Lives in one hour more than in years do some
Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along the veins.
Life is but a means unto an end: that end,
Beginning, mean, and end to all things—God.
The dead have all the glory of the world."

We need the fire. Now it is useless to expect the coal to start combustion of its own accord. The fire must be introduced from without. So with the human soul. To make our knowledge worth something to the world in love and sympathy there must be living coals introduced. And the fires required must come from the altar of God. The Christ was once incarnated. That can never recur. But his spirit must be incarnated in each of us. So shall we say with Paul, "I live yet it is not I that live, but Christ that liveth in me."

And with Christ in the heart the fires of our nature shall be enkindled. Christ gives a new heart. Yes, and Christ puts heart into life. It is a matter of history that infidelity has no hymns. The love of Christ alone constrains to joy and true happiness. That fire lit by the torch of faith can safely be fed the coal of knowledge. Safely not only but wisely, for the knowledge that we acquire shall now feed the fires of the soul and not overwhelm them. Take Geometry and related studies. How can the student proceed with its wonderful relations without feeling that God is infinitely wise. Think what it means that men can measure the distance of the planets and even the stars from the earth. That we can weigh the planets and know the constitution of distant stars. Such calculations in science can
THE CLASSIC.

not but tell of a wise Creator who established these relations so that even a finite mind can discover them. The study of nature inspires reverence. I regard as one of the most valuable assets, the feeling of reverence and awe awakened in my mind, when as a "B"-class student I studied the textbook of Astronomy. Language is another wonderful thing. We are prone to think of Latin and Greek as "magnificently and wonderfully made!" yet there is inspiration in even the wondrousness of it. Our studies need not dull us. I was once told by a man that he had seen many bright boys go to college only to come out stupid. But that need not result when we light up each study with prayerful devotion. Then everything speaks of God. If it does not something else might better subside or else more beneficially supplement the fire. Some people pin their hearts upon their sleeves, or to keep our illustration, the whole front and top is isinglass. The whole heart is bare. The check draft is always in. The fires always hot. Such people are full of tenderness and pathos and sentiment. The feelings are in constant combustion. They are apt to fall into the habit of gushing. And yet they may be "Beanergetics" sons of thunder, if you touch their hot surface. On the other hand are those who pull out the check draft to far. They do not give their heart a chance. False modesty blows cold air on sympathy. Or doubt combats the glow of healty blight. I believe in sentiment. Young people must train it, not suppress it. One of the students in our college-class had written two essays on Character and Painting. The Prof. in charge advised him to take some such thing as "City Life" to call out latent sympathy and feeling. So here are the two extremes to be avoided—too hot—too cold. I suppose common sense will have to be the hand on the check draft. And such common sense itself must come by careful culture and observation. We need not be in quite the despair of the Scotch Doctor who used to say to his students, "If ye lack grace ye may get it by praying for it; if ye lack learning ye may get it by laboring for it; but if ye lack common sense, I dinna ken where ye are to get it."

And, talking about regulating, let us not forget the clinkers, those hard burned rock and ashes stones that gather at the bottom of the grate. As human stoves we want to get rid of the clinkers of envy, jealousy, hatred, strife, pride, selfishness—Oh, there are a lot of them. We all know of some that we have in common with our neighbors and then we know of some of that bother us especially. There are two ways to get rid of clinkers. One is to clean them out with the poker. But you must go thro the process every day. That is like trying to overcome bad habits by main force. We pass a resolution and then go after a habit with a poker. That is good, but there is a better way. Last fall we put a damper in our stove pipe. We keep the damper closed all day. That keeps the heat and consenquently there is a slower combustion—saving coal—and at the same time a more perfect combustion so that no clinkers form. I have not yet this winter needed to pry out and push out any clinkers. And so the remedy for the clinkers of bad habit is not the poker of constant resolving and trial, but the more perfect combustion. Let

Jesus Christ come nearer to you. Be more of a Bible student. Practice the presence of God. Epictetus says, "You are not Hercules and you are not able to purge away the wickedness of others; nor are you Theseus, able to purge away the evil things of Attica. Clear away your own. From yourself, from your thoughts; cast away, instead of Procrustes and Sciron, sadness, envy, fear, desire, avarice, intemperance. But it is not possible to eject these things otherwise than by looking to God only, by fixing your affections on Him only, by being consecrated to his commands."

Who is able to do these things—full magazine, good fuel, under good control? None perfectly but there is our ideal.

"To say well is good, but to do well is better; Do well is the spirit and say well the letter; If do well and say well were fitted in our frame, All were won, all were done, and got were all the gain."

So let us be radiators of goodness and kindness. Let there be a more pleasant experience than to come out of the cold toward night fall and sit down before the cheery fire, its glow filling the room with a tender light. Let it be our ambition to more than occupy a place in the room like the stove which contains no fire. Let us have the ambition to fill the place with a gracious, loving, helpful presence.

The Most Thrilling Incident of My Life.

One bright autumn morning my parents decided to drive to the nearest town to buy some such thing as "City Life". It usually took two days to make a trip to town as they were on horses and the roads were bad; but by getting an early start, the task was sometimes accomplished in one day.

Robert, who was two years my junior, and I were to stay at home to take care of the house. "You're sure you won't be afraid to stay alone if we don't get back to-night?" said father, as they were off to drive off. "Of course not, I don't see that we should be afraid of," I replied, always being very brave so long as nothing happened. "Well, I was just thinking that while I was gone, whoever stole Johnson's corn, might pay us a visit, but I suppose there isn't any danger." And with these words they were off. Now Johnson was our nearest neighbor, some two miles distant, and he was the one who had lost some corn.

We amused ourselves about the house and burned all day, and when night came Robert attended to chores while I attempted to make supper. I put some potatoes in the ashes of the fire-place and covered them with hot coals. I hung the partridge which Robert had shot during the day, over the fire to be roasted.

Now it may be well to inform you of the fact that the house was divided into two rooms below and an attic. Part of the upstairs was used as a granary. Father thought it safer to store his wheat and corn in the house. Thieves would be less apt to get to it without being found out.

Now by this time the potatoes and the partridge were don-
and, having set the table, we were about to do justice to our scanty little meal, when, hark! footsteps were heard at the front door! We both started in alarm. Who could our visitors be? After a few minutes of painful suspense, two men came into the house, and I saw at once that they were strangers. They were rough, brutal looking fellows, and I felt that we had nothing but pleasant visitors to deal with.

"Where's your folks?" demanded the foremost man. "Come to the mill," I answered. "Why? Do you want to see father?" "Not much," laughed the man who had asked the question.

"See here, youngsters," said the other, "when's your folks coming back?" "I don't know," I replied, "maybe they'll come back to-night and maybe not."

"We've come to borrow some of that corn you've stored away up on the loft." With these words the two men went up the ladder leading to the loft.

We gazed at each other in blank astonishment. Robert broke the silence by saying that he thought that these were the very men who had stolen Johnson's corn.

"I wish we could trap them. Don't you think we could get them in the cellar some way, Rob?" All of a sudden a bright idea struck me. We could take the ladder out of the cellar, lean the trap door up against the wall, spread a piece of carpet over the hole and put something heavy at the corners of it, so that it would look as though it was spread over the floor. You see, this hole was right in the door through which they must have to come to rob into the kitchen. The minute they step on the carpet down they would go. Then by closing the trap door we would have them safe and sound.

We worked out our plan everything was ready when we saw them coming down, each carrying a sack of corn. They walked right up to the door which led them into the kitchen. The foremost, thinking himself to be on safe grounds, set his foot down on the carpet. But alas! here he had made his mistake and he went down with the carpet. The other, not noticing his comrade's mistake in time, stumbled in after him. We hastily closed the trap door and put the wood box on top of it, feeling that we had trapped the thieves. Our appetite for supper had all fled, you may be sure.

While we were debating what was best to do, we heard a rumble of wheels, and sure enough, there were our parents.

We immediately told them of our adventure. My father went for Mr. Johnson and with his assistance the thieves were captured and taken to town. It was found out later that they belonged to a gang of horse thieves, and the corn, they had stolen, was to feed their horses.

Robert and myself were heroes for a long time after that, I may assure you. And even now, although it is thirty years or more ago, you will hear the story of how we caught the thieves, in that neighborhood, if you ever happen to visit it.

G. B., '04.

THE CLASSIC.

Published Monthly during the School Year by the Students of the N. W. C. A.

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Locals.

Look out! The "B's" are going to give their class yell.

Boxing is the sport of the day.

The Society is flourishing.

We advise some of the "D's" to stay at home more after dark.

Some of the boys let their hair grow long and came to school with it partly combed, so as to be more like Lincoln.

Groeters and Ellerbrock spent two days at Boyden taking in a wedding, which they didn't attend.

When the "B's" try to decline a Latin word in the plural that has no plural, the Prof. laughs but the "B's" look sheepish.

Peter Buysman, of Sheldon, is the new student since our last issue.

The club boys have so many yell they get them mixed up.

Messrs. Roggen and De Vries took in one of those good old time parties at Middleburg.

Both the Dutch churches contemplate holding Y. M. C. A. festivals in the course of the next two weeks.

Sunday, Feb. 1st was Endeavor Day and a union meeting of the two societies was held at the first Reformed Church.

The Philomathean Society intends to give a Lincoln program on Feb. 20.

A large number of students attended the temperance lecture given at the American church by Miss Eva M. Shontz.

"Look before you leap" is a good warning and we should all heed it. Many of us, however, don't look until we have fallen on the ice and then we take a good look to see if any one saw us fall.

Two of the "B's" were standing in the hall one day and some one tied them together. That material tie soon broke but we sometimes see signs of another, more permanent, tie.

Rev. G. Tyssse, of Leighton, Ia., conducted devotional on Thursday, Feb. 5th.

Prof. E. Brown of the State university, examiner of secondary schools paid the Academy a visit on Thursday, Jan. 29th.

We regret to hear that William Hyink has been absent from
school a number of days on account of the death of his sister.

Misses Fay Wilcox and Mae Hossers visited the Academy on the 20th of January.

Mr. Fliksem has been laid up with a sprained ankle for the last week and one of the "A" class girls called on him Friday afternoon.

Miss Ada Betten has decided to discontinue school.

Johnnie Roggen and M. Van Oosterloo have been having a very bad cold lately and were obliged to remain at home a number of days.

Mr. A. R., a gentleman of the "B" class, accompanied a young lady home Sunday evening. Fortunately she lived near the depot for Mr. R. did not have the courage to ask her until she got near the Academy.

The day of prayer for Colleges was observed last Thursday the 29th of January, and the program was as follows:

Scripture reading, Ephesians, Rev. de Grood. 
Ladies Quartette.

Prayer—Rev. Stapelkamp.
Address—"Our Stores" Rev. J. P. Winter.
Ladies Duet.
Address—"The day we observe" Rev. L. Donn.
Solo—Miss Ada Hossers.

Benediction.

De Alumnus.
AN ALUMNUS HONORED.
The following concerning Rev. H. Hossers of the class of '85 we clip from the Chicago American, one of the most prominent daily newspapers of this country:

Zij uiten koud, zij uiten rot, 
Kuilen aan, men roeit aanzicht Israël uit. 
Opstaar die volk, gelijk voor doen. 
Voor aan geen volk meer meer wren, 
Dat niemand lards nemen doe losren; 
Dat al heden is, al heden is verloren.

To the martial strains of this glorious old battle psalm the gallant Boers marched chanting the above words as they fought for their country and their fires. Out in a little frame church at the corner of Sixty-second and Poor streets you can hear the same hymn chanted any Sunday you have a mind to attend their divine service.

This church is called the Reformed Church in America, and is a continuation of the Reformed Church in the Netherlands. President Roosevelt is a member of this faith, and attends a church over on the West Side every time he visits Chicago.

The Sixty-second street church was organized in 1887 with about a dozen families as a nucleus. Their house of worship was a barn. The twelve families have grown to 243. The barn has become a beautiful church. Everything has changed in these except the belief, the creed, the psalms and the faith of these sturdy, quiet, determined, Godfearing and patriotic people.

Rev. Hossers the present pastor is a minister of unusual power. "There are really few clergy men in the city better equipped than he for the demands made upon him by his profession. He was born at Pella, Iowa, in 1899 of Dutch parentage, and was given the advantages of a thorough education.

Graduating from college in '89 and New Brunswick Theological Seminary in '93 he was privileged to go abroad and took a post graduate course in the Universitas Libera, Amsterdam, Netherlands.

When he took charge of this work the church was $4,500 in debt, now it does not owe a dollar. The membership was 270, now it is 345.

The Second Reformed Church of Englewood organized last October is a child of Dr. Hossers' church and a very promising one at that.

During the Boer war Dr. Hossers' church was a rallying place for all who sympathized with and wished to aid the suffering patriots.

Rev. Hossers is a brave, fearless man in his preaching and preaches nothing else save "Jesus Christ and Him crucified." He is straightlaced in his doctrine and has little time or patience for the new-fangled forms in religion such as "revised Bibles, revised confessions of faith, revised creeds and revised Gods."

He believes that "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day and forever," and that as "Holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," the creeds that they gave to us should remain as unchangeable as God.
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