

The
PALIMPSEST



Former High School building now used by Emmetsburg Community College.

Early History of Emmetsburg

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THE PALIMPSEST

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Early History of Emmetsburg

(George B. McCarty, a pioneer settler of Emmetsburg, recorded his memories of the founding of the city in 1908. His son, Dwight G. McCarty, continues the Emmetsburg story through his own recollections. THE EDITOR.)

About August 3, 1869, at McGregor, Iowa, I, in company with Ben Johnson and David Drun-
ned, Jr., hired M. A. Crawford with his team, to take us on a trip to the western part of Iowa.

We traveled via Calmar and Charles City to Mason City, following the line of the McGregor & Missouri River Railway (now the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway) which that year had begun building its line west from Calmar.

At Mason City we visited with W. H. Lyttle and Gil Church (both Clayton County men) who had started a small private bank — the Mason City Bank. Lyttle showed us several lots in the city, then a town of probably 300 inhabitants, on the main street, ranging in price from \$150 to \$200. He also showed us a quarter section of nice land two miles southwest of the city at \$5 an acre.

From Mason City we came to Clear Lake and remained there one day, expecting to do some

fishing. It was a windy, rough day and we did not dare venture out in either of the so-called rowboats (board punts) of which Clear Lake (no town) boasted.

Because of the weather and rains (1869 was a very wet year) we could not cross Hancock County. We had to go north to Northwood, crossed into Minnesota, and thence traveled south via Buffalo Center — no settlement but a grove of trees by a small lake — to Algona. On this trip we crossed a level strip of country (no houses in sight) and with night coming on we pitched our tent and tethered our horses on a small knoll.

During the night there was a terrible rainstorm and lightning, such as I have never seen before or since. In the morning we found the ground covered with water in all directions. We left about noon and drove almost continually in water up to the hubs of our wagon and, sometimes even on the level prairie, up to the wagon box. Just before sundown we found some hills and located a good camping ground.

Algona

Reaching Algona, we camped on a knoll west of where the courthouse now stands. While there we met W. H. Ingham, Judge Call, Abraham Call, and a few others. Algona was a village of perhaps 200 people and everyone was talking of the city's prospects when the railroad came. Judge

Call said "With our present prospect of a railroad and of being a great city I would not like to sell a town lot for less than \$100."

After another rain which nearly washed out from under us the hill on which we were encamped, we started westward and made the settlement on Lotts Creek where five settlers had just completed quite comfortable sod houses. The next day we plodded westward and crossed into Palo Alto County and later in the day first beheld Medium Lake at a point north of the Michael Jackman home. When we passed the house the children came out and stood in a row (like an old-fashioned spelling class) the largest at the head and ranging down to one just able to stand alone. We followed the east shore of the lake to where Emmetsburg now stands and thence northwesterly. Near where the Scott Ormsby home now stands we came across three small children herding some cows. We asked them, "Where is Emmetsburg?"

One, a girl, replied, "You are there now, sir."

"Yes, but where is the town?"

"Right here is where it is."

"But we do not see any town."

"Sure. See that stake in the grass and that one there, that is Emmetsburg."

"But where is the hotel?"

"Oh, it's Coonan's you want. It's over there beyond the hill."

So over the hill and just as the sun was setting we saw Coonan's and found our old friend Al Jones. We made camp and remained four or five days before starting down the Des Moines River, following the east side. Rains had swollen the river so it was impossible to cross. On this trip from Clear Lake to the Des Moines River, there were wild duck, geese, sandhill cranes, and prairie chickens without number. It seemed as though the whole country was alive with them, and Medium Lake — it was a sight to behold.

From Emmetsburg we followed the Des Moines to near Rolfe, Pocahontas County, where we found a bridge and crossed the river. We hoped to make our way to Sioux City but found the roads and streams impassable. So we followed the river to Fort Dodge, the terminus of the Dubuque & Sioux City Railroad (Illinois Central). From Fort Dodge we traveled east to Bach Grove P. O., stopping three days because of rain. We crossed the Boone River at the Middleton Bridge and followed the east bank to Poney Creek which we could not cross. Five miles up creek a farmer ferried us over with his wagon box. Next day we reached Webster City and followed the Dubuque & Sioux City Railroad track as far as Independence. From there we returned to McGregor, having been gone about a month on the trip.

I decided to locate at Emmetsburg but remained in McGregor until after the election to vote and

work for my townsman, Samuel Merrill, who was running for governor of Iowa.

Heading for Emmetsburg

In October 1869, Al Jones and I started out, going from McGregor via boat to Dubuque and then on to Fort Dodge via railroad. At Fort Dodge we hired a team to haul the stock of goods which Al Jones had purchased to start a store at Emmetsburg. We had three teams loaded with lumber and goods and were three days getting through.

Arriving at Emmetsburg on October 20, 1869, after dark, we stacked and covered our goods. Next morning we began looking for a carpenter and found there were only two in the county. Thos. C. Davis was building a small house for Reverend B. C. Hammond on his homestead, and W. H. Cover was somewhere in the southeast part of the county putting up a shanty. Jones had a saw and hatchet; I had a hammer and jackknife. With this supply of tools we commenced a building, 16x20 feet, with the lumber we had brought. As we expected to get native lumber at the sawmill, we had brought only a small amount of dimension lumber. Finding no native lumber, we used what we had for temporary sills and plates and a few rafters. By night we had the framework up and not having any shingles and only a small amount of boards, we used them sparingly. But we did have a large roll of building paper

which covered a multitude of omissions and quite a pile of goods. The heavens smiled upon us as no rain fell. The second day, using what lumber and building paper we had, the building was well enclosed and roofed in.

In the fall of 1868, Thos. C. Davis settled at Emmetsburg, bringing with him part of an old sawmill. He set it up, built a brush dam, got the mill started, and sawed a few logs for the settlers. In June of 1869, a big rain and high water washed out the dam. It was the Davis mill we had counted on for our native lumber.

On the third day after we arrived it rained. The fourth day I started for Fort Dodge with Jo Smith, Culver, and Clark, three homesteaders who had arrived recently in the county and had horse teams. It was a damp and rainy morning when we started but about five miles on our way the wind suddenly turned to the northwest and blew a gale. I never saw so cold a day. We walked nearly all the time and nearly froze. We made Humboldt about 9 o'clock that night.

We started out the next morning and reached Fort Dodge at noon, the ice in the sloughs carrying the weight of horses and wagons. Loading up the next day, we started the return trip. As the weather was some warmer, the ice would break and our wagons would become stalled. For three days we worked, unloading and reloading our loads, often in water and ice far above our knees.

We finally reached Emmetsburg on the night of the fifth day.

The town of Emmetsburg, at this time, consisted of Coonan's farmhouse, a brick structure, 16x24, and a small wood addition. The brick part was twelve feet high, giving an attic chamber, one room, and what Mrs. Coonan called "the landing," a small space at the head of the stairs, partitioned off by itself. The attic chamber was commonly known as the "school section." It contained four beds, one in each corner, and the balance of the floor space was occupied by the 10 to 30 other male guests and members of the family and when all the floor space, including that under the beds was fully taken, guests had to "sit it out" downstairs.

The lower story was divided into a kitchen (very small), a small bedroom, and a living room. Cooking usually was done in the living room. The small bedroom was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Coonan, but when women were there Mrs. Coonan sent Martin to the "Section." I boarded at Coonan's for nearly two months and then Al Jones and I slept in the old sawmill. The mill building was owned by Thos. C. Davis and W. G. Pond. Davis had partitioned off a room of about 12 or 14 feet square. The partition was made by setting poles upright, nailing other poles and a few pieces of slab to these uprights, then setting another row of poles, and filling in between with hay. Davis,

his wife, and two small children lived in that room and Pond, a single man, boarded with them. Sometimes when it was stormy, Al Jones and I would camp in the store building.

Aside from the Coonan house and the old mill building already described, there were three other buildings: N. D. Bearss had built a small shed, 10x12, and about six feet high on one side and seven feet on the other. He had set some old slabs and poles in the ground, tacked on tar paper, and then banked up the outside with hay. The roof was made with poles and hay. In this he had about a wheelbarrow full of goods, some pipes, smoking tobacco, and the like. He was alone and lived in the shed. M. D. Daniels had a one story building, about 12x14, which was made entirely of native lumber. Daniels, his wife, and two children lived in it. He was a blacksmith and his shop was made by standing poles on end and nailing slabs to them. The store building put up by Jones and me in October 1869, constituted all the buildings. During the fall and winter of 1869 and 1870 the regular inhabitants of Emmetsburg were:

Coonan, his wife, and five boys;
T. C. Davis, his wife, and two children;
W. G. Pond;
N. D. Bearss;
M. D. Daniels, his wife, and two children;
Al Jones;

W. H. Shea; and
George B. McCarty.

James P. White was county treasurer. He came to town almost every day and, when the weather was bad, would stay overnight. In addition to the above, there were a number of others who stayed a few weeks: M. E. Griffin, now a banker at Spencer; G. R. Badgerow, now a postmaster at Sioux City; William Starr of Monticello, Iowa; and others. Scarcely a day or night passed that there were not travelers at Coonan's. I remember one night there were forty-eight persons present and all had accommodations such as they were. Shelter on a stormy January night meant a great deal.

In the latter part of February 1870, I started to Fort Dodge with two teamsters and teams for lumber to build an office. There had been quite a heavy snow, and sledding was fair. From Humboldt we traveled on Des Moines River ice. The night we got to Fort Dodge it began to thaw. It also rained and so there was considerable water on the ice as we made the return trip up the river to Humboldt. We stopped at Charles Sherman's, five miles north of Rutland, late that night. He had a small one story log house, about 14x16. When we got there we found two men and teams ahead of us, but Charley said, "There is plenty of room." Later three other men and teams arrived and put up for the night. Sherman had quite a

family besides the guests. During the night there was a terrible blizzard and we were not able to move out for three days. When the storm abated we started on. We found many great snowdrifts and had to shovel our way through. Finally, we reached home, having been out eight days.

At that time Fort Dodge was the terminus of the railroad and lumber prices were high. I paid \$50 per M for dimension lumber; flooring, siding, and other such lumber was about \$65 per M. When I got the lumber home, I figured it had cost me, including the expenses of the trip, about \$120 per M. I went to work at once and put up a 14x16 office building and moved in during the month of March 1870. This building was later moved to the present plat of Emmetsburg and the front portion was destroyed by fire in April of 1909.

In February 1870, T. W. Harrison arrived. He was followed by H. L. Burnell and wife. Harrison and Burnell formed a partnership in the law and land business. Early in the spring of 1870, James P. White and W. H. Shea built an office and Harrison and Burnell put up a small building, using it as office and residence. In May, E. J. Hartshorn came and he and the author formed a partnership in the law and land business. Later, M. L. Brown and his brother, P. S. Brown, built a small hardware and agricultural implement building. Ketchen and Lenhart built a clothing store and A. D. Gallop erected the St. James Hotel.

In December 1870, the McGregor and Missouri River Railway had reached as far as Algona. This was the terminus until the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul acquired the road and extended it to Emmetsburg in 1878. Up to this time Fort Dodge was the nearest railroad point for all of northwest Iowa. After the railroad reached Algona, all marketing and hauling was to and from there.

New Town on the Horizon

Emmetsburg had grown to a group of thirty or more buildings in 1874. They were small and cheaply constructed. Everyone realized that the railroad, when it came, would most likely locate a depot on its own land and lay out its own town. In June 1874, I had a talk with Austin Corbin, a property owner, and General John Lawler, an officer of the railway company. Lawler had acquired the tract for the depot and townsite and had been trying, for several years, to buy Corbin's property. In that interview, Mr. Corbin gave me authority to act for him and to visit the officers of the railroad company with a view of making arrangements for the location of the depot and townsite. In July I went to Prairie du Chien and saw General John Lawler who promised to meet me in Milwaukee the next day.

I then went to Milwaukee and saw S. S. Merrill, general manager, and Alex Mitchell, president of the railroad. After a session of several

hours with the three men an agreement was reached: that the railroad company was to proceed at once in connection with Austin Corbin and plat the property owned by Lawler and Corbin into a townsite and town lots; that the township line between said quarters should be the principal street; that the depot should be located within 200 feet of said line; and that a courthouse square should be platted on the highest point east of said line and dedicated to the use of the county for courthouse purposes, provided the county took steps to locate the county seat there within a reasonable time. The agreement also provided for a public park, not to exceed a square of four blocks, to be located on high ground near the northwest corner; also for an equal division of lots between Austin Corbin and John Lawler; and for providing free lots for those who moved from the Coonan plat. It was also agreed that I was to act as agent for Austin Corbin and T. W. Harrison as agent for the railroad company. We were to proceed immediately to survey and plat the town as soon as possible. Finally the agreement stipulated that General Grenville Dodge, chief engineer of the railroad company, must give final approval. I went to Madison, Wisconsin, and saw General Dodge. He approved all of the arrangements and agreed to have a plat of the depot grounds and site ready within ten days.

In the meantime, while I was getting the pre-

liminary matters arranged, T. W. Harrison was engaged in removal plans. An agreement was drawn up and signed by most of the businessmen and residents of the old town: that in consideration of the fact that the railroad company and Corbin would lay out a permanent townsite, locate a permanent depot on the site, and would donate lots, that they, the residents of old town, would move their buildings to the new site on or before December 1, 1874. In default of so doing each resident was to agree to pay a forfeit of \$500. Only three or four held out and would not sign the agreement.

We employed LeRoy Grout to make the survey and he started about August 1, 1874. The grass was tall; not a tree nor shrub was in sight — just prairie. Flags were set. A team and mower cut two swaths through the high grass so we could see to set and line up the stakes. When the survey was well along the question of moving came up. In the meantime dissension had arisen. An awakened Coonan was offering special inducements for people to stay and others got discouraged at the thought of moving out on the prairie and locating their buildings in the tall grass, without a furrow broken, with no roads or paths. In fact, it did not look very inviting. Some of the dissenters held a meeting and resolved they would not move. A moving outfit arrived but no one wanted to be the first to move. Late one night it

was agreed that the Harrison office, the McCarty office, and the White and Shea office were to be moved at once. T. H. Tobin & Co., a general store, became the fourth building moved. Ketchen and Lenhart with a stock of clothing, boots, and shoes agreed to follow. On September 2, 1874, the movers hitched to the Harrison building and moved it to its new location. The others followed.

Then came a halt. No one else would make a start. Those who had moved up cut the grass and set out a few hitching posts and were ready for business. Several days were spent in trying to get the others to move but to no avail. About this time T. C. Davis, postmaster, said he would put up a building if they would give him a lot. We had forwarded a petition to Washington for permission to move the post office but red tape held it up for some time. In the meantime two or three small dwellings had been moved up. The Ormsbys agreed to have their bank building and E. S. Ormsby house moved. P. Joyce and Joseph Fitzgerald, each with a general store, refused to move. Others joined them. John D. Hall said he would move if others would. Finally, a meeting was held which was attended by those who had moved and those favorable, seeking a means to break the deadlock. The idled moving outfits threatened to leave. It was agreed that the parties present would pay the movers when not at work for the next week and to appeal to the people of the county. A

painter by the name of Walt Duncan was put to work painting signs.

Duncan's first sign read "Staketown or bust." Staketown was the name given to the new town by those who opposed it. Some of the other signs read: "On to Staketown," "Staketown only station on this line," and "Staketown will pay more for farm products and sell goods cheaper." These were nailed to stakes and set up on all roads. Men were sent out to appeal to the farmers to give their aid in having one good town and a county seat located without a county seat war. It was noted that the location was a central one and that the railroad would build the depot as contracted for. The speakers said, on the other hand, it would be two small towns within $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles of each other, always scrapping and fighting for a county seat, a post office, and other public buildings. Such arguments seemed to take well with the farmers. (Emmetsburg was the only town in the county at that time.) It was a winning card and turned the tide of events. By December 1, old town had moved up and the new town loomed upon its hills and could be seen from almost any part of the county — not a tree or shrub to hide it. Soon afterwards by an almost unanimous vote the county seat was located in the new town.

The railroad was not completed to Emmetsburg until August 1878, and the courthouse was not built until 1880. During this time court was

held in various buildings, the sheriff procuring the most suitable room. County offices were scattered around in such places as could be obtained. In 1869 the population of the county was 535; in 1870 it had jumped to 1,336 persons.

Warrants and Politics

Politically the county was strongly Democratic. In 1864 George Jacobs of West Bend Township cast the only vote for Abraham Lincoln. Not having a printed Republican ticket he wrote, "Abe Lincoln for President," crossing out the Democratic candidate. But he omitted scratching the Democratic electors. Notwithstanding his good intentions, George's vote for Lincoln was not counted. In 1870 all county officers were Democratic except one or two members of the board of supervisors. In the fall of 1870 the Republicans formed an organization, put a printed ticket in the field, and appointed a central committee. But no Republicans were elected.

The county had been run loosely and its warrants were selling at 25¢ on the dollar in 1869 with no buyers. In the spring of 1870 John A. Elliot, land commissioner for the Des Moines Valley Railroad Company, authorized the writer to buy up from \$3,000 to \$5,000 in county warrants which were to be used by the railroad in paying its county taxes. Nearly \$3,000 worth of these warrants were purchased at the 25¢ figure. Another party, through James P. White, began to

buy warrants and the price advanced to 30¢, 33 1/3¢, and a few at 35¢. Having bought the required amount, I stopped buying and there was no further market for them. Warrants were issued by the board at 25¢ on the dollar; that is the county would buy a bill of stationery amounting to \$25.00. Then it would issue warrants to the amount of \$100.00 to pay for it.

In the spring of 1870 while still buying warrants, I went before the board and explained that it was ruinous to issue such warrants. Board members explained they could do nothing else as they had received no money because the county treasurer turned in warrants for all county taxes. It was finally agreed no warrants for less than 35¢ on the dollar would be issued. This did not help matters materially because there was a large amount of railroad and other lands unpatented and not taxable.

In 1871 a county treasurer, auditor, and other officers were to be elected. The Republicans, fully organized, held a convention and nominated a full ticket. The contest at once became spirited. *The Advance*, a Republican newspaper, was started by E. J. Hartshorn, H. L. Burnell, and myself. It had a patent inside and the local pages were printed first at Humboldt and later at Algona in the *Upper Des Moines* office. We would write our local news, editorial matter, advertisements, and other items, hitch up a team, drive to the

printer's, where the material was set up, and the papers run off. These were brought back and mailed to everyone in the county. In the meantime James P. White and W. H. Shea started *The Democrat*, which was printed at Fort Dodge.

M. L. Brown was the Republican candidate for county treasurer and James P. White, the Democratic. The battle waged hottest for this office, but the others were not neglected. Participating in a house to house canvas during the last five weeks of the campaign were these men on the Republican side: E. J. Hartshorn, T. W. Harrison, H. L. Burnell, J. L. Martin, myself, and others.

While the contest was spirited, little or no personal abuse was indulged in and the workers and candidates on the different sides often would meet and recite incidents of the campaign in the most friendly manner. The entire Republican ticket was elected and, as promised during the campaign, a policy of retrenchment in the finances of the county was begun. First, a proposition for a mill cash county tax was carried; then only cash was paid for supplies bought; every bill was paid at 100¢ on the dollar; the county treasurer was not permitted to turn in county warrants in lieu of cash collected on county tax from non-residents and others paying cash. County warrants were accepted only when brought to the office by the taxpayer to pay the county portion of his taxes and not for the special county tax. This brought

the county's credit standing up and warrants were worth their face value. Outstanding warrants were bonded and the finances of the county placed on a firm fiscal basis. While Clay, O'Brien, Lyon, and other counties in northwest Iowa repudiated their indebtedness, Palo Alto County paid dollar for dollar.

Since then the county has been equally divided between the Republican and Democratic parties. In some elections all of one ticket would be elected and at another, all of the other party. Sometimes both parties would have successful candidates. But the Republicans have carried more elections than the Democrats.

GEORGE B. McCARTY

Growing Up with Emmetsburg

Near the turn of the century, sixty-three years ago, I started the practice of law in Emmetsburg. It was the year of 1904, still the horse and buggy days, but the automobile was just striving to enter the picture. It goes without saying that momentous events have taken place during this span of time. But at that I was only coming back to my hometown where I started twenty-six years before.

As I look back over those early years, I realize that from boyhood I had been steeped in the traditions of the law. I had gazed with awe at the long shelves of calfbound law books in my father's library and had a consuming curiosity as to what those clients were doing when they went into his private office and he closed the door. Whenever the occasion offered I would go up to the courthouse to hear my father and the other lawyers try their cases.

As a boy, I knew every nook and cranny of the courthouse. My boy friends and I used to wander through the corridors, up and down stairs, and into offices in search of excitement. Sometimes we would get permission to go up to the cupola-like tower. The trip up the long winding

wooden stairs was great fun. In the tower room with its four big windows, we had a magnificent view of the town, the surrounding country, and the lake stretching away to the northeast. Often we imagined that we were on an enclosed magic carpet high in the sky, watching the pygmies walking around far below us and the tiny teams of horses tied to the hitching posts on the square.

The County Jail

The jail was an especially fascinating place. It was a dingy dungeon in the basement of the courthouse. We boys would peer into the small barred windows until a prisoner yelled at us and then we would run. The windows were on the ground level but were surrounded by a deep trench about two feet wide which was called the "moat." We wondered why it was not filled with water like those around old feudal castles.

One day the sheriff invited me to see the jail from the inside. He opened the big iron door with an iron key that looked as large as a hammer, and then locked it behind us. A creepy feeling came over me as I saw about a dozen men, some in their cells and others in the "bull pen." There was only one room in the jail, with the cells made of iron bars riveted together into heavy grating along one side. It was a dark, gloomy place, but it seemed as though the prisoners were trying to keep it and themselves clean. They were shaved and their hair neatly combed.

The sheriff introduced me: "This is Lawyer McCarty's boy. He's going to be a lawyer, so if you get into trouble he will get you out." The men joked with the sheriff and tried to be friendly with me, but I was too timid. When the sheriff suggested that I stay awhile and started towards the door as if to lock me in, I was scared stiff. I can hear the guffaws of those men yet. Never in my whole life was I so glad to get into the open air again. The same feeling came to me years later when interviewing a prisoner I was to defend, the sheriff forgot all about me and left me locked in the cell for several hours.

Many legends grew up about one big, burly, good-natured fellow, a notorious character named "Jack." He seldom worked as he seemed to have a more lucrative business elsewhere. He could not resist petty thievery and was often in trouble locally. He was a star boarder of the sheriff.

The story is told how one day Jack decided to call on the sheriff, who ran the St. James Hotel across the street from the courthouse. He rounded up all his fellow prisoners, marched them across the street to the hotel, and in a neat speech told the sheriff how much they appreciated his courteous treatment and that they had come to pay their respects. The sheriff knew that the joke was on him, so he gave them a good hotel dinner. Then, Jack marched the prisoners back to the jail and locked them in without the loss of a single

man. The sheriff never did find out how Jack got them out.

The Old Courtroom

How I loved to spend hours listening to my father or some of the other lawyers try their law suits. The big courtroom was always packed, with standing room only at a premium, when there was a jury trial in progress. The sheriff would boost me up on the window sill of one of the high windows, and from this vantage point I followed the proceedings with intense interest. The twelve jurors sat in the jury box looking solemn and important. The judge was a small man with a silky black beard, wearing a little black skull cap, and his sharp eyes watching what went on before him. My father said he was a good judge.

The courtroom was the meeting place of the town, especially for political rallies and conventions. It was a large room with a gallery across the east side. Jonathan P. Dolliver, the congressman from our district before he became senator, was considered one of the foremost debaters of that time. The room was always packed to overflowing when he spoke. He never failed to thrill the crowd with his oratory, unanswerable logic, and the way he settled the hecklers who ventured to argue with him. Robert G. Cousins was another Iowa congressman I admired very much. He was a gifted orator and always a popular speaker at political rallies.

It is hard for me to realize that I was two years old when that courthouse was built in 1880.

Political Rallies

Torchlight processions and big political rallies were the main interests in the campaigns of those days. I once remonstrated with my father when the Democrats stretched a big Cleveland banner across the street with one of the posts right in front of his office. He only laughed and said it was the votes that counted. He was quite right as in the presidential elections the result was very close each time, with Cleveland winning first, then losing to Harrison, and then winning again. I could not understand why a sedate lawyer like my father would march in the Republican parade, wearing a bright campaign cap, with a gaily-colored oilcloth cape over his shoulders, and carrying a burning kerosene torch over his head. But it was a big parade and I soon realized that practically all of the Republicans were in it.

Family Background

No individual can claim sole credit for what he is. Heredity as well as environment has a hand in molding one's personality. My father, George B. McCarty, was born in Melrose, Pike County, Pennsylvania. Alexander McCarty, my grandfather, was of Scotch-Irish descent, a devout Presbyterian, and a successful farmer and businessman. My grandmother, Jane Hulse McCarty, was of Pennsylvania Dutch parentage. She

was an immaculate housekeeper, very straight and prim in her manner, and although the cookie jar was always handy for the grandchildren, she never tolerated any foolishness.

My great grandfather, Frederick McCarty, was a wheelwright and built boats and ships. It is a tradition in our family that he furnished some of the boats that General Washington used in crossing the Delaware River in his famous Christmas night attack and defeat of the British at Trenton. This seems to be borne out by his old cane still in his family's possession. It has the date 1772 etched in the yellowed ivory head.

Father was admitted to the bar in 1868 and started practice the next year in Emmetsburg, then only a small settlement on the Des Moines River in Palo Alto County, Iowa. That part of the state was a vast unbroken prairie with only a few scattered settlers who had built their cabins in the timber along the lakes and streams. The tall, lush grass in Palo Alto County intrigued him as it indicated a fertile soil and abundant rainfall. The Milwaukee Railroad was also building westward in that direction.

My mother, Maria Blair, was born in Darien, Wisconsin. Her father, Gaylord Blair, was a typical big-bearded Scot squire. Her mother was Esther Wallingford, whose parents were aristocratic English and prominent in the railway industry in Chicago.

In the spring of 1874, Miss Maria Blair came to this frontier town of Emmetsburg to visit her sister, Mrs. Harrison. She liked it so well that she decided to stay. She secured a first class teacher's certificate and taught the public school in the old town until the removal of the town to the new site. She was well educated, talented, and soon procured a position as deputy superintendent of schools. When the Superintendent, Mr. Day, left for the east she was acting superintendent for the rest of the year.

Her second "Teacher's First Class Certificate," which was issued by the county superintendent of schools at Emmetsburg, April 1, 1875, has been preserved among our family papers. It shows that in each of eight subjects she had a grade of 100% and a grade of 95% in arithmetic and orthography. The date of that certificate is worthy of note, as it was three years later to a day that her first child was born. That April first date seems destined to be a memorable one in the McCarty family chronicle.

Romance on the Lake

Mother, in a reminiscent mood one day, told us about her first meeting with father. A number of young people started out for a picnic on Third Island in 1875. They sailed up the lake in McCarty and Brown's sailboat but were becalmed and kept out in the hot sun for several hours. Miss Blair and George B. McCarty were in the party.

Most of the men did nothing to relieve the situation, but George kept paddling away until he got the boat near shore and then jumped into the water and pulled it to land so that all could disembark safely without getting wet. This courageous conduct contrasted so strongly with the ineptitude of the other men that romance blossomed. They were married December 14, 1875, at the Harrison home, the white house on the hill in the northwest part of the present city. That house was occupied by the Appleby family at 307 State Street until recently but now has been torn down to make way for a new dwelling. The Wallingford family in Chicago sent mother, as a wedding present, a fine grand piano, the first piano in the county. It is still treasured as an heirloom.

Mother was very religious and took an active part in church and Sunday School activities. After her death, we found several diaries which she had kept as a girl. While away at school at the Girl's Seminary at Janesville, Wisconsin, at the age of 17, her diary contained many entries regarding her life there. On Saturday, April 15, 1865, she made this memorable entry: "The sad news came this morning that President Lincoln was assassinated."

"The Old Town"

Emmetsburg grew to be quite a settlement with the business buildings straggling along the street from Pond's Mill on the river to the higher ground

to the east. This was the Old Town of Emmetsburg. In the fall of 1874, Old Town was moved bodily up to the new site on the hill near the lake, the location of the present city, to await the coming of the railroad.

Father, as I knew him over the years, had a very agreeable disposition and made friends easily, but he was stern and unyielding in matters of principle. He had a keen mind and was methodical and conscientious in his work. Although he tried many cases in court he preferred the office practice. His advice was widely sought.

It is evident that my father had acquired some distinction as a lawyer throughout northwest Iowa as he was elected district attorney in 1876. In those days the district attorney traveled the circuit of twenty northwest Iowa counties with the judge, trying the criminal cases of the district. My father and mother moved from Emmetsburg to Sioux City, upon his election, in order to be nearer the heavy work of the very large district. Train connections were most unsatisfactory and often occasioned long delays and overnight stops. Many times it was necessary to drive over rough ungraded roads in a hired "rig" to keep court appointments.

In spite of the hardships of those early days, my mother often traveled with him. The story is told that on one of these occasions a mob of men broke into the county jail, dragged the prisoner

out, put a rope around his neck, and was about to hang him to a nearby tree when my mother marched out. She took the rope away from the astonished men and lectured them soundly for their lawlessness. They turned the prisoner back to the sheriff and dispersed. When I asked mother about this occurrence she changed the subject and when I questioned father as to the authenticity of the story, he smiled and said nothing. So to this day I do not know whether it is the truth or a legend. At any rate it was typical of my mother who, though very religious and modest, was fearless.

Father diligently prepared his cases, kept his appointments, and faithfully prosecuted the indictments when they came to trial. The long drawn out trials of the present day were unheard of then. When the accused pleaded guilty, the entry in my father's diary was, "My fee \$5.00." When the case was tried the entry was, "My fee \$20.00." Rather small pickings according to modern standards, but he received a salary in addition to the fees.

A dollar went much further then, as indicated by his expense entries: Haircut and shave 35¢, three dozen eggs 30¢, meat 20¢, hotel bill \$1.00, supper at Storm Lake 50¢, steak 20¢, sack of flour \$1.25, suit of clothes and other things \$23.30.

As a prosecutor he was very successful. There were very few acquittals. Strangely enough one of these "not guilty" verdicts was rendered in a

criminal case on the very day of my birth — April 1st — and was dutifully chronicled on the same page. It is putting it mildly to say that he was trying that case under difficulties that day. All I rated was a laconic entry in his diary, "A boy at our house at 9½ this evening."

Mother wanted me named "Dwight" after Dwight L. Moody, who was then at the height of his fame as an evangelist, and insisted that my middle name should be that good old Scotch name "Gaylord" after her father, Gaylord Blair. Father took down the big family Bible and wrote in a firm round hand in ink, "Dwight Gaylord McCarty born at Sioux City, Iowa, April 1, 1878." That settled the record for all time.

A few years later when the First Congregational Church was built in Emmetsburg and a regular minister called, I was baptized by that name. My relatives have retold the incident so often that the story has been long accepted as true, that as the minister passed down the baptismal line, when he came to me, I piped up, "Now me."

Both of my parents wanted to settle down to a normal mode of living and a general law practice. So father sent his resignation to the Governor before the end of his term of office. We moved back to Emmetsburg on October 5, 1878. I was just a few days over six months old.

My Early Days

It is not my lot to be able to brag that I was

born in a log cabin, but I am proud of the rugged pioneer life that my father and mother endured in order to build a home in that frontier community. The return to Emmetsburg was going back home for my parents, and I arrived with them to start life's great adventure in what was destined to be my home for the rest of my life.

Memory plays many tricks and often rides side by side with imagination. It is difficult to retrace the years and view one's boyhood with objectivity. But there are some events and activities that in retrospect indicate the kind of environment provided in the town during the early days of youthful development.

As a youngster I would often trudge along Broadway in Emmetsburg contentedly scuffing my bare feet in the soft dust of the street. It was a wide street with plenty of room even with teams tied to the hitching posts along both sides. We did not walk on the board sidewalks because there were too many slivers for our bare feet.

The dust was so bad that a few years later the merchants chipped in, raised a fund, and hired Pat Galleger to sprinkle the streets. It was different when it rained as the streets then became a quagmire of mud, giving rise to all sorts of problems.

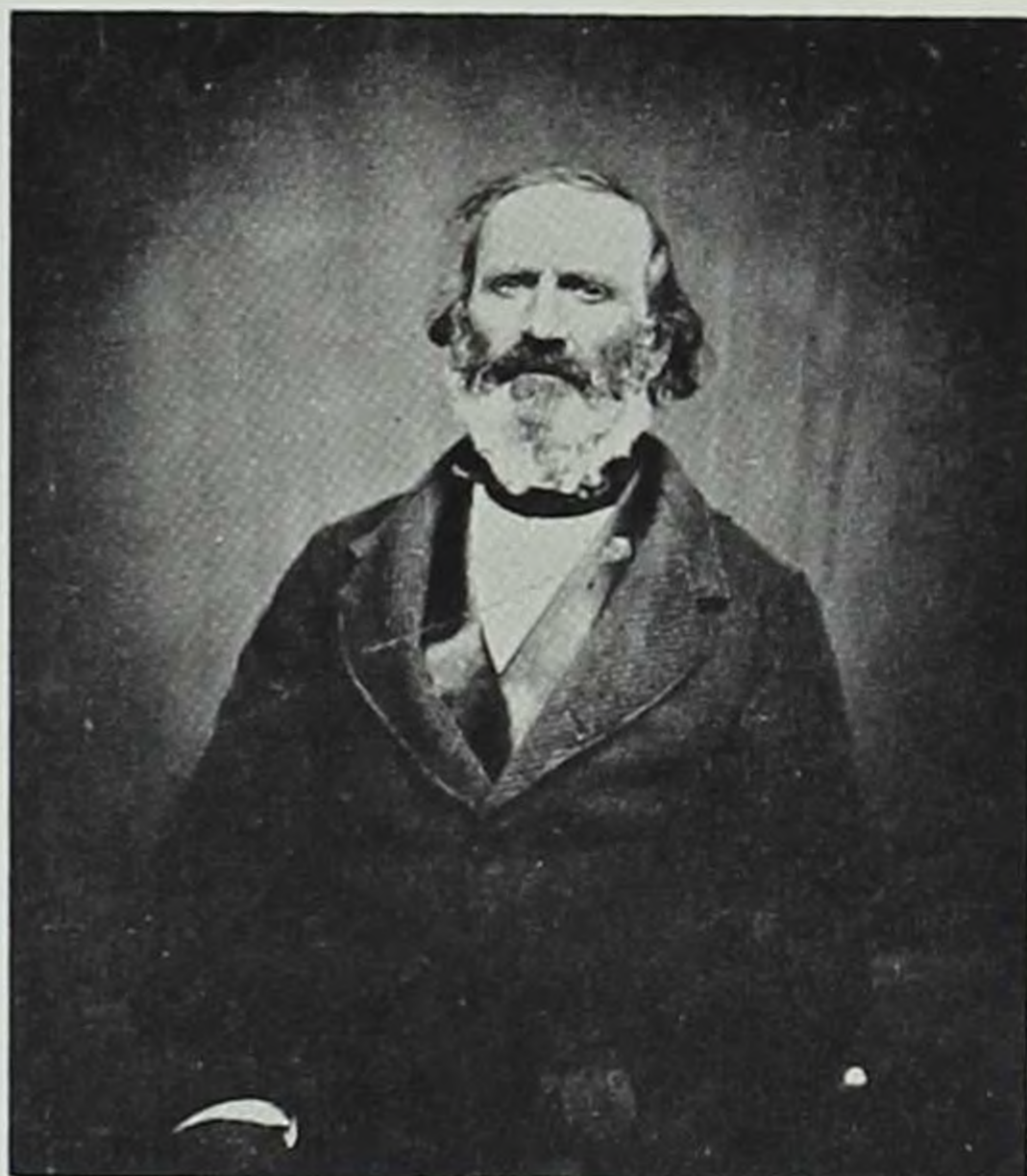
A big trough in front of the courthouse was the watering place for thirsty horses, but it was leaky and unsightly. The people put on a drive and purchased a big ornate iron one. With the advent of

the automobile and the disappearance of the horse, it was moved to 12th Street in front of the old standpipe and was kept full of water for the rare horse or team that came to town. Finally, it lost all of its former prestige and was broken up for scrap iron.

Although I was an inquisitive little fellow there were some things that I could not understand. The man who came to court our hired girl always brought a little sack of candy for me. I thought he meant for me to give it to her, but when I did she seemed embarrassed. I liked him and wanted to stay around where they were, but they always seemed to want me to go somewhere else.

I heard a man swearing one day and he used words I did not know what they meant, so I asked grandmother. She was so shocked that she would not tell me. I wondered how a boy is to learn if folks will not tell him anything.

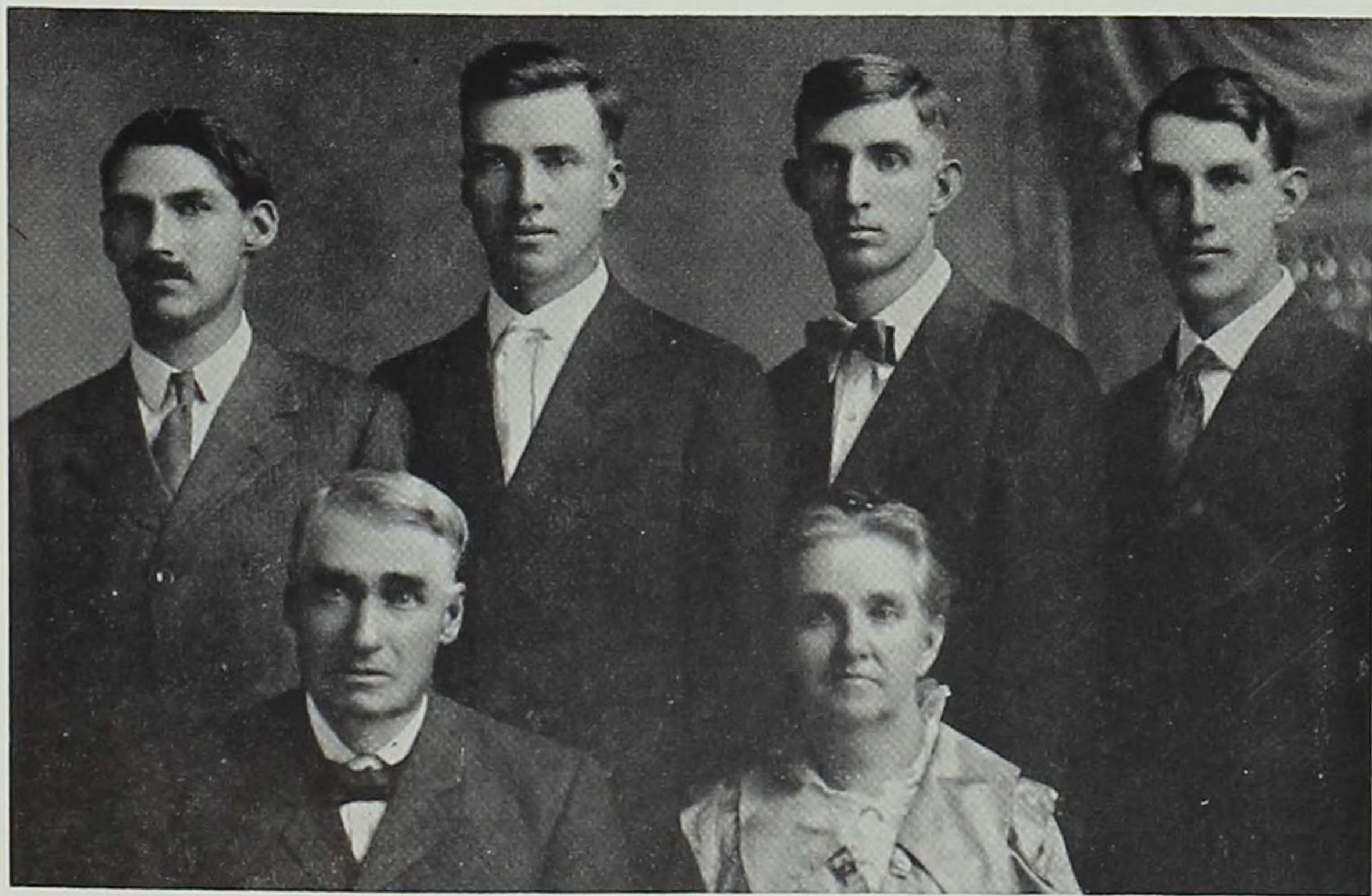
Father built the white frame house in which we lived upon our return from Sioux City in 1878. Most of the lumber was hauled across the prairie from Fort Dodge some seventy miles away, although some came by freight on the Milwaukee Railroad. It was in the block east of the courthouse square, with a white picket fence in front. Later a big mountain ash tree was planted on each side of the front gate. I have reason to remember those trees because I got one of the berries up my nose and the doctor had to be called to get it out.



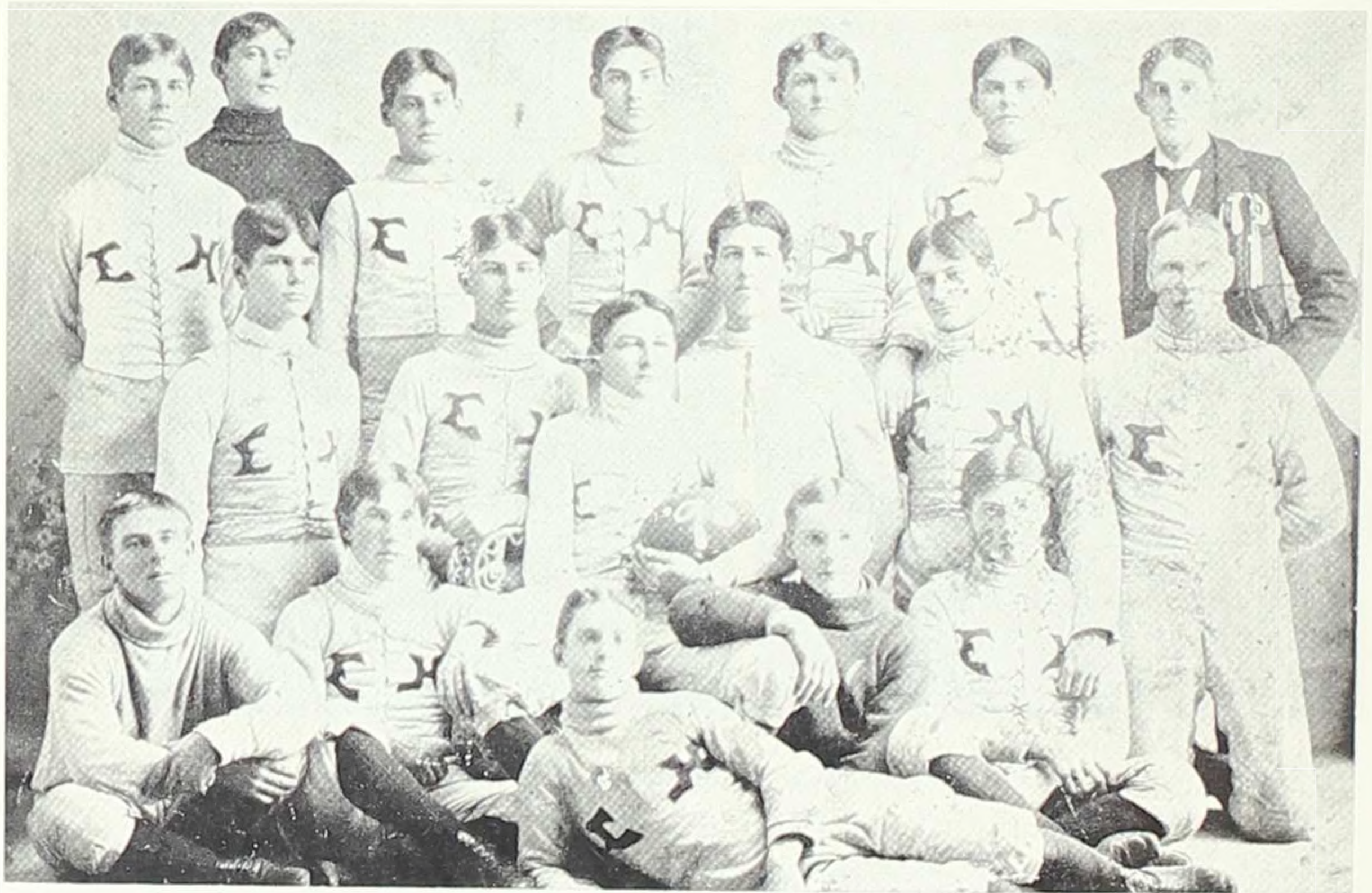
ESTHER BLAIR

GAYLORD BLAIR

Parents of Maria Blair McCarty



Mr. and Mrs. George B. McCarty and their sons, left to right:
Dwight, Willis, Fred, and Ray.



The Emmetsburg High School football team in 1895. Dwight McCarty, fourth from the left, back row, was a member of this first team.



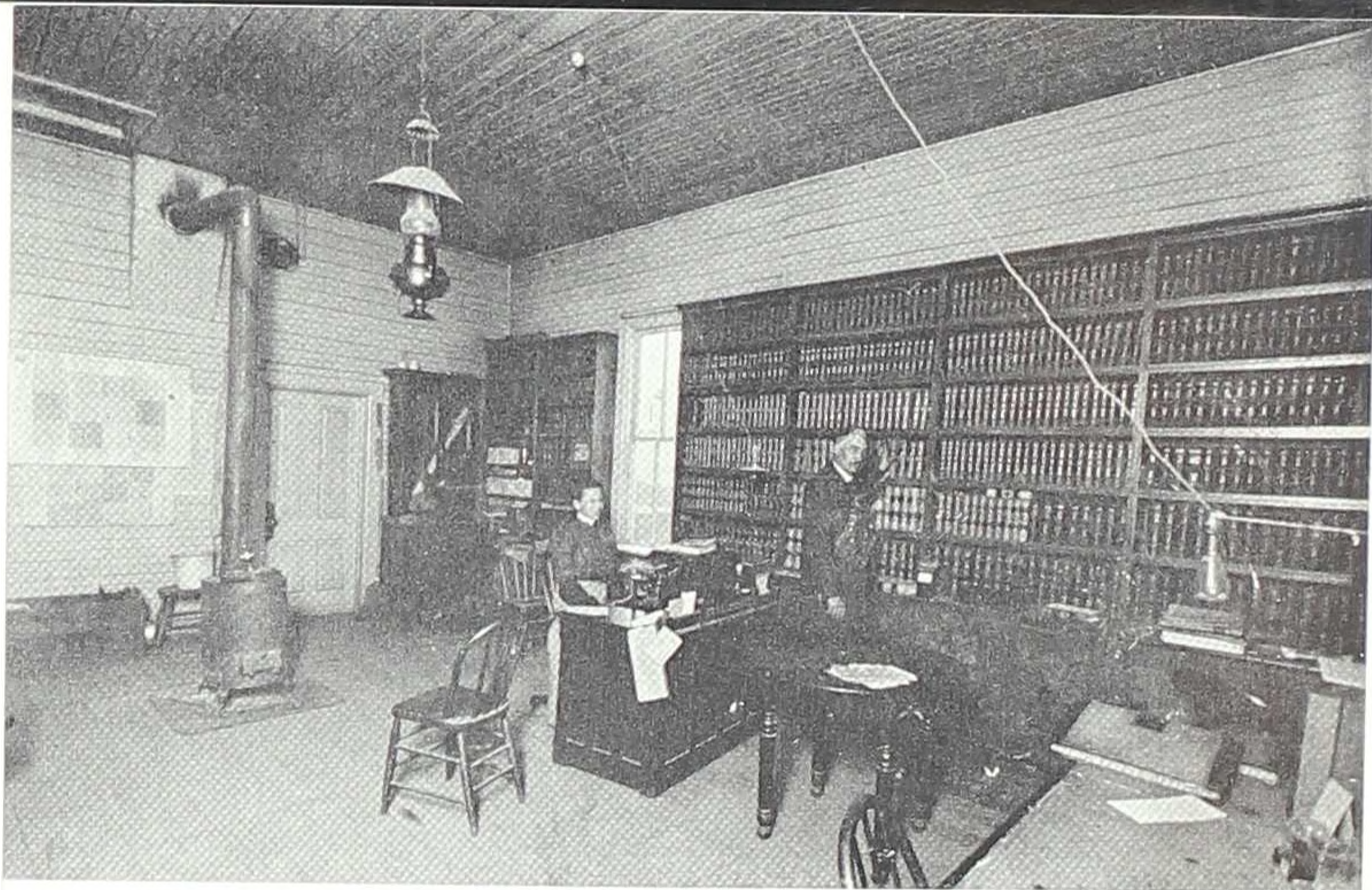
(Left) Dwight G. McCarty steps out as a freshman at Grinnell College. (Right) McCarty displays the garb worn for Emmetsburg's centennial celebration in July of 1958.



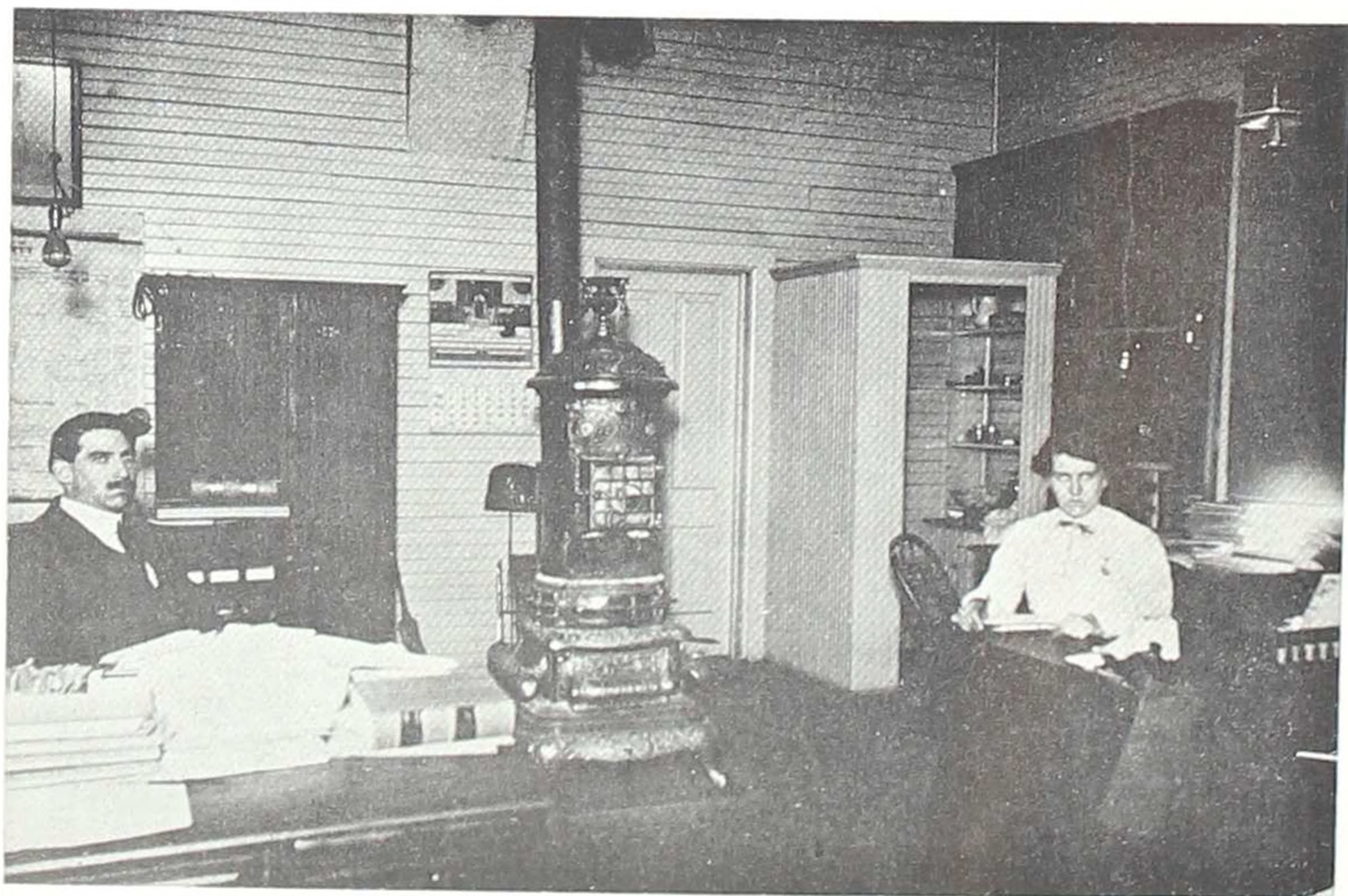
Dwight McCarty, left, without hat, speaking at an Old Settlers picnic, Lost Island.

The Dwight G. McCarty family is pictured in 1945. Left to right: Gordon, Guinevere, Martha Jane, Dwight, Virginia, Marjorie and Gaylord. The girls are the daughters of Marjorie and Gaylord McCarty.

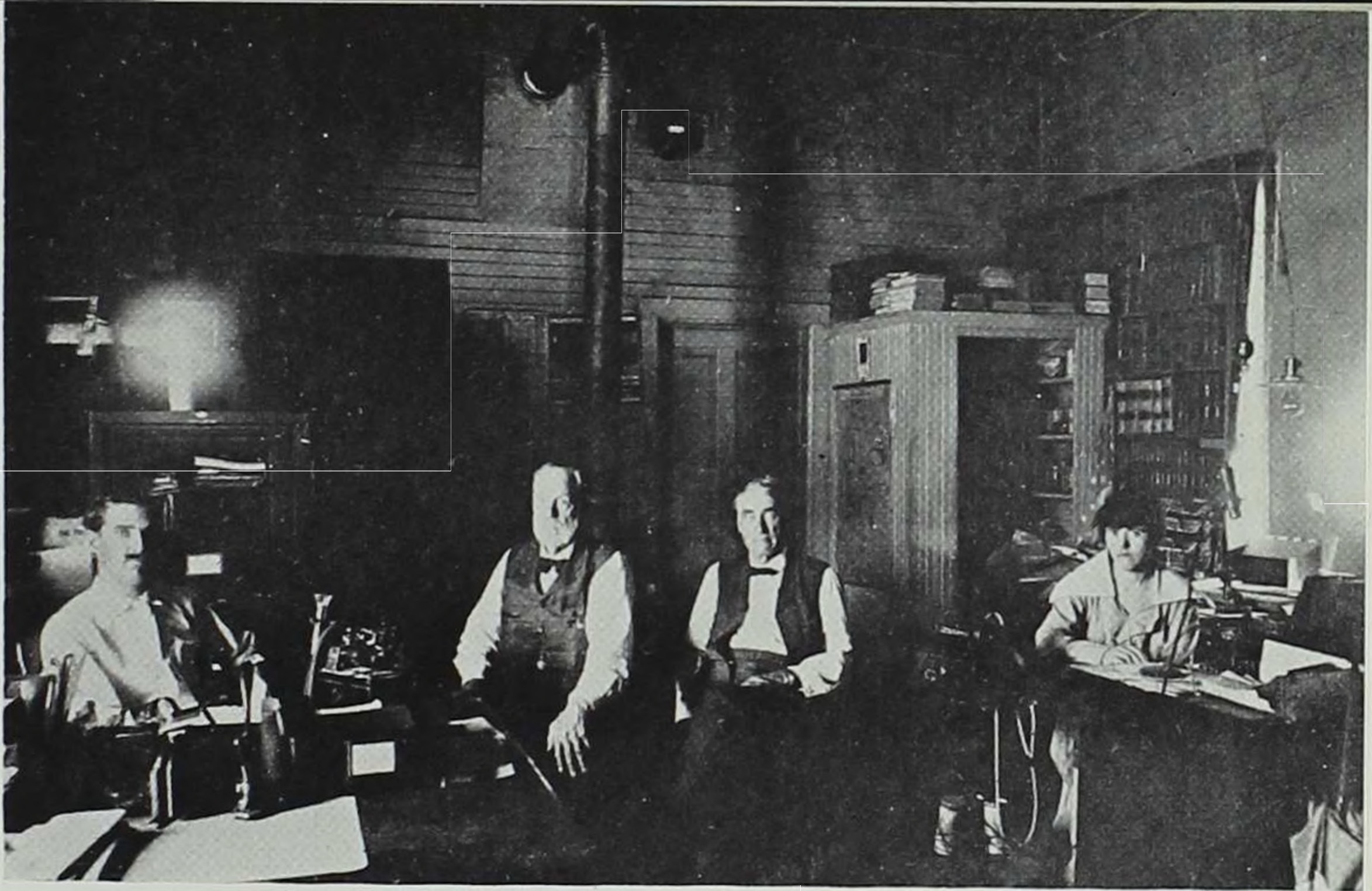




George B. McCarty in his law office in 1902. Alta Turner was the stenographer. The kerosene lamp was used when the electricity failed. The wood stove was used only in the spring and fall.



Dwight G. McCarty in his law office in 1907. Mabel Grainger served as stenographer. The hard coal stove was used each winter.



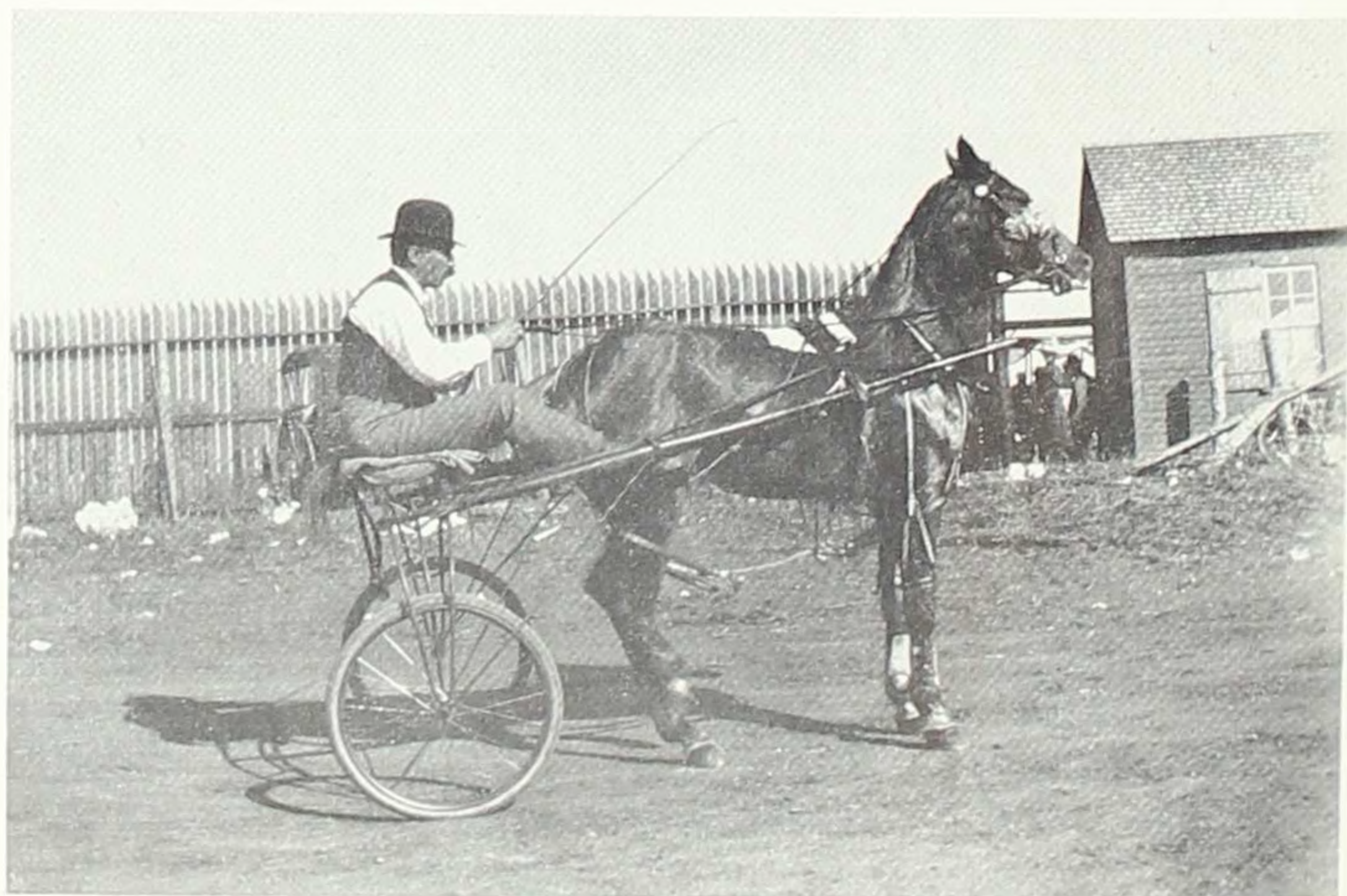
Dwight G. McCarty at his desk in 1917. Note the new Dictaphone at his left. Others pictured are a client, George B. McCarty, senior member of the law firm, and Mayme Sullivan, stenographer.



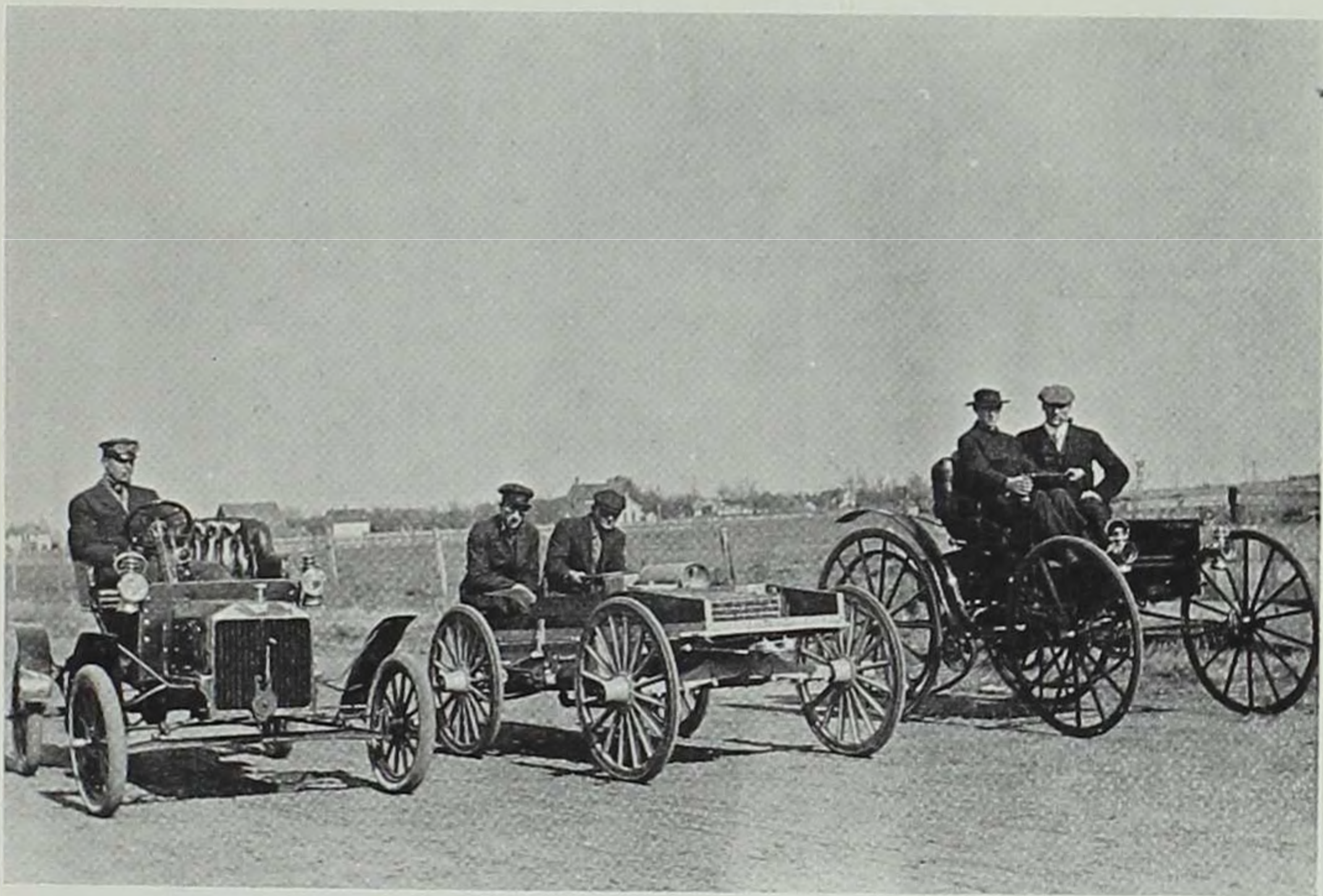
Palo Alto County Court House about 1900. The old St. James Hotel, now torn down, is to the right. Note teams tied to hitching posts.



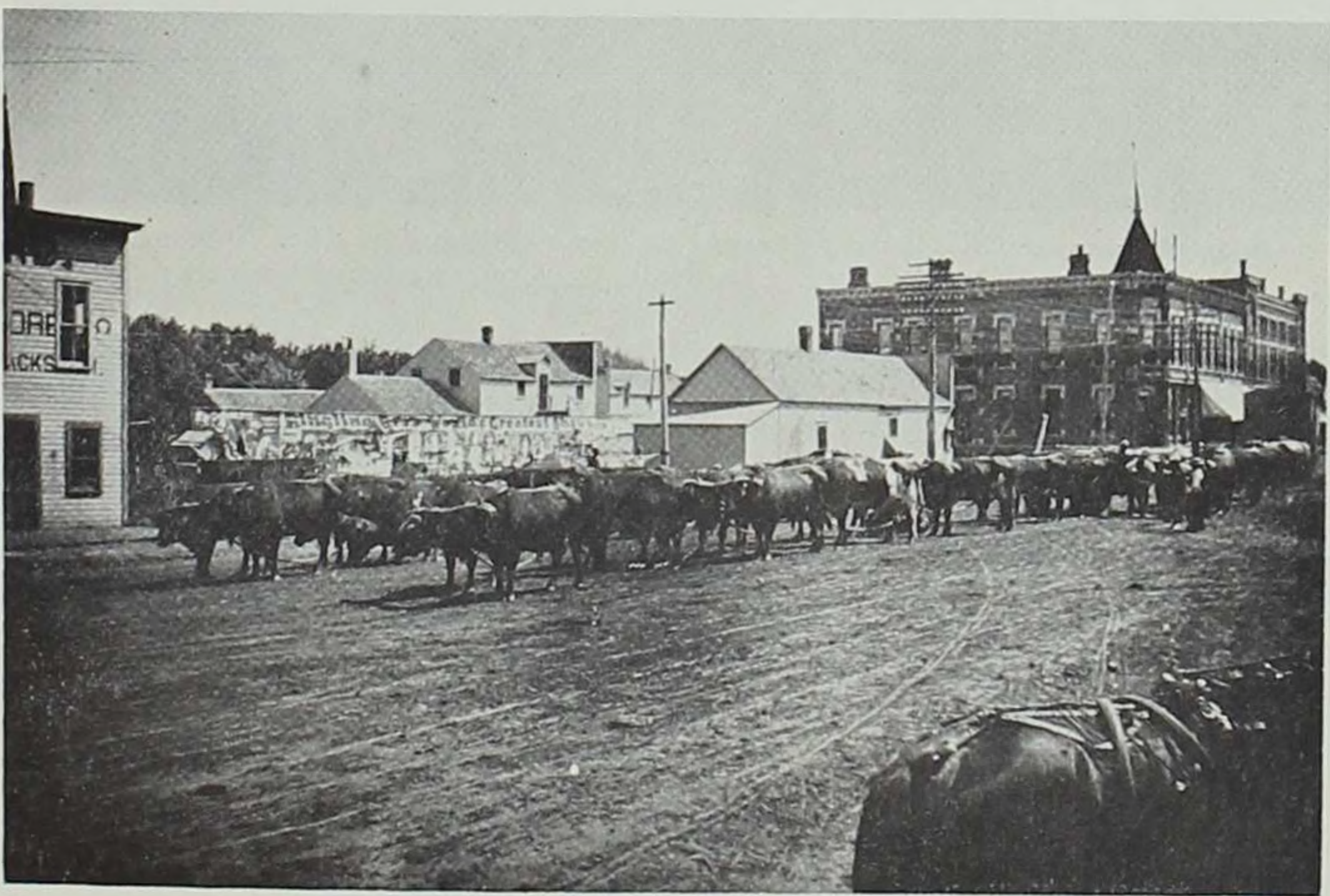
Race horse and old style high wheel sulky in front of a livery stable with Ed Rogers as the driver.



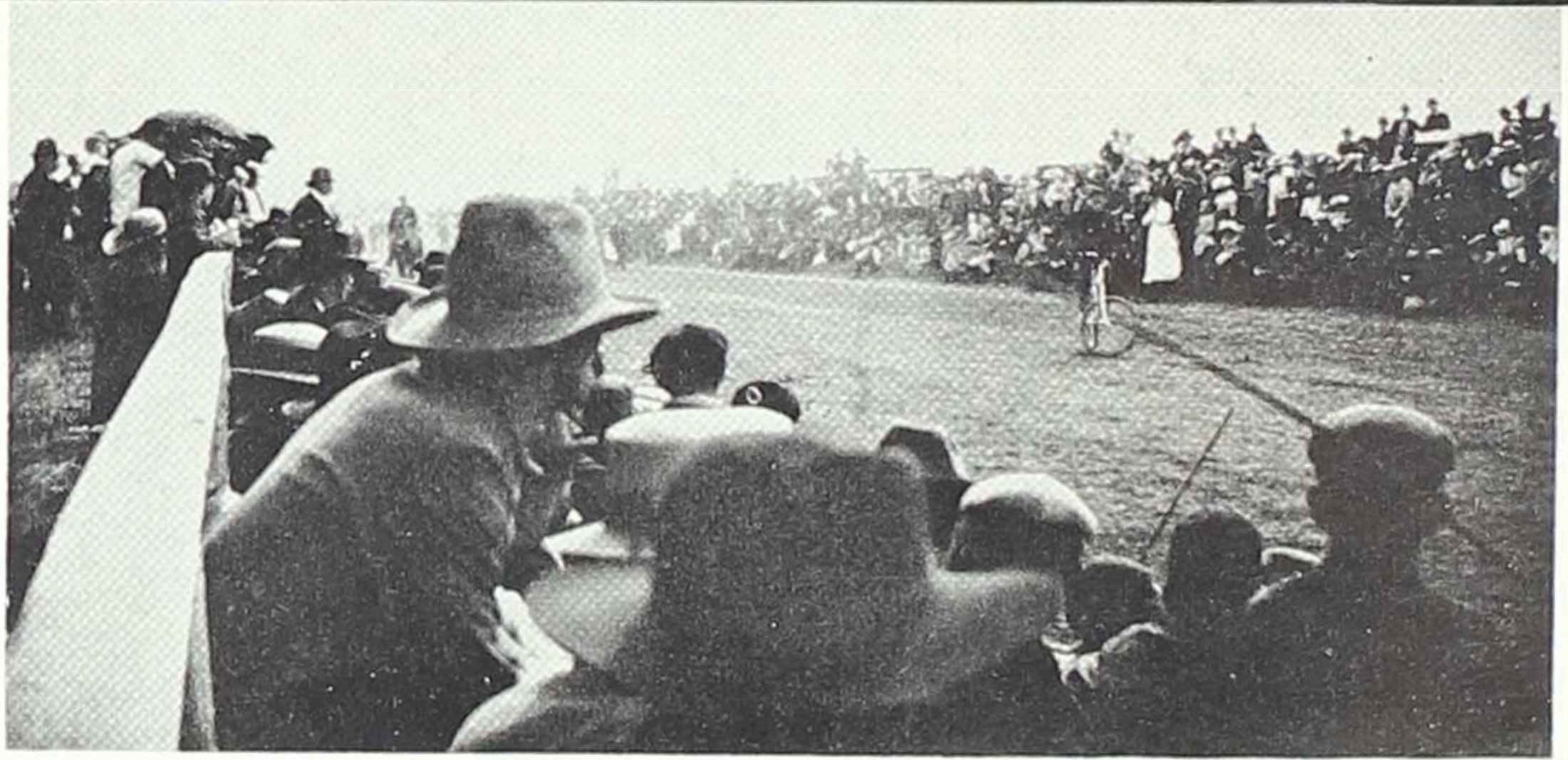
Mart Coonan drives the famous pacer, "Frank Potts," in the first modern low wheel sulky to reach Emmetsburg.



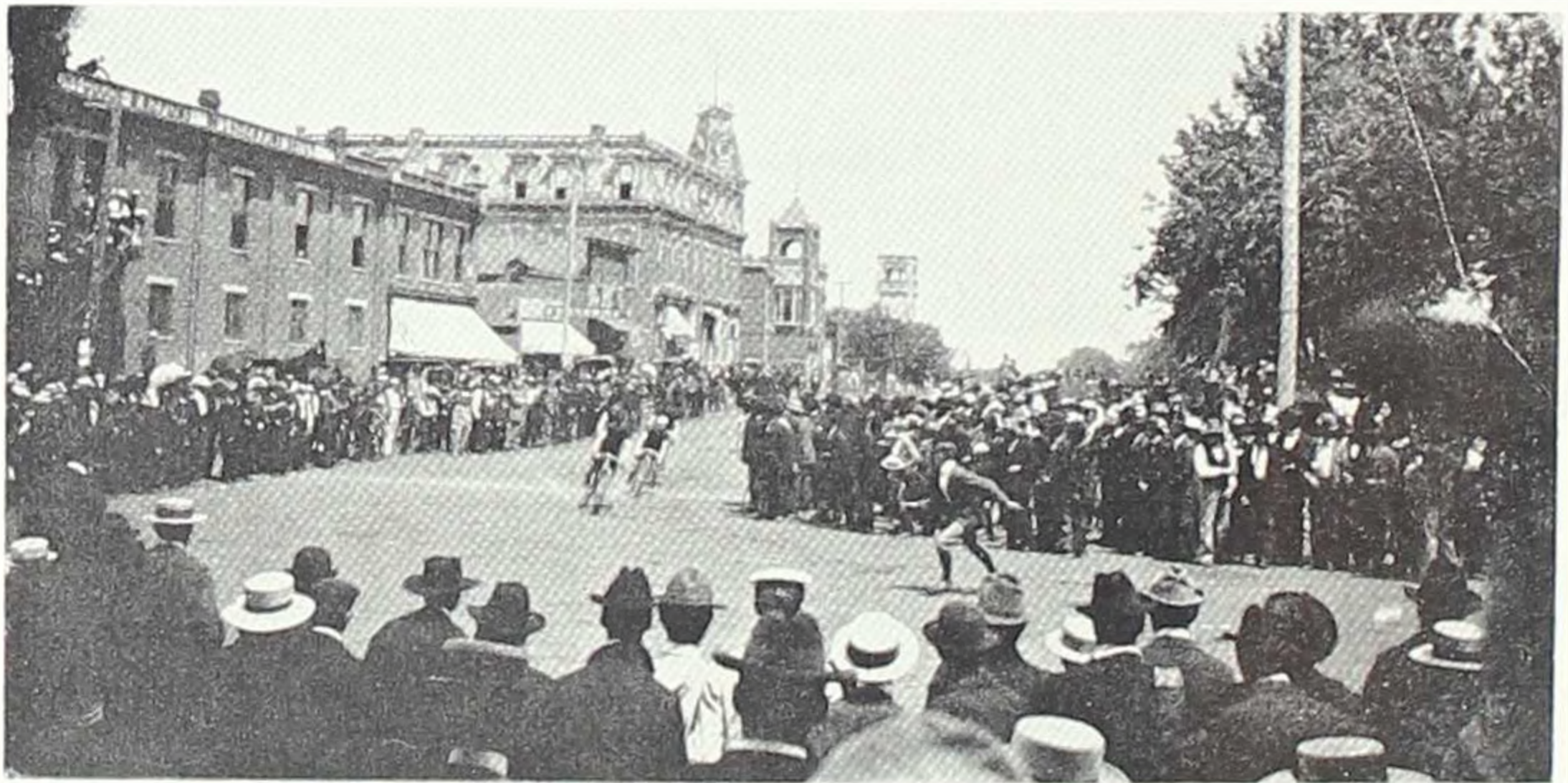
Lined up for a race at the fairgrounds in 1912. Ford Roadster, left, has Willis McCarty as the driver. Chris Schroeder, center, drives his home-built racer with Fred McCarty as his passenger. Right, Asa Brown drives a Holsman with Paul Brown as passenger. History apparently failed to record the winner.



Oxen, used by a highway grading crew, are herded west on Main Street through Emmetsburg about 1900 on the way to a new location between LeMars and Sioux City where a new road was under construction.



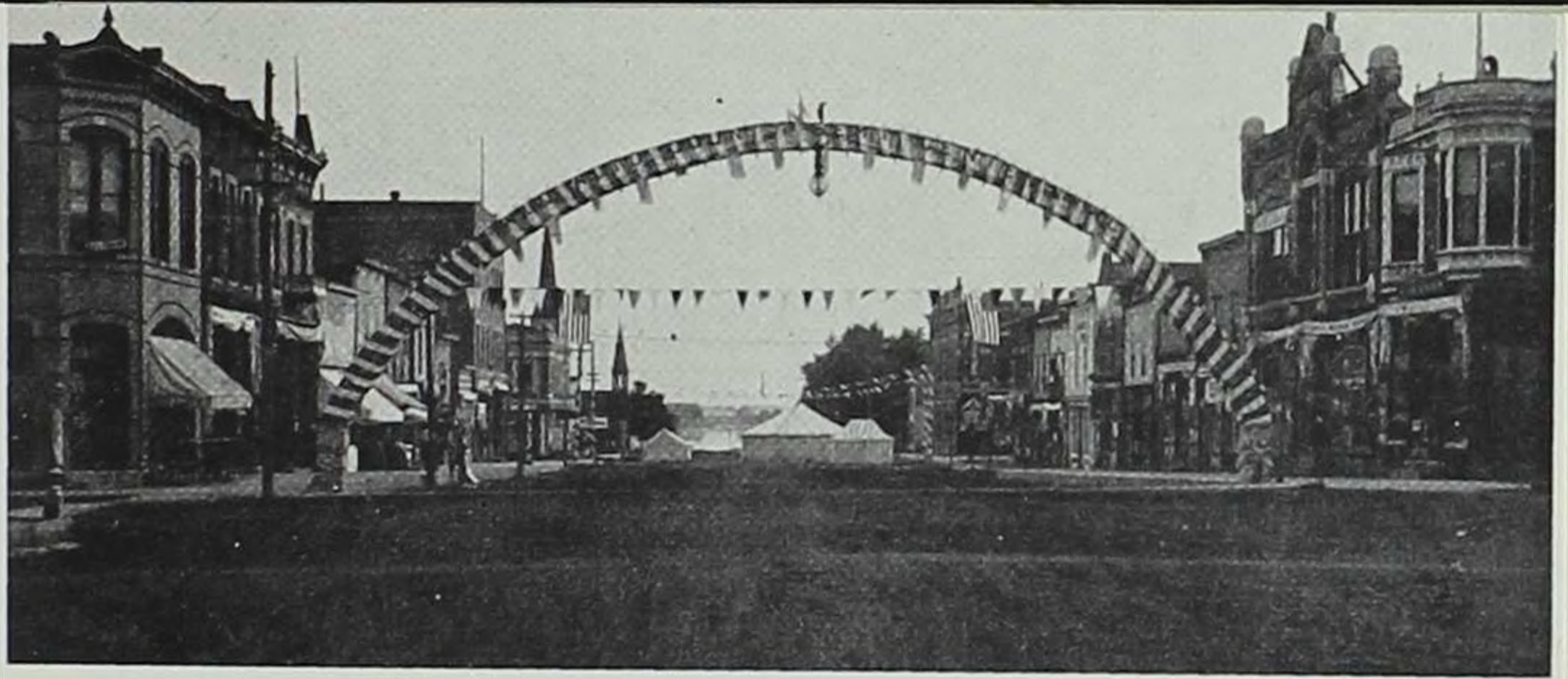
Trick bicyclist entertains at county fair.



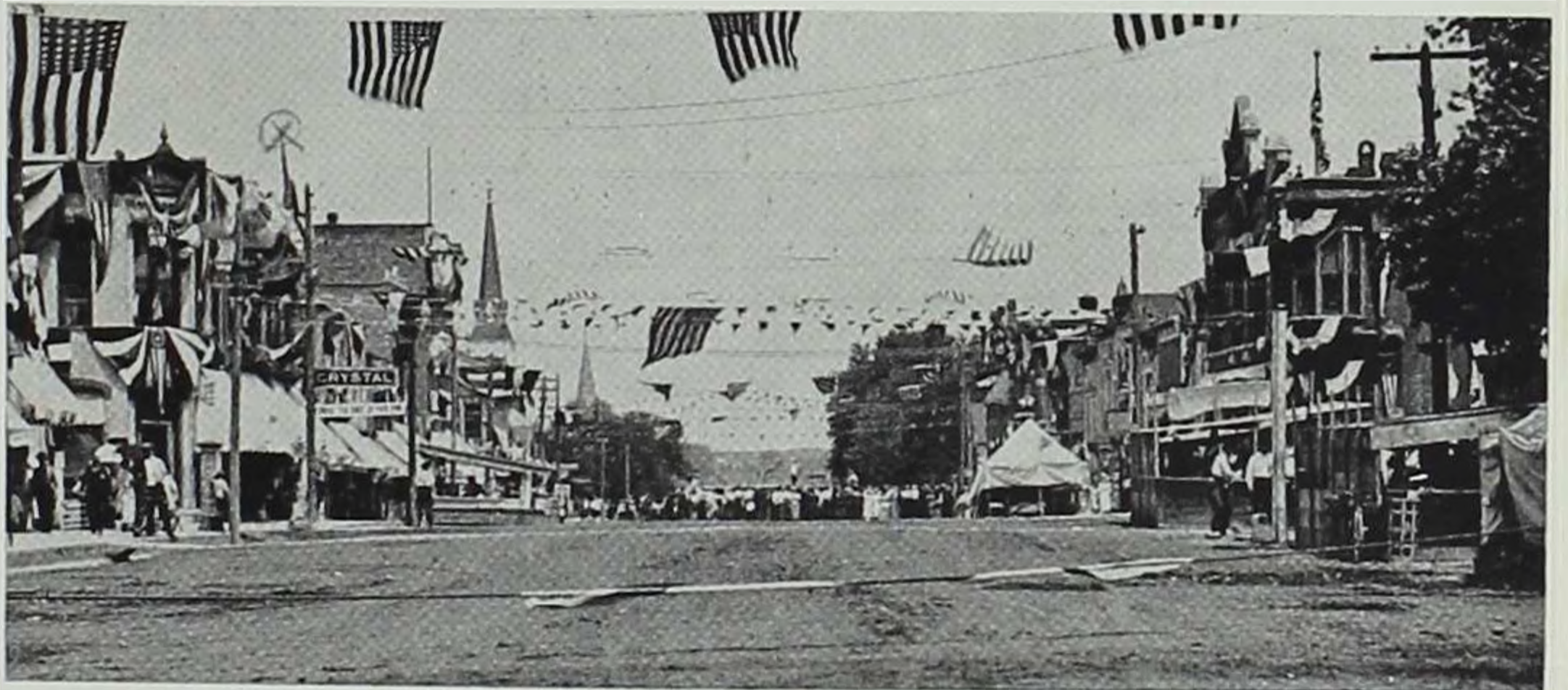
Bicycle race around courthouse square at semi-centennial in 1906. Towers are atop the Waverly Hotel, City Hall, and Congregational Church.



An early day attraction. Traveling itinerant entertainer and dancing bear.

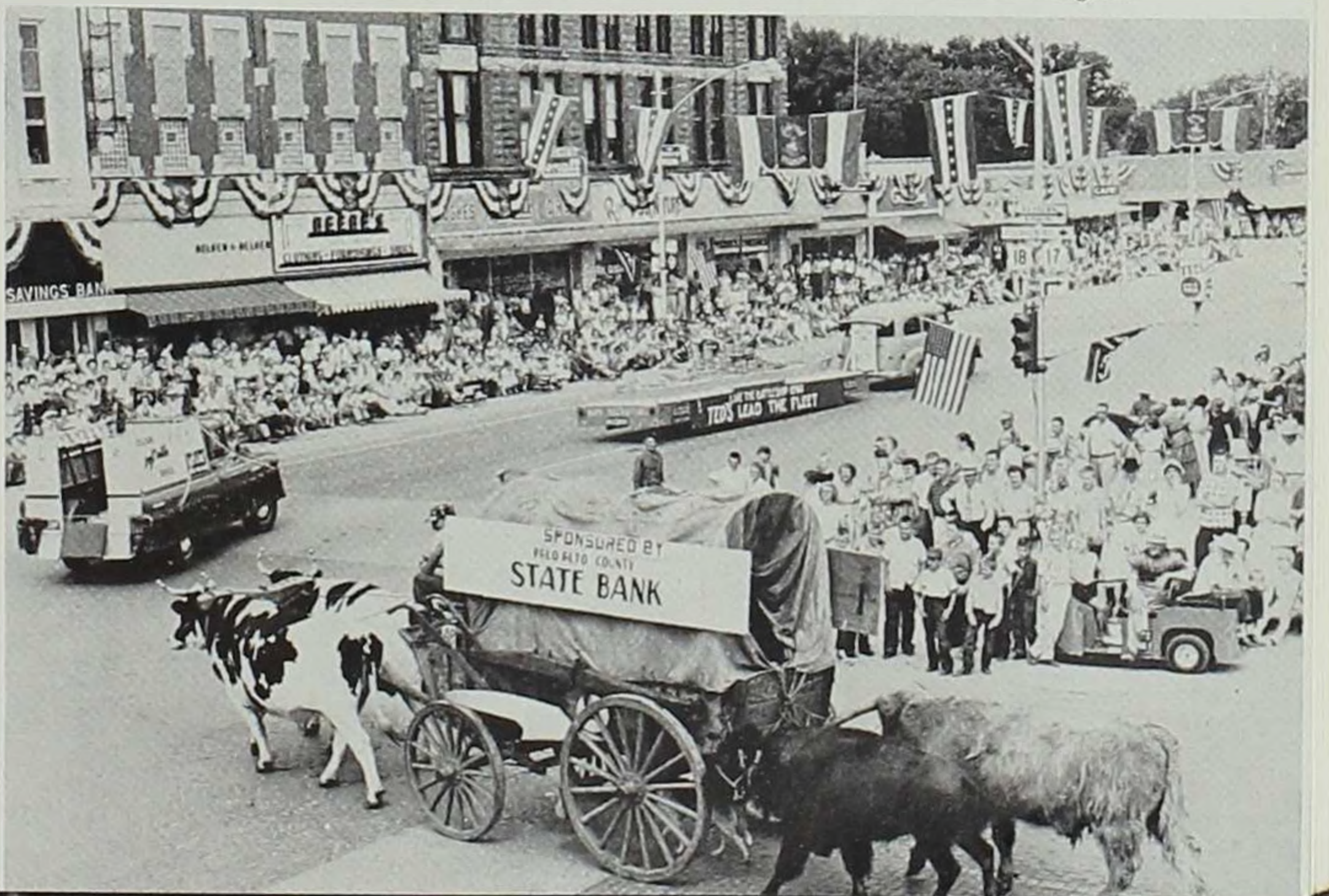


Looking north on Broadway at the time of the Emmetsburg semi-centennial, 1906.



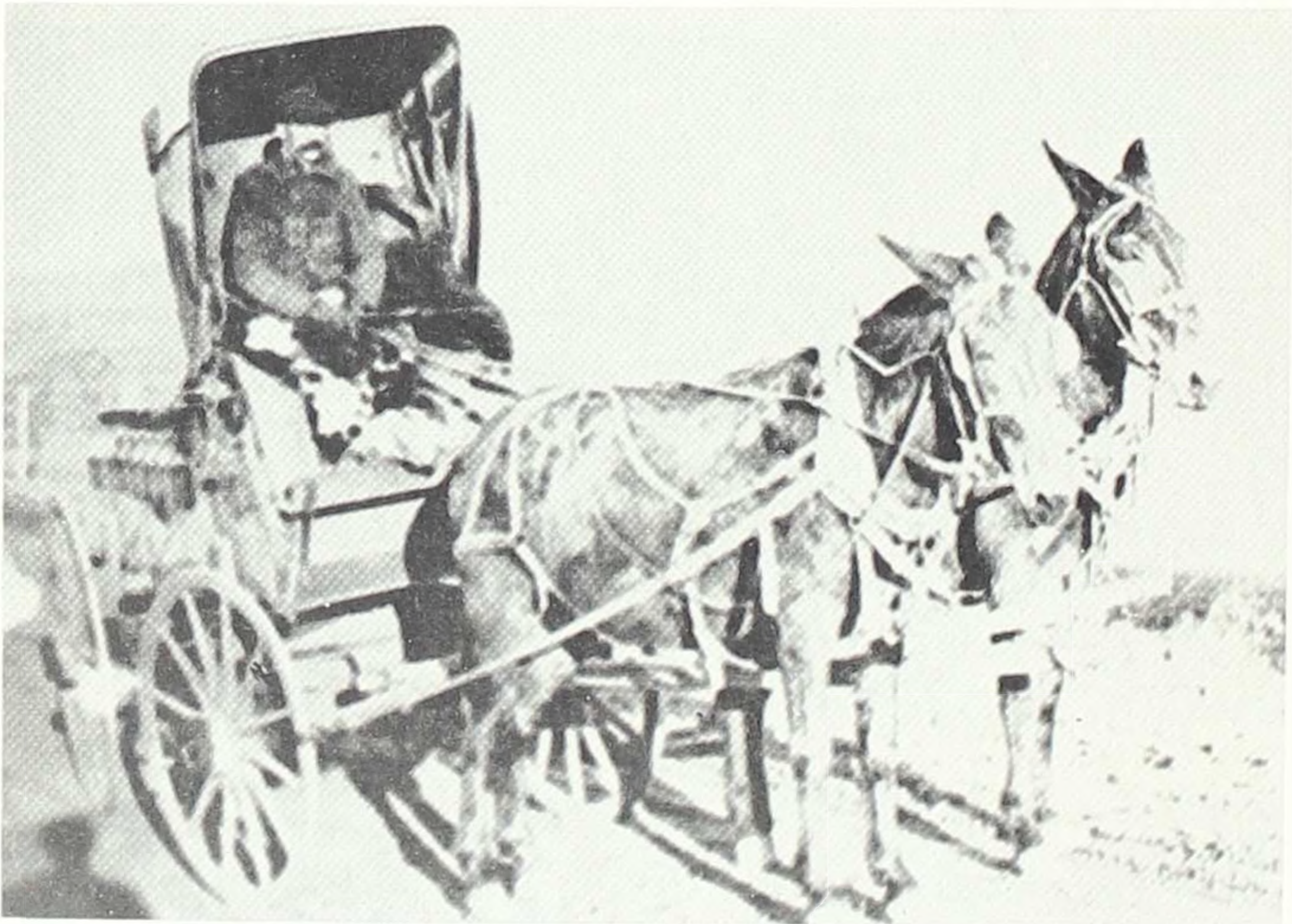
Fourth of July celebration in Emmetsburg, 1913.

Parade held during Emmetsburg's centennial celebration rounds Broadway into Main Street, 1958. Note the buffalo tied to covered wagon.



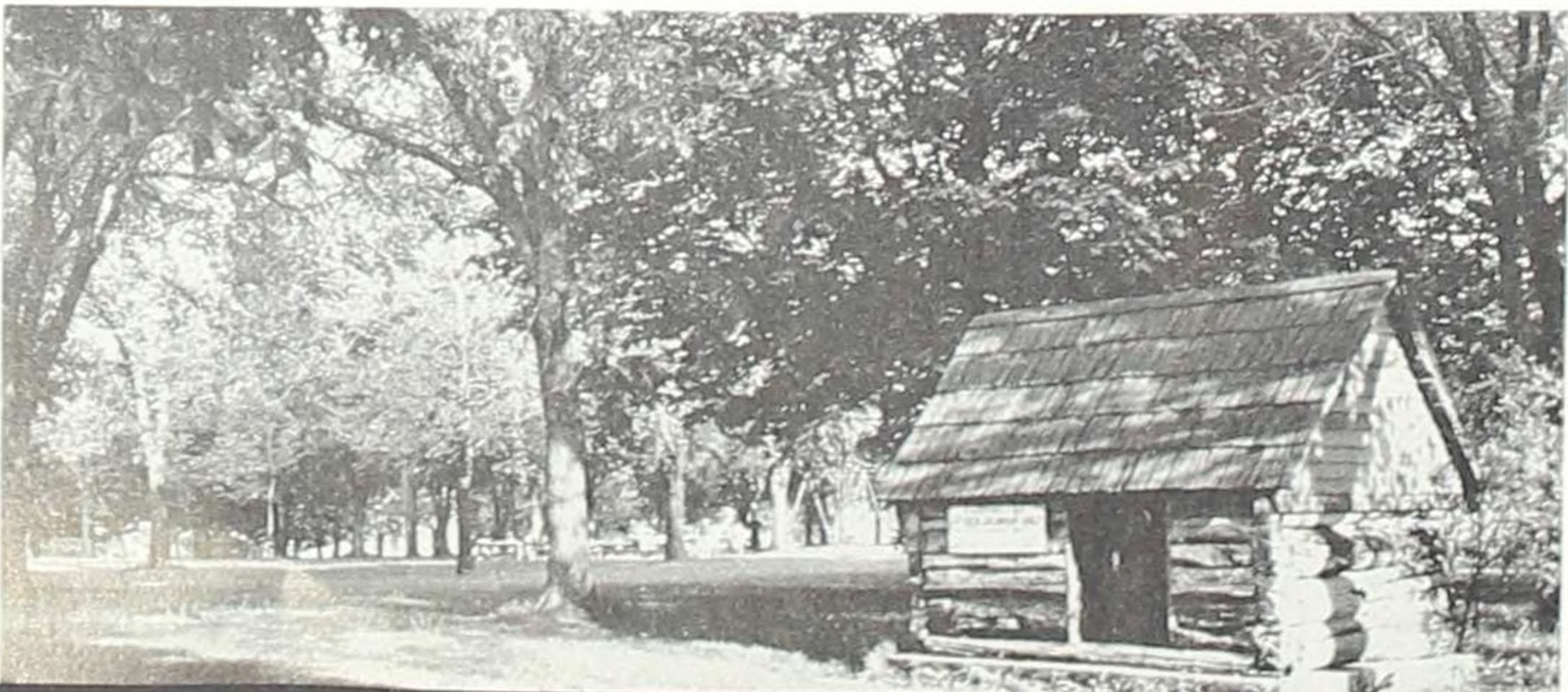


Another view of the July 4 celebration at Emmetsburg in 1913.



An early day mailman in Emmetsburg.

The Patrick Jackman Pioneer Log Cabin built in 1867. Now located in Harrison Park, Emmetsburg.





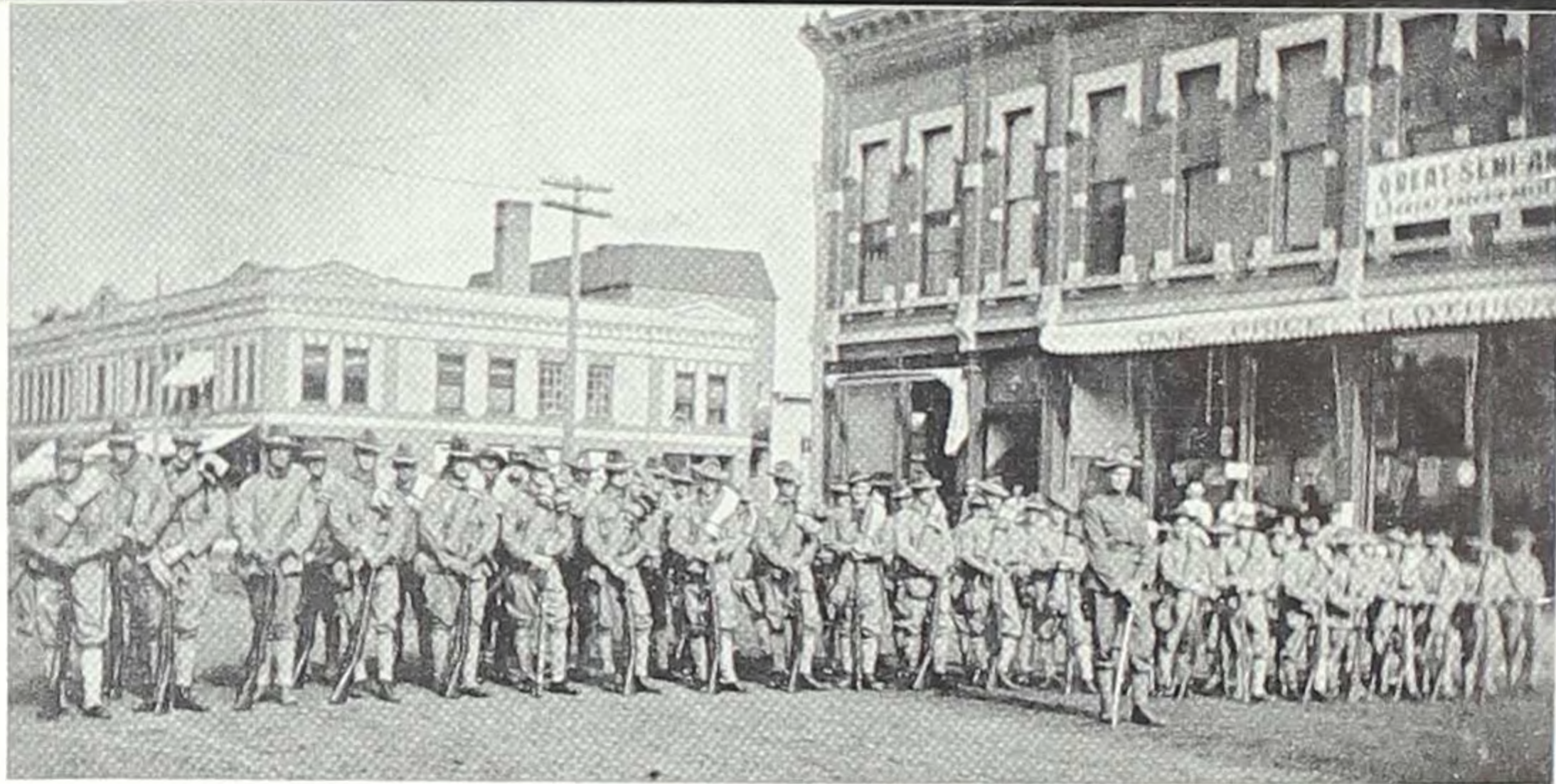
Lake celebration and water carnival, 1933.



Jim Grier and a catch of fish weighing 153 pounds. Caught in Medium Lake, 1909 (now Five Island Lake).

Skating on Five Island Lake, with a hockey game in progress in the background. Modern homes now line Lake Shore Drive.





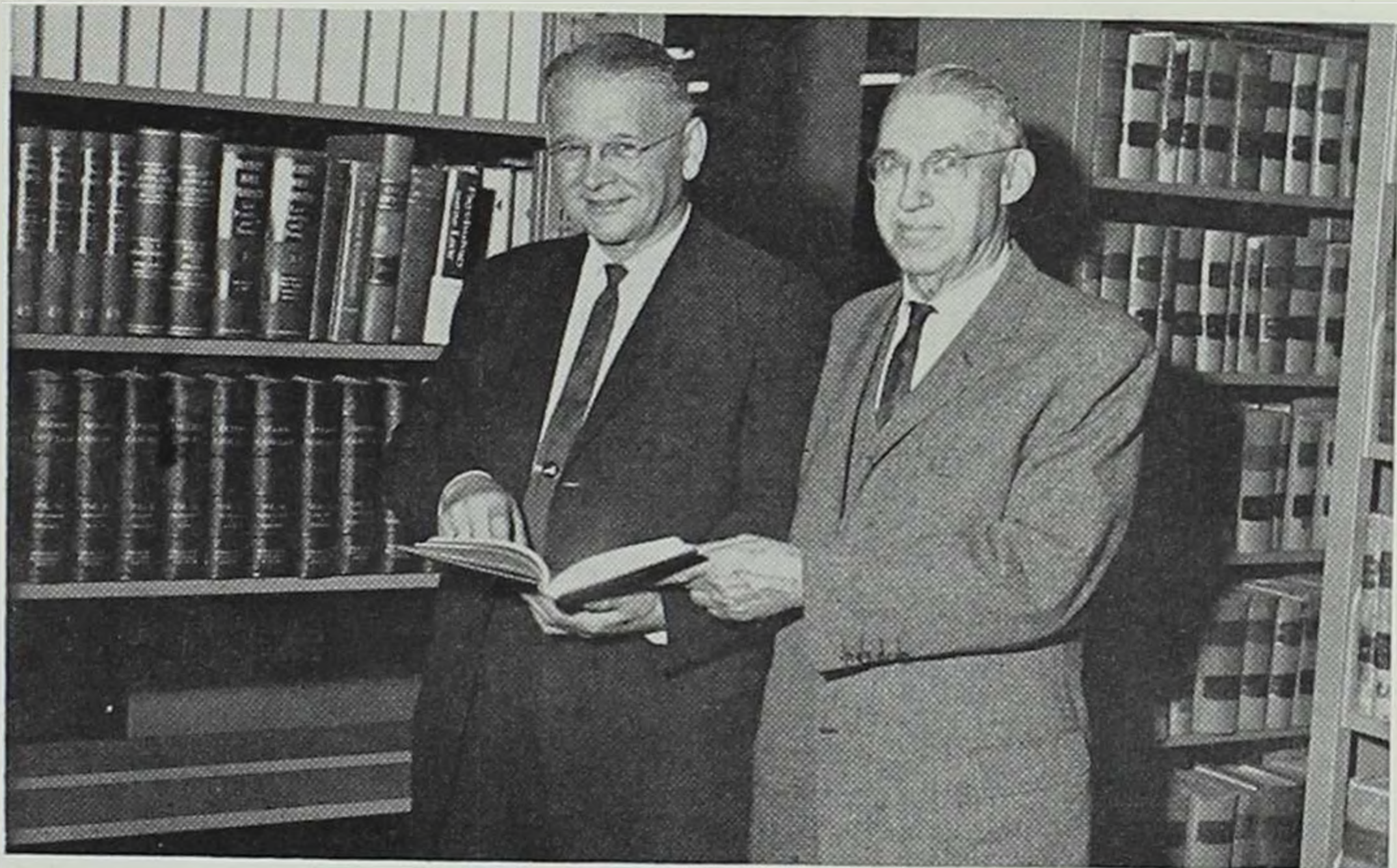
Company K, 56th Infantry, Iowa National Guard, Emmetsburg, about 1915.



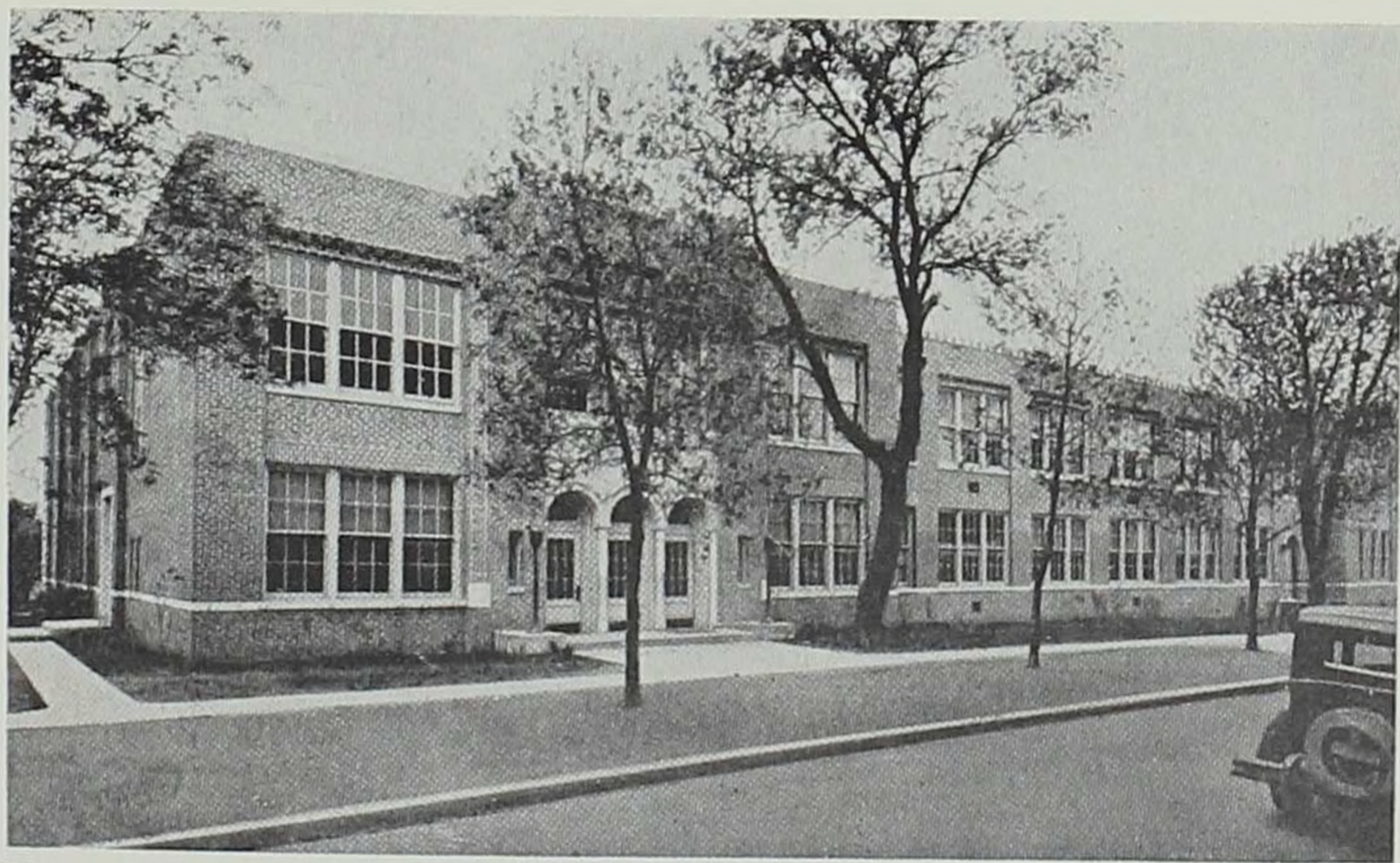
Company K, 56th Infantry, Iowa National Guard basketball squad.

A touring company on the Chautauqua circuit.

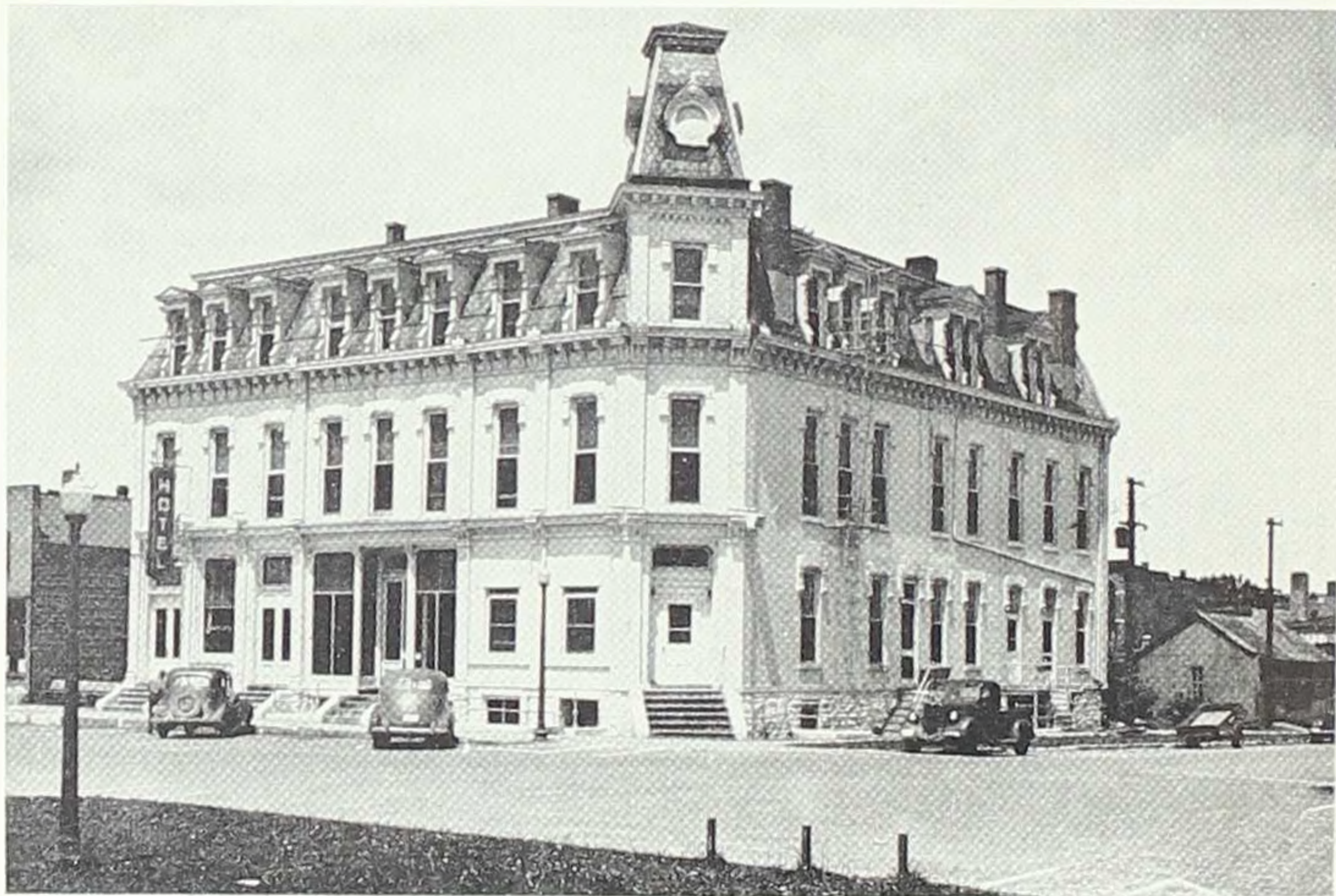




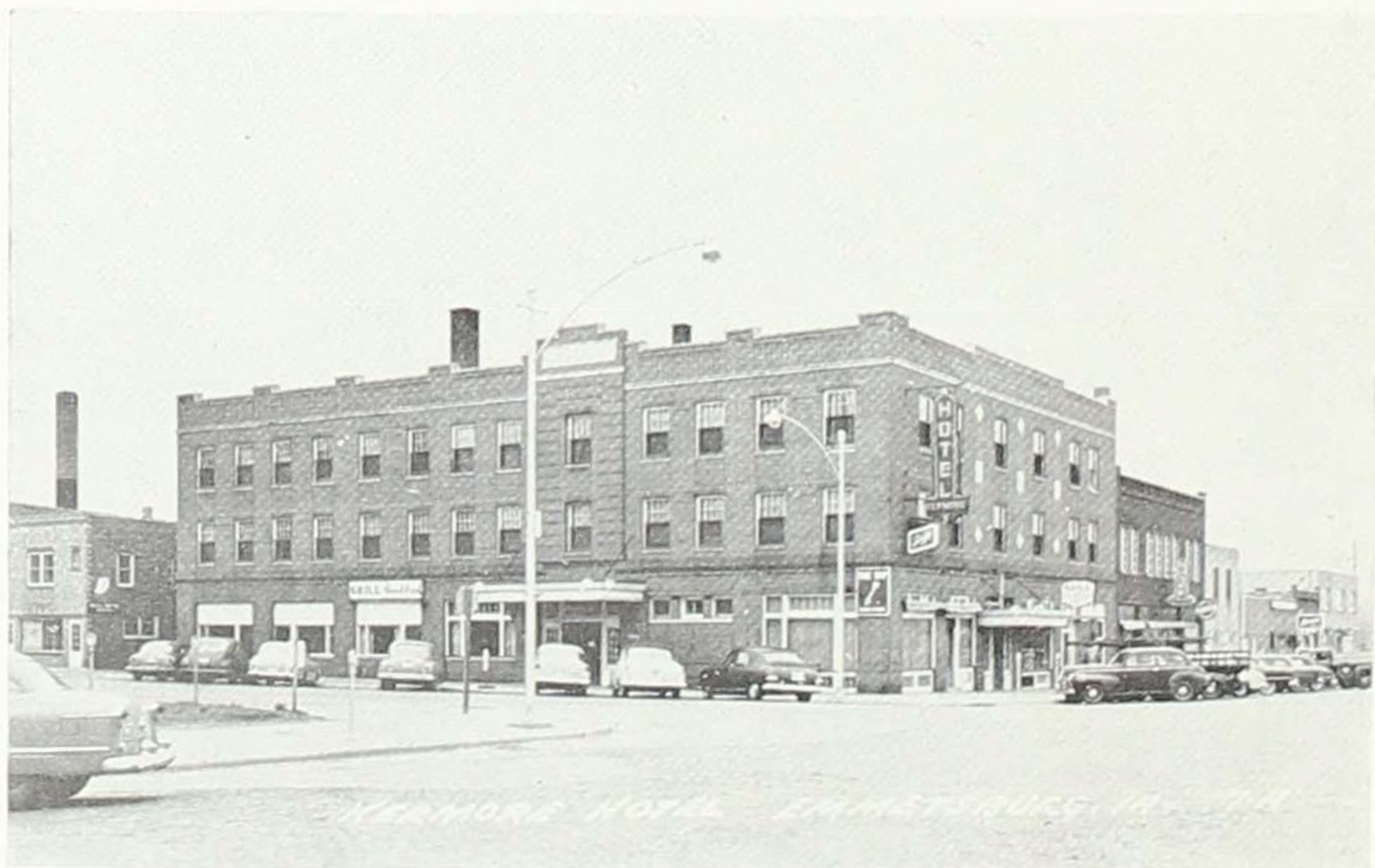
Dwight G. McCarty, right, a Life Member of the State Historical Society of Iowa, presents a complete set of his writings to the Society. The books fill a complete shelf in the Library.



The present Emmetsburg Public High School building will be occupied by the Community College when the new million and a half dollar high school building is erected. The new school was made possible by a bond issue passed in the spring of 1967. It will occupy a new 40-acre location.



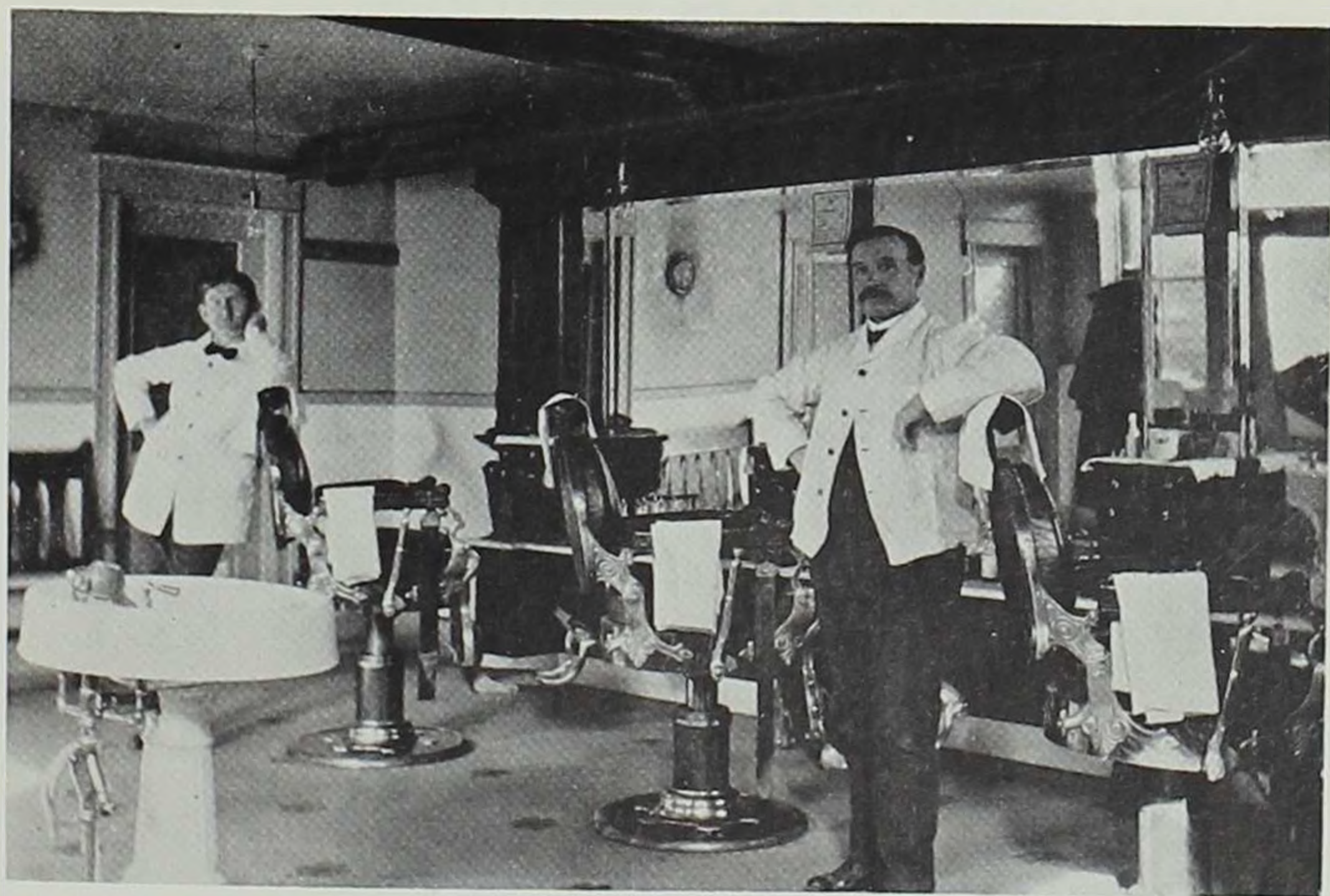
An early view of the Waverly Hotel — before it was remodeled and the tower removed some years ago. It was razed this spring to make way for an office building.



The Kermore Hotel was built in 1926 by the citizens of Emmetsburg and resold in 1946 for a profit. The hotel is now locally-owned and operated by Papadakes Bros.



The Charles Papadakes Candy Kitchen and restaurant in 1919.

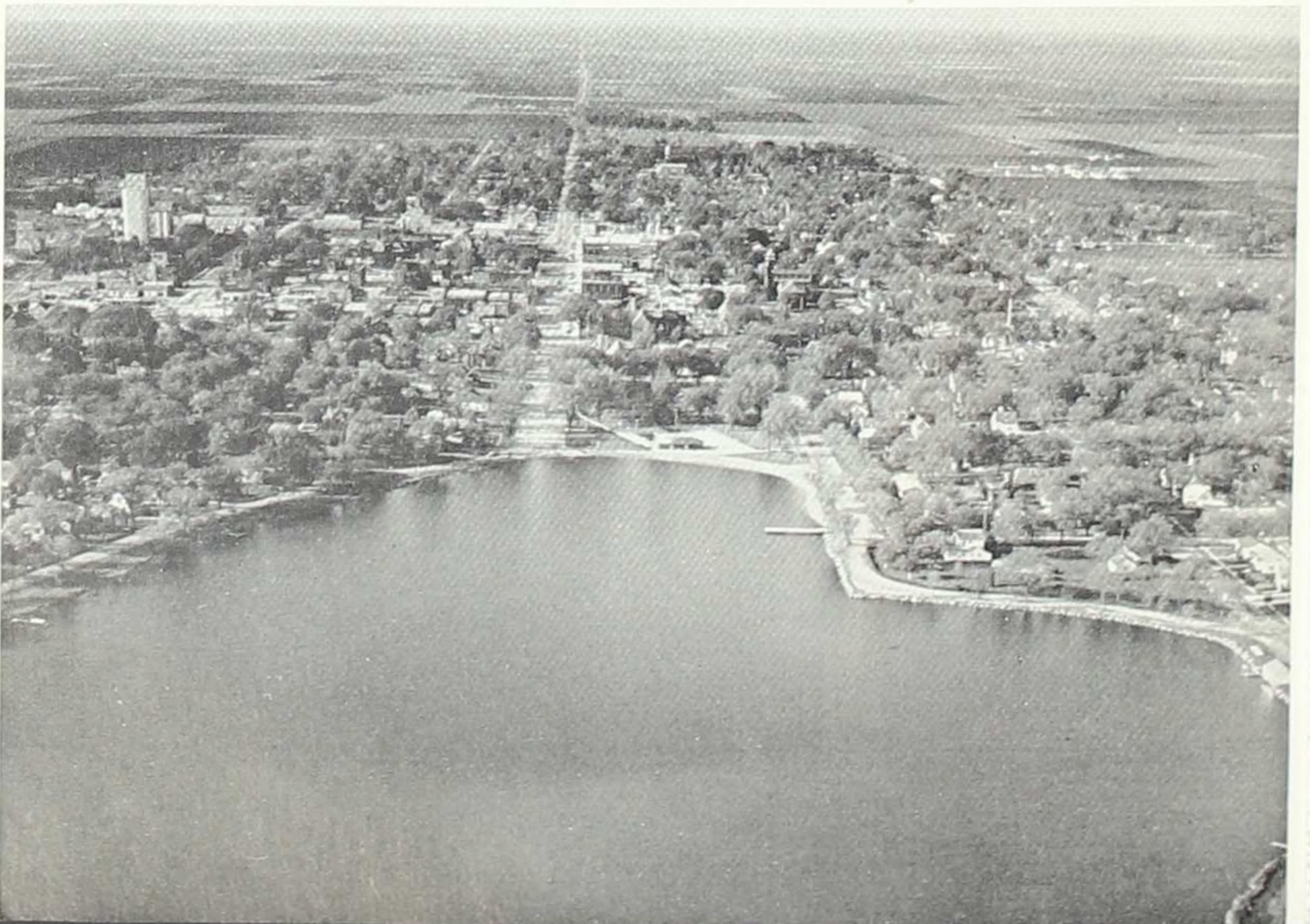


The Peter McMahon Barber Shop about 1905. Pete is on the right. John Warnke is the other barber.



Steam dredge at work in 1913. Silt was pumped from the bottom of Medium Lake and forced through pipes onto the low ground lower right. Land was thus reclaimed for a park, boulevards, streets, and shoreline improvements.

A view of Emmetsburg from the lake. Broadway at center stretches through the business district and far to the south.



The woodshed in the back yard of our home was a frame building about 12 x 16 with a gable roof and a lean-to for coal. An entry in my father's diary, September 9, 1878, tells the origin of this building. "Shacklin commenced work at noon today on my woodshed — let the job to build shed and privy for \$12." A woodshed has very poignant memories for many boys, but I do not recall that I was ever led out there for bodily chastisement. My father was able to keep discipline without the aid of the rod, and I do not admit that I was thereby spoiled.

School Days

I attended public school in the big, two-story, barn-like, wooden building in the west part of town, nearly a mile from our home. How vividly I remember one cold, winter day, when mother wrapped me in a big, knitted scarf, six feet long and a foot wide, leaving just enough room for me to see out. The north wind was icy cold as I trudged block after block. Finally, I arrived late and exhausted with my breath frozen in icicles inside the scarf. The teacher had to unwrap me and thaw me out. My parents were not the kind to coddle us youngsters. We came home at noon for lunch. The children of today with their heated buses and school lunches can hardly appreciate the primitive hardships of those days of long ago.

In school I was meek and quiet. One day I raised my hand to leave the room, but the teacher,

who had been annoyed by some of the boys chasing out doors too often, refused my request. I was in distress, but it never occurred to me not to obey. When the teacher saw the puddle under my desk and my wet clothes, she got very red in the face and murmured, "I'm sorry, I didn't realize." I had no trouble having my requests granted after that.

Taming A Bully

There was a gang of tough boys from south of the track who were always up to some deviltry and kept the smaller lads in a constant state of terror. They were always fighting or taking things away from the other boys.

My timidity, which seemed to be growing more pronounced, did not auger well as a build-up for a future career at the law. Then an unexpected occurrence blasted me out of the limbo of meekness into a sudden aura of self confidence. One afternoon the bully, who had been annoying me for a long time without even a mild comeback, started to pick on me again. Although he was somewhat larger I stood up to him. He doubled up his fist to strike me, but I struck him so unexpectedly with all my might, that it knocked him down. He got up and charged at me, bellowing with rage, but I charged at him flailing away with both fists and the fight was on. We were finally parted by some of the older boys.

When I reached home all bloody and with my

clothes torn and dirty, I proudly told my mother that the other fellow looked as bad as I did. The fight must have been a draw as not a single one of the witnesses was able to give a very coherent account of the battle when we were called into the superintendent's office the next morning. At any rate the bully left me alone after that.

Jim Grier had a restaurant on the east side of North Broadway. It was a favorite place for the kids of my acquaintance. When still a youngster, I went into his store to buy some candy on a hot July day. It was so hot that the chocolate drops had all run together, and he sold me a great big gob of this mess for five cents. I was delighted with my bargain, but I ate so much that for years thereafter I could not look a chocolate drop in the face. There was no such thing as refrigeration and candy was sold from bulk (usually dished out by hand) and put in little paper sacks.

As we grew older, we saved our pennies to buy postage stamps from Mr. Kendall who was the town's famous collector and dealer. We prized the bright colored issues that made up attractive album pages for us.

As the years went by the family increased and a new bedroom was built over the old one-story kitchen. My only sister died in infancy of whooping cough, so that left four boys of which I was the oldest. Willis, Fred, and Ray were sturdy lads and there was plenty of activity around the

place. Life was never dull during our boyhood.

The Old County Fair

The county fair, which was organized in the late 1870's, was held south of town on a twenty acre tract just north of the cemetery. It had a half mile dirt race track but not much room for anything else. There was a great deal of interest in horse racing and there were a number of famous horsemen with their horses in Emmetsburg. The fair was finally abandoned. Later the tract became a part of Evergreen Cemetery.

At the fair, it was fascinating to watch the shell game as the little pea bobbed around under the shells by the skillful manipulation of the operator. The crowd pressed around and many of them tried to bet under which shell the pea would rest. One bettor was reaching into his pocket for his money when the operator shifted the shells around. I cried out a warning that the shells had been shifted. The gambler glared at me but I resolutely said: "I'll bet I know where the pea is." He continued to glare at me for a minute and then said, "It's time to close now, will be back in fifteen minutes." He put his shells back in his satchel. The crowd laughed as though I was the boy wonder who had bluffed the gambler. The nimble-fingered gent was afraid the sharp-eyed boy knew that the pea was hidden between his fingers instead of under one of the shells. He did not dare to give the game away. The man who broke the

Casino at Monte Carlo got away with a fortune, but when I "broke" the shell game I did not make a cent.

Bryan Campaign

In the 1896 campaign, William Jennings Bryan was running for president on the 16 to 1 monetary issue. I was a senior in high school and, of course, was interested in the campaign. On the street a big, pompous, professional man, who had always been a Republican but had fallen for the alluring free silver idea, was giving his views to a group of citizens. I was listening when he contradicted himself, so I spoke up and pointed out his error. He turned around, glared at me, and said, "Young man, do you know about the demonetization of silver?" "No," I replied. "Well," he retorted angrily, "you will have to know about it before you argue with me." He turned on his heels and marched off down the street. The crowd laughed and one man patted me on the back and said, "Nice work, son, you routed him in a hurry." It made me feel quite important. For a boy who had been as shy and diffident as I had been, such experiences were like a tonic in developing courage and self-confidence, attributes which were sorely needed in later years in life's battles in the legal arena.

Fire! Fire!

The town fire bell had an eerie sound as it clanged out its alarm, especially on a cold, frosty

night. Like most youngsters I had hoped and dreamed of some day discovering a fire and ringing the bell. I was quite a lad before that wish was gratified. Just as I was coming out of my father's office, I saw a man running up the street, waving his arms, and hollering, "Fire, Fire!" I ran over to the courthouse square where the fire bell hung, took down the handles on the ropes attached to the clapper, and rang the bell. The people started running, and the firemen came dashing out of the firehouse, pulling the hand pumper engine and the hook and ladder cart. It was a thrilling moment. However, it was not much of a fire, and the firemen soon came back. But I had the distinction of having given the alarm. A few years later the bell was put in the City Hall tower where it still remains. It was a victim of progress, but the wailing siren of its successor still fails to stir the emotions as did the clanging bell of old.

Jim Green

One of the characters I recall as a boy was genial old Jim Green, who worked as a porter at the Waverly Hotel and drove the bus to meet all the trains. He was born a slave in Tennessee and was the only Negro in town. He was dependable in his work and had a happy disposition. He was popular with the traveling men and well-liked by everyone. When he died in 1894, the obituary in the local paper said: "Happy, genial, unassuming Jim Green will greet our citizens no more. His

years are spent and his deeds done." A committee of prominent citizens arranged a big funeral in the Methodist Church. Traveling men served as pallbearers and rode in the hotel bus in the long procession — 94 rigs. The large attendance was a tribute to work well done by one in lowly station and without a thought of racial prejudice.

Saloons and Liquor

In the early days, there were several saloons in Emmetsburg. Legislative prohibition went into effect in Iowa on July 4, 1884, but the liquor traffic had become so entrenched in my home town that it continued to flourish openly. Reverend O. P. Champlin, our Congregational Church pastor, led the fight against this condition, and a mayor who was pledged to enforce the law was finally elected in 1886.

The saloon interests became enraged and threatened to boycott and ruin the business of every person opposing them. They even threatened Reverend Champlin's life and finally one thug assaulted him. The cowardly attack aroused the people and strengthened the hand of the mayor. The thug was arrested and fined, and a guard was provided for Reverend Champlin.

Feeling ran high as the saloon interests began a campaign of terrorism. The marshal, in enforcing the law, killed a man in self defense, and then gave himself up. He had to be defended with rifles against a mob that stormed the jail. The

marshal was acquitted, and when detectives procured the necessary evidence, the saloons were closed as nuisances. Thus, the self-respecting and law-abiding citizens succeeded in cleaning up the town.

This first era of prohibition was later superseded by the Iowa Mulct law which allowed saloons to open when they secured consent from the nearby business places and paid certain taxes. Soon there were five saloons in active operation in Emmetsburg.

As a boy going to school, I remember very well how disgusted I was when the proprietor came out and sprinkled beer on the sidewalk so as to get us accustomed to the smell of the beverage. But I never could quite tell which smelled the worse, the stale beer or the horse manure odor that still lingered around the old barn that had been made into a saloon. However, the toppers did not seem to mind it in the least. Later, the number of saloons was reduced to three, then to one, and that one was finally forced to close when Iowa became a prohibition state.

"Iowa Juvenile Band"

In the early Nineties our "Iowa Juvenile Band" attained considerable popularity. It was composed of boys under fifteen years of age under the leadership of "Professor" Floyd. When first organized all the boys were clamoring for cornets, but a band of only cornettists would be as bad as an

army of only generals. Professor Floyd handled the boys cleverly in getting the right distribution of instrumentation. For example he pointed out to me that my front teeth were too large to play a horn successfully and so I was assigned a clarinet. When it arrived it was a yellow basswood E^b instrument. Mother made me a brown cloth carrying case. It was a trying time for the neighborhood as I shrilled and squawked my way through the scales and practice pieces.

The clarinet gave me a lot of trouble at first and I soon realized that my E^b, shrill and on an unusual key, did not fit in musically anywhere outside the band and was not of much importance there. The others all had the solo or special parts. So my father finally bought me a fine new Conn all metal B^b clarinet. Those gleaming instruments were something new then and I was as proud as punch. I finally mastered the intricacies enough to play with the band, although I never was any great shakes as a musician.

The band wore smart uniforms and made a hit whenever it paraded on public occasions. It gave a series of concerts at the Iowa State Fair at Des Moines and had a one week stand at the Corn Palace at Mitchell, South Dakota. It was in demand for other celebrations. On one occasion we played for a phonograph recording machine, which was a decided innovation at that time. When the music was played back for us, the larg-

er boys grabbed the earphones, while we little fellows stood around expectantly. When it was played the second time, the same big boys still hogged the earphones, and much to my disappointment I never did hear how our music sounded. I was too timid to push forward or ask that it be replayed for us.

Promoting Land Sales

During the early days of my father's practice, the buying and selling of land was the most important and lucrative part of his business. He had a big sign "Land Office" painted on the side of the building which could be seen for several blocks.

In addition to all his other work, my father edited and published a monthly paper called *The Land Owner*. It described the investment possibilities in Palo Alto and adjoining counties and gave lists of land and town lots for sale. The first issue was dated March 1888. As shown by papers of that time, land was selling from \$10 to \$14 an acre for unimproved prairie land and from \$15 to \$22 an acre for improved farms. Good Emetsburg lots were listed at from \$50 to \$200.

Father knew the country well and could locate any tract, even on the open prairie. He sometimes took me along when he drove out in the country to inspect a certain piece of land. First, he located an established government corner, a mound of earth with a stake in the center. Then he tied a handkerchief around the buggy wheel and drove

off in a certain direction guided by a compass, counting the wheel revolutions until he had the required distance. Then he got out and located the other corner. In this way he located the corners and found the land for which he was looking.

It was my job to help father get out the issues of *The Land Owner* by folding the papers and getting them ready for mailing. For that purpose father would pull out a round-topped walnut table in the office. Originally that table had small shelves around the sides just under the top. One day somebody told him that it was a poker table and that those shelves were made for the poker chips. Father said nothing but a few days later a carpenter appeared and the shelves were removed. Thereafter, it was just an orthodox round table.

A few years later my father and Mr. Linderman kept a team, carriage, and a driver to drive land buyers to the farms for sale.

Hunting

Game of all kinds was plentiful. The lake was often black with geese, ducks, and other wild fowl. My brother, Willis, was the duck hunter but my father and I preferred hunting prairie chickens. At first I went along for the fun or to hold the team. Prairie chickens were plentiful. The hunters picked out the difficult angle flights otherwise they would have all they could carry in too short a time. As I grew older I was able to hold my own with the other hunters. My brother,

Fred, was the fisherman of the family and still is tops.

The Livery Stable

One of the basic business establishments in the early days was the livery stable. Emmetsburg had several from time to time. The horse and buggy or the team and wagon were the accepted means of travel. The livery stables always had horses of all kinds on hand, and various rigs for any occasion to supply the needs of their customers. Two livery stables were important enough to be located in a single block south of the courthouse square and no one ever objected. We have gone a long way in sanitation since those times.

Some of the townspeople had their own outfits. Alex Peddie (he was generally known as "Lord Peddie") had a beautiful team and a fine carriage with a coachman to drive the family from the Peddie 40-acre estate home, "Rutland Park," on the lake near the edge of town (now Kearny State Park) to the office or stores.

Barbers and Barber Shops

The barber shops in the early days were a sort of news bureau and community gathering place for the men. Pictures of prize fighters on the walls and the *Police Gazette* on the table provided the most important topics of conversation. I remember the big mug rack on the wall. In each of its compartments reposed an open shaving mug with a brush in it, and the name of each customer paint-

ed on his individual mug in fancy or plain script. Having individual mugs was the sole concession to sanitary requirements, if indeed that was even thought of. They were open to dust which was washed out when used. It is more likely the nice lettered names were an appeal to the vanity and importance of the customers. The barber chairs were stationary and not adjustable, and a handy "spittoon" (later designated as a cuspidor) was at the side of each chair.

Shaving was considered more of an art than haircuts and prices were cheap. I saw in a newspaper of that period where shaves were 10 cents and haircuts from 15 cents to 25 cents. In another source, the *Iowa State Gazetteer*, one of our barbers, Peter Metz, boasted he was a "Tonsorial Artist" who "guaranteed" excellent work. Barbers worked long hours those days as they opened early to get businessmen prepared before the stores opened in the morning, and they worked late, especially Saturday night, when the stores were open and country people came to town.

Boyhood Chores

Our first home was located on a whole block of fertile ground just east of the courthouse square. The east part was planted with plum, cherry and apple trees, berry bushes, and grapevines. The west half of the block contained a large vegetable garden, a big strawberry bed, and raspberry patch. Father was an ardent gardener

and took delight in raising fruit and vegetables. In the early days he also had several hives of bees, and he would go among the hives wearing a screened bonnet and heavy gloves. He used a bellows affair that blew smoke around to protect him. My brothers and I learned to give the bees a wide berth after we had been stung a few times.

Two blocks east we had another block of ground which father planted in apple trees. He also maintained a garden there for vegetables for which there was not room on the home block. With two blocks of garden to keep in order there was plenty to do. Father did most of the work, but by constant prodding he did manage to get some help from the four boys. We detested the drudgery of trying to keep ahead of the weeds and had little liking for the labor of harvesting the crops. There were always the allurements of the swimming hole down at the river, the boating and fishing on the lake, and the hare-and-hound races with the other boys across the countryside.

We made considerable money selling strawberries, raspberries, and apples. One year we sold over four hundred bushels of apples. We bought our own buckboard buggy and harness with the money we earned. The family owned a genuine "surrey with the fringe on top," but we preferred our own sport model contraption. Owning our own fine rig was about like owning a Cadillac convertible in this generation.

When our old home, even when enlarged, became too crowded and inconvenient, a large modern home was built in the east block. The biggest thrill of all was when we moved into the big new house in the early 1890's. There were ten rooms, most of them unusually large, besides numerous pantries, closets, a bathroom, a full basement, and a huge, high-timbered attic. It featured a fireplace, outside doors with heavy-leaded plate glass, a large stained glass window at the stair landing, and most wonderful of all, a wooden zinc-lined bathtub with hot and cold cistern water. What a chore it was to work the hand pump every Saturday night pumping water from the cistern up to the tank in the attic to give us the needed supply of water for our weekly baths.

There was a large barn on that same block where we kept the horses and a pasture lot to the south. So, as it was inevitable, we acquired a cow. It soon became my job to do the milking. It did not appeal to me, but I kept at it until the chance came to shift it to one of the younger boys.

It is indeed strange how some of these simple boyhood memories stand out so clear today as though they were but yesterday. These are but some of the experiences, selected at random for their characteristics rather than for their novelty.

The First Football Team

In the fall of 1895, my junior year, we organized a high school football team. It was the first

eleven in the history of the school and we were a pretty green outfit. Mr. Potts, a local clothing salesman, was our coach, although he did not know very much about the game either. Our mothers made us canvas pants and tight-laced jackets. Our first game was at Spencer, which we lost. We had our revenge in the return game a few weeks later on the home pasture field east of town, when we won 26 to 6.

There were two literary societies in high school, the "Franklin" and the "Lincoln" which met every Friday afternoon. There were debates, essays, and other compositions on the program. I wrote and delivered three orations in my senior year besides being in several debates.

I completed high school, graduating with the class of 1897 well up towards the top and only missed being valedictorian by a few points. I was nosed out by one who, I secretly believed, deserved the honor.

That fall I entered Grinnell College and in 1901 graduated with a Bachelor's degree with honors and with Phi Beta Kappa. I received a Master's degree in 1904 from Grinnell.

It was my good fortune to be able to enter the Harvard Law School, and I graduated there in June 1904. That same month I married my college sweetheart — Guinevere Craven.

Just before graduation I received a letter from Professor Johnson of Grinnell College: "Just a

brief note to convey to you our very hearty congratulations on the happiness that is and is to be yours. To become a Master of Arts, a Bachelor of Law and to cease to be a benedict, all in the same month, is to make history rapidly."

DWIGHT G. McCARTY

Destiny Beckons

The law business of my father aroused my boyhood curiosity. What were those clients doing when they went into his private room and he closed the door? It was all very mysterious. There were so many of those secret conferences and so many papers to be signed. When I asked my mother about it, she said that a lawyer's business was confidential and no one was supposed to know what the clients wanted. She made me promise not to disturb father when he was busy. That promise was kept, although I continued to wonder. It was not until long after, when I, myself, had been practicing law for many years, that I really knew the answer.

The calfbound law books in my father's library interested me. Occasionally I took one of them down from the shelf and tried to read it, but it was all so much Greek to me. This made me more determined than ever that sometime I would read every one of those books in that library and know what the law was. It was a childhood fancy for little did I realize then that law books would multiply much faster than they could be read, and that the law itself would be changing more rapidly than any one lawyer could keep up with.

Perhaps it was just as well, for those imposing shelves of law books did rouse in me the first spark of legal ambition.

My early experience in listening to cases being tried in the courtroom made a deep-rooted impression upon me and strengthened my determination to become a lawyer. Growing up in that atmosphere as a boy, I would often dream of the time when I would stand before a jury and enthral them with an eloquent plea and win the case for my client, or at a political convention I would sway the delegates with a masterful speech and bring success to whatever cause I was upholding. How was I to know then what absorbing memories those experiences were to leave with me, and how they would recur again and again in the years that were ahead. But they were not merely dreams. They were visions through the dim and lengthening future pointing the way towards a distant destiny.

Let us turn the pages of the time forward to test those ambitious boyhood dreams and the resulting destiny.

Oath of Office

It is the first day of the November 1904 term of the District Court. I am walking up the steps of the local courthouse with my father. Many times before I had entered the portals of the building, but this time it seemed different. Only a few short weeks before I had stood in the Supreme

Court Room in Des Moines, with the other successful candidates at the bar examination and, with my right hand upraised, had taken the oath of an attorney and counselor at law.

This solemn ceremony, in the presence of the black robed judges of the court, was so impressive as to leave a lasting impression on my mind. The physicians may venerate their ancient Hippocratic oath, but the moral, ethical and legal principles imposed upon a lawyer require the very highest standard of professional conduct in the cause of justice. Then and there I resolved to live up to these traditions of the profession.

As we entered the courthouse we did not go up the wide, winding, walnut-railed staircase that led to the courtroom on the second floor, but we proceeded through the clerk's office and up the narrow wooden stairway that was used by the lawyers and court officers. The well-worn steps bore testimony to the generations of legal talent that had proceeded me. At last, I was an attorney at law and entitled to sit within the bar railing.

Court had not yet convened. I glanced at my father as we sat there waiting. He was smiling and his face beamed with pride as we accepted the congratulations of the attorneys as they came in. This was a happy day for him as he now saw the realization of his long years of hope that his son would carry on with him in the law. It gave me an added happiness that I was able to fulfill

that desire of my father. It was too bad that my mother could not be there to share that pride. She was proud I was sure, but not just like my father, because she had always nursed a fond hope that I would be a minister.

As my father and I sat there I looked around the courtroom. It all came back to me. As a boy, I used to wander through the building in search of excitement. I had spent hours here listening to my father or some other lawyers try a case. The courthouse somehow seemed different; there was almost a feeling of veneration, as I thought of it now as the place where I was to fight legal battles in the years to come.

The entry of the judge cut short the reveries of my boyhood days and brought me back with a start. "You may open court, Mr. Bailiff," said the judge. The bailiff in a loud voice intoned the formula so long used in our district court, "Hear Ye! Hear Ye! The District Court of Palo Alto County is now in session." As the judge took his seat he beckoned me to approach the bench. "Hello, Counselor," he said as he shook my hand warmly and congratulated me upon my admission to the bar.

Officer of the Court

At last my dreams had come true. My ambition was realized. I was in court, an officer of the court, a counselor at law, and ready to start on my career as a lawyer.

My dreams did come true as far as making speeches to juries and to political conventions is concerned. That is commonplace for a lawyer. But as to the spellbinding I am not so sure. I soon discovered that mere oratory is like the tricks of a magician, it may fool the people, but it does not carry conviction. Clarence Darrow, the famous criminal lawyer, arrived at the same conclusion. In the story of his life he said: "I hope people have outlived oratory. Almost none of it is sincere. The structure, the pattern, the delivery are artificial."

In this connection a case, a number of years later in a neighboring county seat, comes to mind. I was defending a young boy accused of statutory rape, the girl being under the age of consent. We were a full week trying the case and I had built up a strong defense. I pulled out all the stops and put everything I had into my plea. I could feel the breathlessness of the audience that packed the courtroom and as some members of the jury openly wept tears of sympathy, it looked like a sure acquittal. Alas, in spite of their tears, the verdict was "guilty." A few months later the girl gave birth to a colored baby and it was discovered that a member of a traveling Negro ball team was the real culprit. So after all, justice was on my side. My client was promptly paroled and cleared.

In another case in my home court the opposing attorney grew eloquent in his address to the jury

and so swayed the audience that they burst into applause in spite of the admonition of the judge. In my reply I ignored the oratory of my opponent (much to the disappointment of the crowd) and confined myself to a careful discussion of the case. On the way out of the courtroom I overheard one spectator say to another, "What's the matter with McCarty, why didn't he take the hide off that fellow?" Obviously they were more interested in a good battle between the lawyers than in the law suit itself. However, what really counted was that the verdict of the jury was for my client.

In the Iowa Supreme Court room one day, I was waiting my turn to argue a case. The lawyer in the case before the court had from the start indulged in flights of oratory and in eloquent pleas for his client. Finally, the Chief Justice leaned over the bench and interrupted him, saying, "Your time is fast running out. We would like to know what are the facts in your case." On appeal, it is facts and pertinent argument that count, not oratory.

This does not mean that oratory does not have its place in a trial. There are times of great stress or great wrong when its use is imperative. But I have found that a thorough study and knowledge of the facts and the law and a forceful and convincing presentation are, as a general rule, much more effective.

Jonathan P. Dolliver was the congressman from

our district and was considered one of the foremost debaters of that time. As a great admirer of Dolliver, I followed his career in Congress closely. His masterful speeches on the tariff inspired me to give the subject considerable study, and it resulted in the publication, in 1909, of my first book — *History of the Tariff*. He served as United States Senator from Iowa from 1900 to 1910 and was recognized as one of the strong statesmen of his day.

The courtroom was the scene of many political battles, which were often exciting. But it was the legal battles and the tense dramas of the courtroom that drew crowds and swayed emotions of the spectators. When court adjourned, they swarmed out of the courthouse to argue the case all over again and to carry their interest out into the community.

People and Emotions

In his practice a lawyer comes in contact with all kinds of people and all kinds of problems. A few examples taken from my files will serve to illustrate this fact.

A breeder of fancy hogs had built up a big business as he shipped pedigreed animals all over the country. He also held \$30,000 and \$40,000 sales. When the depression hit, the fancy hog business folded. The breeder owed a bank quite a sum of money, and I was appointed receiver to collect and hold the assets.

The principal asset was a prize boar, which had been valued at \$25,000. I was somewhat uneasy about having such valuable pork in my custody and the possibility that something might happen to his royal highness. It was a needless worry inasmuch as I held a sale and sold the animal for \$200.

This same hog dealer finally landed in bankruptcy. I was examining him at a hearing trying to find out if anything could be salvaged for the creditors. Remembering that he had had a large diamond ring, I asked him if he still had it. "Oh, no," he replied glibly, "I lost that when I was taking a load of hogs to market. It dropped in the bedding straw in the railroad car and I never did find it." There was not much the creditors could do about that story.

A few years later a better hog story turned up. I had eighty acres of land to rent and finally rented it on a share crop basis to an old bachelor. He raised a good crop of corn but kept putting me off in delivering my share. It was discovered that he had moved away and had sold a considerable amount of corn to an elevator.

When he was located at last, I told him I knew he had sold his share of the corn and then asked him what he had done with mine. "Oh," he said, "the neighbor's hogs got into the cornfield and ate up your share." I had never realized before that hogs could be so discriminating as to eat up the

landlord's share of undivided corn in the field and still leave the tenant's share unmolested and ready for hauling to the market. But it seems we are always learning something new in the law business.

One of my pessimistic clients, getting the worst of it in an automobile trade, remarked, "Everybody is so damned dishonest that it is getting so I can't even trust myself."

There is an old Arab saying, "Trust in God, but tie your camel." That is a good maxim for a lawyer. He needs faith, but must always maintain a practical cynicism that demands proof and takes nothing for granted.

It is my plan sometime to lift the veil of secrecy and describe some more of the realities that faced me in the realization of those boyhood dreams: the bitter legal battles, the backwash of divergent personalities, the sorrows of defeat and the joys of victory, the humdrum of office routine, all wrapped up in the years of a country practice.

DWIGHT G. McCARTY

Dwight G. McCarty

Dwight Gaylord McCarty must be considered one of the outstanding legal minds in Iowa. Born in Sioux City on April 1, 1878, he moved to Emmetsburg with his parents at the age of six months and has always made the County Seat of Palo Alto County his home town. He graduated from Emmetsburg High School in 1897, and from Grinnell College with honors and a Ph.B. in 1901 and an M.A. in 1904. He received an LL.B. from Harvard Law School in 1904.

It is given to few men to rise to the heights of excellence gained by Dwight McCarty in his chosen profession. His keen mind and unflagging ambition, coupled with his own desire to dig down to the roots of any legal question, were qualities that augured well for success. An astute judge of human nature, he had an insatiable desire for research long before he was admitted to the bar. Thus, when he entered the Harvard Law School, he gained permission from the registrar to take seminar courses from three outstanding historians — Albert Bushnell Hart, Edward Channing, and visiting professor Frederick Jackson Turner. His studious nature in both history and the law made his Harvard years some of the most satisfying and

rewarding. Few Iowa historians of the 20th Century could point to a more celebrated triumvirate under whom they had studied than Hart, Channing, and Turner.

Dwight McCarty published his first historical essay in the State Historical Society's *Iowa Historical Record* in January 1902. It was entitled "Early Social and Religious Experiments in Iowa" and won the Colonial Dames Prize open to all Iowa university and college students. It contained references to such scholars as Professor Jesse Macy of Grinnell, Frederick Jackson Turner of Harvard, and Benjamin F. Shambaugh of the State University of Iowa and the State Historical Society of Iowa.

McCarty leaned heavily on reminiscences, autobiographies, and contemporary newspaper accounts and displayed the same zeal in historical research as he was later to exhibit in preparing a case for his clients. Eight years later, in 1910, the State Historical Society of Iowa published his *Territorial Governors of the Old Northwest*. This was one of the first books issued by the Society and appeared at a period when his law practice was just beginning to take root. To add interest to his community he published the *History of Palo Alto County* in that same year — 1910.

Interesting as were his contributions to Iowa history, the books that Dwight McCarty authored for the legal profession are even more significant.

- LAW OFFICE MANAGEMENT (Prentice-Hall Inc., New York, First Edition 1926; Revised Edition 1946; Third Edition 1955 in six printings, Prentice-Hall, Englewood Cliffs, N.J.)
- IOWA APPLIED EVIDENCE 2 Vols. (Callaghan & Co., Chicago, 1927)
- PSYCHOLOGY FOR THE LAWYER (Prentice-Hall Inc., New York, 1929)
- IOWA PLEADING 2 Vols. (Callaghan & Co., Chicago, 1934; Second Edition, 4 vols. 1953)
- IOWA PROBATE 2 Vols. (Callaghan & Co. Chicago, 1942; Second Edition 4 Vols. 1964-1965)
- Edited the Iowa State Legislative Sessions Laws, 1939, 1941, 1943.
- Prepared the index volume for the 1946 Iowa Code.
- PSYCHOLOGY AND THE LAW (Prentice-Hall, Englewood Cliffs, N.J., 1960, three printings)
- HORIZONS UNLIMITED, a book of selected poems, 1967.

A prolific writer, Dwight McCarty was much sought after as a lecturer before legal groups. He also was a frequent contributor to various legal and professional journals. His name became a byword in Iowa law offices and he was often consulted by lawyers who sought his advice on pleading and probate cases.

Dwight McCarty's reputation extended far beyond his writings. He was quick to identify himself with various groups representing his chosen profession. He has been a member of the American Bar Association since 1918 and he is a Life Member of the Iowa State Bar Association.

He is a member of the Palo Alto County Bar Association and has served as its president from 1932 to 1964. He has served as secretary of the 14th Iowa Judicial District Bar Association from 1922-1934, and as its president in 1934. He is a member of the American Judicature Society and the American College of Probate Counsel. He holds a membership in "Scribes," a national organization of legal writers. Among the other legal organizations with which he has been identified over the years is the Iowa Conference of Bar Association Presidents. He was president of this group from 1962 to 1964. In addition to these, Dwight McCarty has served on several editorial boards associated with his specialties in the legal profession. Through it all he remained a general practitioner.

With all his writings one would expect Dwight McCarty to be almost a recluse. Far from this, he married Guinevere Craven immediately after finishing Harvard. The McCartys had three sons — Gaylord, Gordon, and Stanton who died in infancy.

McCarty took an active part in the Emmetsburg Chamber of Commerce, serving as both president, secretary, and on the board of directors. He served as chairman of the City Planning Commission for 25 years, and did much to help beautify his hometown and make it a showplace in Iowa. He is an active member of the United Church

of Christ, a Mason of more than 50 years standing and the Dad for the Emmetsburg DeMolay Chapter for 30 years. In 1967 Dwight McCarty published a book of poetry entitled *Horizons Unlimited* that clearly demonstrates that time has not dimmed the vision or the vista of this amazing 89-year-old-Iowan.

WILLIAM J. PETERSEN

THE LAND OWNER.

VOLUME I.

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GENERAL DIRECTORY.

F. O. F.—Medium Lodge No. 1, holds its regular meetings on Tuesday evening of each week. Visiting brothers are cordially invited. M. L. BROWN, Sec. F. W. WAITS, N. G.

St. Elmo Encampment No. 23, I. O. O. F.—Holds its regular meetings on Friday evening of each week. Visiting brothers are cordially invited. M. L. BROWN, Sec. F. W. WAITS, N. G.

A. F. & A. M.—Varnet Lodge No. 303, holds its regular meetings each month on the Wednesday or before the full moon. Transient members of the Order are cordially invited to visit us. J. C. DAVIES, W. M. E. F. THOMAS, Sec.

Knight Chapter, U. D. Royal Arch Masons.—Holds its regular meetings on or before the full of the moon. Communications from abroad cordially invited. J. C. DAVIES, W. M. E. F. THOMAS, Sec.

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D. A. W.—Henry Dillon Post No. 125, O. A. U. Department of Iowa. Regular meetings, 4th Monday of each month, at 8 P. M. LARRY GIBBY, Ad. J. D. JOYCE, P. C.

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The State of Iowa.

The fact that Iowa is situated near the geographical center of the United States, between the two great rivers of the continent, and on the line of the great transcontinental railways, promises for her a future her in the development of her resources, that will at no distant day place her in an eminent position in our Union, which nature, assisted by the energy, thrift, and enterprise of her citizens, has already advanced to a position which is a matter of pride and satisfaction to her citizens, yet her wonderful agricultural resources, as well as her natural advantages, inexhaustible coal mines, industrial progress, transportation facilities, business, commercial and manufacturing, and many other important interests, have not been fully understood.

In the order of admission into the Union, Iowa stands twenty sixth; in number of square miles, she is fourteenth; in population, tenth; while in acres of tillable land her place is first. She leads every other State in the amount of corn raised, while she is second in number of hogs raised, second in cattle, second in wheat, fifth in oats, fifth in barley, fifth in flax, fifth in hay, fifth in milk cows, fifth in number of hogs packed, fifth in value of farm implements, sixth in value of farm products, fourth in extent of coal area, and fifth in the number of banks and newspapers. In religious, educational, charitable and benevolent institutions Iowa stands among the foremost. In regard to healthfulness her rank is fourth, while in point of the intelligence of her people she is first, having a less per centage of illiteracy in comparison with her population than any other State. In the number of post offices she is seventh, and in the amount of postal receipts, sixth, being one of the eight Northern States which contribute two-thirds of the entire national revenue.

Fifty years ago there were no roads but Indian trails across the prairie, now there are upward of 8,000 miles of railroads; there, no towns but Indian villages; with here and there a trading post, now dotted with thriving villages and cities.

The growth of the territory and state to population is shown by the following figures:

Year	Population
1800	15,211
1810	23,909
1820	42,112
1830	72,339
1840	132,822
1850	234,323
1860	472,514
1870	822,217
1880	1,323,233
1890	2,000,000

The value of property in the State at present is estimated at \$2,000,000,000. These figures are wonderful, telling of a marvelous progress in the short space of fifty years, and this vast wealth is generally diffused among the people, so that we have but few persons possessed of immense fortunes, and comparatively few homes the abode of poverty and want. In those early days there were no schools houses for church edifices; to-day there are in the State, thousands of school houses, and public schools, a large proportion of which are graded and equal to the best in the Union. There are to-day in Iowa thousands of churches, teaching the great fundamental principles on which must rest the security and permanence of all free governments, namely, accountability to God and righteousness of life. Iowa has ever shown her loyalty to the Union, and twenty thousand of her bravest sons died to keep the lofty flag, and save the priceless heritage of man's land as this.

Iowa has been most fortunate in having wise and trustworthy State officials and judicious legislators, and her prosperity is largely due to the wise legislation by which she has been governed, and it is worthy of note, that her affairs

have been so prudently and economically administered, that today Iowa has no State debt.

The intelligence of her people, the thrifty, industrious, enterprising spirit of her business men, the genial hospitality of her citizens, her healthful climate, fertile soil, beautiful landscapes, wonderful agricultural and mineral resources and her unsurpassed natural advantages have called for more economical, as her citizens have gone to work, than any other State. The possibilities of the future in the development of her latent or undeveloped wealth will yet astonish the world, more, by rapid strides in commerce and manufacturing in the years to come, than the wonderful and marvelous changes that have been wrought in the past.

Labor has had its triumphs, for our people have time for relaxation, recreation, and mental improvement, while the tables of the industrious are laden with plenty, and the people rejoice in a feeling of competence and independence. These results have been accomplished by industry, economy and enterprise, for such are the characteristics of our citizens.

Wanted.

Wanted—A broom factory in Emmetsburg. We can raise good broom corn and a broom factory would pay.

Wanted—A casing factory. No place in the United States where vegetables and small fruits can be raised so cheaply, and where a casing factory and pickle factory would pay so well. Should this meet the eye of any person of experience wishing a location to start a factory, would be pleased to have them correspond with the proprietors of this paper.

Wanted—A starch factory.

Wanted—A paper mill at Emmetsburg.

Wanted—A binding twice factory in Emmetsburg.

Wanted—A tile factory at Emmetsburg.

Wanted—A butter tub factory.

Wanted—A plow factory.

Wanted—A boot and shoe factory.

Wanted—A small fruit garden.

Wanted—An oat meal mill.

Wanted—A cracker factory.

Wanted—A cabinet maker.

Wanted—A music store.

Wanted—A cheese factory.

Wanted—A shirt factory.

Wanted—One thousand live energetic farmers to open up farms and make themselves happy, prosperous homes on our cheap lands.

Palo Alto County

Is situated in the second tier of counties south of the Minnesota line, and in the fourth tier from the west line of the state.

The county is twenty-four miles square, and contains sixteen congressional townships, each six miles square. It contains an area of 576 square miles, or about 368,640 acres. It contains several small lakes, chief of which are Lost Island, Elbow, Silver, Bash and Medium Lakes. It is also traversed by the Des Moines River, entering at a point about seven miles east of the northwest corner, and running in a southeasterly course, leaving the county near the southeast corner, into the Des Moines River flow several small streams, among which are Prairie, Cylinder, Jack, Four Mile, Silver, Beaver and Lizard Creeks.

The county is timbered by groves of native timber along the banks of the Des Moines River and on the banks of some of the small lakes. The kinds of timber are chiefly oak, walnut, elm, white oak, soft maple, basswood, box elder, hackberry, and cottonwood. The area of timber is probably 5000 to 8000 acres. In addition to this native timber, numerous artificial groves have been started, of soft maple, elm, willow, box elder, walnut and cottonwood, which afford good shade and shelter for cattle, as well as quite a quantity of poles, fence posts and fuel. The main line of the C. M. & St. P.

R'y (Iowa and Dakota Division) traverses the county from east to west near the center, while the Estherville branch leaves the main line at Emmetsburg and runs north to Estherville. The main line of the B. C. R. & N. R'y (Iowa Falls Division) traverses the county from the southeast corner northwesterly, leaving the county at a point seven miles east of the northwest corner. The Des Moines & Ft. D. R'y, now the Des Moines & Keokuk R'y, crosses the C. M. & St. P. R'y strikes the county at its northwestern end of the center, and runs thence northwesterly to a junction with the C. M. & St. P. R'y at Rothman, which is the present terminus of said road, making a total railroad mileage in the county as follows:

Line	Miles
C. M. & St. P. (Main Line)	54.21
C. M. & St. P. (Estherville Branch)	19.21
B. C. R. & N.	27.28
D. M. & Ft. D. (now a Div. of C. M. & St. P.)	20.24
Total number of miles in county	121.00

The county has a good substantial court house, erected in 1850 at a cost of \$20,000, which is said to be one of the best in the state, considering the cost. It also has six substantial bridges across the Des Moines River, numerous small bridges and good roads.

It has ninety district or country school houses, besides four independent district (graded) schools in the town. Its soil is a rich black loam, very productive and especially adapted to corn, oats, wheat, rye, barley, flax, potatoes, vegetable and small fruits of all kinds. Its surface is a gently rolling prairie, sloping mainly to the south. Its grasses are as yet chiefly upland prairie grass, and the famous blue-joint, which excels all other kinds for hay, and thousands of tons of which hay are now baled annually and shipped to Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and also to New York and Baltimore, and brings the highest price in the market. Timothy, clover, reedtop and all tame grasses thrive here.

Its population in 1800 was 122; in 1809 555; in 1870 1,380; 1875 2,735; in 1880 4,131; in 1885 6,385, and is now estimated at 8,500. Of the population, as shown by the census of 1885, 4,766 were born in the United States; England, 132; Scotland, 122; Ireland, 412; Canada, 203; Norway, 164; Sweden, 38; Denmark, 236; Germany, 290; other countries, 61. Total foreign born, 1,021.

Emmetsburg is the county seat and is centrally located; a thriving town of about 1,700 inhabitants. The other towns are Rathven and West Bend with about 300 inhabitants each; Edmas, Ayreshire, Curlew, Mallard and Graettinger; still smaller railroad towns.

Buy a Home.

Every man should own his own home. Now is the time to buy real estate in Northwest Iowa. It is cheaper than it will ever be again. If you are a laborer, or mechanic, invest a part of your earnings. If you are a clerk, book keeper, traveling salesman, or railroad man, invest a part of your salary. If you are a merchant or business man invest a part of your income. If you are a farmer with a small "nest egg" laid by invest it in real estate in Northwest Iowa.

If you are a moneyed man, or have a surplus income, buy real estate in Northwest Iowa. It is the best investment you can make, perfectly safe and safe. Banks may fail, cashiers and trusted clerks may go to Canada for their health, railroads may collapse, steamboats "go down" manufacturers "go up" stocks may be "watered" or "cornered". Every kind of personal property may succumb, or be swept away by dishonesty, fire or pestilence, but real estate is always there, a sure, certain, safe investment.

Buy a tract of land, if your means are limited buy a small tract, and secure yourself and family a home. No man is so poor, but that in this favored country, where land is so cheap, he can buy a home; and no matter how humble when once acquired, he will prize it as highly as the millionaire his palace.

If you are well to do and have boys, buy a piece of land for them, buy it in Northwest Iowa, and buy it now, it will soon be to late, and the golden opportunity will have passed for ever. In a few years lands will double and quadruple in value, lots in our thriving towns will advance in price even more rapidly than farm lands.

If you have sold your farm, or contemplate changing your place of residence come to Northwest Iowa at once. We have as good lands as the sun ever shined on, and the soil is so rich in immense crops of corn, oats, wheat, barley and flax as well

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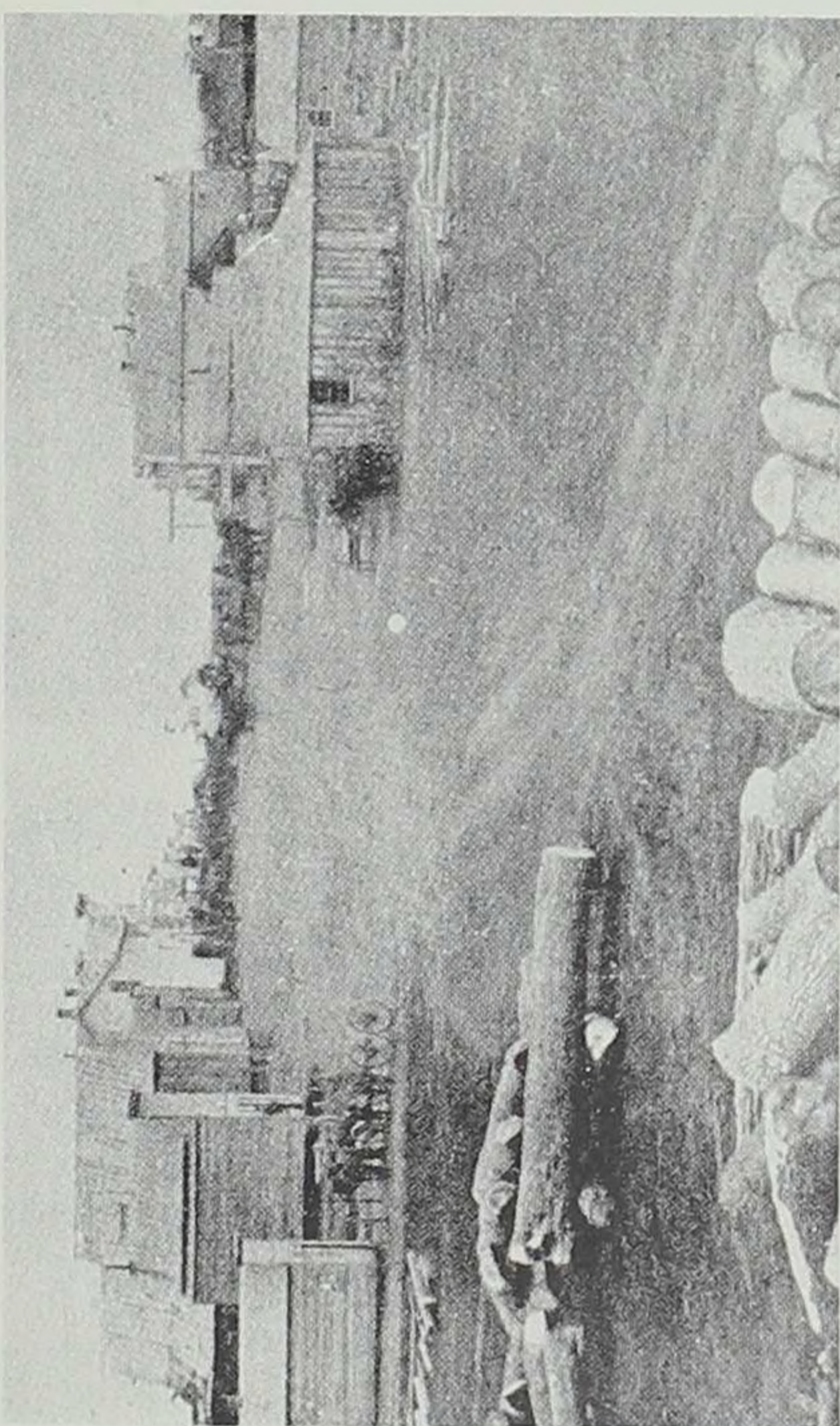
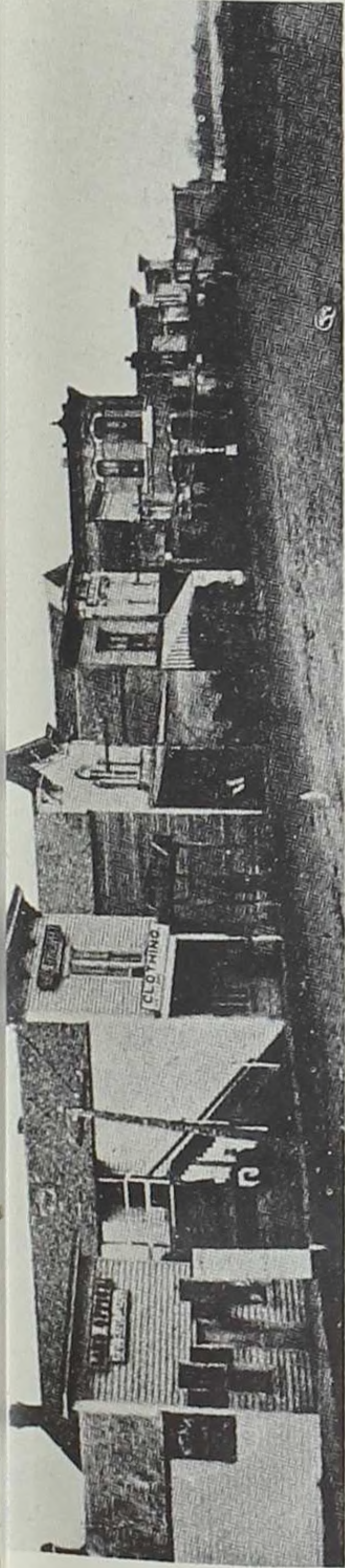
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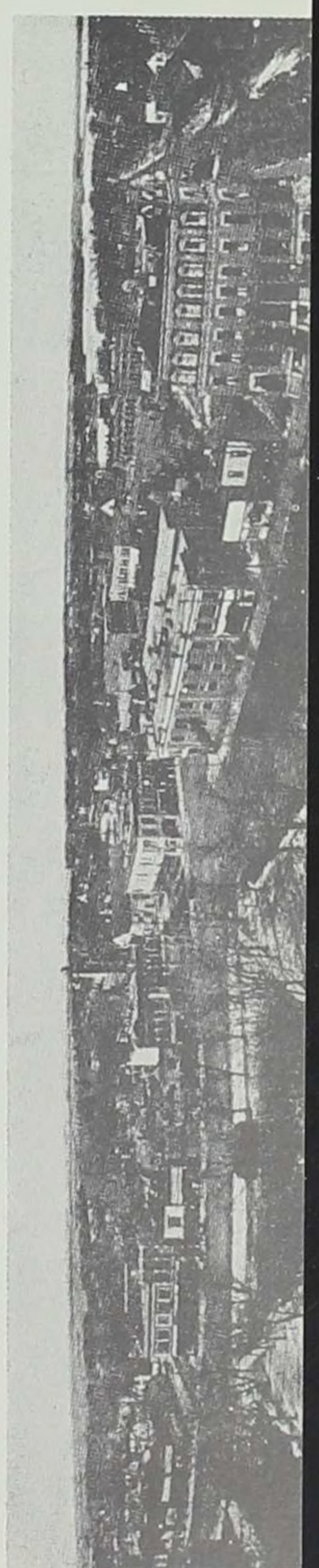
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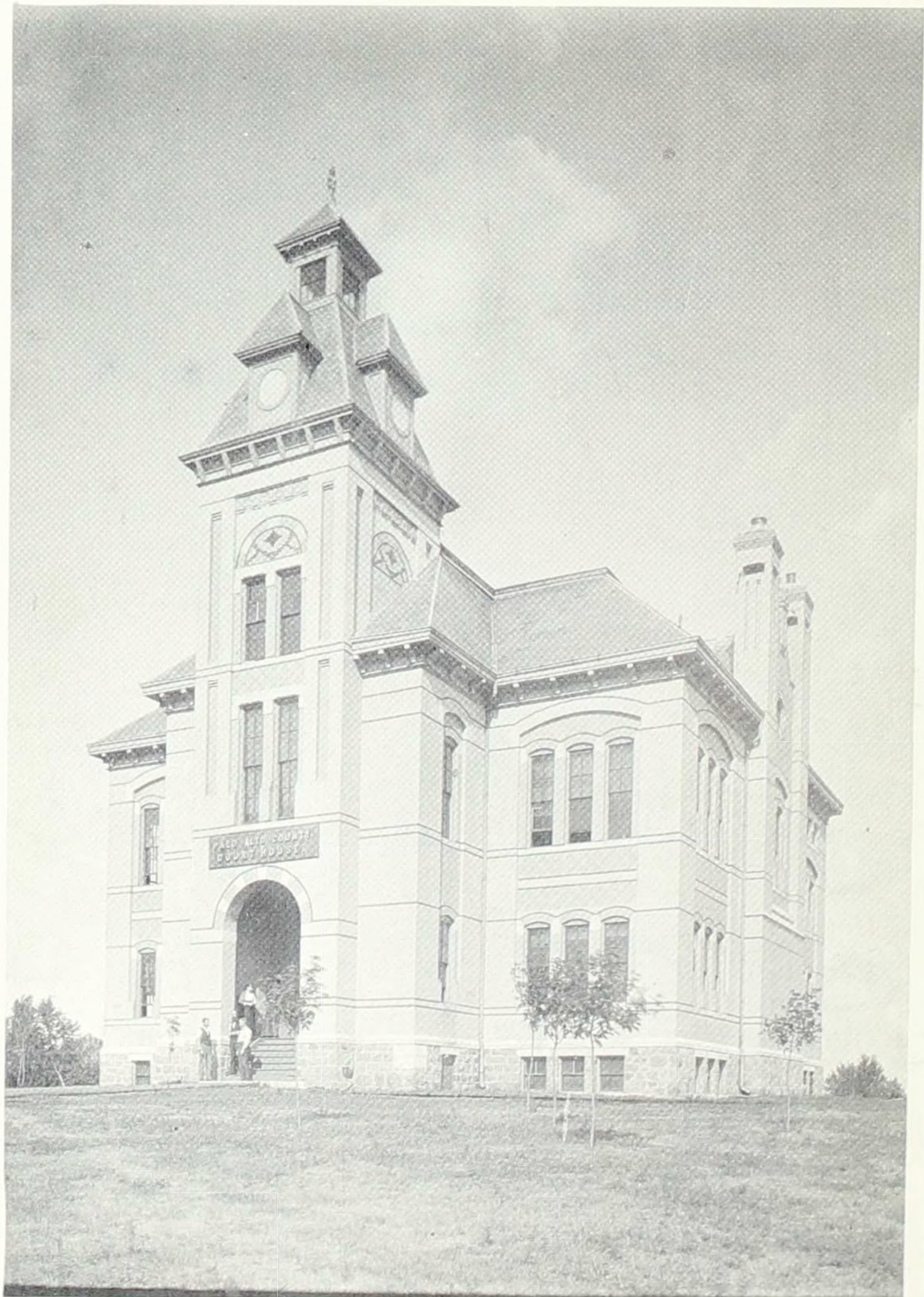
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(Above) Part of the "New Town" of Emmetsburg, 1881.
 (Opposite) The "Old Town" of Emmetsburg, 1872.
 (Below) Emmetsburg in 1910.





Palo Alto County Court House before it was remodeled. Dwight
· McCarty and his father tried many cases in this building.