

We pay  
12c  
a dozen  
for Eggs.

# ORKIN BROS.

DENISON, IOWA,  
General Merchandise.

We pay  
12c  
a dozen  
for Eggs.

OUR Grand Fall Announcement was a great success and we have been busy from morning till night waiting on customers, especially in our CLOAK DEPARTMENT, which has been the talk of the shrewd buyers of the county. Also in our Shoe and Grocery Department we had the largest trade since we have been in Denison, because YOUR DOLLAR goes farther here than in any store in Denison, for the same class of merchandise. For you to be convinced that we sell goods at the Lowest Prices in Denison, we ask you to come in and let us show you our stock whether you wish to buy or not.

### DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT.

800 yds all wool Henriettas, worth 40c..... 25c  
500 yds plaid Dress Goods, worth 20c..... 12c  
Regular \$1 Silks in all the new fall shades, our price..... 75c  
For the next week we put on sale 1500 yards of Wood's Cambric, for per yard..... 2 1/2c  
500 yards Dark Tennis Fannel, worth 7c, our price..... 4 1/2c  
1000 yards the best Standard Prints, per yard..... 3c  
150 yards manufacturer's Remnants, suitable for comforts, worth 5c per yard, only..... 2c  
Heavy Canton Flannel worth 10c yard, for..... 7 1/2c  
The best 10c Shirting for..... 7 1/2c  
25 dozen large size Fringed Towels, cheap at 10c, each..... 5c  
100 pair of Cotton Blankets, full size, 10-4, per pair..... 39c  
The best Table Oil Cloth made, per yard..... 10c  
10 bales Cotton Batts, per roll..... 10c  
Wool Skirt Patterns, worth 75c each, our price..... 49c  
We carry the largest line of Corsets in Crawford county; the 50c grade of Corsets we sell for..... 39c

### UNDERWEAR DEPARTMENT.

Here we are leaders in  
Quality and Prices.....

We carry the biggest assortment in this line than any other store in the county. We guarantee a saving of from 20 to 25 per cent in this line.

One lot Childrens Union Suits, worth 35c, our price..... 15c  
Mens regular 50c double fleeced underwear, our price 39c, two for..... 75c  
One lot of small size childrens underwear, each..... 2c

25 all wool Beaver Cloaks, worth \$6.00, our price only..... **\$3.95**  
One Lot of Mens and Ladies Shoes, worth \$1.50 our price..... **98c**

We are offering in our Grocery Department for your daily use for next week.

### Luney Bros' Flour, 69c per Sack.

We always give more sugar for ONE DOLLAR than any store in Denison.

11 cakes of best Laundry Soap for..... 25c  
Best Sugar Corn, per can..... 5c  
Sardines, per can..... 3c  
Oysters, per can..... 7c  
Rising Sun Stove Polish, regular size 10c..... 5c  
Corn Starch..... 3c  
Lewie Lye..... 7c  
Horseshoe, Climax and Star chewing tobacco..... 39c  
50c can Royal Baking Powder..... 35c  
15c K. C. Baking Powder..... 10c  
Yeast Foam and Yeast Cakes..... 2c

Remember we will sell the best coal oil at 10 cents per gallon, and do not be misled by no one. If this oil is not as represented we refund your money.

We came here to stay. Our stock is new, and no old shop worn goods are sold by us. We are after the business if prices will do it. We have one price and strictly cash to one and all. Never undersold. First to cut prices.

# ORKIN BROTHERS,

General Merchandise. DENISON, IOWA.

## WHERE PRICES ARE RIGHT.

Buying right from jobbers and manufacturers only who name the winning prices is the secret of this store's success. Buying right means proper style and qualities, but at their real worth. Our autumn purchases are along this line, full of sterling worth. The most pleasing styles, yet accomplished by a price feature that makes it a business matter to do your trading here.

Special dry goods values, such as foreign and domestic novelties in dress goods, broad cloths, sackings, dress flannels, french flannels, suitable for dressing saques, outing flannels and flannelettes, eider down, astrachans and other cloths suitable for Misses and Children's Jackets and Cloaks.

Stopping the Leak. Have you been paying too much for your men's furnishings? We make the prices and we show the styles that make it so important that you buy here. Only recognized styles. Only makes worth have been fully proven, but at prices that will convince you that it's the place to buy your furnishings. The celebrated Longley Hats. Also a full line of cheaper grade hats. Caps for fall and winter, gloves and mittens, white shirts and fine colored shirts, work shirts, neckwear, collars and cuffs, overalls, suspenders, trunks and valises, and the largest and most complete line of underwear in Crawford county. Ladies and Children's furnishings, cloaks, capes, jackets, shawls, hoods and fascinators, undershirts, dress skirts, wrappers, and the largest assortment of fur collarettes and scarfs ever shown in Denison.

# J P MILLER & CO.

## GARY BROS. & CO.

Deloit, Iowa,  
Are Prepared to Dig Wells  
Satisfaction  
Guaranteed.

Anyone needing anything in this line should give them a call.

### THE MARKETS.

Grain, Markets, Etc. Chicago, Oct. 13.  
FLOUR—Good demand and firmer, being up 10c.  
WHEAT—Unsettled. December, 64 1/2c; May, 65 1/2c.  
CORN—Firm. Cash quoted at 30 1/2c; December sold at 30 1/2c; October, 30 1/2c; May, 32 1/2c.  
OATS—Stronger. No. 2 cash, 22 1/2c; December, 22 1/2c; May, 23 1/2c.  
RYE—In good demand and firm. No. 2 cash, 49 1/2c; No. 3 about 49c, and No. 4 about 47 1/2c; October, 49 1/2c; and May, 47 1/2c.  
PORK, LARD AND RIBS—Higher. January pork at \$9.75, up to \$9.15, off to \$9.10; January lard at \$4.90 to \$4.95; January ribs at \$4.70 to \$4.75.  
POTATOES—Easy. Burbanks, 30 1/2c; Hebron and Peerless, 30 1/2c; Rose and early Ohio, 26 1/2c.  
EGGS—Firm. Eggs, loss off, and canned stock, new cases included, 15c.  
BUTTER—Firm. Extras, 20 1/2c; dairies, 12 1/2c.  
LIVE POULTRY—Steady. Turkeys, 70c; Chickens, 4 1/2c; Ducks, 6 1/2c per pound; Geese, \$3.00 to \$3.50 per dozen.  
New York, Oct. 13.  
BUTTER—Firm. Western creamery, 18 1/2c; Elgin, 21 1/2c; factory, 11 1/2c.  
CHEESE—Steady. Large white, 8 1/2c; small do., 8c; large colored, 8 1/2c; small do., 8c.  
EGGS—Firm. Western, 17 1/2c.

### Live Stock.

Chicago, Oct. 13.  
Hogs—Market fairly active. Prices averaged about steady. Sales ranged at \$2.50 to \$3.75 for Pigs; \$3.50 to \$3.75 for light; \$3.50 to \$3.75 for rough packing; \$3.50 to \$3.75 for mixed, and \$3.50 to \$3.75 for heavy packing and shipping lots.  
CATTLE—Market quite active. Feeling strong. Quotations ranged at \$3.50 to \$3.75 for choice to extra Steers; \$4.50 to \$4.75 for good to choice do.; \$4.00 to \$4.25 for fair to good; \$3.00 to \$3.25 for common to medium do.; \$4.00 to \$4.25 for butchers' Steers; \$4.15 to \$4.50 for fed Western Steers; \$3.20 to \$4.10 for Stockers; \$4.00 to \$4.50 for Feeders; \$2.00 to \$2.25 for Cows; \$3.00 to \$4.70 for Heifers; \$2.70 to \$4.25 for Bulls; Oxen and Stags; \$3.20 to \$4.50 for Texas Steers; \$3.50 to \$4.00 for Grass Western Steers; \$3.00 to \$4.00 for Western Cows and Heifers, and \$4.00 to \$4.50 for Veal Calves.

### DENISON MARKET SUMMARY.

Hogs..... 3 00@3.10  
Wheat..... 48@49  
Rye..... 35  
Corn—70 lb..... 20  
Oats..... 18  
Hay—Prairie..... 4 00@5.00  
Hay—Timothy..... 6.50  
Potatoes..... 25  
Butter..... 11  
Eggs..... 10

## ALTGELD IS HEARD.

Great Apostle of Free Silver from the Windy City Talks in Denison.

### LITTLE INTEREST SHOWN

Ex-Gov. of Illinois Harangues For Two and a Half Hours on Silver, Ignoring Every Other Issue.

The weather on last Thursday afternoon was pleasant, the hired bands played inspiring music, and the local democrats were busy as bees in trying to make the few people on the streets believe that a great political meeting was at hand; but in spite of all the efforts no enthusiasm could be aroused and it was evident that those who had turned out were here from idle curiosity or from a sense of duty. From this futile attempt on the part of the Free Silver party, it takes no great prophet to predict that the days of sixteen to one are numbered. After bringing so noted a man across two states, a man known throughout the nation as one of the most conspicuous politicians of this day, it must be galling indeed to those in charge to think he was so indifferently received. The prediction of "eight thousand people" would have been realized two years ago, but how far short of the "eight thousand" there actually were in Denison no one realized more fully than the democratic managers themselves.

Ex-Gov. Altgeld is a man who has been extensively advertised as an anarchist. The REVIEW is free from any part in this uncalled for slurring of his character and are pleased to be able to say that his speech in Denison was far from any anarchistic utterances. He is a forceful speaker from the slow clear manner in which he talks, but is far from a morbid man without hope or recovery. In his very first sentence, without introduction or prelude, he proclaimed that for a number of years our country was in a state of serious decline and for two and a half hours he labored to prove it. With this for a text he began with the campaign of 1888, found fault with the McKinley tariff, complained of Cleveland for whom he did his utmost to elect; did not like the Wilson tariff law, and denounced as a failure the present Dingley tariff law. It was evident that nothing that has been was right and that it is doubtful if it ever can be righted.

His speech from first to last dealt with the money question and he studiously avoided every thing that could in any way refer to the issues of the present campaign. He seems to be entirely out of touch with the matters of so vital importance at the present time as the outgrowth of the Spanish war. He did not even give that a passing notice but used the war of the rebellion to illustrate a point at hand. From this and other musty sentiments we are led to believe the speech has been laying around in some out-of-the-way corner while the thrifty landlord has been renewing some of his gold clause contracts with his tenants.

The weakest thing about the speech from first to last was the needless and unwanted attack on the statesmen of our day. He talked continually of corruption and bribed officials. He charged the almost sainted Bismarck with having been duped and says the financiers of the old world are laughing at the class of financiers who prevailed in the contest of '96. He tiraded against Wall street and ridiculed Carlisle. He continued this unreasonable and illogical talk and finally said: "There is nothing to argue when you get down to the facts." The audience seemed to be in accord with this statement and gladly though quietly withdrew when the speaker ceased talking.

It is folly for a man to come before an audience of Crawford county farmers and business men and say that times are growing worse and worse and that they are prostrated at this very time when the facts are so evident that business never was more prosperous. Relief has come from some source and every intelligent voter knows from the experience of '93 that we had better let good enough alone.

Local effects are sufficiently pronounced to justify the curtailment of expenditure in another direction and the opening of an account with a florist.

The method of preparation is extremely simple. Roses and violets hold sway in this as in numerous other features of "my lady's" toilet. To properly impregnate the water for the bath at least two dozen roses or half a dozen bunches of violets are required. Inclosed in a linen bag, they should be placed in an earthen vessel, covered with two quarts of water and allowed to simmer until the fluid is heavy with their fragrance. This extract, imparted to a tub of tepid water, is pronounced superior to any similar toilet preparation one may purchase at a shop.—New York Herald.

Her First Glass of Buttermilk. Little Daisy was fond of sweet milk. One day a glass of buttermilk was put beside her plate at dinner. She tasted it, put it back on her tray and said: "Mamma, did a bad cow lay this milk?"—New York Times.

### A Wise Little Girl.

"Little girl, what have you in your basket?" asked the inquisitive man. "Mamma'd wanted everybody to know, she wouldn't have put the lid on so tight," piped the little miss.

### A LITTLE WILD APPLE TREE.

There's a little wild apple tree out in the pasture. Crooked and stunted and queer in its shape, and it waves its long arms as the summer winds sway it. As if it were trying its best to escape. I have never found fruit on its gnarled, twisted branches. Green moss clothes its trunk from its boughs to its feet. But its blossoms each spring with the best of the orchard. And, oh, but its delicate blossoms are sweet! On the north by the orchard the pasture is bounded. There decorous apple trees stand in straight rows. You can see that each tree has been carefully planted. And feels it must carefully heed how it grows. But 'tis the wild tree that the "high hole" has chosen. She found such a beautiful place for her nest. The orchard is pleasant—I highly respect it— But the little wild apple tree 'tis I love best!—Margaret Vandegrift in Youth's Companion.

### A RHINE STORY.

The Misses Ladford walked across the road from the German station to the small hotel. "And now," complained the elder Miss Ladford, "I suppose we shall have more unintelligible argument at this ridiculous hotel. Not a soul to speak English or French, and"— "We shall manage," said her young sister, hopefully. The porter carrying their luggage pushed open the door, and they stepped into a big, square room, with a pewter covered bar at the side. A few men were playing with grubby cards in a corner. The proprietor shuffled forward and took his pipe from his mouth reluctantly. "Bah!" cried the elder Miss Ladford. "That's not German," remarked her young sister cheerfully. "Kellner, ein zimmer."

If young Miss Ladford had known the German for hotel proprietor, she would not have called him a waiter. It was unfortunate, because the proprietor's brow clouded at the word "kellner," and he appeared to be instructing the porter to take the luggage outside. The two ladies stared at each other distressedly. "Can I be of any use?" "Mr. Wallis!" cried the young sister delightedly. "Mr. Wallis!" remarked Miss Ladford distantly.

In a few words the young man explained everything to the offended hotel proprietor; in a few more words he informed the ladies that he, too, had arrived by the train from Berlin, and that, finding the last train for Luxembourg had gone, he had said a few words— "I am glad you did that," said Miss Ladford.

—and had come straight across to the hotel. Mr. Mark Wallis further mentioned that he had ordered supper for one; while the ladies were up stairs he would ascend the order and make it supper for three. A stout, apple faced maid appeared and prepared to conduct them stolidly up the broad wooden staircase to their room.

"Mr. Wallis," said Miss Ladford, "we quarreled, I'm afraid, at Baireuth."

"No, no," replied the young man, flushing. "Don't dignify our argument to that extent. It was a mere difference of opinion." He glanced at the young sister, who was following the apple checked maid. "You made some unkind remarks in your journal last winter about my playing, and I felt bound to tell you that I resented those criticisms. We had been good friends too."

"I tried to be fair, Miss Ladford. I had every reason not to be unkind." "Every reason?" "Every reason."

She hesitated a moment and then held out her hand. "Shall we forget all about it, Mr. Wallis?"

"It will give me great pleasure," said the young man earnestly. And, being in a foreign land where courtly acts can be done without creating derision, he lifted her gloved hand and kissed it. Such a supper party that night in the bare boarded dining room of the sleepy little hotel at Karthaus, and such determination on Mark Wallis' part to propitiate Miss Ladford—so much general good humor indeed that the chromo of the Emperor William on the walls stared as though half inclined to assume that the laughter approached leze majesty. Even the apple checked servant became infected by the general gaiety and served the dishes with positive cheerfulness, crowning the evening, when supper was over and Mark Wallis had lighted a cigar and had said good night, by remarking (as she took the two pairs of shoes from the tired young women and closed their door) in a confidential whisper, "Jarring cross!" and disappeared with the air of one who has said a reassuring and comforting word to English women in a strange land.

"He improves on acquaintance," remarked Miss Ladford. "Who, dear?" "Oh, Mr. Wallis, of course." "Oh!" "I disliked him extremely when I met him at first."

"Because of that notice?" "That was the principal cause." "Musical critics," said the younger lady casually, "have a hard task to perform."

"And some of them hardly perform it. But I'm quite sure now, dear, that Mr. Wallis did not mean to be unfair." Miss Ladford went on argumentatively, as though trying to persuade her younger sister to abandon an indefensible position in the debate. "So much depends, Alice, on the point of view in these matters. Mark Wallis being so strong a Mozart worshiper, you see, he naturally enough"— "Is Mr. Wallis going by our train in the morning?" "I hope so," said Miss Ladford. "You have changed your opinion,

dear, about him? I'm so glad." Alice Ladford kissed her elder sister affectionately.

"A woman who doesn't change her opinion," said Miss Ladford dogmatically, "is as tiresome as one who never changes her hats. I don't know which is worse."

It seemed that everybody in the little hotel awoke early the following morning. At 6:30 the round checked maid came up with coffee and rolls, and these they had near to the open window that looked on the square in front of the station. Miss Ladford, in admirable spirits and enjoying now the whole adventure, saw Mr. Mark Wallis below and remarked to her young sister that she supposed she had better go down in order to make sure about the Luxembourg train. Alice Ladford cordially seconded this resolution and said that she for her part would rather stay up stairs and write.

"Train doesn't go till 8," said Mark Wallis cheerfully. "There's nothing to see at Karthaus, so I thought of having a look round."

"I am tired of sightseeing," remarked Miss Ladford. "This will have all the charm of novelty. May I come with you?"

"I want you to." "Doesn't matter about a hat, does it? Nobody knows us." "Nobody knows us here," he agreed lightly. "In town we are of course important people. At least you are. Critics don't count."

They walked down the principal lane of the village. The sun was in its pleasantly decorous mood, less obtrusive than it had been, but showing nevertheless a polite attention. Two stout matrons at their doorways remarked to each other confidentially that she was older than he, and after some haggling decided that there was a difference of five years.

"Nearly everything happens for the best in this world," said Mark Wallis. "If that train had not been late last night, it would have been long perhaps before I had a chance of making my peace with you."

"I cannot permit," she said quaintly, "any reference to a former discussion."

"As a matter of fact, I particularly want to be on good terms with you, Miss Ladford. I haven't many enemies, and I do not want to think of you as one of them."

"I believe," she said quietly, pulling a blade of grass as they walked along, "that we are going to be very excellent friends."

"I'm so glad!" he cried honestly. "Indeed, I hope that we shall be something more." She did not look at him, and he went on. "Do you know, Miss Ladford, I feel very much the want of companionship at home? I'm almost 28, but already I am beginning to dread the possibility of journeying through my life a lonely traveler. Twenty-eight is not too young for a man to marry, is it?"

She shook her head and put her hand for a moment to her throat. Her thoughts went back swiftly to her first and last proposal. Dear, dear, what a long time ago that was—nearly ten years ago, she feared! She remembered how she had refused the offer because she had an idea that it would be foolish to say "Yes" to the first. And since—Miss Ladford remembered this with a little sigh—there had not been a second.

"What I mean to say is," said Mark Wallis, with nervous enthusiasm, "that the time comes to every man when he meets some one he really likes. If he misses that chance, it is quite likely that an exactly similar opportunity may never occur again. And, although it may appear very sudden to you, Miss Ladford, it's not really sudden, you know."

The poor blade of grass was getting terribly maltreated. For a self possessed person, Miss Ladford appeared singularly tremulous. She found that when she lifted her eyes from the ground the neat little cottages danced.

"I think—I think we had better return," she said hesitatingly. "We mustn't miss the train, and we ought not to keep my sister waiting." "Oh, Alice won't mind!" he said cheerfully.

"She's a dear girl," said Miss Ladford, endeavoring to regain her self possession. "Although she's my sister, I have never quarreled with her." "She can keep a secret too."

"When you know her better, Mr. Wallis, you will find that she is quite unlike me. That is why we get on so well together, I think. I don't like to think that I shall ever have to say good-by to her."

"It won't be quite saying good-by," urged Mark Wallis. "You see, a honeymoon—"

"We must talk about it," she interrupted shyly. "When we meet in town." "I would rather know now," he said. "Until we reach Luxembourg, then." "No, no," he said good humoredly. He took her hand and placed it on his arm. "I must know now. Your sister will be anxious." Her hand trembled. "Point of fact, Miss Ladford, I want Alice to marry me as soon as we get back to town, if you don't mind." "Oh!" "The way seemed very long back to the little hotel, and the sunshine appeared strangely blurred. Nevertheless Miss Ladford, like a sensible woman, said no word until she reached the Bahnhof, where her pretty young sister was waiting. Then she went up to her and kissed her.

### His Regret.

"I regret to observe," said Skilton, "that there is to be another yacht race for the America's cup." "Regret? Why, it indicates that England and the United States are coming together again!" said Jones. "That's just it," said Skilton. "We were beginning to get along so nicely, and now all the old troubles will be reopened."—Harper's Bazar.