

A Word of Warning

The trouble with thousands of women is not "female weakness," although many physicians suppose it is. The real trouble lies in the Kidneys, Liver and Bladder. Doctors often fail to effect a cure, simply because they don't as men can ascertain for them—



Simply fill a bottle or glass tumbler with urine and let it stand a day and a night. If there is a sediment at the bottom, something is wrong with the Kidneys. If there is a desire to urinate often—if there is a pain in the small of the back—if the urine stains linen—look out! The Kidneys are diseased.

Ladies can take **Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy** with perfect assurance of relief. It will cure them of Kidney, Liver and Bladder disorders just as certainly as it cures men.

Mrs. G. W. DAVENPORT, of West Troy, N. Y., says: "I was troubled with my Kidneys, and suffered intense pain in my back and loins. The wife of Dr. Robinson, pastor of the First Avenue Methodist Church, recommended **Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy**. I got some, and have used it ever since, with the result that I am greatly benefited. All pains have left me, and I am like another person."

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is a perfect blood and nerve medicine. It restores the liver to a healthy condition and cures the worst cases of constipation. It is a certain cure for all diseases peculiar to females.

Sample Bottle Free

Favorite Remedy is such a certain cure that the Dr. DAVID KENNEDY CORPORATION, Rondout, N. Y., will forward, prepaid, a free sample bottle to every sufferer who sends his or her full postoffice address and mentions this paper. The fact that our liberal offer appears in this paper is a guarantee of its genuineness.

All druggists sell **Favorite Remedy** at \$1.00 a bottle.

A. D. Smith, CITY HORSESHOE AND General Blacksmith.

All Work Guaranteed. Prices Reasonable.

Location—South of North Star Barn. GIVE US A CALL.

W. A. MCHENRY, Pres. SEARS MCHENRY, Cashier.

First National Bank.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, - \$115,000.00.
DEPOSITS, - - - - - 310,000.00.
LOANS, - - - - - 350,000.00.

With our thirty years of experience in the banking business and our large capital and constant increasing deposits we are able to take care of our customers at the lowest rates. Deposits received subject to be drawn at sight. Time certificates issued drawing four per cent for six and five per cent for twelve months. We make a specialty of loaning money on cattle to be fed for market, as well as individuals. Also make first mortgage loans on improved farms at current rates. We sell lands, town lots, furnish abstracts of title and sell steamship tickets for foreign parts. Our officers speak German. We solicit your patronage.



CRAWFORD COUNTY
Real Estate Exchange
E. GULICK Mang'r.
Denison, Iowa.

Farms and Town Property Sold or Exchanged on Commission.

LOANS - NEGOTIATED.
Abstracts of Title Furnished. Taxes Paid and Rents Collected.

Any business entrusted to me will receive prompt and careful attention.

MONEY TO LOAN on Real Estate security. Not a \$1,000.00, but a few \$100 Apply to E. Gulick, Room No. 3, Gulick & Solomon block Denison, Iowa.

FOR SALE Several choice improved farms, close to school and market. Call on or address E. Gulick, the leading real estate agent, Denison, Ia.

FOR SALE Choice resident properties and unimproved town lots on easy terms. To E. Gulick, real estate and loan agent, Denison, Iowa.

J. F. BURK, the Druggist,

Complete line of
Drugs, Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles, Stationery, Blank Books, Paints, Oils, White Lead, Brushes, Etc.

DENISON, IOWA.

H. W. RANDALL,
The Denison Decorator.

An Expert Paper Hanger and Painter, capable of doing the very finest work.

Estimates made. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Special attention to country work.
For estimates call on or address
H. W. RANDALL,
The Denison Decorator.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

COUNTY OFFICERS
State Senator..... L. R. BOLTER
Representative..... THEO. BLUME
County Treasurer..... A. B. LORENZEN
County Auditor..... JOHN T. CARRY
Clerk of Court..... EMIL RUGGIE
County Recorder..... O. M. CRISWELL
County Attorney..... R. SHAW VAN
County Sheriff..... HENRY BELL
County Superintendent..... A. G. MYERS
County Surveyor..... E. HUNTINGTON
County Coroner..... J. E. CLOUGH

BOARD OF SUPERVISORS
Fred Jensen, Chairman; W. W. Rhodenbaugh, G. W. Langley, Joseph White and Otto Hink.

TERMS OF COURT.
1898—April 18, October 10, December 12.
1899—February 13, April 17, October 9, Dec. 11.
Zala A. Church and S. M. Ellwood, Judges.

CITY OFFICERS
Mayor..... CHAS. KENNING
City Clerk..... L. M. CASSADAY
City Solicitor..... G. L. WRIGHT
Treasurer..... E. S. PLIMPTON
Assessor..... A. J. BOND
Weighmaster..... GEO. A. SMITH
Night watch..... I. M. BARR
Marshal..... HY. BOGGE
ALDERMEN
First Ward..... E. Gulick and A. Loney
Second Ward..... F. Owens and J. P. JONES
Third Ward..... H. Seagis and Max Sine

PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY.

ATTORNEYS.

J. P. CONNER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENISON, IOWA.
Ex-District Judge. Office over the Crawford County State Bank.

P. E. O. LALLY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENISON, IOWA.
Removes cases. Office over the Crawford County State Bank.

W. A. Goldschmidt. Wm. M. MacLennan
GOLDSCHMIDT & MACLENNAN,
LAWYERS,
DENISON, IOWA.

Practices in all state courts. Collections and Insurance a specialty. English and German spoken. Office over Haugh & Kenning's.

PHYSICIANS.

WM. ISEMINGER, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
DENISON, IOWA.
Calls attended day or night. Office up stairs over Burk's drug store.

G. H. BOLLES, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
DENISON, IOWA.
Homesopathic. Prompt response to professional calls. Office corner Wilson House.

W. W. HOLMES,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
DENISON, IOWA.
Office on Main Street.

ARTE FOLSON, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
DENISON, IOWA.
Calls attended promptly. Office Gulick's new building, up stairs.

H. A. BOYLE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
DENISON, IOWA.
Office in Cassaday's drug store.

WM. T. WRIGHT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
DENISON, IOWA.
Office over Shaw & Kuehnle's Bank. Residence second house north of city hall.

DENTISTS.

J. C. ROBINSON, D. D. S.,
SURGEON DENTIST,
DENISON, IOWA.
From State University of Iowa, graduates from Northwestern University Dental College, Chicago; also from State Board of Dental Examiners by examination. Satisfaction guaranteed. Office over Burk's Drug store.

B. F. PHILBROOK,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
DENISON, IOWA.
High grade Dental Work. Teeth extracted without pain. Office over Bank of Denison. Entrance either on Broadway or Main St.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BULLOCK & DUNBAR,
BROKERS AND COLECTORS
DENISON, IOWA.
We furnish our own teams and go to any part of the county for collections.

O SIEVERS & SON,
HARNESS AND SADDLES,
Robes and Fur Coats,
DENISON, IOWA

PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE
ESTABLISHED 1847.

ALL FORMS OF LIFE INSURANCE.

S. H. & M. E. RUMSEY, GENERAL AGENTS,
Des Moines, Iowa.
JOHN OSBORNE, Local Agent, Denison, Ia.

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S Favorite Remedy
The one sure cure for
The Kidneys, Liver and Blood

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy
CURES ALL KIDNEY, STOMACH AND LIVER TROUBLES.



[CONTINUED.]

picked off by lurking bushwhackers of the outlaws, crouching like Indians in the shelter of the rocks, and had fallen another victim of their desperate efforts. "One more fight in Texas," indeed. Poor, brave, warm hearted Ned! That one more fight, reported in Washington by an indulgent department commander, might bring about immediate measures for his restoration to the army, but was it worth the risk? Was it worth what might befall those motherless children, praying for father hour after hour that livelong day? Should it have been permitted, had there been any one to prevent, in view of the fact that no longer was there soldier duty to lead him on? The government had released him from all that, had bidden him go. It had no further use for the services of such as he; it had turned him loose upon the world, with heavy stoppages against the stipulated bonus. "Oh, what right had he," cried Brooks, "to forget those babies back there, well knowing, as he must, that no man's life is worth a hair in front of the rifles of that outlaw gang, much less an enemy such as Lawrence has shown himself to be?" The major's heart and head were heavy as once more the order forward was given. With every inclination to turn from his course with his entire command, to hasten in search of Lawrence's little party and Cramer's halted men, he well knew that should the paymaster and his precious thousands fall into the outlaw hands of the Friday gang he would be held responsible, even though San Saba's cantonment sent with him a force of 40 men.

Once within the jaws of the pass the little detachment had closed on the head of column, the advance guard, Barclay's leading section, riding on and dispersing itself under his instructions, while Brooks held the other sections until Winn's men were all closed up, bringing with them the little squads that had scouted toward the short cut of the San Saba, and had found no living soul in sight, yet had followed fresh hoof tracks coming their way for miles. Whoever they were, the scouts of the gang were well ahead; whoever he was, Friday by this time knew the troops were coming. Then, with the flankers scouring the slopes well out to right and left wherever possible, Brooks' main body, too, had entered the winding defile and was lost in the bowels of the earth.

At 11 o'clock a watcher, gazing back into the broad, shallow depression in which lay Crockett's and then northward to the low lying hills along the trail to Worth, could have seen no gleam of light far or near that would speak of human habitation or life or movement—no sign, in fact, of life of any kind—yet no sooner was the last shadowy form of horse and trooper swallowed up in the black gloom of the defile, no sooner had the last faint click of iron shod hoofs died away in the hidden distance, than there slowly rose from behind the shelter of a clump of rocks far out to the right of the trail a crouching figure that went almost on all fours to the edge of the rivulet, slunk away down the bank, dodging swiftly, softly, from boulder to boulder, until it disappeared around a little shoulder of bluff 500 yards away, was lost to view a moment, then reissued into the moonlight, this time in saddle, swinging cowboy fashion a riata about its head as it rode. Spinning up the slopes and out of the stream bed, away it went, careering up the hilly rise to the south, and was presently lost to view a second time behind some castellated rocks along the crest. Three minutes more, and these began to glow along their eastward face with the light of some unseen fire that flared for perhaps a minute somewhere about the hidden base of the group, and then far away to the southeast, far out among the buttes and knolls in the heart of the range, there was a sudden flash of brilliant light, just as though some one had touched off in front of a reflector a pound or so of rifle powder. The hills for one second were lighted up, then as suddenly relapsed into gloom. The blaze at the ledge so close at hand was promptly doused, and the night rolled on, calm, placid and unbroken.

When the first streak of dawn crept into the orient sky, Barclay's shadowy scouts were issuing from the San Saba on the farther side and halting for the coming of the main body. Neither those who led the advance nor those out on either flank, where flankers were at all possible, had seen a sign of outlaw, cowboy, even of human being, outside their own array. Not only had the Friday gang vanished from the neighborhood of the pass, but, what was most mysterious, not a sign had appeared of paymaster or escort, who were due at Crockett's early this very morning. Brooks, picking out the lightest rider in his weary column, sent him on the liveliest horse to warn Pennywise and his escort, provided he could find him at the San Saba camp, of what had taken place, notify him that they would here await his coming, and meantime ordered dismount, unsaddle and graze, and in two minutes every charger was divested of his load and many of them were kicking and rolling on the turf.

Twenty-four hours had the command been in saddle, except for the required halts and a long two hours during the dead of night, when leading their wearied steeds or crouching beside them at rest, while Barclay and his scouts explored the overhanging heights and listened eagerly for sound of coming troopers from the eastward. But for the waning moon there would have been hours of total darkness. Ninety miles, all told, had they traveled, and now, wearied though they were, nine out of ten of the men were chafing with wrath that the wily gang had managed to escape them. Whither were they gone, and where on earth was the paymaster, were the questions. Certainly not through the pass, for there were no fresh hoof prints. Could it be that, balked in the plan to overwhelm the escort by this coming of at least an equal force, the gang had turned back angered and thrown themselves on Cramer's crippled party with the view of getting away with the horses, arms and equipments? Certainly none of Cramer's people had made their way by the game trails over the range to join them, but there was reason for that. Lawrence had never succeeded in reaching Cramer.

Sad, wearied and depressed, Major Brooks seated himself on a saddle blanket to take counsel with his officers, now reduced to three—Barclay, Winn and the doctor. He missed Mullane, stanch old fighter that he was, for Mullane knew most of the country thoroughly and had been posted for months at the Rio San Saba, now only some 20 miles to the east. He sorely missed Lawrence, for on him he had often leaned. He was beginning to take vast comfort in Barclay, to be sure, but now Barclay, Winn, the doctor, man and horses, the entire command, in fact, had come to a standstill. There was no use in going farther east. There the country was comparatively open and rolling, and the gang would hardly dare attack 40 troopers on the wide prairie. Besides, the nearest water in that direction was 20 miles away, the little rivulet rising in the heart of the hills was ten miles behind them, and already horses were thirsting and men emptying their canteens. Blankly the major stared up into Barclay's drawn and almost haggard face. "Can you think of anything we ought to do?" he asked, and in asking Brooks was a far better soldier than the man who, having exhausted his own resources, thought it infra dig to invite suggestions from his juniors.

"Just one, sir. Sergeant McHugh tells me he once came out here hunting with Captain Mullane, and that they took a light spring wagon right over the range southeast of Crockett's, the way Cramer went. It is a much longer way round, but a more open way. The trail must lie some eight or ten miles off here to the south or west of south. Could it be that the gang only started from the place of Cramer's ambush, as though to go to the pass, and then veered around again and covered that trail, and for some reason have been expecting the paymaster that way after all?"

Worn and weary as he was, Brooks staggered to his feet at once, his face going paler still. "By heaven, Bar-

clay, if that's possible they've had uninterrupted hours in which to deal with Pennywise already. It is possible," he nodded, with misery in the emphasis of his tone. "I remember having heard of that trail, but never thought it practicable for an ambulance. Then there is work before us yet. Call Sergeant McHugh," he cried. The word was passed among the wearied groups, where, squatting or lying, the men had thrown themselves upon the ground, and presently, rubbing his red eyes, a stocky little Irish sergeant came trudging up to his commander and silently touched the visor of his worn old cap.

"Can you guide us by the shortest route from here to the trail you spoke of to Captain Barclay?" asked the major.

Mac turned and gazed away southward along the line of the San Saba hills.

"I don't think we could miss it, sir, if we followed the foothills."

"Then we must try it," said Brooks decidedly, half turning to the silent officers as he spoke. "Let the horses graze ten minutes more and get all the dew and grass they can, then we'll push for it."

And so, just before 5, hungry, weary and weak—some of the men at least—the little squadron clambered into saddle and once more moved away. No need to leave any one to say which way they'd gone. The trail showed all that. Silently they headed for the broad valley of the Bravo, miles away to the invisible west. Once across a little rise in the folds Brooks struck the slow trot



Major Brooks seated himself on a saddle blanket.

he had learned long years before from the beloved major of his old regiment, and doggedly the column took it up and followed. Not a mile had they gone when the sun came peering up over the heights far in their wake; for a few minutes the dew flashed and sparkled on the turf before it did beneath that fiery breath, and still no man spoke. Sound sleep by night, a cold plunge at dawn and the hot tin of soldier coffee sent the morning tongues of a column en route "wagging like sheep's tails," said the troopers, but it takes a forced all night march, following an all day ride, followed by a morning start without either cold plunge or hot coffee, to stamp a column with the silence of a Quaker meeting. Let no man think, however, the fight is out of its heart unless he is suffering for a scrimmage on any terms. Men wake up with a snap at sound of the first shot, dull eyes flash in answer to the bugle challenge, and worn and wearied troopers "take a brace" that means mischief to the foe at the first note that tells of trouble ahead. Just two miles out there came the test to Brooks' men, and there was none so poor as to be found wanting.

Two miles out, and the column woke up at the cry, "You comes a courier!" and coming he was, "hell to split," said Sergeant McHugh, from afar off over the rolling prairie to the southwest. Five minutes brought him within hail—a corporal from the camp on the Rio San Saba, on foaming horse, who came tugging at both reins, spluttering and plunging up to the head of column and blurted out his news: "I thought you was the escort, sir—the paymaster's escort. They left camp at 9 last night, and at 3 this morning Corporal Murphy got back, shot, and said they were corralled in the hills on the old trail. The captain is coming along with 20 men and sent me ahead. They must be ten miles from here yet, sir."

"The paymaster or the captain?" asked Brooks, his heart beating hard, but his face imperturbable.

"Both, sir, I reckon; one one way and the other the other."

Then Brooks signaled over his shoulder: "We've got to gallop, Barclay. It's neck or nothing now." And some horses even then were drooping at the trot.

Six o'clock now. Six miles from the eastward mouth of the pass, and spurs were plying here and there throughout the column, for many found their horses lagging sorely. Barclay on his splendid blooded bay was far out to the front, the corporal courier with him, for theirs were the only mounts that could stand another forcing of the pace. Rearward three or four horses, exhausted, were being gathered up by a burly sergeant and with their weary riders led slowly along the trail. Sixteen—Barclay and his corporal were but dots along the folds now and moving swiftly. Then at a higher point, in plain view, one dot began circling to the left at speed. Every man knew what that meant, and the signal was answered by another spurt. The sun was telling at last. The dew had dried, but along the turf there was but little dust to rise, and Brooks could keep most of his men together. Far off to the left all eyes could see now the sign that told that rival rescuers were gaining. The little squad from the San Saba camp came spurring along the beaten trail, betrayed by the cloud of dust that rose above them.

Young Connolly, the guidon bearer of Barclay's troop, unfurled his color and set it flapping in the rising breeze in trooper challenge, and down the column set and haggard faces lighted up with the gleam of soldier joy. It was to be a race—a race to the rescue. Sixty-three, and over a low ridge went Brooks and Winn, close followed by their orderlies. Far away, midway up the opposite slope, stretched a slender, twisting, traversing seam—the winding trail to Crockett's. The black dots in the lead were now three in number, darting toward two others, black dots, too, some four miles away and to the right front, right in among the hills. "Keep it up, lads. The quicker to water and rest," are the major's words now, and spurs set home again despite equine grunts in protest. Sixty-four, and the dots in front are blacker and bigger and popping about, three of them at least in lively motion, checking suddenly, then darting to and fro, and the cry bursts from the leader's lips: "By God, they're at it! Now, lads for all you're worth, come on." Sixty-five, and rounding a projecting spur, a shoulder from the range, Brooks, Winn and the doctor burst in view of a scene that banishes the last thought of weariness. Barely a mile or so away a rocky ledge lies beyond and parallel with the trail. Its jagged crest is spitting smoke and fire. Its smoother slopes, toward the east, are dotted in places by the bodies of dead or dying horses, and in places, too, by other smaller forms, apparently stiff and motionless. Off the trail, as though dragged there by affrighted and agonized animals, lies an overturned ambulance, its six draft mules outstretched upon the turf about it; so, too, are other quadrupeds, troop horses evidently. Well back of the ruined wagon some trusty soul has rallied the remaining troop horses, while most of their riders, sprawled upon the turf or behind improvised rifle pits, stick manfully to their duty. Friday's ambulance, in the still hours of the night, has cost the government heavily in horses, men and mules, but old Pennywise's precious safe is guarded still, and every rush the outlaws make to get it is met by relentless fire. Sixty-six, and leaving on the field six outlawed forms that will never fight again, the baffled relics of the Fridays are snarling away into the fastnesses of the range before the labored rush and spluttering fire of Brooks' men, and Galahad, with his corporal comrade, far in the lead, gets the last compliments of the departing gang. Another gallant horse goes down, and Galahad's for the time goes free, his rider falling fainting from exha-