

Capital, \$100,000. Deposits, \$200,000.

Crawford County State Bank,

DENISON, IOWA.

The Best Security for Depositors. Term Loans at Five Per Cent Interest.

This bank is incorporated under the laws of the state of Iowa. This gives the best security to all depositors, not only to the amount of stock, but the personal property of each shareholder for the amount of his share.

Passage Tickets Sold. Insurance Written. Loans Negotiated.

Directors: L. Cornwell, Geo. Na. ve, H. F. Schwartz, Chas. Tabor, J. P. Connor

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.

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.

A. D. Smith,

CITY HORSESHOER AND General Blacksmith.

All Work Guaranteed.

Prices Reasonable.

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

CRAWFORD COUNTY

Real Estate Exchange

E. GULICK Manager.

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 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.

BLACK-SMITHING

First Best Work
Laid's Barn.

I wish to announce that I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmith work in first-class shape and at prices as low as is consistent with good labor and material.

Horse-Shoeing a Specialty. TOM BATEMAN.

CHARLES TABOR

DENISON, IOWA.

MONEY

TO LOAN, LONG TIME, LOWEST RATES.

MONEY

Office Over McHenry's Bank

CRAWFORD COUNTY OFFICERS.

County Auditor: L. R. BOLLEY
County Treasurer: THRO. BLUM
County Auditor: A. B. LORENZEN
County Auditor: JOHN T. C. BEE
County Auditor: H. M. KAPLAN
County Auditor: O. M. GIBBELL
County Auditor: H. M. YEAZ
County Auditor: BERRY BELL
County Auditor: G. W. MYER
County Auditor: H. HUNTINGTON
County Auditor: J. K. GLOUGH

BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

Fred Jessen, Chairman; W. W. Rhodenbaugh, G. W. Langley, Joseph White and Otto Hink.

TERMS OF COURT.

1899—April 15, October 10, December 12.
1900—February 12, April 17, October 9, Dec. 11.
Elias A. Claren and M. Ellwood, Judges.

CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor: CHAS. KEMMING
City Clerk: L. M. CASNADAY
City Auditor: G. I. WRIGHT
Treasurer: JOHN T. C. BEE
Comptroller: E. S. PLIMPTON
Assessor: A. J. BOND
Night Watchman: GEO. A. SMITH
Night Watchman: E. B. WYATT
Night Watchman: H. H. GLOUGH

ALDERMEN.

First Ward: F. O. Voss and J. P. Jones
Second Ward: F. O. Voss and J. P. Jones
Third Ward: H. B. Coates and Max Sims

PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY.

ATTORNEYS.

J. F. CONNER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, DENISON, IOWA.

312-District Judge. Office over the Crawford County State Bank.

P. E. O. LALLY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, DENISON, IOWA.

312-District Judge. 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 & Kemming's.

PHYSICIANS.

WM. KEMMINGER, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, DENISON, IOWA.

Calls attended day or night. Office up stairs over Burk's drug store.

G. H. BOLLEY, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, DENISON, IOWA.

Residence, promptly responds to professional calls. Office east of Village Hotel.

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 next building, up stairs.

H. A. BOYLE, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, DENISON, IOWA.

Office in Cassiday's drug store.

WM. T. WRIGHT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, DENISON, IOWA.

Office over Shaw & Kuehler's Bank. Rent lease secondhouse north of city hall.

DENTISTS.

J. C. ROBINSON, D. D. S., SURGEON DENTIST, DENISON, IOWA.

Graduate of University of Iowa, graduates from North Western University Dental College, Chicago. Also holds State Board of Dental Examiners License. Satisfaction guaranteed. Office over Burk's drug store.

R. F. PHILLBROOK, RESIDENT DENTIST, DENISON, IOWA.

High grade Dental Work. Work attended at all hours. Office over Bank of Denison. 312-District Judge's office on Broadway at Main St.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BULLOCK & DUNBAR, BROKERS AND COLLECTORS, DENISON, IOWA.

No branch over any house and go to my job at the county fair collection.

G. SEEVERS & SON, HARNESSES AND SADDLERY, DENISON, IOWA.

Reins and Fine Goods.

PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE ESTABLISHED 1847.

ALL FORMS OF LIFE INSURANCE.

S. H. & N. S. RUSSEY, GENERAL AGENTS, DEN HOSEA, IOWA.

JOHN CARBONE, Local Agent, Denison, Ia.

Arctic Whalers Saved.

The expedition which the government sent out last November in the revenue cutter Bear, for the relief of the whalers who had been caught in the ice east of Point Barrow in the Arctic ocean, has accomplished its mission and returned. A relief party commanded by Lieutenant Jarvis, and assisted by the Rev. W. T. Loop of the American Missionary association, drove a herd of reindeer more than 500 miles overland from Fort Clarence to Point Barrow; and as soon as the ice permitted, the Bear, commanded by Captain Tuttle, pushed on to Point Barrow, and took on board the wrecked whalers.



[CONTINUED]

clay was of—the old army—if he had been brought up as I was, he might settle it out of court. My father used to say that there could be no other reparation for a blow. What would my apologies be worth? They would not re-establish him.

"Sometimes I think," said Brooks after another reflective pause, "that men of Barclay's stamp need not appeal to the code to set them right. That is only a device by which physical courage is made a substitute for other virtues that may be lacking. Barclay occupies a plane above it. In view of his record in the Platte country and in this recent chase after the outlaws it would take a bold man to sneer at him, in this garrison at least, and, if he prefer no charge against you, who is to do it? This trouble can be straightened out, Winn," said the major soothingly, "if only you could fix—that other."

But how, said they to each other as they went gloomily away, was that other to be "fixed?" How was a poor fellow with nothing but his pay, burdened by an extravagant and helpless wife, a little child and a number of debts, to hope to raise \$3,000 to prevent the almost total stoppage of his stipend? That evening when Mrs. Faulkner left her invalid friend the latter asked her to say to Harry that she begged him to come and speak with her. Harry went, but there was no spring, no gladness, in the slow and halting feet that climbed the narrow stair. There was no hope in the careworn face that came forth again in half an hour. Laura wished him to take her watch, her diamond earrings, a locket he had given her in bygone days and other pretty trinkets, sell them and pay their debts. She was amazed to hear, not that they owed so much, but that her treasures would bring so little.

The fourth day of his arrest was well nigh gone. Collabone had reported Barclay quite himself again and sitting up, though none too strong, and then he saw that Winn at last had been writing. "Read that," said Harry briefly, and handed him the sheet. It was addressed to Captain Barclay: "In the last four days I have done nothing but think of the great wrong I did you. I have tried to find words in which to tell you my distress and self reproach, but they fail me. There was no shadow of justification for my suspicion, and therefore no excuse for my blow. Had you desired reparation you would have demanded it, and the rule used to be for a man in my plight to wait until it was asked before he tendered an apology that might be considered a stopper to a challenge. But I will not wait. At the risk of anything any man may say or think I write this to tell you that I deplore my conduct and with all my heart to beg your pardon."

Collabone went through it twice with blinking eyes. "That's the bravest thing you ever did, Winn," said he as he laid it carefully down. "That ought to stop court martial proceedings."

"That," answered Winn, "is a different matter. I don't ask any mercy. I would have been better off this minute if he or Brayton had shot me on the spot."

There was silence a moment as he turned away and presently seated himself at the little table, his head dropping forward on his arms. Then Collabone stepped up and placed a hand upon his shoulder.

"Winn, my boy, I should lie if I said you ought not to feel this, but there's such a thing as brooding too much. You'll harm yourself if you go on like this. You—Here, let me take that in to Barclay. Let him speak for me. I'm d—d if it isn't too much for me."

But Winn's head was never lifted as the doctor went his way.

"That's the bravest thing you ever did, Winn," said he.

Later that night the post adjutant dropped in. He and Winn had never been on cordial terms, but the staff officer was shocked and troubled at the increasing ravages in the once proud and handsome face of the cavalryman. "Winn," he said in courteous tone, "the colonel directs extension of your furlif to include the parade and—and to visit Captain Barclay, who wants to see you this evening, if you feel able. It's only sent down, you know," he added vaguely. Then, "Isn't there anything I can do?"

That night just after taps old Hannibal admitted the tall young officer and ushered him into a brightly lighted room, where, rather pale and wan, but with a kindly smile on his face, Collabone lay back in his reclining

chair and held out a thin white hand. "Welcome, Winn," was all he said, and then the old negro slid out and closed the door.

"There are Irish and Irish," as, quoting Mulvaney, has been said before. Once assured that no further proceedings were to be taken against him for his iniquitous lapse the day of the rush to Crockett Springs, Captain Mullane concluded that he must stand high in favor at court, and that further self denial and abstinence were uncalled for, especially in view of the successes achieved for him by the small detachment of his party led by Lieutenant Winn. Mullane was a gallant soldier in the field from sheer love of fighting, and the same trait when warmed by whisky made him a nuisance in garrison. Not a week was he home from his successful scout when he broke out in a new place, and this time he found instant accommodation.

Little of the stolen property was recovered by the searching squad sent out as the result of Marsden's revelations. That voluble scoundrel was in the guardhouse awaiting trial by general court martial. Cavalry drills were resumed again, and after each morning's work the officers gathered in considerable force at the clubroom. There had been, both in the infantry and in the cavalry, vast speculation as to the outcome of Winn's arrest and Barclay's mishap. But men, as a rule, spoke of the matter with bated breath. Mullane, Bralligan and the one or two Irish ex-sergeants in the command, known locally as the Faugh-a-Ballaghs, however, waxed hilariously insolent in their comments. Nothing short of dismissal should be Winn's sentence and nothing short of a challenge be Barclay's course. It was with something akin to amazement that Mullane received on the sixth day after Winn's arrest official notification of his release and restoration to duty. It was with some-



The next instant he lay foundering on the floor.

thing akin to incredulous wrath that an hour later he caught sight of the liberated lieutenant issuing from Barclay's quarters, not his own, and with Barclay leaning trustfully on his arm.

Apology accepted. Explanations tendered. All settled, and without a meeting on the field of honor. "Whurroo, but what's the cavalry comin to?" howled Mullane over the consequent cups at the sutler's store and club room. Fuller aiding and abetting with more liquor. Up the hill to the post lurched the big captain that very afternoon, and into the cardroom, where some of his cronies were gathered, Bralligan among them and the untrustworthy Hodge. Any one with half an eye could see there was mischief in the wind, for nothing caused these old time Hibernian rangers keener suffering than to have their betters settle a question without either court martial or a fight. Talk and jeering laugh grow louder as potatoes followed on the heel taps of their predecessors. The mail from San Antonio got in at 5 p. m. that evening, and the orderly was distributing letters as the officers returned from stables. Winn, by invitation, had accompanied the major and was walking home with him, Mullane and a cronie or two following at safe distance. Several men saw the light of relief in Winn's face as he received, opened and glanced into the missive handed him.

"Has it come?" asked Brooks in genuine sympathy.

"Yes," answered Winn almost solemnly. "A check which I am instructed to have cashed by Fuller, as he has all the currency in the county just now."

"I congratulate you with all my heart," said the major. "I suppose you will see Trot tomorrow."

"I shall see him tonight, if you will excuse me, sir. I'll go at once to the store. Brayton, will you come with me?"

queer," said Brooks, "when he took the check." But for some fumbling at his wife came back with a thick package of treasury notes, carefully counted out and labeled. On this display of wealth glistened the fishy eyes of Mullane as a moment later he came reeling in, Bralligan and Hodge at his heels.

To his hilarious salutation Brayton gave short answer, Winn none at all. Winn's face had clouded again, and all the sad lines of thought and care seemed cutting deep, despite the coming of this much needed relief.

"Hwat's all the lucre, I say?" shouted the Irish captain, raging at Winn's tacit snub. "Thousands of dollars, bedad!" Then with leering wink he turned to his half muddled satellites. "D'ye mind, lads? Ah! that for a plaster to wounded honor. Regular John Bull business over again. That's the English way of settlin a crim. con. case. How much did Barclay think it wurth, Winn?"

And the next instant he lay foundering on the floor, felled by a furious blow from the subaltern's fist.

CHAPTER XVII.

Another week opened. In honor of Captain Barclay's restoration to health the Fraziers had issued invitations for a picnic to the White Gate. Many of the officers and ladies had accepted. Most of them had been bitten. Captain Mullane had been on sick report four days. Contusions resulting from tumbling from a broken legged chair was the explanation. But every Pat in the command had his tongue in his cheek when he spoke of it and of matters growing out of the "contusions" mentioned. Frazier had heard rumors of the former fracas, and had notified Messrs. Mullane, Bralligan, et al., that he would have no dueling in his balliwick, and deep was the mystery surrounding certain consultations held by night in Mullane's quarters.

"The blood of that young braggart be on his own head," said Mullane to his henchmen. "An you, Hodge, can console the disconsolate widow."

He had no more doubt of the issue of the contemplated combat, no more compunction in the matter, than had Thackeray's valiant and inimitable little Gascon, ne Cabasse, in his duel with Lord Kew. He had long been the leader of the Hibernian set, and despite every effort on the part of the witnesses to the affray at the sutler's to keep the matter a secret rumors got out, and the Faugh-a-Ballaghs knew their chief had been braved by that hated coxcomb Winn. Every one of them knew further that Mullane must have sent his demand for satisfaction, despite the fact that his "pistol oil," the right, had been damaged by the collision and was not yet in condition for effective service. Everybody who was in the secret knew that Mr. Winn had instantly accepted, naming Brayton as his second, pistols as the weapons, and suggesting his father's old dueling set, that had seen long years and some service in the old army, as proper to the occasion. The time and place, however, would necessarily depend on the victim of the knock-down blow. All Winn asked and urged was utter secrecy meantime.

To Mullane there was nothing in the episode over which to brood or worry. As dragon sergeant in the old days he had "winged his man" according to the methods described in "Charles O'Malley" and practiced occasionally by his superiors in rank. He had known many a barroom broil and was at home with pistol, fists or saber—no mean antagonist when not unsteadied by liquor. He had now a chance of meeting on the field one of the set he secretly hated, "the snobocracy of the arrumy," and he meant to shoot the life out of Harry Winn if straight shooting would do it. That Winn had taken advantage of him and knocked him down when he was drunk was excuse sufficient for the crime he planned; that he had brought the blow upon himself by an insult ten times more brutal was a matter that concerned him not at all. He had no wife or child to worry about. Mrs. Mullane and the various progeny were old enough to look out for themselves, as indeed most of them had long been accustomed to do. Mullane thirsted for the coming meeting and for the prominence its outcome would give him among all good soldiers all over Texas.

And as for Winn—who had come riding home from his successful scout barely a fortnight before, buoyant, hopeful, almost happy—the change that had come over him was something all men saw and none could fully account for. Cashing the draft from the bank at San Antonio, he had now enough to take Trot's receipt in full for the value of the stolen stores, even to some recovered plunder, slightly damaged by rough handling and by rain. He would then still have some \$400, and he asked his wife for certain bills that had been frequently coming to her accompanied by urgent demands. Laura said she had not kept them. Which ought to be paid first? he asked. Which had been longest outstanding? Laura's reply was that she did not know, but if he had got that money from San Antonio at last she ought to have some to send to Mrs. Chalmette. She positively had not a dinner dress fit to be seen. Winn did not even glance at the open doors of a big closet, hung thick with costly gowns his wife had hardly worn at all, but that now, she said, were out of style. There were other matters to be thought of than dinner gowns, he told her gravely, and her face clouded at once. She had almost forgotten the troubles of the week gone by.

He went down to his den and sat there thinking. What ought he to do? What should he do with this money? Every cent of it would be swallowed up if he squared those commissary accounts and turned the balance into checks and sent it off to pay these bills, and then, if Mullane's bullet sped true to its mark, what would there be to take Laura and the baby north? "Home" he dared not say. She had no home. Collabone's diagnosis of that situation was correct. Then, too, if Mul-