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Passage Tickets Sold. Insurance Written. Loans Negotiated.
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Directors: L. Cornwell, Geo. Nave, H. F. Schwartz, Chas. Tabor, J. P. Connor

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DEPOSITS, 310,000.00.
LOANS, 350,000.00.

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County Coroner..... J. M. CLOUGH

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

TERMS OF COURT.
1895—April 18, October 10, December 12.
1896—February 13, April 17, October 9, Dec. 11.
Zela A. Church and S. M. Ellwood, Judges.

CITY OFFICERS.
Mayor..... CHAS. KEMMING
City Clerk..... L. M. CASADAY
City Solicitor..... G. L. WRIGHT
Treasurer..... E. S. PLIMPTON
Assessor..... G. A. J. BOND
Night Watchman..... G. E. SMITH
Marshal..... RY. ROGGER

ALDERMEN.
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Second Ward..... G. J. Vena and J. P. Jones
Third Ward..... H. E. Galt and Max Sims

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

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Images of the past grow pale in the memory of the old, but the aged skipper gave me at least one recollection of colors distinguishably bright enough to detain the attention. He sat beside me on a Thames hillside far below bridges. The river was a wide and spreading breast of water hereabout, streaming in a long blue reach under the pure summer sky. All that passed was within easy view, to the trembling silver of the reflected sails, to the gleam of a gilt dove vane over the rippling folds of a house flag, to the figure of a seaman jockeying a flying jibboom end, to the burning sun spark in the bright brass binnacle hood.

While we sat talking—'tis years since—a tall bulk came towing into sight. I thought it was the hull of a frigate. My aged companion stared eagerly through his glasses. When broadside on, the hull showed as a noble old relic. The sparkling bravery of her day still lingered, but dimly, in the gilded moldings and carvings round about her quarter galleries and stern. Her figurehead was a milk white angel with lifted arm in a posture of triumphant bugling, but the trumpet was gone! Time had robbed the old sheer bulk of that power and poetry of silent music. Her hawser holes had a look of human nostrils, large with disdain. It was clear she was being towed down river for some ignoble purpose—to be made a coal hulk of, perhaps, or her destination might have been the echoing yard of the marine knacker, and she clearly knew it and felt it, for ships are intelligences, though they may not be launched with immortal souls, and it is true of them, as the Finns do swear, that they converse as they lay side by side in dock when the darkness falls and the shipkeeper snores with drink, but in language you must be a Finn to understand.

"There goes an old frigate," said I. "Not she," cried my venerable companion in the raised and broken tones of time and breathing short with a sudden agitation of memory. "That's the old Ramillies. Don't I know her?" Here he seemed to breathe shorter yet



"The Italian was reading aloud to the woman."

and to stare with more devouring spectacles. "She's 1,500 ton. I commanded her in 1856. To think of it, ha! That she should be passing yonder under my very nose!"

He favored me with many reflections upon the passage of years and the changes which happen in a man's life. I have no room for them in these pages. Meanwhile I watched the hull as she towed slowly by, and now quite clearly saw that she was a merchantman of the old East Indian type. She might have been a sister ship to the Blenheim or the Alfred. She had large open ports, like gun ports, and a row of big cabin windows along the line of her poop deck. Her faint gilt work glanced as her square handsome stern floated round the bend of the shore and disappeared. And still the old man by my side moralized on life, occasionally pulling out a great silver watch and looking upon it, as though the power of resisting time had suddenly left him.

Somewhat later while we still sat together he told me the story—a queer, tragical memory of an emigrant ship. He shall relate it himself, and I'll help him as he goes along. "It was in September, 1856, that I sailed from the Thames in the Ramillies, the poor, scrawny old hull that's just gone past, but in those days what was she? Nothing more queerly ever lifted a truck to the stars. Aye, and she was an old ship even then. In that year I'm telling you of she was owned by a small firm in Billiter street. When she came out of drydock, she looked a brand new vessel, gilded afresh, repainted, her sheathing new. We hauled out on a Monday, and every mother's son of the people I was in charge of was aboard, 100 'tween deck passengers, a number in the steerage, 40 in the cuddy and a large ship's company, making in all 210 souls. We were bound to Adelaide, South Australia. We were mostly Britons. I guess by the accents I caught that every county was represented in the 'tween decks. There was plenty of Scotland going, too, both in the steerage and in the saloon, nor was Ireland a-missing, nor Wales. But we had some real foreigners likewise. I twigged several bilious skins when I leaned over the rail and took a look at the people in the waist and on the main deck.

"I don't know how passengers are divided in these days on board ship. In those times we made three divisions of them according to their money. First the saloon folks; they bedded and

boarded under the poop. The steerage people; they slept and lived in quarters under the cuddy, bulkheaded off from the 'tween decks, and they passed out through a hatch in the cuddy, but were not permitted to use the poop. Then the 'tween decks lot, all under the main hatch, far aft, as the forecastle bulkhead was their living room. Rough cabins had been knocked up for the married couples; the single women slept abaft, partitioned off; the men lay in shelves, side by side in fours, convict fashion, with a batten between the sleepers to stop them from growing mixed in their dreams.

"The first class passengers were well enough, and the steerage people for the most part respectable, but never had I been shipmate before with a wilder, hairier, grimmer lot than the people who lodged in the 'tween decks. They had a kitchen to themselves; it was built just before the ship's galley. They would see them crowding about the doors at mealtimes flourishing their brook pots, yelling to be served, wrestling and fighting like a drunken mob up an alley. I can't say that I particularly noticed the people at their going off. An Irishman took my sight by his ugliness. His squint twisted his pupils into his nose, and his scowl was like a curse flung at everything he turned his scornful face upon.

"A couple of foreigners I recollect looking at on one or two occasions during this early time. They were Italians, I fancied, a man and a woman, steerage passengers, and when they got over their seasickness they'd come on deck and lodge themselves in one place close together, just under the break of the poop. The man was a rather good looking fellow of the pastry cook or Italian organ grinder type, yellow as leather, with a pair of dead black, but flaming eyes, and a huge mustache, which he had so pulled out without spiking that it stood athwart like a capstan bar under his nose. His companion was a pale young woman of four or five and twenty, not ill looking, though I never met a woman's face that pleased me south of 50 degrees. I supposed them husband and wife.

"We met with some dirty weather in the channel which cleared our decks of the people. There was much heaving and yah-hoing below and small comfort and nothing to eat if it was fetched, and scarcely dog's food at that, but in those days the emigrant, whether bound to America or to Australia, was the most ill used, cheated, starved and betrayed poor devil that ever stood or tried to stand up on two legs. The convict was handsomely used in comparison. The honest laborers, fragrant with hayseed; the red checked young woman, still sweet with the scent of the udder; the respectable, gray haired but broken father, call him an unfortunate solicitor, with a wife and four tall children—these people, the like of them, in scores were tumbled into a floating pit lighted by a lamp which filled the place with a stench of burning fat. They were fed on beef the boys could have chiseled into tops, on pork whose smell when boiled has served in the tropics to keep a ship clear of sharks, batted down in foul weather till one after another would swoon with the atmosphere of their own creation, with nothing to remember but rags and famine at home and with nothing to look forward to but four or five stormy months of squalor and bread worms.

"We struggled down channel against a hard head wind, and all went well till we changed the weather into a high hot sun and the green ridges of the bay into a long heave of summer swell wrinkled by a light breeze out of north-east. Everything fore and aft had shaken down into its place by this time. It was a morning in October. I went on deck after breakfast, and though this was not my first command by several, I was brought to a stand with a sudden sense of the weight of my trust when, after stepping out of the companionway, I sent a look forward and around.

"The poop was full; every cuddy passenger was on deck. The awning was spread; ladies reclined in easy chairs in the shadow. I went forward as far as the rail at the break of the poop and found the decks from the cabin front under me to the forecastle head littered with groups of the steerage and 'tween deck people. That old ship you just now saw towing by made a noble show as she sat upright on the blue brine, clothed in her royal mastsheads. The water alongside was white with the light of the overhanging studding sails. The canvas breathed like the breasts of a woman as they sank in and filled with the light breeze, and from under the bows on either hand lines of light like wires of gold stole aft, meeting in a furrow under the counter for the full splendor of the sun to dazzle in till the beautiful ship looked as she slowly rolled forward as though she towed a sheet of flame astern of her. There was nothing in sight. Our three spires rose solitary into the splendor amid the silence of that wide space of flushing sea.

"I stood at the head of the starboard poop ladder, where I could command a view of the emigrants. The mate, a fine seaman named Lever, paced the deck near me, on the lookout. I called to him and asked some questions about the people—matters of difficulty in connection with the food and the allowance of water. He told me that the squinting Irishman was a dangerous ruffian

and had threatened on the preceding evening while arguing with a man on religion to put his knife into him. I said: 'Tell the boy to keep his eye upon the dog. If he repeats that threat aboard this ship, I'll have him in irons away down in the fore peak for the rest of the voyage.' I then asked about others of the people and said, 'Who's that young girl standing beside the after scuttle but there looking this way?'

"'I don't know her name, sir. I'll inquire.' "She's always alone, I observe. She has queer eyes and a strange, stealthy way of looking. Whenever I've seen her, she's been as she now is, in a sort of half hiding, half skulking posture, always looking aft, as though she wished to test her sight by reading the time on the cuddy front. She's a foreigner.' "Ah, by the looks of her,' answered the mate. "Something aft holds her eye."

"I leaned over the rail, and looking down on the quarterdeck saw seated right under me on campstools in their accustomed place the two Italians whom I had guessed were man and wife. The Italian was reading aloud to the woman. A number of people were coming and going in this part of the deck. When I again glanced forward, the girl of the odd and stealthy stare had disappeared, and where she had been stood the Irishman of the diabolical squint.

"At noon the same day, just before our sextants made it eight bells, Mr. Lever said to me:

"The name of that staring girl you were talking about this morning is Clara Monti.' "The thing had clean gone out of my head, and I hardly understood him. Then recollecting, I smiled and said, 'Oh, yes, a sort of opera bill name,' and with that careless dismissal of the matter I went on gazing the sun.

"The weather remained quiet throughout the day. The sea at sundown went spreading away into blue mist with the mirage of a ship upside down in the southeast that filled the line of our bulwarks with gazers. I had seen plenty of land mirages in my time, amazing upheavals of airy coast within swimming distance, though God knows how far off the real thing was, but never a ship upside down, high up in the air before. She was clothed like her trucks as we were, and rooked like a delicate, exquisitely wrought toy or model in the red ether of the sunset. I sent the third mate on to the main royal yard to see if the substance of that lovely phantasm was in sight from that elevation. He reported that nothing was to be seen. The wonder and beauty of the picture lay in the colors and motions of it. The sky was as a looking glass, and every heave and roll of the hidden ship was counterfeited by the shining shadow hanging starlike. Then again you saw the hurrying of the colors as the shadows swept fingerlike with the swinging of the sails and as the lights and gleams in the atmosphere changed with the sinking of the sun, making the painted image blaze out like burning gold, changing them into a rich rose, fading afterward into a dull and rusty red, and so expiring as a whole orb of moon sickens and disappears to a slow gathering of filmy thickness.

"At this time it was a sheet calm. A floating soup plate would not have filled. There was a small terrace of cloud northwest, with an occasional glance of lightning there, otherwise the sky was of a tropic soft dark blue, the liquid dusk of it filled with stars, under one or another of the largest of which floated a flake of silver feathering and lengthening with the light run of swell. A moonless night, and, spite of the star shine, dark. The awning was furled and the ship's tall canvas whitened the gloom.

"Just before 8 o'clock a little crowd on the forecastle sang a hymn. I had not looked for any piety in the 'tween decks. Eight bells made a knell for the psalm singing—the star bowlines wanted to turn in. After that a silence gradually stole over the ship. The emigrants lay about the decks in dusky bundles. Some went below. The lift of the swell kept the wind sails wriggling, but there was not so much breeze in the heels of them as comes from the whick of a butterfly's wing. Most of the cuddy passengers were on the poop. I was talking to a lady about the mirage and trying to make her understand how such are made, when the second officer, a gentleman named Marshall, approached and asked leave in a low, mysterious voice to speak to me apart. I excused myself to the lady and went a little distance with the mate.

"'What is it?' said I. "A man's been murdered, sir.' "In what part of the ship?" "In the steerage.' "Who is it?" "An Italian named Ravogli.' "Do you mean the fellow who used to sit with the girl under the break of the poop?"

"That's the man, sir.' "Where's the doctor?" "With the body.' "I said no more and went below. The cabin lamps blazed brightly. A few people were reading or talking on the quarter deck. I passed through the great square of the steerage hatch and arrived at a passage or corridor, on either hand of which were a number of berths. This was the steerage people's quarters. An understrapper was washing some glasses. He whistled softly and evidently did not know what had happened. He told me that Ravogli's cabin was the last but one to starboard, and I went straight to it and walked in, scarce doubting till I had opened the door but that the second mate had talked to me in a dream, so quiet it all was down there.

"But on entering I was arrested as though paralyzed. A bracket lamp was burning bravely. On the deck, her head pillowed, lay the body of a woman. I imagined it was she, and not the other, who had been murdered till, on looking