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Farms and Town Property Sold or
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Any business entrusted to me will receive
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FOR SALE Several choice improved farms, close to school and market. Call
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—And get—

Lowe Brothers' Superior Mixed Paint

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This paint is guaranteed absolutely pure Lead, Zinc
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All kinds of Tinware, including Gutters, Valleys and
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QUICK WORK

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General Banking Business Conducted.

Exchange Bought and Sold. Long and Short Time Loans at Lowest Rates.
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Blank Books,
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General - Blacksmith, - Wagon, - Carriage
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HORSE SHOEING, FLOW WORK, ETC.

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WORK GUARANTEED.

Leave orders at Smith's Barber Shop. Bond or reference furnished if desired.

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No. District Bldg. Office over the Crawford
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Office attended day or night. Office up stairs
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Hospitality. Prompt response to postal
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Office over Shaw & Kuehnle's Bank. Real
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From State University of Iowa, graduate from
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Member State Board of Dental Examiners of
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Office over Burk's Drug store.

B. F. FILLBROOK,

RESIDENT DENTIST,

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High grade Dental Work. Teeth extracted
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Removes other on Broadway or Main St.

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Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist.

DENISON, IOWA.

Examination free. Prices reasonable. Office at
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PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE

ESTABLISHED 1847.

ALL FORMS OF LIFE INSURANCE.

C. H. & H. E. RUMSEY, GENERAL AGENTS,
Des Moines, Iowa.

JOHN OSBORNE, Local Agent, Denison, Ia.

Time Table C. & N. W. R. R.

EAST BOUND.

No. 4, Chicago Special..... 8:54 a. m.

No. 18, Carroll Passenger..... 8:15 p. m.

No. 8, Atlantic Express..... 7:15 p. m.

No. 2, Overland Limited (Don't stop) 7:19 p. m.

No. 6, Chicago Express..... 9:04 p. m.

No. 24, Freight to West Side..... 9:12 p. m.

WEST BOUND.

No. 1, Overland Limited (don't stop) 6:04 a. m.

No. 9, New Filer, Mail..... 6:47 p. m.

No. 3, Pacific Express..... 1:31 p. m.

No. 17, Co. Bluffs Passenger..... 7:15 a. m.

No. 39, Freight to Co. Bluffs..... 8:54 a. m.

No. 15, Fast Mail..... 12:59 p. m.

No. 5, Colorado Special..... 9:23 p. m.

No. 17, 18, 24 daily except Sunday.

C. M. & St. P. R. R. at Arion

TRAINS WEST.

No. 1, Passenger..... 6:45 a. m.

No. 61, Way Freight..... 9:00 a. m.

No. 3, Passenger..... 2:22 p. m.

TRAINS EAST.

No. 2, Passenger..... 12:50 p. m.

No. 4, Passenger..... 7:15 p. m.

No. 54, Way Freight..... 8:30 p. m.

You Are Going to the Pacific Coast

Don't complete arrangements until you
have secured information regarding the
personally conducted excursions to San
Francisco, Los Angeles and Portland
via the Union Pacific. These excursions
leave Chicago, Minneapolis and St. Paul
every Thursday, and Omaha every
Friday in elegantly upholstered Pull-
man Tourist Sleepers; illuminated by
Pintch light; heated by steam. Bag-
gage checked through from starting
point to destination. Prompt and satis-
factory service. Many hours quicker
time than any other line.

For full particulars call on or address
J. W. TURBLE,
401 Walnut Street,
Des Moines, Ia.

JEFFRIES IS VICTOR

Fitzsimmons Yields Sceptre
to Young Californian.

KNOCKED OUT IN ELEVENTH.

Fight Is a Very Spirited One
From the Start.

NO INTERFERENCE BY POLICE.

First Blood and Knock Down for the
Western Man—Fitz Had the Advantage
In Only Two Rounds—Comes Up Groggy
In the Eleventh and Goes Out from a
Succession of Heavy Blows.

NEW YORK, June 10.—James J. Jeffries, another sturdy young giant, has come out of the west to whip champion pugilists. At the arena of the Coney Island Athletic club last night he defeated Robert Fitzsimmons, world's champion in two classes—middleweight and heavyweight—in 11 rounds of whirlwind fighting. He came to the ring a rank outsider and left it the acknowledged master of the man he defeated. He was never at any time in serious danger, and after the size-up in the early rounds of the contest took the lead. He had the Australian whipped from the ninth round. It was acknowledged that Jeffries would have an immense advantage in weight, height and age, but the thousands who tipped and



JAMES J. JEFFRIES.

backed his opponent to win were sure that he was slow and that he would in that respect be absolutely at the mercy of the past master at the science of fighting that he was to meet. He proved on the contrary that he was just as fast as the man he met and beat him down to unconscious defeat in a fair fight. He is a veritable giant in stature and marvelously speedy for his immense size. Less than a year ago he appeared in New York a great awkward ungainly boy. Today he is the lithe, active, alert trained athlete. The man who prepared him for his fight worked wonders with him. They taught him a nearly perfect defense, improved his foot movement and instructed him in the methods of inflicting punishment. The transition since he appeared last has been little short of miraculous. At 24 he defeated Robert Fitzsimmons, Tom Sharkey and Peter Jackson, and if he cares for himself he will probably be able to successfully defend the title for many years. The defeated man was just as good as when on the crisp morning on the plains of far away Nevada he lowered the colors of the then peerless Corbett. He was just as active, just as clever, just as tricky and just as fearless of punishment. He went unflinchingly to his defeat. He was the aggressor even at moments when he was bleeding and unsteady and stammered by the blows he received, he reeled instinctively toward his opponent. He was fighting all the time and punished his opponent, but found him a different opponent than any he had met and a difficult man to fight. Jeffries fought from a crouching attitude that was hard to get at. He held his head low, his back was bent down and his left arm was extended. He kept jabbing away with the left and found no trouble in landing it. It was there that his superior reach told. That giant arm served as a sort of human fender to ward off danger. He showed an excellent defense and the ability to use both hands with skill. He is game too, for he never shrunk from his punishment.

Bare Fight to Witness.

It was a great fight to watch, and commenced and ended amid scenes of intense excitement. It was all dramatic. The men fought before a crowd of 9,000 persons and stood up in a great beam of blinding white light. It was like a thousand calciums, and it showed their great white bodies in strange relief. There was not a suggestion of interference from the police. Chief Devery occupied a seat by the ring side, but never entered the ring. The contest was pulled off without wrangle and was devoid of the brutal elements that Chief Devery feared.

There was very little betting. There was plenty of money on both sides, but no body liked the odds. The Jeffries men were asking two for one for their collateral, and Fitzsimmons men were loth to give it.

The great Coney Island club house filled slowly and it was after 9 o'clock before the police had to bestir themselves to clear the aisles. Jeffries was the first to appear. He came through the main entrance and walked the length of the hall at 9:50 in an accompaniment of cheers, while Fitzsimmons who was accompanied by his Spartan-

like wife came from the dressing room by a rear door.

When they squared off Jeffries looked 50 pounds to the good.

The opening round was a try-out, pure and simple, and not a single blow of an effective nature was landed. First one was the pacemaker and then the other essayed the pressing. They were almost equally active and the clever work recompensed the crowd for the lack of excitement. The second round began in a business-like way, with Jeffries trying his left. Fitzsimmons then took a turn, but was short. Just as the round closed Jeffries downed Fitzsimmons with a hard straight left on the jaw. The champion came up slowly, in a dazed sort of a way, and reeled toward his man. The crowd cheered Jeffries, but the gong ended the round.

Fitzsimmons rallied in the rest and was aggressive again in the third. Fitzsimmons was bleeding, but fighting viciously. He made the pace, but it was the Californian's round. The fourth was fast, but not decisive. Fitzsimmons made his best showing in the fifth. He began the round with a punch that opened Jeffries' left eye and sent a little torrent of blood coursing down his cheek. He forced Jeffries against the ropes, but the Californian slipped away from him. He made Jeffries hug again, but when the round ended Jeffries was back and fighting. Fitzsimmons was the aggressor in the sixth and that, too, was his round. He tried all of his tricks with left and right, but was unable to place them right.

Beginning of the End.

The seventh might be said to have been Fitzsimmons', but he did no particular damage with his punches. The eighth was the beginning of the end, for Fitzsimmons never regained his balance after that round. Jeffries began the round with a straight left on the face that again brought the blood out of his opponent's mouth. The Cornishman staggered against the ropes, but came back for another facer. Fitzsimmons planted one of his lefts on Jeffries' jaw and staggered him against the ropes. Fitzsimmons looked like a beaten man.

The ninth was all Jeffries'. He sent the Australian's head back with a series of lefts, put his right on the body and avoided any serious punishment. Fitzsimmons kept pressing forward all the time, but was unable to find his opponent.

The tenth was in reality where the fight ended. Jeffries rushed his opponent and downed him with a left swing. Fitzsimmons seemed out and there was a moment of the wildest excitement. Julian ran along the side of the ring and sprinkled water on his fallen idol. At the end of seven seconds Fitzsimmons staggered to his feet only to go down again. He was up again and Jeffries poised himself for the finish. He shot his left to the body and tried for the head with his right. He was calm and collected, but the time was too short. Again did the gong come to the aid of the man who was then going, staggered and dazed, to certain defeat. There was a frantic effort to revive the champion, but he was clearly gone and his seconds could not restore him.

Fitzsimmons Counted Out.

The fate-like gong clanged again and the old fighter wobbled out to meet the sturdy, young Hercules who awaited him. It was as courageous and gritty as a dash up to the firing line in battle, but it was hopeless. They were together. It was a splendid moment and full of all that dramatic intensity that characterizes a tragedy. Jeffries was as fresh as at the start. There was a moment of sparring and the giant arms of the Californian shot through the air. It was left and right and over. Fitzsimmons, limp and unconscious, dropped to the floor. Jeffries stepped back, for he knew the force that he had put behind his terrible blows. The timers called out the seconds then counted out an old ring hero and heralded another, but nobody heard them. The crowd was on its feet howling. There was a rush for the ring, but scores of bluecoats barred the way. Ten seconds are short and when the tenth had come there was a new roar of excitement to welcome the victor. Julian, Hickey, Kenny and Everhardt gathered up the prostrate man. He was still in a trance. They carried him to his corner and a little blood oozed from his mouth as his head fell forward on his chest. The new hero crossed the ring and shook the hand of his rival, after which he was surrounded by his friends, who hustled him from the ring and into his dressing room.

Jeffries had the good wishes of his clergyman father out at Los Angeles, Cal. This wife was placed in his hand as he reached the ring:

"Jim: We know you will win. Keep good spirits; be confident of our blessing."

"FATHER, MOTHER AND FAMILY."

Jeffries' Statement.

"Fitz fought a good and game battle, and hit me harder than any man whom I have been up against. He can whip Sharkey in two rounds. I would gain nothing by meeting Sharkey again, but am willing to meet any man in the world in whom the public has confidence, and there need be no fear of my quitting the ring for the stage. I will defend my title as champion at all times and against all comers."

Just as soon as Fitzsimmons reached his dressing room, his wife, who was anxiously awaiting the outcome of the fight, greeted the fallen champion affectionately. "Keep up your spirits, Bob," she said. "You fought splendidly."

Martin Julian spoke encouragingly to the defeated pugilist, but the latter seemed not to realize what was being said to him. His trainers laid the lanky pugilist on a cot and whispered words of encouragement into his ear. Fitzsimmons had only partially recovered from the shock of defeat and occasionally murmured: "How did I come to fight him?"

WEARING OUT LOVE.

Forgive you? Oh, of course, dear,
A dozen times a week!
We women were created
Forgiveness but to speak.

You'd die before you'd hurt me
Intentionally? ** True.
But it is not, O dearest,
The thing you mean to do—

It's what you do, unthinking,
That makes the quick tear start;
The tear may be forgotten—
But the hurt stays in the heart.

And though I may forgive you
A dozen times a day,
Yet each forgiveness wears, dear,
A little love away.

As the impatient river
Wears out the patient sand
Or as the fickle ocean
Wears out the faithful land.

And one day you'll be grieving
And chiding me no doubt,
Because so much forgiving
Has worn a great love out.
—Ella Higginson in Detroit Free Press.

A SHIP

That Rose From the Sea.

A SAILOR'S YARN.

"You landlubbers write harrowing tales of the ships that sink in the sea. But did you ever hear of a sunken ship that came back from Davy Jones' locker?" said one of the veteran sea dogs at the Sailors' Snug Harbor, at Staten Island, near New York, to a visitor. "I saw one come back," he went on in a lower tone.

"I have seen ships go down. I have been in many wrecks and have seen my full share of all the strange sights of the sea, but no other sight ever made my blood run so cold nor my heart sink so low as the sight of, a great ship rising to the surface through a thousand fathoms of water, with a crew of dead men between her decks. It happened back in the fifties, when I was able seaman on the Mary Clay, a brig trading to South American ports. We were coming up from Rio; I think it was, with a cargo of hides and coffee, and a long spell of storms and contrary winds drove us far out of our course and off to the east in the Atlantic. Our main and top masts had all gone by the board long before the storms ended.

"When the weather cleared finally and the waves went down, we were on the edge of the Sargasso sea. The green surface of that ocean graveyard was torn and broken by the storm as far as we could see, and great piles and patches of torn seaweed were floating all around us. There came a day of calm and sunshine after two weeks of storm, and all hands were set to work fixing up a jury rig, with which we finally reached port. We had a bit of canvas spread forward and another aft on poles, just enough to give us steering way while we worked. A current and a light wind from the south helped a bit, and we were slowly drawing away from that sea of grewsome green.

"There was a long, heavy under swell, waves seeming to come up under the very bottom as if the storm through which we had passed had stirred the ocean to its uttermost depths. Joe Dill, the first mate, and I were at work by the rail on the starboard side forward at 10 o'clock in the morning. 'What's that?' said Joe as he caught my arm and pointed to a disturbance in the water some 200 yards off our bow. "