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**REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE.**

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Farms and Town Property Sold or  
Exchanged on Commission.

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Abstracts of Title Furnished. Taxes  
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Any business entrusted to me will receive  
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**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  
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**FOR SALE** Several choice improved farms, close to school and market. Call  
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**Lowe Brothers' Superior Mixed Paint**

The Best on the Market.

This paint is guaranteed absolutely pure Lead, Zinc  
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All kinds of Tinware, including Gutters, Valleys and  
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General Banking Business Conducted.

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Personal attention given to investments for local patrons. Business  
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**SHAW & KUEHNLE,**  
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Real Estate Loans at Lowest Rates.

**Light Harness,**

Single and Double.

We can show the Finest Line  
in the County.

Saddles of all kinds.

Collar Pads.

We have a large quantity of them at all prices.  
By reason will be on hand. Protect your horses  
by calling at our store see what we have in this  
line.

**JOHN SCHNOOR.**

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Dealer in Lumber, Lime, Cement, Cedar Posts,

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For a limited time, I will offer rare bargains in certain  
articles in my line, such as complete Buggy Poles and  
Shafts, all ironed and painted, complete sets of Buggy  
Whiffletrees, Wagon Singletrees, Dash Boards, Buggy Tops,  
Buggy Seats and many other things. I need room for other  
goods. If you are needing any of the above named articles  
it will pay you to call and learn prices at the old J. J. Hoff-  
man shop, just south of the Wilson House.

**A. H. BOWEN,** Denison, Iowa.

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**COUNTY OFFICERS.**

State Senator.....L. R. Bolter  
R. representative.....Theo. C. Blume  
County Treasurer.....A. B. Lorenzen  
County Auditor.....J. T. Carey  
County Clerk.....Emil Kruger  
County Recorder.....O. M. Criswell  
County Attorney.....R. Shaw Van  
County Sheriff.....Henry Bell  
County Superintendent.....A. G. Myers  
County Coroner.....M. N. Smith  
County Surveyor.....Harry Huntington

**BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.**

Fred Jensen, Chairman, W. W. Rhodenbaugh,  
John White, Fred Gigax, G. W. Langley.

**CITY OFFICERS.**

Mayor.....Chas. C. Kemming  
Clerk.....E. P. Tucker  
Solicitor.....Wm. McLennan  
Treasurer.....E. S. Plimpton  
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**ALDERMEN.**

First Ward.....Samuel Luney, E. Gulick  
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**PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY.**

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DENISON, IOWA.  
Ex-District Judge. Office over the Craw-  
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**P. E. C. LALLY,**  
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Damage cases. Settlement of Estates. Of-  
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**GOLDSCHMIDT & MCLENNAN,**  
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Practice in all state courts. Collections and  
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Calls attended day or night. Office up-  
stairs over Burk's drug store.

**C. H. BOLLES, M. D.,**  
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Homeopathic. Prompt response to profes-  
sional calls. Office east of Wilson House.

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Office on Main street.

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**PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.**  
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Calls attended promptly. Office, Gulick's  
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Office in Cassaday's drug store.

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Office over Shaw & Kuehnle's Bank. Resi-  
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**HAL. C. SIMPSON, D. V. S.,**  
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Examination free. Prices reasonable. Office at  
Laub's barn.

**DENTISTS.**

**J. C. ROBINSON, D. D. S.,**  
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DENISON, IOWA.  
From State University of Iowa, graduate  
from Northwestern University Dental Col-  
lege, Chicago, also from State Board of Den-  
tal 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 Kelly's shoe store.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

**PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE**  
ESTABLISHED 1847.

ALL FORMS OF LIFE INSURANCE.

**C. H. & H. E. RUMSEY, GENERAL AGENTS,**  
Des Moines, Iowa.  
**W. W. CUSHMAN, Local Agent, Denison, Ia.**

**LEADING BARBER SHOP.**  
**H. D. Lorentzen, Prop.**  
Under First National Bank,  
Four chairs. All work first-class.

**ONE TREE ISLAND.**

By JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON.

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ton.)

[CONTINUED.]

"I fell asleep, I say, but, oh, friends all what a sleep it was! At first I dreamed that I was dead, and then that Will Winter was a-calling to me and that I was struggling to wake up and help him, but that something held me to the earth, and that all the time the leaves in the great tree were rustling and shaking with the wind (which, in my waking moments, I had not seen them do) and that those fingerlike leaves was opening and shutting and clenching, as a cat opens and clenches her paw, and that all the while I could hear that awful hollow laugh that I had heard in echo of mine and that all through this I could and did still hear Will Winter yelling and screaming for help and calling on his Maker—and that, strive as I might, I could not awake nor stretch out a hand to help him. But awake at last I did, by the hallooing of many voices in my ears and by rough hands shaking me, and, springing up into a sitting posture, I saw that the daybreak had come, that the sun was up above the sea and that half the crew of the *Loving Friend* had come ashore—also the captain—and was all a-standing round me.

"What does this mean, Bunce?" the skipper asks, looking down stern upon me as I sat there. "And is this how you keep watch over a sick comrade?"

"Keep watch, captain," says I. "Why, I done my best for him—and—"

"—is he dead?"

"Dead!" exclaims the captain. "Nay, that I know not. But—he is gone."

"Gone?" I says, jumping to my feet and gazing at the spot where but a few hours ago I left him lying sick and helpless. "Why, where is he gone to?"

"That we wish to know. Have you no conception yourself?"

"Conception?" I answers. "No, none. And indeed it is not possible that he should have gone by himself."

"Yet it is even so."

"And then, friends all round this fire, we gazed about that small island, we looked out to sea, to north and south and east and west, and we stared aghast into one another's eyes and wondered what was the awful horror that had fallen upon us and by what dreadful disaster we was surrounded. And, help- less and staggered, I turned my eyes up into the tree and saw nothing there by the branches and the long finger shaped leaves and the sky beyond them.

"But as I still looked up at all this I see a drop of something fall from one of the lower branches and light upon the shoulder of the captain and mark the white holland jacket that he was a-wearing.

"And, dazed with fear and horror, I give a groan and pointed at that drop and drew all their eyes to it, and they, like me, shrank shudderingly and, fear- fully away.

"For the drop that had fallen on the captain's shoulder was a drop of blood."

**CHAPTER II.**

By the time that he had reached this part of his narrative we were all—as you may understand—much roused to curiosity. The marines and the minute-men had even let their drink get cold in the bowl while they listened to the story he was telling in rude language, but certainly most graphically. The privateer's men were regarding him with a look of admiration as though proud of one who was of their own class of sailor, and, as for me, I was staring at him more open mouthed than ever, and the work in the kitchen being now done for the night, my dear and honored mother had opened the little window through which the dishes were handed from that place to those partaking of food in the parlor, and was herself listening with all ears to the seafarer's story, and behind her could be seen the red head of Eelinda—our kitchen wench—who was gazing over my mother's shoulder with wide staring eyes.

Again he took a great draft of his rum, which by this time was as cold as the punch in the bowl, and again he lit his pipe and smoked a few whiffs, doing so silently, and as though thinking deeply, and then, when he saw that we were all a-waiting most eagerly the continuation of his story, he began again.

"Mates all, and you, too, mistress," with a duck of his head to my mother, as he resumed, "you may well believe that that there drop of blood a-falling from the tree nearly froze all the blood in our own veins with horror. For in no way could we conceive how he who had so mysteriously disappeared should have left his blood—for we never doubted that it was his—upon that tree. For, first of all, as we debated among ourselves, he was not a wounded man, but one who was sick, and sick as I thought of the calenture, so that why he should bleed we knew not. And, secondly, he had been so ill and fevered and prostrated that he could not rise from the ground, so how could it have come about that he could ever have got up into that tree, whose lowest branch was a good eight feet from the earth? And, thirdly, even allowing that he could have got there, what had become of him, for that he was up in the tree there could be no possibility? We could see up into it and through it, and most certainly he was not there. So again we asked ourselves, 'Where was he?'"

"We are in God's hands," our skipper said, and he alone directs our course. And in his goodness he has seen fit to land us upon this terrible island. We must bow to him."

"But, capen," says our mate, "what is to be done? Since he is not there he must be somewhere—unless it be that

he has cast himself into the sea."

"He had no strength for that," I said. "Last night he could neither move hand nor foot."

"Yet," says the mate, "he could get up there," and he pointed to the branch of the tree off which the blood had dropped. Meanwhile our captain had been examining of that tree most careful and was a scratching at the bark on its trunk and, as he scratched, forth from it there oozed a dark red liquid that itself looked like blood, but was a little paler, looking indeed more like blood mixed with water.

"And now upon the captain's face there come a look of relief, and, 'Men,' says he, 'this here ain't quite as terrible as we thought. That weren't no blood of poor Will Winter's what dropped upon my shoulder, but only the sap what this strange tree oozes. Look here!' and with that he rubs his finger on the moisture and shows it to us, and sure enough it was the sap of the tree itself, but red as blood.

"All the same it do look like blood," says one on us. But now the captain—because, maybe, he would not give in to no superstitions nor yet encourage them in his men—laughed at their ideas.

"Why, men," he says, "have you never seen, at home or abroad, plants and trees what have a liquid in them like blood? What about the schumack of the Americas, or the beet of our own dear land, to say nothing of the cochineal? Go to! These ideas is unworthy of British sailors."

"Yet, all the same, laugh at and banter us as he might, there was many of that ship's crew who did believe most solemnly that the blood from that tree was, in some way or other, connected with the disappearance of poor Will.

"But, mates all, there was summat else to do than to stand a-gaping up into the tree and sperkerlating about it. A search party must be made to go around the island to see if by any chance he could be on it, though it weren't no way likely that he was, and afterwards they was to take one of the boats and row around it to see if by any other chance he was floating in the water or under the water, into which one could see deep, for it was as clear as a trout stream at home, and also there was the leak to be found and calked and the *Loving Friend* to be somewhat repaired.

"So to work we all sets, some on us

over the island, where we found naught, not even so much as a foot mark which might have showed which way Will had gone; some on us round the island in a boat, peering down on the sand through the clear water, and some on us working on the ship. And in this way the day passed and the second night come on us again.

"But during all the day and over our discussions as to whatever could have happened to Will we had been arrang- ing plans for the coming night, for all on us had come to the certainty that that tree was in some way answerable for his disappearance. How it was so answerable we could not say, but we felt it, and, even if it were not answer- able for that, it must at least be so for the deadly fever which had seized on him, for now we was full certain that it was not the calenture he suffered from. Our arrangements for the night was therefore as follows:

"First, of course, a few hands must man the ship for the watch and to stand by her as she righted with the night tide and as she again slewed over to port as the tide went out, but naturally not many was required for this.

"Secondly, the rest of our crew was a-going to stay on the island, taking turn and turn about at sleeping and watching, but all to be directly beneath the tree. We knowed, mates all, that there were some danger in this. We knowed that Will Winter had landed on the island a sound man and was a few hours arterwards a dying one; we knowed that we had felt strange things touching us; we knowed that Will had disappeared; but we knowed not how it all happened, and how it happened we meant for to find out.

"The first watch was the mate—the captain as in duty bound staying by the ship—and six men, there being me and six others sleeping. The second watch was me and them six while the first watch slept. The watches was to be of five hours, and naturally no dog watch.

"We begun that night with a prayer, the captain coming ashore to say it, and all on us a-kneeling down, and when in conclusion he prayed for light to lighten our darkness, amen was said most fervent by one and all. And then the first watch was set, each man hav- ing a musket, loaded with slugs—but what there was to fire on no one knowed, though all felt there was danger in the air—and soon we others was all asleep.

"That sleep was unbroken, and when we was awakened to take our turn we thought as how there was going to be no return of last night's alarms. But them good hopes was soon to be disap- pointed.

"The night air had turned cold—as in them latitudes it often does, sometimes sinking as much as 80 degrees from the heat of the day—so cold as we were glad to walk up and down a matter of some 100 or 150 paces to keep ourselves warm. Even the moon—which was at her full—looked like a ball of ice as she sailed in the sky.

"Now, as Job Harris and I, who was walking together, and with our muskets over our shoulders, looking more like two soldiers than two sailors, passed under that tree, we see a strange sight. One of the branches which was stand- ing straight out from the trunk at about the height of eight feet was opening along its lower part, for all the world as you may see an overripe pea pod open in a garden and show all the row of peas within it, or, as sometimes, a horse chestnut shell will open and show you the nut shining bright within it. But when this here branch opened

it let fall with a splash a great blob of what the skipper had called sap, but what we could not but think was more like blood. At this peculiar thing, which, however, at the moment struck me as nothing so very terrible, though Job's face was blanched with fear, he made as though he would up with his gun and fire at that branch, but I put my hand on his arm and checked him.

"Stop," says I; "there may be more curiosities to be seen. Let's wait and see." Mates, there was more to be seen, as I will tell you.

"When that blob of what I called blood had fallen—splashing as it fell some of the men who were nearest to it—the part that had opened closed again. But it only closed for a moment, for directly afterward it once more parted and from it fell something white—something about as big as a duck's egg. And then, once more, it closed up. Job was by now almost beside himself with terror, but I was calmer, and in my calmness I advanced to that white thing a-lying there in the moonlight and picked it up, while Job looked over my elbow at it.

"Shipmates all, in this here town, do you know what that thing were? It were a bone of some sort—alas, we feared it were a bone of poor Will Winter's, crushed and bruised into a pulp.

"Slowly I let my hand fall, and I knowed now that my face must be as horror struck as the face of the man before me, and, slowly followed by him, I walked away from under the branches of that accursed tree. And, as we moved off, I think it done us good to see the light glimmering on the fo'castle of the *Loving Friend* and to know that in that brave ship there was something apart from the terrors by which we were surrounded.

"The skipper was right," says I, as we gazed on the ship, both on us a'most afeard to cast our eyes to the tree.

"We are in the hands of God. But still there is something here no mortal man can fathom. Mate, let us wake them—though our watch is not yet run out, nor their sleep at an end. Better, better far that they wake and come away from that tree than remain there—bet- ter—"

"But here I was stopped with a yell so awful that the other words I was going to utter died on my lips. In a mo- ment we had faced round once more to that tree, and there we see what might have frozen a man to death with fear.

"All the sleepers were now on their feet, shouting and yelling—that is to say, all but one, Mark Deacon, and he—be, shipmates, was a-hanging by one arm to one of the lower branches of that tree, his feet being some dis- tance from the ground, and the branch itself was shaking violently. But it was not even this that was so horri- ble as it was for us to perceive that he was not holding on to the branch, but that the branch itself was opening and shutting like a vast mouth—though never dropping him—and that, already, it had swallowed his hand and arm up to the forearm, and that it was gradually drawing the whole of his body into itself. So have I seen a snake draw in the body of an animal, for to nothing else can I compare this hellish sight.

"Hold on to his legs," I bawled, as I ran up to him, "and some on you— you with axes and knives—swarm up the tree and lop off that branch. Lop it off, break it off, do anything, but stop what it is about."

"But to lop off a branch from a tree that is as thick round as an ordinary man's body is no easy task, work as hard as one may, and, though two men had already got up the tree by the help of the other's shoulders, and were hack- ing and slashing away at the branch with good will, they made but little progress, and, as they hacked and slash- ed, with every blow they made, the blood poured from the vast cuts until at last the sand below was deluged with it and looked more like a quarter deck after a three hours' fight with a gang of Sallee rovers than the shore of a desert island. But at least one good advantage did occur from their efforts,

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it let fall with a splash a great blob of what the skipper had called sap, but what we could not but think was more like blood. At this peculiar thing, which, however, at the moment struck me as nothing so very terrible, though Job's face was blanched with fear, he made as though he would up with his gun and fire at that branch, but I put my hand on his arm and checked him.

"Stop," says I; "there may be more curiosities to be seen. Let's wait and see." Mates, there was more to be seen, as I will tell you.

"When that blob of what I called blood had fallen—splashing as it fell some of the men who were nearest to it—the part that had opened closed again. But it only closed for a moment, for directly afterward it once more parted and from it fell something white—something about as big as a duck's egg. And then, once more, it closed up. Job was by now almost beside himself with terror, but I was calmer, and in my calmness I advanced to that white thing a-lying there in the moonlight and picked it up, while Job looked over my elbow at it.

"Shipmates all, in this here town, do you know what that thing were? It were a bone of some sort—alas, we feared it were a bone of poor Will Winter's, crushed and bruised into a pulp.

"Slowly I let my hand fall, and I knowed now that my face must be as horror struck as the face of the man before me, and, slowly followed by him, I walked away from under the branches of that accursed tree. And, as we moved off, I think it done us good to see the light glimmering on the fo'castle of the *Loving Friend* and to know that in that brave ship there was something apart from the terrors by which we were surrounded.

"The skipper was right," says I, as we gazed on the ship, both on us a'most afeard to cast our eyes to the tree.

"We are in the hands of God. But still there is something here no mortal man can fathom. Mate, let us wake them—though our watch is not yet run out, nor their sleep at an end. Better, better far that they wake and come away from that tree than remain there—bet- ter—"

"But here I was stopped with a yell so awful that the other words I was going to utter died on my lips. In a mo- ment we had faced round once more to that tree, and there we see what might have frozen a man to death with fear.

"All the sleepers were now on their feet, shouting and yelling—that is to say, all but one, Mark Deacon, and he—be, shipmates, was a-hanging by one arm to one of the lower branches of that tree, his feet being some dis- tance from the ground, and the branch itself was shaking violently. But it was not even this that was so horri- ble as it was for us to perceive that he was not holding on to the branch, but that the branch itself was opening and shutting like a vast mouth—though never dropping him—and that, already, it had swallowed his hand and arm up to the forearm, and that it was gradually drawing the whole of his body into itself. So have I seen a snake draw in the body of an animal, for to nothing else can I compare this hellish sight.

"Hold on to his legs," I bawled, as I ran up to him, "and some on you— you with axes and knives—swarm up the tree and lop off that branch. Lop it off, break it off, do anything, but stop what it is about."

"But to lop off a branch from a tree that is as thick round as an ordinary man's body is no easy task, work as hard as one may, and, though two men had already got up the tree by the help of the other's shoulders, and were hack- ing and slashing away at the branch with good will, they made but little progress, and, as they hacked and slash- ed, with every blow they made, the blood poured from the vast cuts until at last the sand below was deluged with it and looked more like a quarter deck after a three hours' fight with a gang of Sallee rovers than the shore of a desert island. But at least one good advantage did occur from their efforts,



"Hold on to his legs," I bawled, for at last the branch—as some savage, wounded beast might have done—weak- ened by their blows, let go its hold, and poor Mark fell to the ground.

"During all the time I had been call- ing to them to lop off the branch, he, in his agony, had been shrieking to them instead to cut off his arm and set him free, and indeed had we done so he would have suffered but little more or scarcely have been a greater loser, for, when released at last, he fell to the ground, the arm was gone—cut- en away by that devilish tree—and naught but a mangled stump protruded from his shoulder. But his life was saved, and, instead of his whole body, he had but lost a limb.

"And now, friends, what more need was there to doubt where Will Winter had gone to or what had befallen him? It was certain we had come across a horrible something—for who could call it simply a tree?—that by some dreadful freak of nature was part cannibal, part wild beast and part demon; something, I do think, that no eyes but those of the crew of the *Loving Friend* had