

Testing by Tasting

Five cents will buy an ingenious package of Uneeda Biscuit in exactly the same condition as they left the baker's oven—crisp, tender, delicious. Every housewife should test them, every person should taste them. And the test is in the tasting—the most satisfactory test.

Uneeda Biscuit

are the highest and best development of the baker's skill. Everything that money can buy contributes to make them good—the best materials, the best machinery, the brightest expert biscuit experience. They are as good as good can be. Only sold in 5 cent moisture proof packages—never in bulk. Ask your grocer about them. Test by tasting.

H. F. HODGES,

Denison, Iowa.

Plumbing, Pumps, Pipe Fittings

Estimates Furnished on Heating Apparatus of all Kinds.

THE BEST WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED.

Get His Figures and Save Money. Friday

CRAWFORD COUNTY

REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE.

E. GULICK Man'gr.

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.

Are you Going to Paint?

If so go to

WYGANT'S

—And get—

Lowe Brothers' Superior Mixed Paint

The Best on the Market.

This paint is guaranteed absolutely pure Lead, Zinc and Linseed Oil. Also Lowe Bros.' Pure Lead and Linseed Oil direct from the Iowa mill.

PRICES ARE RIGHT.

All kinds of Tinware, including Gutters, Valleys and Roofing. Also galvanized Eave Trough and Spouting put up on short notice. All kinds of building hardware at lowest prices.

J. G. WYGANT.

L. M. SHAW, Pres. C. F. KUEHNLE, Vice-Pres. C. L. VOSS, Cash

BANK OF DENISON.

General Banking Business Conducted.

Exchange Bought and Sold. Long and Short Time Loans at Lowest Rates.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

Accounts of all Branches of Business Conducted.

Personal attention given to investments for local patrons. Business conducted in English or German.

SHAW, KUEHNLE & BEARD, LAWYERS.

REAL ESTATE LOANS AT LOWEST RATES.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

State Senator.....L. B. Bolter
County Representative.....Theo O Blum
County Treasurer.....A. B. Loree
County Auditor.....J. T. Casey
County Clerk.....Emil Kruger
County Recorder.....O. M. Grissell
County Attorney.....R. Shaw
County Sheriff.....Henry Jell
County Superintendent.....A. G. Myers
County Coroner.....M. N. Smith
County Surveyor.....Harry Huntington

BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

Fred Jepsen, Chairman, W. W. Rhodenbath,
John White, Fred Gigan, O. W. Langley.

CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor.....Chas C Kemmner
Clerk.....E. F. Tucker
Solicitor.....Wm McLennan
Treasurer.....E. S. Simpson
Assessor.....A. J. Bond
Watermaster.....Geo A Smith
Schwartz.....L. M. Bier
Marshal.....Henry Seeman

ALDERMEN.

First Ward.....Samuel Luney, E. Gulick
Second Ward.....U. G. Johnson, J. P. Jones
Third Ward.....W. T. Wright, Max Sies

PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY

ATTORNEYS.

J. P. CONNFR,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

DENISON, IOWA.

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

P. E. C. LALLY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

DENISON, IOWA.

Damage cases. Settlement of Estates. Office, front rooms over Crawford County State Bank.

W. A. Goldschmidt. Wm. M. McLennan
GOLDSCHMIDT & MCLENNAN,
LAWYERS.

DENISON, IOWA.

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

I. V. JACKSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

DENISON, IOWA.

Money to loan on city and farm property at low rates. Optional payments.

JAMES B. BARRETT,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

DENISON, IOWA.

Room 1, First National Bank Building. Loans and Insurance.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. CONGER,

OSTEOPATH.

DENISON, IOWA.

Office in two rooms back of Tom Lister's shop on ground floor. Office hours: 8 a. m. to 12 m., and 1:30 p. m. to 6 p. m. Examination and consultation free.

WM. ISEMINGER, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

DENISON, IOWA.

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

C. H. BOLLES, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

DENISON, IOWA.

Homeopathic. Prompt response to professional calls. Office east of Wilson House.

W. W. HOLMES, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

DENISON, IOWA.

Office on Main street.

ARTE FOLSOM, 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, two doors north of city hall.

HAL C. SIMPSON, D. V. S.

Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist.

DENISON, IOWA.

Examination free. Prices reasonable. Office at Laub's bar.

DENTISTS.

J. C. ROBINSON, D. D. S.,

SURGEON DENTIST.

DENISON, IOWA.

From State University of Iowa, graduate from Northwestern University Dental College, Chicago, also from State Board of Dental Examiners by examination. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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.

In the Year 2000.

It was a very different meal from a Victorian breakfast. The rude masses of bread needing to be carved and smeared over with animal fat before they could be made palatable, the still recognizable fragments of recently killed animals, hideously charred and backed, the eggs torn ruthlessly from beneath some protesting hen—such things as these, though they constituted the ordinary fare of Victorian times, would have awakened only horror and disgust in the refined minds of the people of these latter days.

Instead were pastes and cakes of agreeable and variegated design, without any suggestion in color or form of the unfortunate animals from which their substance and juices were derived. They appeared on little dishes sliding out upon a rail from a little box at one side of the table.

The surface of the table, to judge by touch and eye, would have appeared to a nineteenth century person to be covered with fine, white damask, but this was really an oxidized metallic surface and could be cleaned instantly after a meal. There were hundreds of such little tables in the hall, and at most of them were other latter day citizens, singly or in groups. And as Mrs. Byers seated herself before his elegant repast the invisible orchestra, which had been resting during an interval, resumed and filled the air with music.—Fall Mail Magazine.

Women and Windows.

Never let a woman plan a house for you. Take her kindly by the hand and say: "My dear girl, I am going to build a house, and you shall have full swing as regards arranging the closets in it. You women always love to have convenient places in which to store things, and you shall therefore have closets to burn, but after this—hands off."

A mansion built after the suggestions of a bloomer is a fearful and wonderful thing. It generally looks well on the outside, but the interior gives you the headache.

"What woman built this house?" said a scornful friend as he went over a newly purchased residence with the owner.

"What woman?" said the latter. "None that I know of—it was built ten years ago, and I bought it from the last tenant."

"All the same," reiterated the friend, "I can swear a woman planned it, for I never saw such a lot of useless windows and doors. If that woman ever dies, and her heirs want to break the will, alleging insanity, they would only have to bring the jury to this house to get a verdict in their favor." It afterward developed that a woman did plan the residence and was quite proud of the job.—Louisville Times.

Justice With a Vengeance.

A foreigner of distinction who visited Venice during the last century, having had his pocket picked, indulged in some harsh expressions against the police. Some days afterward he was quitting Venice, when his gondola was stopped and he was requested to step into another.

"Monsieur," said a grave personage "are you not the Prince de Craon?"

"Yes."

"Were you not robbed last Friday?"

"Yes."

"Of what sum?"

"Five hundred ducats."

"Where were they?"

"In a green purse."

"And do you suspect any one of this robbery?"

"A valet de place."

"Should you recognize him?"

"Without doubt."

Then the interrogator pushed aside a dirty cloak, discovered a dead man holding a green purse in his hand and added: "You see, sir, that justice has been done. There is your money; take it, and remember that a prudent man never sets foot again in a country where he has underrated the wisdom of the government."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Would You Like This?

The author of "Wild Flowers of California" gives an entertaining account of how the Indians prepare for food a plant that is commonly called Indian lettuce. It will be recalled that formic acid takes its name from the red ant, and that acid was first obtained from the insect.

The Placer county Indians greedily eat the succulent leaves and stems of their "lettuce." Their way of preparing the plant for food is novel. Gathering the leaves, they lay these about the entrances to the nests of certain large red ants. The ants, swarming out, run all over the plants. After a time the Indians shake the ants off the leaves, satisfied that the lettuce now has a pleasant sour taste, equaling that which might be given it by vinegar.

Preparation.

It was evident the moment she entered the parlor that he was angry.

"What do you mean by suing me for breach of promise?" he demanded. "I never proposed to you in my life."

"Why, of course you didn't," she answered in a conciliatory tone. "And I wouldn't have accepted you if you had. But you know I am going on the stage, and I must make some preparation."

Chicago Post.

A Man With a Past.

"Edgar, tell me the truth! Is there any black spot in your life before you know me?"

"Letitia, I will reveal all. When I was 10 years old I used to piece quilts."—Detroit Free Press.

It's easy enough to become a great financier if you have money for experiments.—Aitchison Globe.

Any one can sit on a jury, but it takes a lawyer to sit on a witness. J. A. W. Bulletin.



COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY A. G. JOHNSON.

The affair had three obvious results—the marriage of Prince Julian, Sir Henry Shum's baronetcy and the complete renovation of Lady Craigenoch's town house. Its other effects, if any, were more obscure.

By accident of birth and of political events Prince Julian was a pretender, one of several gentlemen who occupied that position in regard to the throne of an important European country. By a necessity of their natures Messrs. Shum & Byers were financiers. Thanks to a fall in rents and a taste for speculation, Lady Craigenoch was hard put to it for money and had become a good friend and ally of Mr. Shum. Sometimes he allowed her to put a finger in one of his pies and draw out a little plum for herself. Byers, bearing one day of his partner's acquaintance with Lady Craigenoch observed, "She might introduce us to Prince Julian." Shum asked no questions, but obeyed. That was the way to be comfortable and to grow rich if you were Mr. Byers' partner. The introduction was duly effected. The prince wondered vaguely, almost ruefully what these men expected to get out of him. Byers asked himself quite as dolefully whether anything could be made out of an indolent, artistic, lazy young man like the prince. Pretenders such as he served only to buttress existing governments.

"Yes," agreed Shum. "Besides, he's entangled with that woman."

"Is there a woman?" asked Byers.

"I should like to know her."

So, on his second visit to Palace Gate, Mr. Byers was introduced to the lady who was an inmate in Prince Julian's house, but was not received in society. Lady Craigenoch, however, opining justly enough, that since she had no girls she might know whom she pleased, had called on the lady and was on friendly terms with her. The lady was named Mrs. Rivers and was understood to be a widow.

"And surely one needn't ask for his death certificate!" pleaded Lady Craigenoch. Byers, as he took tea in Mrs. Rivers' boudoir, was quite of the same mind. He nursed his square chin in his lean hand and regarded his hostess with marked attention. She was handsome—that fact concerned Byers very little; she was also magnificently self confident—that trait roused his interest in a moment. He came to see her more than once again, for now an idea had begun to shape itself in his brain. He mentioned it to nobody, least of all to Mrs. Rivers. But one day she said to him, with the careless contempt that he admired.

"If I had all your money, I should do something with it."

"Don't!" he asked, half liking, half resenting, her manner.

"Oh, you make more money with it, I suppose."

She paused for a moment, and then, leaning forward, began to discuss European politics with especial reference to the condition of affairs in Prince Julian's country. Byers listened in silence. She told him much that he knew, a few things which had escaped him. She told him also one thing which he did not believe—that Prince Julian's indolent airs covered a character of rare resolution and tenacity. She repeated this twice, thereby betraying that she was not sure her first statement had carried conviction. Then she showed that the existing government in the prince's country was weak, divided, unpopular and poor, and then she ran over the list of rival pretenders and proved how deficient all of them were in the qualities necessary to gain or keep a throne. At this point she stopped and asked Mr. Byers to take a second cup of tea. He looked at her with interest and amusement in his shrewd eyes. She had all the genius, the native power, with none of the training, none of the knowledge, of men. He read her so easily, but there was a good deal to read. In one point, however, he read her wrongly. Almost the only mistakes he made were due to forgetting the possible existence of unselfish emotion.

Prince Julian had plenty of imagination; without any difficulty he imagined himself regaining his ancestral throne, sitting on it in majesty and establishing it in power. This vision Mrs. Rivers called up before his receptive mind by detailing her conversation with Mr. Byers. "You want nothing but money to do it," she said. And Byers had money in great heaps. Shum had it, too, and Shum was for present purposes Byers; so were a number of other persons, all with money. "I believe the people are devoted to me in their hearts," said Prince Julian; then he caught Mrs. Rivers by both her hands and cried, "And then you shall be my queen."

"Indeed I won't," said she, and she added almost fiercely, "Why do you bring that up again now? It would spoil it all." For, contrary to what the world thought, Prince Julian had offered several times to marry the lady who was not received or visited, except of course by Lady Craigenoch. Stranger still, this marriage was the thing which the prince desired above all things, for failing it he feared that some day, owing to a conscience and other considerations, Mrs. Rivers would leave him, and he really did not know what he should do then. When he imagined himself on his ancestral throne, Mrs. Rivers was always very near at hand.

whether actually on the throne beside him or just behind it was a point he was prone to shirk. At any cost, though, she must be very near.

As time went on there were many meetings at Palace Gate. The prince, Mr. Shum and Lady Craigenoch were present sometimes. Mrs. Rivers and Byers were never wanting. The prince's imagination was immensely stimulated in those days. Lady's Craigenoch's love for a speculation was splendidly indulged. Mr. Shum's cautious disposition received terrible shocks. Mrs. Rivers discussed European politics, the attitude of the church and the secret quarrels of the cabinet in Prince Julian's country, and Byers silently gathered together all the money of his own and other people's on which he could lay hands. He was meditating a great coup, and just now and then he felt a queer touch of remorse when he reflected that his coup was so very different from the coup to which Mrs. Rivers' disquisitions and the prince's vivid imagination invited him. But he believed in the survival of the fittest, and, although Mrs. Rivers was very fit, he himself was just by a little bit fitter still. Meanwhile the government in the prince's country faced its many difficulties with much boldness and seemed on the whole safe enough.

The birth and attributes of rumor have often engaged the attention of poets. Who can doubt that their rhetoric would have been embellished and their metaphors multiplied had they possessed more intimate acquaintance with the places where money is bought and sold? For in respect of awakening widespread interest and affecting the happiness of homes what is the character of any lady, however highborn, conspicuous or beautiful, compared with the character of a stock? Here indeed is a field for calumny, for innuendo, for hints of frailty, for whippers of intrigue, for scandal mongers have their turn to serve, and the holders are swift to distrust. When somebody writes Sheridan's comedy anew, let him lay the scene of it in a bourse. Between his slandered stock and his slandered dame he may work out a very pretty and fanciful parallel.

Here, however, the facts can be set down only plainly and prosaically. On all the exchanges there arose a feeling of uneasiness respecting the stock of the government of Prince Julian's country. Selling was going on, not in large blocks, but cautiously, continually, in unending dribbles. Surely on a system and with a purpose? Then came paragraphs in the papers (like whispers behind fans) discussing the state of the government and the country much in the vein which had marked Mrs. Rivers' dissertations. By now the stock was down three points. By pure luck it fell another, in mysterious sympathy with the South African mining market.

Next there was a riot in a provincial town in the prince's country, then a minister resigned and made a damaging statement in the chamber. Upon this it seemed no more than natural that attention should be turned to Prince Julian, his habits, his entourage, his visitors. And now there were visitors. Nobles and gentlemen crossed the channel to see him. They came stealthily, yet not so secretly but that there was a paragraph. These great folk had heard the rumors, and hope had revived in their breasts. They talked to Mrs. Rivers. Mrs. Rivers had talked previously to Mr. Byers.

A day later a weekly paper which possessed good and claimed universal information announced that great activity reigned among Prince Julian's party and that his royal highness was considering the desirability of issuing a manifesto "Certain ulterior steps," the writer continued, "are in contemplation, but of these it would be premature to speak." There was not very much in all this, but it made the friends of the stock rather uncomfortable, and they were no more happy when a leading article in a leading paper demonstrated beyond possibility of cavil that Prince Julian had a fair chance of success, but that, if he regained the throne, he could look to hold it only by seeking glory in an aggressive attitude toward his neighbors. On the appearance of this luminous forecast the poor stock fell two points more. There had been a severe quiet part of the timid holders.

Then actually came the manifesto, and it was admitted on all hands to be such an excellent manifesto as to amount to an event of importance. Whoever had drawn it up—and this question was never settled—he knew how to lay his fingers on all the weak spots of the existing government, how to touch on the glories of Prince Julian's house, what tone to adopt on vexed questions, how to rouse the enthusiasm of all the discontented. "Given that the prince's party possess the necessary resources," observed the same leading journal, "it cannot be denied that the situation has assumed an aspect of gravity." And the poor stock fell yet a little more, upon which Mr. Shum, who had a liking for taking a profit when he saw it, ventured to ask his partner how long he meant "to keep it up."

"We'll talk about that tomorrow," said Mr. Byers. "I'm going to call in Palace Gate this afternoon." He looked very thoughtful as he brushed his hat and sent for a hansom, but as he drove