Uneeda Biscuit

Right from the oven as fresh as today's bread and just as wholesome. Daintily served in a dainty package—the like of which you never saw before. Dust proof, moisture proof, odor proof. A lunch done up in tempting style for just

Five Cents

Sold everywhere. Ask the Grocer.

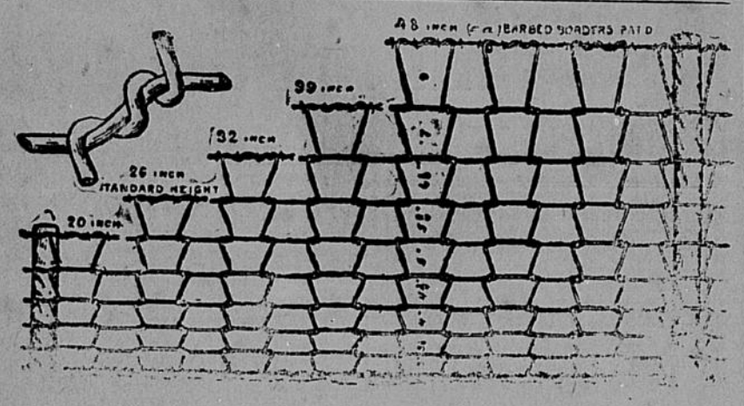
CHARLES TABOR,
DENISON, IOWA,

MONEY TO LOAN. LONG TIME. LOWEST RATES. MONEY

OFFICE OVER McHENRY'S BANK.

H. W. RANDALL,
Painter, Paper Hanger, and Decorator.

Wall tinting and glazing a specialty.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
Special attention to country work.
For estimates call on or address
H. W. RANDALL,
The Denison Decorator.
Telephone No. 152.



Warner's Common Sense Fence. Don't buy your wire fence until you have seen this. Barbed top and bottom, hog proof! For sale by
E. T. COCHRAN, Denison Iowa.

DENISON LEADS THE WORLD!

Hundreds say they have been cured of Rheumatism, Stomach Trouble, Backache, Liver and Kidney Diseases, Fevers, Blood Poison, Veneral Diseases of all kinds, constipation. A wonderful remedy for Woman's Diseases and cannot be beat for regulating menses for women. Chronic Diseases cured with 6 or 12 bottles. If not cured with 12 bottles there is little chance for a cure. Do not be put off with anything else but try it. Cynthia Brown's Indian Compound.

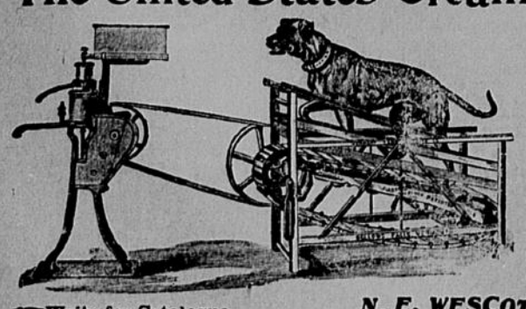
D. F. BROWN, Sale Druggist, - DENISON, IOWA.

School, Church and Platform Furniture
AND SUPPLIES.

Natural Slate Blackboards a Specialty. American Flags, School Bells, Factory Bells, Church Bells. The best goods.

Estimates Furnished. Bids Made.
Save money by addressing
Wm. Marshall, POSTOFFICE BOX 139. DENISON, IOWA.

The United States Cream Separator,



with its tripple current, will make your yield 30 per cent. greater than the gravity or old system. Can furnish you machines of sizes suitable for from ten cows up. Also are headquarters for gasoline engines. Dog and pony powers and dairy machinery and supplies.

Write for Catalogue. N. E. WESCOTT, Denison, Iowa.

WOMAN'S NIGHTMARE.
She Shudders When She Realizes the Danger and Pain of Child-bearing.

There is so much suffering and danger in store for the young mother, that her happy anticipation soon gives way to a feeling of dread at the thought of the pain which she must undergo. This constant fear so preys upon the mind of many women that it fills them with terror and makes baby's coming a source of the greatest anxiety and dread.

All the suffering and danger of the ordeal can be avoided by the use of "Mother's Friend," which prepares the body for this important event. It relieves "morning sickness," and many other unpleasant conditions which exist during this time. Thousands of women praise "Mother's Friend" for bringing them safely through the most critical period of their lives.

Every woman should send their name and address to the Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Georgia, and receive free, valuable information on the subject.

FREE.
A Five Foot Step Ladder,
OR
One Pint William's Paris Cabinet Varnish and 1½ inch Bristle Brush with each purchase of
William's Carriage Varnish Renewer,
OR
William's Electric Cleaner.

H. H. Klinker,
Furniture Dealer.

DENISON BRICK WORKS
C. GREEN, PROP.
High Grade Building Brick.
Repress Brick on Hand.
The use of latest improved machinery makes our brick of the best durable quality.
For rates inquire or write to
C. GREEN: DENISON, IA

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.
HOMESEEKERS EXCURSIONS.
IN JULY, AUGUST SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER.

SOUTH! The Illinois Central will run Home-seekers' Excursions to points in the South on the lines of the Illinois Central and Yazoo & Mississippi Valley Railroads from all their stations west of and including Alden and from points on the Lyle and Cedar Rapids branches on **July 17th and 31st, August 14th, September 4th and 18th, and October 2d and 10th,** and from all points east of and including Williams ONE DAY LATER than the dates named.

The new "Southern Home-Seekers' Guide" describes in detail the agricultural advantages, the soil and products at all points south of the Ohio River on the lines of the above mentioned roads. For a copy address the undersigned.

For information concerning Railroad Lands in the fertile Yazoo Valley of the Mississippi address E. P. Skene, Land Commissioner I. C. R. R., at Chicago.

WEST! Home-Seekers' Excursion tickets will be sold from stations in Iowa east of and including Cedar Falls, and from points on the Lyle and Cedar Rapids branches, **July 18th, August 1st and 15th, September 5th and 19th, and October 3d and 17th,** to points on the Illinois Central Railroad to which the one way rate is $7.00 or over, in South Dakota, Minnesota and in Iowa to points west of Ackley inclusive, except points west of LeMars.

Home-Seekers' Excursions to Points On Other Lines of Railroads.

The Illinois Central will also sell on the third Tuesdays in July, August, September and October, Home-Seekers' Excursion Tickets to points on foreign lines of railroads in many of the Western, Southwestern and Southern states. For rates, routes, etc., inquire of your nearest Illinois Central Ticket Agent.

All Home-Seekers' Excursion Ticket are sold at a rate of

ONE FARE, PLUS $2.

for the round trip. Tickets limited to 21 days for return. J. F. MERRY,
A. G. P. A., Ill. Cent. R. R.
Dubuque, Iowa.

Excursion Tickets to the Great American Exposition, to be held at Omaha, Neb., until October 31, 1899,

Via the North-Western Line, will be sold at reduced rates, from certain stations on specified dates. For rates, dates of sale and limits of tickets apply to agents Chicago & Northwestern Ry.
59-64-68-72-76-80-84.

JOHNEEN.

Sure he's five months old, an he's two foot long,
Baby Johneen.
Watch yerself now, for he's tarrible sthrong,
Baby Johneen,
An his fists'll be up if ye make anny slips—
With finger ends rosy the same as daisy tips,
But he'll have ye attend to the words o' his lips,
will Johneen.

There's nobody can rightly tell the color of his eyes,
this Johneen,
For they're partly o' the earth, an still they're partly o' the skies,
like Johneen.
So far as he's thraveled he's been laughin all the way,
For the little soul is quare an wise, the little heart is gay,
An he likes the merry daffodils; he thinks they'd do to play
with Johneen.

He'll sail a boat yet, if he only has his luck,
young Johneen,
For he takes to the wather like anny little duck,
boy Johneen;
Sure them are the hands now to pull on a rope,
An nate feet for walkin the deck on a slope,
But the ship she must wait a wee while yet, I hope,
for Johneen.

For we couldn't do wantin him, not just yet,
och, Johneen.
'Tis you that are the daisy an you that are the pet,
wee Johneen!
Here's to your health, an we'll dhrink it tonight,
Slainte gal, avic ma chree, live an do right!
Slainte gal, avourneen, may yer days be bright,
Johneen!

—Moira O'Neill in New York Tribune.

Kame-San.

A Japanese Boy Who Was Wrongfully Disgraced—The Stigma Was Erased In Battle.

Shall I tell you the story of little Kame? It is a name to be spoken with reverence.

Kame was the son of Nori-san, one of the no caste, which indicates a tiller of the soil. He lived near the village of Kioto. His home was one of many comforts for a farmer whose chief source of revenue is a ricefield, a small grove of mulberry trees and an orange orchard.

Kame was the youngest of five. It was his duty to carry the trays of silkworm cocoons to the thatched sheds where the women dropped them into boiling water, gathering with branches the invisible skeins to spin into visible threads.

One bright morning little Kame was seated with his venerable father before the cottage. Nori-san had been telling him tales of his forefathers, of their heroism in the great wars of the Shoguns and the rebellion against the Samauri. Kame fell asleep, much to the elder's displeasure, his young mind filled with golden images and moving armies inspired by triumphant song.

Then the itinerant barber came plodding up the dusty road from the village. As all the world knew, the barber was the district newspaper, as it were, who, while manipulating his queer tools, told everything he knew.

It was in the midst of a recital of the possibility of pig tailed invasion over all the land that a note of terror escaped the old man's lips. The little dreamer at his side awoke with a start, and in so doing overturned the barber's box of queer combs, bottles, boxes and razors. The barber's angry reproof was supplemented with a growl from Nori-san, thus disturbed in his toilet and the more important news of the coming war.

"Lad," he cried, "have I taught thee to sleep amid such perilous times? Get thee to the sheds and flail rice till the sun goes down. Tomorrow, mayhap, thou wilt have come to thy senses."

Kame arose, convinced in his heart that he had done no wrong, but he held his peace, moving toward the sheds to bear his penance bravely. Soon he was joined by his father. Kame did not salute him deferentially, after his familiar manner. The parent waxed wroth.

"Son," he cried, "what have I taught thee to say to thy betters? Where art thy manners toward thy father?"

The boy only bowed in humility, then resumed his task greviously. The elder seized his heavier flail and took position at the other end of the mat.

Suddenly the comb fell from the father's freshly barbered hair. He bent down to recover it ere it be broken by the other's flail.

Instantly the tip of Kame's swift flying flail struck the bowed head with an appalling sound, and the old man pitched forward on his face in the rice and lay quite still.

Kame's blood froze in his heart. He could not move—could not cry out as yet. Then he uttered a wild moan, sinking by the still form, sobbing despairingly. Then came brothers and sisters, neighbors and passersby, lifting the quivering form, dashing water into the drawn, drab wrinkles, and that image of death resumed a human aspect once more.

Kame watched it all as in some hideous dream, and when at last the father's eyes opened the boy fell upon his face, throwing the rice chaff over his head in token of sorrowful petition. But the elder recoiled from him.

"Son," cried he, "thou art my first disgrace and sorrow. O unnatural one that would be guilty thus of the crime of crimes—to strike a father down! What! Art thou possessed of a devil to fall so low?"

Then turned the old man to his elder son at his side, crying, "Go, Ta-ke! Run to the village and ask of the learned judge, Siban-quam, what shall be the penalty upon the son that strikes a father. Go!" And the brother sped away.

The messenger returned. "The oracle of the law, O father, demands that a black cross shall be tattoed upon the offender's brow," he said with much solemnity, "and hence shall the ingrate be driven an outcast upon the face of the earth, homeless and despised."

And so ere nightfall was little Kame branded with the curse of ingratitude and sent forth an outcast forever.

Fair Umay, the daughter of the silk weaver down the valley road, stood at the edge of her garden of poppies. Suddenly she recognized Kame, whom she loved. The lad was so changed that she scarcely knew him.

But the young man, shuddering at the sound of her voice, sank to his knees as he swept his hands before his forehead, "Oh, Umay-san!" he moaned. "Go away, I pray thee. Go, that I may not defile with even a glance one so pure and good. For, behold, O daughter of the just gods, I am henceforth an outcast, branded with shame! I struck my father!

"Oh, dear little Umay-san! Thou whom I love so much—thou wilt hearken and believe me. Listen, I pray thee!"

And then he told her all, even from the beginning, ending again and again, "It was an accident—Oh, before all that is sacred to us, little mother of my heart, it was an accident. I meant no wrong, and yet, thou seest, here"—And tragically he pointed with his pale fingers to his crime stained brow.

"Go to the shrine of our fathers yonder," she whispered. "There remain prostrate before them while I go and plead thy cause."

Soon did fair Umay return, but her heart was heavy. "He bade me from his sight forever, even cursed me," she moaned. "Go thou forth into the world, O Kame-san," she added, embracing the penitent. "Go forth, but take comfort, for in spirit I shall be ever with thee."

For weeks he wandered. One day he happened upon a newly mustered regiment of soldiers. They were on their way to the transport ships for China and the wars, and his prayer found willing ears.

The way was hard and the strife one of peril and much blood. But step by step, by valor and strength as well as wisdom, Kame-san arose from the ranks, for there was none such as he now in battle—he was ever in the van.

At the siege of Port Arthur it was Kame-san who led the charge through the ranks of the enemy to the heights; then at last, in hand to hand combat, in which four Chinese swordsmen went down before him, Kame himself was wounded unto death.

Five months later fair Umay was bowed in dreams among the poppies by her native valley road when she saw strangers moving up from the sea. There were two men, with scarlet crosses on their arms, and upon the reed couch which they bore lay a figure, quite motionless and pale as death itself. Though dressed in the garb of an officer, his head was swathed in bandages, the fond eyes closed.

"Oh, Kame-san! My Kame-san!" she wailed. "Is it indeed thou whom I love? Where hast thou been? What means it all?" But the soldier repressed her with a gesture. "Follow," he commanded in a weak whisper.

Nori-san, the venerable, was seated before his cottage, bowed in thought. He was contained by wonder of the fate of his beloved son whom he had sent forth in anger, marked with a curse, though he deserved it not.

As the litter approached and the wounded one upraised, Kame's blurring eyes scarce recognized that bent frame and attitude of sorrow.

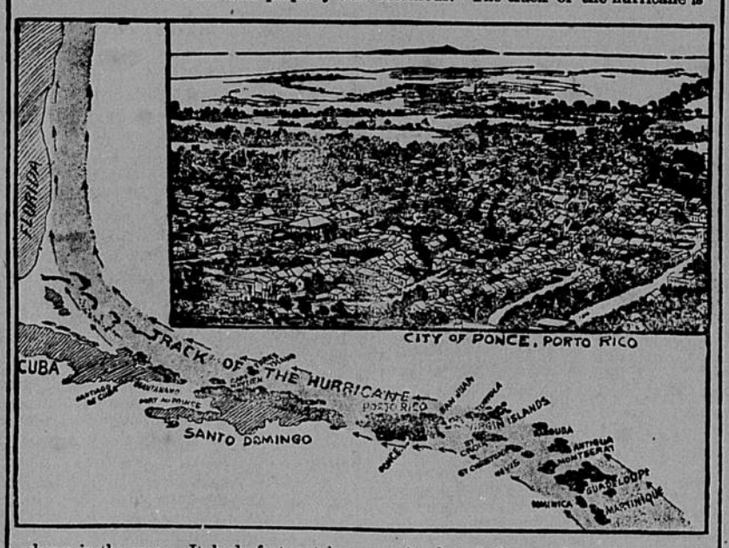
The old man struggled forward. "Thou, my son?" he faltered. "Is it indeed thou returned to me?" Outspreading his arms, he sank from sheer weakness in the dust.

The soldier wrenched his body from the litter, gaining his feet. Then he cried, "Yes, father; it is indeed thy son. But fear not, for the curse upon his brow is wiped away in blood. Behold, Kame-san is again worthy of his fathers and of thee, O beloved one, though the price be a soldier's life and a maiden's broken heart!"

And thus did the hero of Port Arthur snatch the bandage from the matted brow, disclosing the wound where the black cross of shame had been slashed away by the sword of the last defender of the fallen fortress, and so fell dead at his father's feet.—Criterion.

THE WEST INDIAN HURRICANE.

The illustration shows Ponce as it was before it was almost completely destroyed by the terrible hurricane. The island of Porto Rico was directly in the path of the storm and the loss of life and property was enormous. The track of the hurricane is



shown in the map. It had, fortunately, spent its fury before reaching the coast of Florida. In addition to the great loss of life caused directly by the hurricane, the suffering from the hunger and privation which followed was severe, and many more died from want of food and care. The United States government acted as promptly as possible in despatching relief to the sufferers, but to many it came too late.

The Negro at Driving a Bargain.

There is some excuse for the negroe's tendency to lie and steal. Always in fault, or assumed to be, he has become an adept at excuses, and lying is part of his nature. He runs through every grade of falsehood and deceit, but hardly a word that he utters is strictly true. Believing that he has some claim on the white man's wealth, he is constantly devising schemes to get it, and he never misses an opportunity to take an advantage—or anything else. The white man seeks as eagerly to take advantage of the negro. Both lay truth and honesty out of business and even out of non commercial affairs. Testimony in court is a notorious farce.

With sinners wearing on their persons garments or jewelry that are the proceeds of questionable or dishonest transactions, kneeling at God's altar in prayer for the other sinners who have been despoiled, there need be little wonder that nobody has confidence in anybody. Not only every negro, but every white man, has to secure his merchant with a mortgage if he wants credit. This credit and mortgage system leads each party to take every advantage of the other; cotton is bought and goods are sold at ruinous prices; and the whole business world is like a carnival of ravenous beasts intent on mutual destruction.—Self Culture.

As Represented.

Hardacre—Zeke answered an advertisement what they said they'd sen him a church organ for a dollar.

Crawfoot—What did he get?

Hardacre—A sample copy of The New Light marked, "This is the best church organ published."—Chicago News.

Domestic Sarcasm.

He (at breakfast)—My dear, the paper says there was quite a fire in our block early this morning. It is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

She—Well, don't let a little thing like that worry you.

He—Why, what do you mean?

She—Nobody will ever accuse you of building it.—Chicago News.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

Governor, L. M. Shaw of Denison.

Lieutenant governor, J. C. Milliman of Logan.

Superintendent of public instruction, R. C. Barrett of Osage.

Railroad commissioner, E. A. Dawson of Waverly.

Supreme judge, J. C. Sherwin of Mason City.

The Platform,

Resolutions were read and adopted approving the administration of President McKinley and the governor of the state as follows:

We commend the action of the Iowa delegation in congress in its support of protection and of the Dingley tariff, of the maintenance of the gold standard and in its faithful support of the administration of President McKinley in his policy in peace and war.

We rejoice in the prospective election of David B. Henderson to be speaker of the house of representatives and endorse him as wholly worthy of that honor.

We readopt the following declaration from the Iowa republican platform of 1898:

"The monetary standard of this country and the commercial world is gold. The permanence of this standard must be assured by congressional legislation, giving to it validity and vitality of public law. All other money must be kept at a parity of gold.

"And we urgently call upon our senators and representatives in congress to lend their best endeavors to enact these propositions into law."

We denounce the Chicago platform and its declaration in favor of free trade and free silver coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1 and its attacks upon the courts, as threatening the American people with a departure from the policies of good government that would prove fraught with evil to the American people.

The enormities of that platform call for the resistance of all good citizens. As republicans we make recognition of the loyalty and exalted patriotism of the sound money democrats and men of all parties who put aside partisanship in order to maintain the good faith of the nation and in the resistance to the Chicago platform and its candidate, to maintain the welfare of the people.

The object of all good government industry and commerce should be left free to pursue their method according to the natural laws of the world, but when business aggregations known as trusts prove hurtful to the people they must be restrained by natural laws and if need be abolished.

We believe in the wisdom and high purpose of the president. We admire the skill and courage of our officers and glory in the valor, constancy and hereditary heroism of our soldier boys of the army and navy. Nothing of support or sympathy or moral or material aid and comfort will be ever withheld from them. There shall be no divisions among us until all in arms against the flag shall confess the supreme rights and honor, and shall know that even in the far east it is a sign of promise of equal laws, of justice, and liberty throughout the land and to all the inhabitants thereof. That for national defense, for reinforcement of the navy, for enlargement of our foreign markets, for the employment of American workmen, in mines, forests, farms, mills, factories and ship yards, we favor the enactment of legislation which will regain for American ships the carrying of our foreign commerce.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher