

Chicago's Queer Indian. An Englishman of rank and money visited Chicago recently and with him came his private secretary, a young, fresh faced, jolly fellow just out of Oxford university.

It was after the cigars were lighted that the conversation turned upon things American. The Chicagoans knew that the Britons were credited with believing that they could shoot buffaloes under the shade of the Auditorium and shoot grizzlies along the Shokke, but they were not quite prepared for what was to come.

"Mr. Nelson, it seems to me that I read somewhere that the American Indians had straight hair. The hair of the one who waited on us curls like astrakhan."—Chicago Tribune.

Married With a Bump. The marriage customs of the Negules are peculiar. The young man who seeks a bride first obtains the favor of her parents and then pursues her, catching her in his arms. She breaks loose and runs and does not yield until he has caught her several times.

There is another marriage custom which is worth describing. Instead of the youth and maiden being dragged up the hut ladder they are made to climb two saplings that grow near each other. Then an elder of the group grasps the saplings and draws them together until the heads of the young couple touch, with a bump, according to the force used. This makes them mad and wife.—Forum.

Taking Umbrage. A few idlers (no very unusual thing) were lounging in front of the shop of the baillie of the burgh, among whom the laird espied the village Aesculapius, who was his political oracle, and thus addressed him:

"How's a' w' ye the day, doctor? Ony political news?" "Nothing very particular," replied the doctor; "only it is said that the Dutch have taken umbrage at"—Here the doctor got a touch on his shoulder from his shop boy, who acquainted him that a valuable patient was waiting for him, and he broke off abruptly from his political laird.

An Expensive Knife. An old man went into a cigar store where pocketknives are on sale. He had a fancy for one of the knives, but thought the price, 75 cents, too high. After a parley with the proprietor he concluded to wager 75 cents against the knife and play a game of poker.

Significant Signs. It has been insinuated that the Appleton-O'Bryanne wedding is off. If you want to know, go past the Appleton house. The sound of a half dozen sewing machines can be heard there from daybreak till late at night.

The Druggist's Work. There is a druggist in one of the suburban districts who advertises: "The doctor prescribes, we execute." Such advertising cannot fail to appeal to those who desire to be executed.—Boston Journal.

He Needed No Help. "Help, help!" cried the man who was being relieved of his valuables. "Calm yourself, my friend," said the easy going footpad. "I can take care of this job without any assistance."—Ohio State Journal.

Setting Down. "I'm anxious to get married and setle down," said the fagged bachelor, "so that I can pick out one good elud and stick to it."—Philadelphia North American.

AN IRISH ROSE. I will send a rose across the sea, All in a letter smoothly pressed; She will take the red, red rose from me And hide it in her breast.

FRANK PILSBURY'S COUNTERFEIT. A Put Up Job on a Supposed Fool and How One of the Conspirators Played It on the Rest.

BY ALBERT R. COLLIER.

I don't know what can have made us all take Frank Pilsbury for a fool, but I am sure we did so judge him. Some of them, if I were to name them here, might arise in their indignation and offrontery and deny that they were ever mistaken about Pilsbury's mental caliber, but it would be the height of insincerity on their part.

He parted his hair in the middle and brushed it smooth on his forehead, which was not high. He wore kid gloves all through the summer. He would talk earnestly with a girl for an hour at a time, giving her points about how to trim a hat.

This mistake of ours was set right about the close of the war with Spain or a little before its close. And it happened as follows:

Late in the spring of 1898 Jeannette Brennan was showing signals of distress, and she let it be understood that the cause of her distress was Frank Pilsbury. It appeared that he was making love to her, chiefly by giving her a great deal of his society—with advice on millinery matters—and also by presenting her with flowers, not artificial millinery flowers, but real ones.

About this time it was reported that Letitia Helmund had at last yielded to the persistence of Fred Stimms' wooing and had allowed him to call it an engagement. Then a number of the boys enlisted for the war, Fred among them, Frank Pilsbury not. Everybody slapped Fred on the back and called him a good fellow.

Letitia Helmund was present one day when somebody said: "Can't we make Frank Pilsbury go off to the war? Can't we bring public opinion to bear on him?" Letitia sighed, thinking no doubt of poor Fred broiling and being eaten at Tampa.

"I think he might," said Letitia. Why was it that nobody had thought of this before? Frank Pilsbury was, by eminence, the squire of dames among us. Letitia's plan was simply to go off herself to Tampa so as to be near poor, heroic Fred, and to make Frank go with her as escort. Jeannette thanked her with tears of gratitude.

The next we heard of those three was by letter. First from Letitia to Jeannette, like this: "Frank Pilsbury has proved a devoted and useful escort. I don't know what I should have done without him. Fred laughs at him and wonders what he does with himself down here, but I tell Fred that if it had not been for 'my little dude,' as he calls him, I could not be here. And it is a great thing to be near one's soldier boy, isn't it? So I have much to thank 'my little dude' for."

Then from Fred Stimms: "Letitia is up at the hotel, and I see her about every day. Frank Pilsbury is all right. He keeps out of the way when Letitia and I are together, which is what he's here for, I guess. We call him the chaperon. I don't know how he puts in his time, except its loafing on the hotel veranda and about the Cuban settlement. They say he talks Spanish like a dago."

Just before the transports started for Cuba—the second week in June—who should turn up at home but Letitia! Everybody said she had done right not to stay till the very last. The parting would have been too severe a trial for her nerves. She did not bring back Frank Pilsbury with her. She seemed to have mislaid him somewhere and could not tell where he had got to.

About the end of July the news from Cuba was becoming very exciting—the news in the papers. Privately the following came from the United States camp near Santiago. It was dated "Daignon, June 27." It was a letter to a mutual friend of Stimms and myself. This is a true copy:

Dear Con—I am not well. A good many of us in camp here are in the same fix. I miss the miss of my regular meals that hurts me; it is the shock I have had. A lot of Garcia's soldiers met us on the beach when we landed. They were cheering for "Los Americanos." One of them, in a big straw hat and a little less ragged shirt and trousers than the others, with a revolver and a big machete, came forward and shook hands with me. Then he said, "How is Letitia?" Then I saw that it was Frank Pilsbury. He sneaked off from Tampa three weeks ago with some sort of dispatches for the Cubans, and they say he landed at Matanzas and made his way right across the island. I couldn't believe it, but Garcia has photographs that he took on the way. Frankie has one of those little dinky "Snap Bang" cameras with him. The Cubans are afraid of him and think he is the president's eldest son. The Spaniards took him for an English tourist. Now they are going to fit him out with decent clothes and send him to Washington. How he did it all I don't know. I suppose it was his Spanish and getting so chummy with all those stiff dudes up at the hotel. I can't write any more. The shock seems to have given me a chill. I believe we shall be fighting tomorrow. Hope I may get killed. Yours, FRED STIMMS.

This letter set us all in a ferment of excitement. Everybody went and asked Letitia for information. Everybody felt that there must be more mystery behind this. Letitia smiled and said she had lost sight of Frank during the latter part of her stay at Tampa. She supposed the government must have sent him on some special mission to Cuba, because he had traveled there before the war was ever thought of and knew the country a little.

I think we all felt somewhat annoyed. Jeannette unaccountably got downright angry and began treating Robinson, who had been obliged to stay at home on account of his mother and sister, very unkindly.

Poor Fred had one consolation, and that was that Frank was not at Santiago on the 1st of July—had, in fact, started home with his mysterious dispatches several days before that. Fred's friends also had the consolation that Fred, in spite of his own gloomy ambitions, came out of all that fighting without a scratch, though he did go to grass later on with a severe attack of fever.

By the Fourth of July Frank came home a little browner and less plump than before, it is true, but with his hair still smooth and parted plumb in the middle. When we asked him to tell us about his mysterious goings on, he said he was sick and tired of all that. The Cubans, he said, were very dirty. Then he wandered off into a discussion of the metropolitan fashions in millinery.

The next thing he did was to rent a small house. Then the local papers printed an authorized statement of the marriage of Frank Pilsbury and Miss Letitia Helmund at Tampa, Fla., on the 22d day of May, 1898, with full particulars.

When somebody asked him what he meant by breaking the heart of Jeannette Brennan, he answered: "Her heart is not broken. Ask Robinson. That was a ruse, you know. Public opinion was against my marriage with Letitia, so we had to elude public opinion. Ask Letitia."

Letitia, being examined, said: "I never gave Mr. Stimms authority to say we were engaged. He chose to give it out, and it was not my business to contradict him. Yes, the Matanzas expedition was my idea. Still, Frankie isn't half such a fool as he looks."

Fred came home an invalid long before the other soldier boys. For three weeks we all conspired to keep the news from him, so that the shock might not kill him. When he heard the whole truth, he packed up and went to the Pacific coast.—San Francisco Call.

The Wrong Slot. A nice looking elderly gentleman, with long white whiskers, stood on the Rush street bridge one evening holding a letter in his hand and gazing perplexedly up and down the thoroughfare. He was looking for a post box. There was none in sight. "I don't like to go very far away," he muttered, "because that far pesky boat's likely ter light out most any moment."

Suddenly his eyes lighted up, and he chuckled to himself, and, hurrying across the bridge, was seen a moment or two later leaning far over the bow of the black hulled steamer that lay at the wharf. Luckily a deckhand appeared on the scene in time to save the old gentleman from a watery grave. And after the old gentleman had got his breath back he waved his letter in the face of the astonished deckhand and panted:

"What kind of a letter box is that, I'd like ter know? Hey! Do you think I'm a akribat er a kontorshn'ist, do yer? Hey! What say? What letter box? Why, that one thar!" He pulled the deckhand to the rail and pointed to the hawser hole in the ship's bow. Near it, in great yellow letters was the inscription, "U. S. Mail."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Getting Under It. "There's a mountain of evidence against you," said the young lawyer to his first client.

"Tunnel it, my tunnel it!" cried the old sluice robber. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Frog and the Judge. "I had been living alongside of Silver lake for 15 years," said the judge, "before I concluded to go fishing. I suppose I had seen five carloads of fish taken out of the lake during those years, and so I anticipated a great catch when I got around to it. One day I got out hook and line and set off in my boat. It was right after dinner, and I let the boat go drifting. The hook was baited with a frog for bass, and I distinctly remember of giving frog and hook a whirl and a cast. Then of course I waited for a bite."

"And you got one?" queried the man with the new patent reel. "I can't say that I did," replied the judge. "No, I have never been able to satisfy myself that I did."

"But what did you do?" "Just floated around for five hours. I think I was busy most of the time preparing a case to come off the next week, but had a bass taken hold of that frog I must have felt it."

"But didn't you pull in your line at all?" "I don't think so. If I did, it escaped my memory. Should I have done so?"

"Why, of course." "For what reason?" "To see if the frog was on the hook all right."

"Oh! There was no reason then," smiled the judge. "It seems that as soon as I cast him overboard he swam back and climbed into the boat, and at the end of five hours he came hopping over to me, as if to ask if I hadn't had all the fun I wanted. I decided that I had, and I unhooked him with apologies and rowed home."—Chicago News.

Bounced the Bill of Fare. Stories of the generosity of Judge Poland of Vermont are constantly coming to light. One of the prettiest is about an old farmer, whom the judge invited to dine with him one day at the hotel in Lyndon, Vt.

The old man's shabby garments and uncouth manners did not prevent his host from being heartily glad to see him, and he was ushered into the dining room with all the deference that could have been shown the judge's most distinguished friend.

It was the farmer's first experience at a hotel, and when the waiter laid the menu card before him he asked quickly, "What's that?"

"The bill of fare, sir," replied the waiter. "Take it away!" said the old man, with a look of triumph on his brown face. "Judge Poland isn't the sort that invites folks and then lets 'em pay their own bills. I've known him, boy and man, young feller! Perhaps you didn't know I'm a v'isting Judge Poland today."

The waiter bowed with the aspect of a graven image, but the judge and his guest smiled at each other in mutual friendliness and pleasure, and then the judge proceeded to order for two.—Youth's Companion.

The Missionary's Little Joke. A native Maori chieftain, the descendant of cannibal kings, is now completing his medical education in Chicago. Cannibalism ended in his tribe, he says, when Bishop Selwyn converted his grandfather, but he tells some stories of it which have a distinctly humorous flavor. For instance: It is said that once a chief captured a missionary who was anything but a toothsome morsel, as he was old and thin and looked as if his flesh would be tough. The missionary warned the chief that he would not make a good dinner and, pulling up his trousers, cut a slice off the calf of his leg and offered it to the chief.

The chief tasted it, said he didn't like it and passed it to a subchief. The sub tasted it, made a wry face and passed it on. The next man who took a bite of it spat it out. The missionary was released. After he had gone it was discovered that he wore a cork leg.

The Fads of Authors. How novelists write will always be of interest to readers. Each seems to have some favorite place for attacking the muse. Roe wrote "Near to Nature's Heart," Hay "At the Seaside" and Besant "All in a Garden Fair." Verne wrote "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," Dryden "In Sunny Lands" and Auerbach "On the Heights."

While Gibbon wrote "For Lack of Gold" and Payne "In Peril and Privation," Black wrote "In Silk Attire" and Haven "Out of Debt, Out of Danger." Horatio Alger wrote "Slow and Sure," Williams "On and Off" and Pike "Every Day." Most curious of all were Bellamy, who wrote "Looking Backward," and Parker, who wrote "Upside Down."—Puck.

From Hand to Mouth. "I'll never speak to him again!" exclaimed the young woman in the pale blue jacket. "He called me his queen and asked if he might kiss my hand. I said yes, and—after that he kissed me on the lips without asking." "I suppose," said the young woman in the yellow buskins, "he followed along the line of least resistance."—Chicago Tribune.

Worth His While to Flatter. Art Critic—Your portrait of Snuggins, the multimillionaire there, has a fine technique, but it doesn't look the least like him.

Fashionable Portrait Painter—Hush! How could I ever get \$2,500 for it if it did?—Boston Transcript.

Orthodox Mohammedans are forbidden to make or use any "graven image." Consequently their chessmen have no resemblance to human figures.

"If a man sows the wind, he is liable to catch a cyclone in his self binder some day."—York (Neb.) Times.

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