

Did You Know?

That we are at the "West Denison Mills" to stay, and are bound to please our customers by prompt and fair dealing. Charter Oak, Dunlap and Luney Flour. Rye Graham, Rye Flour, Wheat Graham, Shorts, Bran, Oil Meal, Ground Feed, Corn, Oats and Hay. Your orders will receive prompt attention.

Phone 271.

C. D. MILLER.

Capital \$100,000.

Deposits, \$300,000.

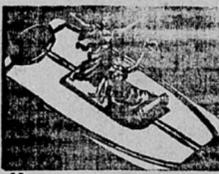
Crawford County State Bank,

DENISON, IOWA.

The Best Security for Depositors. Farm Loans at Five Per Cent Interest.

This Bank is incorporated under the laws of the State of Iowa. This gives the best security to all depositors, not only to the amount of stock, but the personal property of each shareholder is held to the amount of his share for any loss to the bank. Incorporated banks are under the control of the State Auditor, who can at any time examine the business, and according to his investigation the published statements are made. Depositors in an incorporated bank have more security than the confidence imposed in the officers. They have the best security, because the capital stock can not be used at pleasure for outside speculation and investment. The Crawford County State Bank is the best incorporated banking institution in the County. A general banking business done.

Passage Tickets Sold. Insurance Written. Loans Negotiated.
 L. CORNWELL, GEORGE NAEVE, M. E. JONES, C. J. KEMMING,
 President. V-President. Cashier. Ass't Cashier.
 Directors: J. L. Cornwell, Geo. Naeve, H. F. Schwartz,
 Chas. Tabor, J. P. Connor



WILCOX STEAM LAUNDRY
Improved Machinery

QUICK WORK. A SPECIALTY.

for doing the Best Work with the least possible wear and tear, and with splendid finish.

Are you Going to Paint?

If so go to

WYGANT'S

—And get—

Lowe Brothers' Superior Mixed Paint

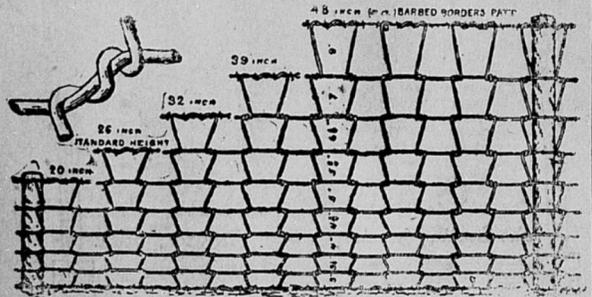
The Best on the Market.

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.

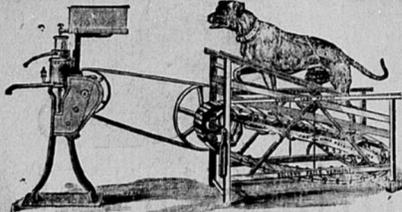
All kinds of Tinware, including Gutters, Valleys and Roofing. Also galvanized Eave Trough and Spouting put up on short notice. All kinds of building hardware at lowest prices.

J. G. WYGANT.



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.

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.

Business Chances at Deloit

On Two New Parallel Railroads—Illinois Central and Chicago & Northwestern.

Wanted!

A Bank, Hotel, Drug Store, Physician, Furniture Store, Flouring Mill, Hay and Feed Store, Harness Shop, Shoemaker, Jeweler, Butcher, Newspaper, Photographer, Wagons and Farm Implements, Painter, Grainier, Sign Writer, Paper Hanger and some other lines of business may find openings here. I have some fine business locations for sale. Also residence property. Also a small farm of 42 acres and other acreage property near town. Call on or write me at Deloit, Iowa.

E. T. DOBSON.

HOISTS WHITE FLAG.

Pretoria Reports that Mafeking Seeks a Truce.

SYMBOL OF SURRENDER SENT UP.

London Clings to Belief Statement is Untrue—British Forces Meet Enemy in Neighborhood of Acton Homes—Free State Forces Are Advancing.

LONDON, Oct. 19.—A special dispatch, dated at Pretoria at noon yesterday, says: "After a few shots were fired at Mafeking the white flag was hoisted. A Boer party bearing a flag of truce was sent to inquire whether the town surrendered. The Boer messenger was detained for six hours and then released."

Another special dispatch from Pretoria says: "The Boer Krupp batteries are now covering the town. Military engineers can be observed laying a temporary railroad, which will probably be used in armored train defense by the garrison."

LADYSMITH, Oct. 19.—The British forces came into contact with the enemy in the neighborhood of Acton Homes and Tester's station, about 16 miles out, yesterday morning. The firing began at 10 o'clock.

LONDON, Oct. 19.—There is still no authentic news from Mafeking, but all reports tend to confirm the belief that Colonel Baden-Powell is holding his own, and no credit is given to the rumor that a flag of truce had been displayed.

A considerable movement is anticipated in the vicinity of Ladysmith today. The combined advance of Boer and Free State troops in this direction has been executed with not inconsiderable skill and shows a free appreciation of the British position. General Sir George Stewart White has 12,000 men and 46 guns available, besides a considerable force of volunteers, and no anxiety is experienced on his part, as the Natal country is fairly open, and although the work of moving them is difficult the guns are liable to do good work. The country is not favorable for Boer tactics and it will be difficult for them to avoid the exposure of their flanks to attack. General White has a large body of excellent cavalry, which will be put to good use.

The Daily Telegraph's correspondent at Ladysmith says no newspaper representatives are allowed to proceed from there either to Bosters Station or Acton Homes, and adds that General Joubert's forces are moving against Glencoe and Besters.

According to the same authority some volunteers who had come into Ladysmith from Besters Station and Acton Homes reported that 800 Boers tried ineffectually to cut off a small force of British troops but the men were too wary. The enemy, as usual, hid themselves behind hills and rocks, but were unable to advance. They used cannon against the British riflemen, who nevertheless maintained a stout resistance. The firing was very heavy. The country about Acton Homes being more open the British mounted volunteers there are retiring on Dewdrop. Two thousand Boers are engaged at Acton Homes and rather fewer at Besters Station. It is stated the enemy there is hemmed in and suffering severely.

The Times' Lobati correspondent telegraphing under date of Oct. 14, says: "The Boers were around us all day yesterday and broke up the line in several places between Pitsani and Mafeking. They were attacked and defeated by a party of our men from Mafeking. Thirty Boers were killed during the night. Another lot broke up the line north of Lobati, cutting the wires. The stationmaster and all of us here set to work and have just restored communication. A runner has arrived bringing news of Colonel Baden-Powell's success in keeping the enemy at bay."

Worst Feature of the Situation.

The foregoing about exhausts the actual war news this morning. The worst features of the situation are regarded to be the probability of native risings, which, whether on behalf or against the Boers, are certain to produce serious complications besides danger to the few hundred whites in these districts. The havoc the Boers are making with the railway and telegraph lines will seriously impede the movement of General Sir Redvers Buller's army corps. There are conflicting rumors as to whether the Boers have or have not occupied Helpmakoor. According to the best accounts the rumor that they have done so is untrue, but if the Boers have succeeded in this maneuver they are completely around the right of General Sir George Stewart White's position and will be able to either attack him at an advantage or move down into Natal behind him.

The Times editorially complains of the lax observance of neutrality on the part of some states of the United States in permitting the sympathetic recruiting and enlistment of men openly and ostentatiously for service against England in South Africa.

Wichita Dry Goods Store Burns. WICHITA, Oct. 19.—The dry goods store of George Innes & Co., burned yesterday. It was brilliantly lighted and prettily decorated because of the local festival in progress. It is thought to have caught from some electric wire. The loss is \$75,000, with insurance of \$53,000.

Prepare For Onslaught. CAMP GLENCOE, Oct. 19.—Boer scouts have been sighted at Hattingsspruit, seven miles from the British camp, and an engagement is imminent.

Woman Suffragists Meet. NEBRASKA CITY, Neb., Oct. 19.—The Nebraska Suffrage convention met here yesterday. The attendance was light. It will continue for two days.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

As I remember the first sweet touch Of those beautiful hands that I loved so much I seem to thrill as I then was thrilled Raising the glove that I found unfiled, When I met your gaze and the gently bow As you said to me laughingly, "Keep it now!" And dazed and alone in a dream I stand Kissing the ghost of your beautiful hand.

When first I loved you, long ago, And held your hand as I told you so, Pressed and caressed it and gave it a kiss And said, "I would die for a hand like this!" Little I dreamed love's fullness yet Had to ripen when eyes were wet, And prayers were vain in their wild demands For one warm touch of your beautiful hands.

Beautiful hands! O beautiful hands! Could you reach out from the alien lands Where you are lingering and give me tonight Only a touch, were it ever so slight, My heart were soothed, and my weary brain Would hush itself to rest again, For there's no solace the world commands Like the sweet caress of your beautiful hands. —James Whitcomb Riley.

MY ENGAGEMENT.

When a Man Changes His Girl, He Had Better Notify His Jeweler.

We have all, I suppose, in our lives made blunders—little blunders, big blunders, and so forth, till one reaches the pitch of irretrievable blunder—and I have just escaped from the consequences of one that for the moment was likely to prove irretrievable.

I was—I had foolishly allowed myself to be fascinated by Miss Strangerford—yes, fascinated is, I think, just the word to meet the case.

Phyllis is a dear, quite a dear, and for a time I submit that I was tottering on the brink. I believe, as a matter of fact, that I did propose once or twice, but of course I knew she'd say "no." She's so sensible. But, for one awful, terrible moment at the time I'm going to tell you about I thought she was going to forget herself and say "yes."

You see, the truth is, one is a little bit afraid of Miss Strangerford. Everything will seem to be going swimmingly, and you think you're getting on quite well and being rather clever and all that, and then you look up and you see a something in her eyes which sobers you down again. It's in her eyes. Somewhere right at the back of them there's a kind of glistening twinkle that makes you feel that you're a fool.

Now, Laura is not like that. She is clever and knows all about books, music and lichen, and she hardly ever smiles. But Miss Strangerford just sits curled up in her chair and chatters about nothing in particular, and says funny things which make you laugh and dresses very smartly, and even sometimes smokes cigarettes, and yet directly one begins to talk about deeper subjects she stays quite quiet and keeps that funny look in her eyes, for all the world as if she was laughing at you to herself.

Last summer, down on the river, we got on awfully well at first. It was later on that I came to the conclusion that it would be a mistake to carry matters further, and as she had just—well, not exactly refused, but put me off for the second time, I thought it better to let the matter drop.

Then I met Laura. Laura adores music halls. She says that she thinks the color scheme of the ballet most instructive and has come to the conclusion that it is unconsciously based on the primitive principles of color music. I am sure she's right. I like them myself.

I saw a good deal of her after that dinner, and last week we practically became engaged. Naturally I wanted to give her some souvenir to commemorate the day—not the ordinary, vulgar ring, but something with latent meanings, so I knew she would appreciate it.

On the morning after the engagement I went to Somerton, the jeweler's, and explained what I wanted. Dickson, their head man, spotted the idea at once.

"You want something with a pretty sentiment in it—something original."

I couldn't think of anything myself, but he showed me a design which he declared would be just the thing. It was a sort of brooch, with two hearts—one a ruby and one a diamond. The ruby was supposed to be mine, because Dickson explained that it signified passion and devotion. The two big stones were bound together with a true lover's knot in diamonds—a copy of an old pattern, he assured me, and very pretty it looked. I gave him my card to slip into the box when it was sent home.

"What inscription, sir?" he asked as I was leaving the shop.

Of course, directly he asked me that I was stuck. So I just told him to put on the usual sort of thing and to send it to the young lady at once, together with my card.

Two days later among my morning's letters I received a note from Miss Strangerford asking me to go to tea. I had intended going to see Laura, but on getting a telegram to put me off, decided to go and see Phyllis.

I was shown into her boudoir and found her, as usual, curled up in an armchair, smoking a cigarette. It struck me that she was looking extremely pretty, and for one fleeting second I almost wished—that Laura smoked.

Also, if Laura has a fault—which, mind you, I am not prepared to admit—still, if she has a fault, it is that she has quaint ideas on the subject of hair-dressing. Now, Phyllis is always beautifully "coiffee."

For my part I felt a little uncomfortable, but Miss Phyllis was not in the slightest degree discomposed. There was another man there, and he glared

at me a little, but I treated him with deserved contempt. After about ten minutes of desultory chatter he took himself off.

Miss Phyllis watched the door close behind him, and then, suddenly turning to me, she stretched out her hand and said:

"My dear Gerald, how can I thank you?"

I confess that I was considerably taken aback. "I think," continued Phyllis, without noticing my surprise, "that you are the most generous and forgiving person in the world."

"I was afraid," said I, "that you were offended with me, but you are not, are you, since you've asked me to come?"

"Offended!" said Miss Phyllis. "My dear Gerald, whatever made you think that? You're a dear. See, I've got it on."

I did see, and to my horror I realized for the first time that the glistening object which I had been admiring so much in Phyllis' chignon was the brooch I had ordered for Laura.

"That," I gasped, "is a little memento of our—of my engagement!"

"Yes," said Phyllis, smiling. "I consider myself really engaged now."

"You don't mean to say," I stammered, "that you—"

"Oh, but I do!" she interrupted. "Really, really I do!" And her eyes sparkled.

"There is a mistake somewhere," I explained confusedly. "—that is, you—I mean I am engaged."

"Naturally," said Miss Phyllis, raising her eyebrows. "We are both engaged—isn't it splendid?"

"But," I managed to ejaculate at last, with more force than politeness. "I'm engaged to some one else, not to you."

This speech, blunt and plain enough in its way, seemed to afford Phyllis infinite amusement. She curled herself up more tightly in her chair and fairly quivered with suppressed merriment.

"Don't you understand?" I explained. "I am engaged to Miss Ainsley—Laura Ainsley, and—of course, I'm awfully sorry, but that was sent you by mistake."

Phyllis managed to subdue her laughter.

"My dear Gerald, please don't look like that," she said, wiping the tears from her eyes with an absurd little pocket handkerchief. "You needn't look so woe-begone, even if you did think I was going to accept you. I promise not to marry you. Can't you see? You went into Somerton's and ordered this brooch and told them to send it direct to the lady's house."

"It never seemed to have occurred to you to mention her name, and as they had made something for me at your order in ages past they naturally concluded that this was for me, too, and sent it on by a messenger with your card. I knew it was a mistake, so I sent my maid down to inquire. It was not difficult to guess the truth."

"Oh!" said I lamely. "There, here you are, you silly boy?" she said, holding out the brooch. "Run away to Laura with it, and forgive me for playing a practical joke on you, but you did look such a picture of dismay!"

"Won't you keep it, please?" said I humbly. "I ought to pay a penalty for my stupidity."

"It's awfully good of you, Gerald, and it's very pretty, but I don't know that I ought to. I've been engaged since Wednesday, you see, to Captain Mahon."

"The very thing!" I cried, turning to the inscription on the back. "I was engaged on Wednesday, too; see, here's the date."

Phyllis looked. "It does seem to fit it nicely," she said. "May I really keep it?"

"Please do," said I, "and if he says anything tell him it was a premature Christmas offering."

I am glad the mistake happened after all, for I am very fond of Phyllis. And—well, Captain Mahon, or whatever his name is, is a very lucky man. —Home Chat.

Mosquitoes in England.

English people will tell you that in their happy isle there are no such things as mosquitoes. One gets pretty well used to this kind of talk, but in this particular instance the boast holds good, or, rather, did hold good until the last few years. It is not alone dollars that the summer tourist has brought to London. Mosquitoes have been imported, and they have distressed the British more than the American visitors. Probably the name is a potent one to conjure with, and some idea of what terrible things are expected of mosquitoes may be learned from this simple tale of the north country: Some miners in remote workings of a Yorkshire colliery reported to the superintendent that they had been much annoyed by the bites of mosquitoes. He went down to see about it and found a large and energetic colony of yellow banded wasps—"yaller jackets," if you like that better.—Ainslee's Magazine.

How to Sit in a Hansom.

We have borrowed many things from the English. One is the accepted method of getting into and out of a cab. The novice in hansom cab driving gets in as she would into a victoria, coupe or other American equipage and seats herself on the far side, leaving room for her companion or escort to be seated by her side, next to the curb on entering. Not so the woman who has had her hansom education in London or in an English environment. She seats herself where she enters—that is, at the curb—and her escort is obliged to crawl by her to get to his place. Where we turn to the right in driving the continental method is to turn to the left, and vice versa, which probably accounts for this method of transplanted misdirection which we follow in riding in a hansom.—New York Herald.

FIGHTING AT MAFEKING

Prolonged Engagement Occurs With Result In Doubt.

BOERS HOLD THEIR POSITION WELL

Conflict Is Marked by Deeds of Daring on Both Sides—Dozen Boers Reported Killed—British Loss Not Ascertained. Heavy Firing Also Heard to the South.

LONDON, Oct. 18.—A dispatch from Pretoria says:

A cyclist dispatch was received from Ottoshoep, near Malmali, asserting that heavy firing had been in progress all day long north of Mafeking. The British troops on board an armored train acted as a covering force to military engineers engaged in repairing the track. A Maxim gun on the train kept up a continuous fire.

Conspicuous bravery was displayed on both sides, but it soon became apparent that the rifles of the burghers were ineffective against an armored train. The latter, however, was once forced to retreat before a particularly strong assault, but it soon returned accompanied by a British mounted contingent and the fighting was renewed fiercely.

Fighting still continues, the Boers holding their positions well. A dozen Boers were killed or wounded, but the British casualties cannot be ascertained. Heavy firing can be heard south of Mafeking, where General Cronje's command is operating.

LONDON, Oct. 18.—The Morning Post's Ladysmith correspondent telegraphs that the Basutos have risen against the Free State.

COLESBERG, Oct. 18.—It is persistently reported from widely different sources that a large force of Boers resolutely attacked Mafeking on Friday and after several hours' fighting were repulsed with heavy loss.

Boers Destroy Railway. LONDON, Oct. 18.—No further reliable news from Mafeking has been received. Dr. Leyds, the plenipotentiary of the South African republic to European governments, is said to be going to Berlin shortly to confer with political personages.

A special dispatch from Pretoria says the Boers destroyed the Bechnuanaland railway during Friday night from Lobatsi to Arvogel Kop. The Standard's Dundee correspondent telegraphing Monday night says the Boers have brought artillery from Newcastle and are destroying the railway at Ingagane in order to prevent the approach of our armored train.

The foremost detachment of the enemy's northern column has not advanced beyond Ingagane and no definite movement has been made from the Drakenberg pass.

The correspondent of the Daily Mail at Glencoe telegraphs that General Sir William Symons says there are only 8,000 mounted men in the Boer columns immediately north of Ladysmith, but that there are large numbers of men on foot. The horses of the Boers are in wretchedly poor condition and the men look worn out. The Boers are robbing all natives traversing the Transvaal.

The Cape Town correspondent of the Daily News says W. P. Schreiner, the Cape premier, was only induced to sign the decree proclaiming martial law in the northern parts of Cape Colony after Sir Alfred Milner gave him the option of signing or resigning.

CAPE TOWN, Oct. 18.—Communication with Belmont station, 60 miles south of Kimberley, is still open. The fight with the armored train from Kimberley, in which the Boers lost more men than they did at Majuba hill, is held to prove that their shooting is not so good as it is reputed to be.

CONFINE BUSINESS TO WAR.

Queen Addresses Parliament on Reassessing—No General Legislation.

LONDON, Oct. 18.—Parliament opened yesterday in extraordinary session to consider the South African situation. In the speech from the throne the queen said:

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN: The state of affairs in South Africa has made it expedient that my government should be enabled to strengthen the military forces of this country by calling out the reserve. For this purpose the provisions of the law render it necessary that parliament should be called together."

"There are many subjects of domestic interest to which your attention will be invited at a later period, when the ordinary season for the labors of a parliamentary session has been reached. For the present I have invited your attendance in order to ask you to deal with an exceptional exigency and I pray that in performing the duties which claim your attention you may have the guidance and blessing of Almighty God."

Related dispatches from the scene of action in South Africa throw little fresh light upon the situation. The Boers appear to be strengthening their position in Natal and biding their own time for attack. The Orange Free State burghers are threatening to invade Cape Colony by way of Norvalpoort and All-walworth, both of which are at their mercy if they possess artillery.

Consolidating Paper Mills. New York, Oct. 18.—Plans have been quietly maturing for some weeks past looking to the consolidation of all the paper manufacturing of the country grouped in those now independent mills which manufacture wood pulp board, paper pulp board and strawboard. All told some 100 or more mills are interested in the projected consolidation scheme, and the amount of capital involved is about \$50,000,000.

Weyler's Appointment is Criticized. MADRID, Oct. 18.—The appointment of General Weyler as president of the consultative council of war has been confirmed and is severely criticized by both military officials and civilians.