

# Light Harness,

## Single and Double.

We can show the **Finest Line** in the County.

We call attention to our line of **Saddles of all kinds.**

Just now you want some **Collar Pads.**

**Collar Pads.**

We have a large quantity of them at all prices. Cold weather is here. Protect your horses by calling at our store see what we have in this line.

Harness and Buggy Top Repairing.

### JOHN SCHNOOR.

# 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

# J. L. WARBASSE.

DEALER IN

## Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines

And musical instruments. We handle the well known Burdett & Newman Organs, and Smith & Barnes, Fisher, and Kingsbury Pianos. We also have a splendid Estey Organ. White Sewing Machines with ball bearings, easy running. We carry a new line of roc sheet music and other music; also a full line of small goods. Cleaning and repairing of organs and sewing machines in charge of expert repairer. Also rotary standard sewing machines.



## GRAWFORD 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 \$1,000,000, 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.

## CHRIS CHRISTENSEN, General Blacksmith, Plow Work, Wagon, Carriage and

--- REPAIR SHOP ---

HORSE SHOEING. PLOW WORK ETC.

# 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.

W. A. MCHENRY, Pres. SEARS MCHENRY, Cashier

## First National Bank.

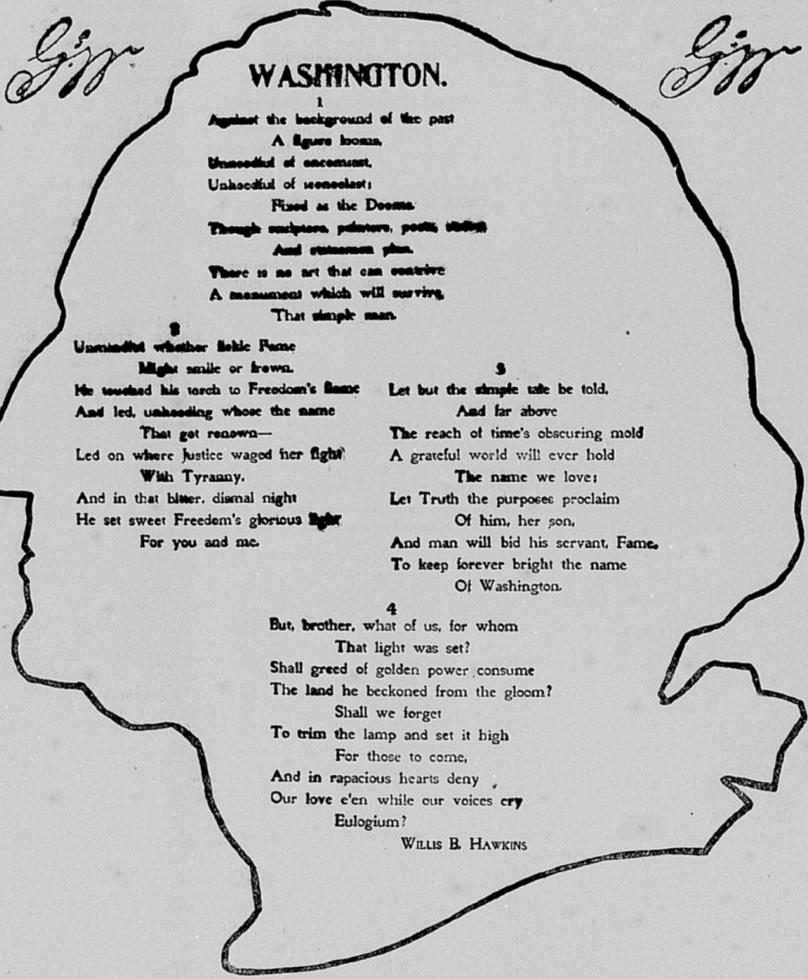
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$125,000.00.  
DEPOSITS, 425,000.00.  
LOANS, 450,000.00.

With our thirty years of experience in the banking business and our large capital and constant increasing deposits we are able to take care of our customers at the lowest rates. Deposits received subject to be drawn at sight. Time certificates issued drawing three per cent for six and four per cent for twelve months. We make a specialty of loaning money on cattle to be fed for short time. Also make first mortgage loans on improved farms at current rates. We sell lands, town lots, furnish abstracts of title and sell steamship tickets for foreign parts. Our officers speak German. We solicit your patronage.



## STRONG AGAIN! Serravallo's Tonic

WHEN IN DOUBT, TRY Serravallo's Tonic. They have stood the test of years, and have cured thousands of cases of Nervous Diseases, such as Debility, Anemia, Chlorosis, etc. They do not excite, but strengthen the circulation, make digestion perfect, and impart a healthy vigor to the whole being. All ailments of the system are cured. Unless patients are cured, their condition will not improve. Serravallo's Tonic is the only medicine that can be taken in any form. It is sold in bottles of 1/2, 1, and 2 dollars. Price 25 cents per bottle. Sold everywhere. For sale by Drybread and Co.



## WASHINGTON.

Against the background of the past

A figure looms,

Unshod of conquest,

Unhappily of conquest;

Fixed as the Dooms,

Through centuries, pastures, ports, stations

And stations past.

There is no art that can contrive

A monument which will survive,

That simple man.

Unmindful whether his Fame

Might smile or frown.

He touched his torch to Freedom's flame

And led, unheeding whose the name

That got renown—

Led on where Justice waged her fight

With Tyranny.

And in that bitter, dismal night

He set sweet Freedom's glorious light

For you and me.

Let but the simple tale be told,

And far above

The reach of time's obscuring mold

A grateful world will ever hold

The name we love;

Let Truth the purposes proclaim

Of him, her son,

And man will bid his servant, Fame,

To keep forever bright the name

Of Washington.

But, brother, what of us, for whom

That light was set?

Shall greed of golden power consume

The land he beckoned from the gloom?

Shall we forget

To trim the lamp and set it high

For those to come,

And in rapacious hearts deny

Our love e'en while our voices cry

Eulogium?

WILLIS B. HAWKINS

## THE TORY MAID.

A Tale of Washington and His Time.

BY JOHN J. A'BECKET.

Copyright, 1900, by J. J. A'Becket.



THE girl stepped out of the cave and cast an anxious glance, first down, then up, the bank of the river. It was early morning, and the broad stretch of the York was beginning to catch gleams of the October sun on its slate blue ripples.

"Why does not Sambo come?" she exclaimed feverishly. Mildred Trent's face was somewhat pale, but her eyes flashed with dark luminousness and her slender form was erect with proud determination. She made no effort to disguise her intense craving for news. The rattle of the siege guns, the noisy turbulence of the hot contest, was stifled. But had Lord Cornwallis silenced the colonists, or had this desperate attack of the Federalists wrested from him the town he had fortified against them?

The possibility of the latter brought Page Yorke to her fancy again, and she heaved once more, as she had done a thousand times before during this fearful siege, a sigh of complex emotion. Oh, why did not Sambo come and relieve this wearing tension? At the beginning of this armed revolt against the home government Page Yorke's father had shouldered his gun and gone forth under the command of his friend, General George Washington, of Mount Vernon. Two years later he had let it fall, as he sank himself, killed by a bullet. Then this hot youth of 19 had taken his father's place, and for five years she had not seen him. She and Miss Aylward, her aunt, had led a forlorn life here in the little village of Yorktown, which had but now been the center of so fierce a contest. And she did not yet know whether the battle was to king or colonist; whether her playmate and boy lover was somewhere near, flushed with victory, or— But she would not think of that!

If Cornwallis had won, it might mean the end. If the colonists had made their fight and lost, Page Yorke might with good grace fall into his place once more—a Virginia gentleman, subject to the king—and life more again on the old time, easy wing.

With a parting glance in every direction, she turned and slowly re-entered the cave. It was an opening in a marl bluff on the bank of the broad river, some 12 feet wide by 18 or 20 in depth. The more retired part was dry, and a level ledge had offered the women a resting place at night. They had come there with Dinah when the massively built house of Governor Nelson, instead of proving the safe refuge they had imagined, was hit so often by the fearfully crashing shot and shell that it seemed to be a special target for the colonial gunners. As a matter of fact, the patriot leader, governor, commanding the Virginia militia in the reserve, or second line of the left wing of the besieging colonists, fearing his

solid two story brick house might afford shelter to the British, had offered a reward of 5 guineas to every gunner who hit it with his fire.

Miss Trent had not long rejoined her aunt, who, wrapped in a thick shawl against the chill temperature of the cave, shivered more from nervous apprehension than the autumnal air when a negro with grizzled wool shambled into view at the mouth of their retreat, his eyes rolling and his breathing showing evidence of great excitement.

"Fore de Lawd, Miss Aylward an Miss Mildred!" he panted. "Dat British general hab got to march forth an lay his whole army at de triumphant feet ob General Massa George Wah'n-ton. Bress de Lawd, we am all saved!" "Saved!" exclaimed Miss Aylward, clasping her hands and flashing a look of indignation on the jubilant negro. "We are left as prey to this rebel Virginian, who has been the backbone of a needless uprising against his king. My child," she added bitterly, turning toward her niece and using the very phrase with which Lord North later heard the news of Cornwallis' surrender, "all is lost."

"Be just, at least, aunt," retorted her niece, with spirit. "From all I have heard General Washington is more likely to be conquered by ladies than to be their harsh oppressor. He hangs rebels to his own cause, but I do not fancy he will harm women simply because they have not cast off allegiance to their king. Besides, Page Yorke may be among these very troops who have won, and, after the unbounded devotion of his father and himself to the cause, he should have some influence with General Washington."

"Mildred," said her aunt sadly, "it is not my fault if the child of my English brother speaks of rebels with a leniency that is more than justice."

"I hate a traitor!" she flung back hotly. "I can admire that noble young Frenchman who, subject of his Christian majesty, left home, wife, wealth



"I HATE A TRAITOR!"

and his own ambitions and interests to come here and use his sword against this wretched renegade. But don't let us talk about that now. Sambo, you must go out again and see if you can find out anything about Mr. Yorke. If he is among these besieging troops, he may like to hear that we are still alive. Tell him," she concluded impulsively, "that victory does not prove a cause in the right, and that Miss Mildred Trent will be glad, for the sake of old times and ties, to welcome him to the home he has helped to make desolate."

"Oh, missy! Ah, couldn't tell him, no such heeb thing as that, an him a-comin back to his own poor, gone to ruin place."

He shuffled off. By 1 o'clock he had not returned. To their other worries they now had added the wonder whether anything could have befallen him. Then at half past 1 the sound of drums beating a British march was borne to them faintly. It was too much for Miss Trent's eager ears. Her high spirit chafing intolerably under the suspense, she vehemently declared her inability to endure longer the cruel suspense and declared that she must sally out and learn what was happening. Dinah was with her querulous aunt, and, despite protests, she left them and made her way along the river side. Scaling the slightly elevated ground on which the straggling village lay, she finally came to a stand a little aloof from the long street which was the artery of the settlement. At the other end of the village the rank and file of defeated Britishers were marching out, their colors cased and their drums beating with despairing venom the crushed pride their sullen faces still more revealed.

As if under a charm, the girl followed at a distance the drooping lines of scarlet—followed them until she beheld the wrathful Britons ground their arms in a field half a mile from the village. Some of the soldiers hurled their weapons to the earth with a savage violence which broke them, and one officer bit his sword in impotent fury at surrendering it to a victorious colonial rebel. She remarked with some wonder the absence of Lord Cornwallis.

Finding how little attention she excited, Miss Trent decided to push on and see what effect, if any, the fierce storm of shot and shell which the colonists had let loose on the Yorktown fortifications had had on the home of her aunt.

She had begun to move slowly along when a small group of colonials discovered her. A tall, commanding figure in a not too smart uniform, who seemed to dominate the group, sent an officer to her. She halted, her head erect and her eyes fixed steadily on him, though her heart beat violently.

"His excellency General Washington has ordered me to inquire if he can be of any service to you, miss," he said, doffing his hat.

"Tell General Washington that he is proffering his aid to Miss Mildred Trent, a woman who has not forsown her allegiance to the ruler of these colonies. Mr. Washington of Mount Vernon has partaken of the hospitality of my father's house, as he also has of that of our good neighbor, Mr. Guy Yorke, whose son, for all I know, may have been sacrificed, like his father, in this revolt. Thank him for a courtesy which still breathes of Virginia and tell him I hope I may go without molestation to see if his shells have left to my aunt and myself enough of our humble dwelling for us to find shelter in."

"If you will remain here, I will deliver your message," replied the officer, a half smile on his lips at the fiery grandiloquence of the fair Tory.

It was not long before he was back with a request from General Washington that Miss Trent would do him the honor to come to him.

Her cheeks flamed. Was this a conqueror's pleasantry to a woman foe? She spoke rapidly, without as much heed of her words as of her pride and wounded feeling. "You may tell General Washington that he can, as a victor, command my presence, but if he has not forgotten the teachings of Virginia mothers to their sons he will recall that a gentleman does not bid a lady whom he would see come to him, but comes to her!" The officer hesitated slightly, then

with an even more amused air departed on his new mission. Miss Trent was not above watching keenly to see how her audacious words were received. Apparently the messenger was sent off on some other quest, for he posted away and soon returned with a young man of about 25. To her dismay Miss Trent saw General Washington and this youth start in her direction. Was she to be made prisoner for her saucy words? As they drew nearer she noticed that the young fellow carried his right arm in a sling. There was a look about his clear, blue eyes and resolute face which seemed familiar; the face resembled one which she had not seen for five years. But that small, silky mustache concealed the lines of the mouth.

"Miss Trent," said the erect, strong featured general, his keen eyes and aggressive lines of countenance softening a little under his gallant air, "you have recalled to me two friends, though Virginians, one of whom has laid down his life, as the other would have willingly done, I believe, had he not died before we struck our blow for independence, appealing from the king in the only way possible—to the god of battle. This is the son of one of them, worthy of his sire. He has been wounded by your friends. But for that he would now be coursing as fast as horse could carry him to Philadelphia to apprise the congress that we have trimmed the spurs of the gamest cock in the pit. The colonies will soon see England admitting their entire independence.

"Corporal Yorke," he continued, turning to his youthful companion, "I, knowing you to be no less a gentleman than a patriot, consign this fair Tory into your custody. I need only recall to you," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, though he retained his severe courtesy of air, "that the terms of surrender with which General Cornwallis has complied were directed by us. Any aid I may supply you for bringing this beautiful foe to terms you can command. Miss Yorke, I know you, the daughter of one of my old friends, will suffer no harm from Corporal Yorke, the worthy son of another."

He bowed and extended his hand. Miss Trent, her cheeks ablaze, grasped it and in the excitement of the moment—she had certainly spoken with all a Virginia's deference and elegance—answered its respectful pressure. He turned and was off, striding away with energetic but stately bearing.

"Mildred! We have won!" exclaimed Corporal Yorke, eagerly stretching out his hand to her.

"Page! You are back! I am glad of that!" Her eyes grew suddenly moist.



"MILDRED! WE HAVE WON!"

With her old saucy air she hastened to say: "I am your prisoner, so I will now permit you to take me to our old home. I am anxious to see what they look like. They may offer you only a smoky welcome."

She cast a quick rueful glance around on the horribly plowed up ground and shattered look of the small village.

"Mildred, for myself I do not care if they are in ashes. I have sacrificed more than that for the cause. We have won the greatest victory of the war. It is the beginning of the end at least. Ashes are a good fertilizer. I am too glad to be back, to see you again, to think of anything else, although," he went on, with a sudden change to a more serious manner, "I could work to build them up and mend our fortunes better, Mildred, with a lighter heart, if you were to share my labor, my lot, with me, though I have not much to offer you now," he added, a cloud settling on his wan face.

His simple words stirred a strange flood of emotions in the sensitive girl. Their dear old childish intimacy, this pathetic appeal of her boy lover, now a wounded gallant soldier, whose loyalty she had heard praised by the commander in chief of the colonial forces—and it was loyalty that had made her cleave to the mother country and king—the sense that one word would make the dreary void of the past five years give way to the solace of his encompassing care and protection; last, not least, the sense that the noble fellow needed her, wounded not alone in body, but in soul—oh, it was too much! There could be but one resultant to these complex emotions.

She turned toward him with smiling lips and humid eyes, put forth her hands in mock submission and said with hypocritical meekness: "I am your prisoner. I must do whatever you say, Corporal Yorke."

"Corporal Yorke is honored in receiving Miss Trent's submission. Now lay down your arms—i. e., kiss me, Milly, and then we will go to look at the old places, as we will face everything else hereafter together!"

"Oh, Page, look out for your arm!" It was in the fragrant gloom of the pine wood, and no one saw the second surrender of that memorable Friday, Oct. 19, 1781, when a wholesome Tory maid, unlike the scowling ranks of Cornwallis' men, laid down her arms, with a smile.