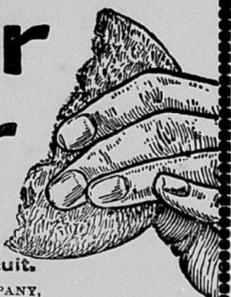




The new wafer is just right (just crisp enough, just sweet enough, just gingers enough) and the sealed, air tight package keeps it just right until eaten. Ordinary ginger cakes and cookies, sold in the usual way, get moist and soggy in damp weather and hard and tough in dry weather.

Uneededa Jinjer Wayfer



keeps fresh and deliciously crisp and tender. Its high quality is assured by the fact that it comes from the ovens which bake Uneededa Biscuits.

Made by NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY, which owns the registered trade mark Uneededa.

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 10c 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 Mang'r.

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 market. Money to loan on 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.



WHEN IN DOUBT, TRY

STRONG AGAIN! Serrine Pills

They have stood the test of years, and have cured thousands of cases of Nervous Diseases, such as Debility, Lizziness, Sleeplessness and Variocoe, Atrophy, &c. They clear the brain, strengthen the circulation, make digestion perfect, and impart a healthy vigor to the whole being. All diseases and losses are checked permanently. Unless patients are properly cured, their condition often worsens them into insanity, Consumption or Death. Mailed sealed. Price \$1 per box 6 boxes, with iron-clad legal guarantee to cure or refund the money, \$5.00. Sent by mail.

FOR SALE BY DRY BREAD AND CO.

THE DERELICT.

By O'TOLIFFE HYNÉ.

(Copyright, 1899, by Cutcliffe Hyné.)

"Her cargo'll have shifted," said the third mate, "and when she got that list her people will have felt frightened and left her."

"She's a scary look to her, with her yardarms spiking every other sea," said Captain Image, "and her decks like the side of a house. I shouldn't care to navigate a craft that preferred to lie down on her beam ends."

"Take this glass, sir, and you'll see the lee quarter boat davit tackles are overhauled. That means they got at least one boat in the water. To my mind, she's derelict."

"I hope her crew have got to dry land somewhere, poor beggars," said Captain Image. "Nasty things, those old wind jammers, Mr. Strake. Give me steam."

"But there's a pile of money in her still," said the third mate, following up his own thoughts. "She's an iron ship, and she'll be 2,000 tons good. Likely enough in the Frisco grain trade."

"And you're thinking she'd be a nice plum if we could pluck her in anywhere?" said Image, reading what was in his mind. "Well, me lad, I know that as well as you, and no one would be pleased to pocket £300. But the old M'poso's a mailboat, and because she's got about a quarter of a hundred weight of badly spelled letters on board, she can't do that sort of salvage work if there's no life saving thrown in as an extra reason. Besides, we're behind time, as it is, with smelling round for so much cargo, and though I shall draw my 2 1/2 per cent on that I shall have it all to pay away again and more to boot in fines for being late. No, I tell you it isn't all sheer profit and delight in being skipper on one of these west African coast boats."

Strake drummed at the white rail of the bridge. He was a very young man, and he was very keen on getting the chance of distinguishing himself, and here on the warn windless swells abeam the chance seemed to sit beckoning him. "I've been thinking, sir, if you could lend me half a dozen men I could take her in somewhere myself."

"I'm as likely to lend you half a dozen angels. Look at the deckhands; look at the sickly trip this has been. We've had to put some of them on double tricks at the wheel already, and as for getting any painting done or having the ship cleaned up a bit, why, I can see we shall go into Liverpool as dirty as a Geordie collier. Mr. Strake, if you have a penn'oth of brains stowed away anywhere, I wish to whiskers you'd show 'em sometimes."

"Old man's mad at losing a nice lump of salvage," thought Strake. "Natural, I guess." So he said quietly, "Aye, aye, sir," and walked to the other end of the bridge.

Captain Image followed him half way, but stopped irresolutely with his hand on the engine room telegraph. On the fore main deck below him his old friend Captain Owen Kettle was leaning on the rail, staring wistfully at the derelict.

"Poor beggar!" Image mused. "Tisn't hard to guess what he's thinking about. I wonder if I could fix it for him to take her home. It might set him on his legs again, and he's come low enough, Lord knows. If I hadn't given him a room in the first class for old time's sake, he'd have had to go home as a distressed seaman and touched his cap to me when I passed. I've not done badly by him, but I shall have to pay for that room in the first class out of my own pocket, and if he was to take that old wind jammer in somewhere he'd fork out and very like give me a dash besides. Yes, I will say that about Kettle—he's honest as a bar-keeper and generous besides. He's a steamer sailor, of course, and has been most of these years, and how he'll do the white wings business again Lord only knows. Forget he hasn't got engines till it's too late and then drown himself probably. However, that's his palaver. Where we're going to scratch him up a crew from the thing that bothers me. Well, we'll see." He leaned down over the upper bridge rail and called:

"Here a minute, captain!"

Poor Kettle's eye lit, and he came up the ladders with a boy's quickness. Image nodded toward the deserted vessel. "Fine full rigger, hasn't she been? What do you make her out for?"

"Frisco grain ship. Stuff the bulk, and it's shifted."

"Looks that way. Have you forgotten all your mainsail haul and the square rig gymnastics?"

"I'm hard enough pushed now to remember the theory sums they taught at navigation school if I thought they would serve me."

"I know, and I'm as sorry for you, captain, as I can hold. But, you see, it's this: I'm short of sailormen; I've barely enough to steer and keep the decks clean—anyway I've none to spare."

"I don't ask for fancy goods," said Kettle eagerly. "Give me anything with hands on it—apes, niggers, et cetera, what you like—and I'll soon teach them their dancing steps. Let me go round and see. I believe I can rake up enough hands somehow."

"Well, you must be quick about it," said Image. "I can only give you five minutes, captain."

Captain Kettle ran down off the bridge and was quickly out of sight and hard at his quest for volunteers. Captain Image waited a minute, and he turned to his third mate. "Now, my lad," he said, "I know you're disappointed, but with the other mates sick like they are it's just impossible for me to let you go. If I did, the company would sack me, and the dirty board of trade would probably take away my ticket. So you may as well

do the kind and help poor old Capple Kettle. You see what he's come down to, through no fault of his own. You're young, and you're full to the coamings with confidence. I'm older, and I know that luck may very well get up and hit me, and I'll be wanting a helping hand myself. It's a rotten, undependable trade, this sailing. You might just call the carpenter and get the cover off that smaller lifeboat."

"You think he'll get a crew, then, sir, and not our deckhands?"

"Him? He'll get some things with legs and arms to them if he has to whitte 'em out of kindling wood. It's not that that'll stop Capple Kettle now, me lad."

Presently Kettle came back.

"Well, captain," he said, "I got a fine crew to volunteer, if you can see your way to let me have them. There's a fireman and a trimmer, both English. There's a third class passenger, a dago of some sort, I think he is, that was a gauger on the Congo railway; a negro stonemason, and there's a Mr. Dayton-Philippus. That'll make a good, strong ship's company."

"Dayton-Philippus!" said Image. "Why, he's an officer in the English army, and he's been some sort of a resident or political thing up in one of those nigger towns at the back there. What's he want to go for?"

"Said he'd come for the fun of the thing."

Captain Image gave a grim laugh. "Well, I think he'll find all the fun he's any use for before he's ashore again. Now, Mr. Strake, hurry with that boat. You're to take charge and bring her back, and, mind, you're not to leave the captain here and his gang aboard if the vessel's too badly wrecked to be safe."

The word was "hurry." The third mate fended off the boat while Kettle's crew of nondescripts scrambled unhandily down to take their places. The negro stonemason who had been a stowaway refused stubbornly to leave the steamer and so was lowered ignominiously in a bowline, and then, as he still objected loudly that he came from Sa' Leone and was a free British subject, some one crammed a bucket over his head, amid the uproarious laughter of the onlookers.

Ahead of them the quiet ship shouldered clumsily over the rollers, now gushing down till she dipped her mastingale, now swooping up again, sending whole cataraacts of water swirling along her waist.

The boat was run up cannily alongside and Kettle jumped into the main chains and clambered on board over the bulwarks. "Now, pass up my crew, Mr. Strake," said he.

"I'm coming myself next, if you don't mind," said the third mate. "Must obey the old man's orders," he explained as they stood together on the sloping decks. "You heard yourself what he said, captain."

"Well, Mr. Mate," said Kettle grimly. "I hope you'll decide she's seaworthy, because whatever view you take of it here I'm going to stay."

The mate frowned. He was a young man, he was here in authority, and he had a great notion of making his authority felt. Captain Kettle was to him merely a down on his luck free passage nobody, and as the mate was large and lusty he did not anticipate trouble. So he remarked rather crabbedly that he was going to obey his order, and went aft along the slanting deck.

It was clear that the vessel had been swept, badly swept. Ropes ended streamered here and there and overboard in every direction, and everything movable had been carried away eternally by the sea. But the hatch tarpaulins and the compasses were still in place, and, though it was clear from the list (which was so great that they could not walk without holding on) that her cargo was badly shifted, there was no evidence so far that she was otherwise than sound.

The third mate led the way down to the lazaret hatch. He got his fingers in the ring and pulled it back. Then he whistled. "Half full of water," he said. "I thought so from the way she floated. It's up to the beams down here. Likely enough she'll have started a plate somewhere. 'Fraid it's no go for you, captain. Why, if a breeze was to come on half the side of her might drop out, and she'd go down like a stone."

Now, to Kettle's honor be it said (seeing what he had in his mind), he did not tackle the man as he knelt there peering into the lazaret. Instead he waited till he stood up again and then made his statement coldly and deliberately.

"This ship's not too dangerous for me, and I choose to judge. And if she'll do for me, she's good enough for the crew I've got in your boat. Now I want them on deck and at work without any more palaver."

"Do you, by gad!" said the mate, and then the pair of them closed without any further preliminaries. They were both of them well used to quick rough and tumbles, and they both of them knew that the man who gets the first grip in these wrestles usually wins, and instinctively each tried to act on that knowledge. But if the third mate had bulk and strength Kettle had science and abundant wiriness, and though the pair of them lost their footing on the sloping cabin floor at the first embrace and wriggled over and under like a pair of eels, Captain Kettle got a thumb artistically fixed in the bigger man's windpipe and held it there doggedly. The mate, growing more and more purple, lit out with savage force, but Kettle dodged the bull-like blows like the boxer he was, and the mate's efforts gradually relaxed.

But at this point they were interrupted. "That wabby boat was making me seasick," said a voice, "so I came on board here. Hello, you fellows!"

Kettle looked up. "Mr. Philippus," he said, "I wish you'd go and get the rest of our crew on deck out of the boat."

"But what are you two doing down there?"

"We disagreed over a question of judgment. He said this skip isn't safe and I shouldn't have the chance to take her home. I say there's nothing wrong with her that can't be remedied, and home I'm going to take her anyway. It may be the one chance in my life, sir, of getting a balance at the bank, and I'm not going to miss it."

"Ho," said Dayton-Philippus.

"If you don't like to come, you need not," said Kettle. "But I'm going to have the stone mason and the dago and those two coal heavers. Perhaps you'd better go back. It will be wet, hard work here; no way the sort of job to suit a soldier."

Dayton-Philippus flushed slightly, and then he laughed. "I suppose that's intended to be nasty," he said. "Well, captain, I shall have to prove to you that we soldiers are equal to a bit of manual labor sometimes. By the way, I don't want to interfere in a personal matter, but I'd like it as a favor if you wouldn't kill Strake quite. I rather like him."

"Anything to oblige," said Kettle, and he took his thumb out of the third mate's windpipe. "And now, sir, as you've, so to speak, signed on for duty here, away with you on deck and get those four other beauties up out of the boat."

Dayton-Philippus touched his cap and grinned. "Aye, aye, sir," he said and went back up the companion.

Shortly afterward he came to report the men on board, and Kettle addressed his life opponent. "Now, look here, young man, I don't want to have more trouble on deck before the hands. Have you had enough?"

"For the present, yes," said the third mate huskily. "But I hope we'll meet again some other day to have a bit of further talk."

"I'm sure I shall be quite ready. No man ever accused me of refusing a scrap. But, me lad, just take one tip from me—don't you go and make Captain Image anxious by saying this ship isn't seaworthy, or he'll begin to ask questions, and he may get you to tell more than you're proud about."

"You can go and get drowned your own way. As far as I'm concerned, no one will guess it's coming off till they see it in the papers."

"Thanks," said Kettle. "I knew you'd be nice about it."

The third mate went down to his boat, and the three rowers took her across to the M'poso, where she was hauled up to davits again. The steamer's siren boomed out farewells as she got under way again, and Kettle with his own hands unbent the reversed ensign from the ship's main rigging and ran it up to the peak and dipped it three times in salute. He breathed more freely now. One chance and a host of unknown dangers lay ahead of him. But the dangers he disregarded. Dangers were nothing new to him. It was the chance which lured him on. Chances seldom came in his way that he intended to make this one into a certainty if the efforts of desperation could do it.

Alone of all the six men on the derelict Captain Kettle had knowledge of the seaman's craft, but for the present thews and not seamanship were required. The vessel lay in pathetic helplessness on her side, liable to capsize in the first squall which came along, and their first effort must be to get her in proper trim while the calm continued. They pulled away the hatch covers and saw beneath them smooth slopes of yellow grain.

As though they were an invitation to work, shovels were made fast along the coamings of the hatch. The six men



Kettle dodged, and the mate's efforts gradually relaxed.

took these, and with shouts dropped down upon the grain. And then began a period of Homeric toil. The fireman and the coal trimmer set the pace, and with a fine contempt for the unhandiness of amateurs did not fail to give a display of their utmost. Kettle and Dayton-Philippus gamely kept level with them. The Italian gauger turned out to have his pride also and did not lag, and only the freeborn British subject from Sierra Leone endeavored to shirk his due proportion of the toil. But high minded theories as to the rights of man were regarded here as little as threats to lay information before a justice of the peace, and under the sledge hammer arguments of shovel blows from whoever happened to be next to him the unfortunate colored gentleman descended to the grade of nigger again and toiled and sweated equally with his betters.

The heat under the decks was stifling, and dust rose from the wheat in choking volumes, but the pace of the circling shovels was never allowed to slacken. They worked there stripped to trousers, and they understood one and all that they were working for their lives. A breeze had sprung up almost as soon as the M'poso had steamed away, and hourly it was freshening.

The barometer in the cabin was registering a steady fall; the sky was banking up with ugly clouds.

Kettle had handled sheets and braces and hove the vessel to so as to steady her as they worked, but she still labored heavily in the sea, and beneath them they could hear the leaden swish of water in the floor of the hold. Their labor was having its effect, and by infinitesimal gradations they were contracting the list and getting the ship upright, but the wind was worgening, and it seemed to them also that the water was getting deeper under their feet and that the vessel rode more sluggishly.

So far the well had not been sounded. It was no use getting alarming statistics to discourage oneself unnecessarily. But after night had fallen and it was impossible to see to work in the gloomy hold any longer without lamps Captain Kettle took the sounding rod and found eight feet.

He mentioned this when he took down the lamps into the hold, but he did not think it necessary to add that as the sounding had been taken with the well on the slant it was therefore considerably under the truth. Still he sent Dayton-Philippus and the trimmer on deck to take a spell at the pumps and himself resumed his shovel work alongside the others.

Straightaway on through the night the six men struck to their savage toil, the blood from their blistered hands reddening the shafts of the shovels. Every now and again one or another of them choked with the dust and went to get a draft of lukewarm water from the scuttle butt. But no one staid over-long on these excursions. The breeze had blown up into a gale. The night overhead was starless and moonless, but every minute the black heaven was split by bursts of lightning, which showed the laboring, disheveled ship set among great mountains of breaking seas.

The sight would have been bad from a well manned powerful steamboat; from the deck of the derelict it approached the terrific. The men with the shovels worked among the frightened, squeaking rats in the closed in box of the hold.

There were four on board the ship during that terrible night who openly owned to being cowed and freely bewailed their insanity in ever being lured away from the M'poso. Dayton-Philippus had sufficient self control to keep his feelings, whatever they were, unstated, but Kettle faced all difficulties with indomitable courage and a smiling face.

"I believe," said Dayton-Philippus to him once when they were taking a spell together at the clanking pumps, "you really glory in finding yourself in this beastly mess."

"We shall pull through, I tell you."

"Well," said Dayton-Philippus, "I suppose you are a man that's always met with success. I'm not. I've got blundering bad luck all along, and if there's a hole available I get into it."

Captain Kettle laughed aloud into the storm. "Me!" he said. "Me in luck! There's not been a man more bashed and kicked by luck between here and 20 years back. I suppose God thought it good for me, and he's kept me down to my bearings in bad luck ever since I first got my captain's ticket. But he's not cruel, Mr. Philippus, and he doesn't push a man beyond the end of his patience. My time's come at last. He's given me something to make up for all the weary waiting. He's sent me this derelict, and he only expects me to do my human best, and then he'll let me get her safely home."

"Good heavens, skipper, what are you talking about? Have you seen visions or something?"

"I'm a man, Mr. Philippus, that's always said my prayers regular all through my life. I've asked for things, big things, many of them, and I'll not deny they've been mostly denied me. I seemed to know they'd be denied. But in the last week or so there's been a change. I've asked on just as earnestly as I knew how, and I seemed to hear him answer. It was hardly a voice, and yet it was like a voice. It appeared to come out of millions of miles of distance. And I heard it say: 'Captain, I do not forget the sparrows, and I have not forgotten you. I have tried you long enough. Presently thou shalt meet with thy reward.'

Dayton-Philippus stared. Was the man going mad?

"And that's what it is, sir, that makes me sure I shall bring this vessel into some port safely and pocket the salvage."

"Look here, skipper," said Dayton-Philippus, "you are just fagged to death, and I'm the same. We've been working till our hands are raw as butcher's meat, and we're clean tired out, and we must go below and get a bit of sleep. If the ship swims, so much the better. If she sinks, we can't help it. Anyway we're both of us too beat to work any more. I shall be 'seeing things' myself next."

"Mr. Philippus," said the little sailor gravely, "I know you don't mean anything wrong, so I take no offense. But I'm a man convinced. I've heard the message I told you with my own understanding, and it isn't likely anything you can say will persuade me out of it. I can see you are tired out, as you say, so go you below and get a spell of sleep. But as for me, I've got another 20 hours' wakefulness in me yet, if needs be. This chance has mercifully been sent in my way, as I've said, but naturally it's expected of me that I do my human utmost as well to see it through."

"If you stay on at this heart-breaking work, so do I," said Dayton-Philippus, and he toiled gamely on at the pump. There he was still when day broke, sawing up and down like an automaton. But before the sun rose utter weariness had done its work. His bleeding fingers leered themselves from the break, his knees failed beneath him, and he fell in an unconscious stupor of sleep on to