

The season of the Negligee Shirt is close at hand and we are prepared to prepare you for it. No matter how high the thermometer goes you will be comfortable inside one of these zephyr-built shirts. They are well made, will fit perfectly and the price is less than you would expect,

"The Boys."

A BARGAIN COUNTER

Every Subscriber May Use It One Time—FREE.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

Tell the People About It Through the Review—It Will Bring Results—A Liberal Proposition.

In another column will be found the REVIEW's Liberal Offer to insert for any of its subscribers one item not to exceed twenty words, in its Want Column—Absolutely Free of Charge. The REVIEW thus becomes a free bureau of information for its readers and by taking advantage of this offer a subscriber may save the cost of the year's subscription. We said we were going to do some nice things for our paid up subscribers—this is one of them. If you want employment or if you want to employ some one, if you have a house to rent or want to rent one, if you have anything to sell—chickens, horses, cattle, machinery or property of any kind we will print it one time free. This offer is meant for everyone of our subscribers. There are no strings to it. The more items sent in the more interesting the column will be. To start the ball rolling we will give two Free Insertions to the subscriber first accepting this offer.

D. W. Shaw left Wednesday night for the home of his mother in Vermont. Mrs. Shaw has been very poorly since the death of her husband which occurred a little over a month ago, and Mr. Shaw makes the trip with the intention of bringing her with him on his return to visit here. He will be absent about two weeks—Manilla Times.

We are sorry to state that E. A. Abbott and family expect to move to the coast the latter part of this month, Mr. Abbott having sold his property and his business interests being such that he can attend them much better in the west than here. This family will be greatly missed in Charter Oak, especially in church and social circles.—Charter Oak Herald.

Your Uncle Horace Boies is on deck with another letter on the money question. He favors an amendment to the democratic free silver plank, saying in effect that if free silver does any harm if enacted, it shall not be allowed to effect existing contracts. Such an amendment would be a most damning admission of the weakness of free silver, and we pity any orator who tried to defend a free silver plank with such an apologetic, half hearted appendix.

From the Ute Independent we learn of the death and funeral of Bruce Overing, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Overing. In speaking of the funeral the Independent says:

The funeral of Bruce Overing last Friday, both at the home and at the church, was largely attended by the sympathizing friends of the family, who wished to pay the last sad respects to the memory of the deceased. The richly trimmed casket that contained the remains of their boyhood friend who but a short time ago was a perfect ideal of manly strength and beauty, who was an acknowledged champion of all athletic sports—smiling, good natured, sunny haired Bruce Overing was carried to and from the hearse by six young men of the community. It was a sad realization to them of the truism, "in the midst of life, we are in death." Rev. Hill offered prayer, and Rev. A. C. Downing former pastor of the family church here but now of Henderson, Iowa, preached touching to the crowded churchfull of deceased's young friends, and offered consolation to the grief stricken family. The remains were followed to St. Clair cemetery by a long procession.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

April 9
Olive N Brazall to John Nemitz, 1/2 1/4 and 1/2 sec 25 Soldier twp, \$450.
Olas. Bullock and wife to D D Cameron lot 10 blk 17 Dow City, \$25.
Ninus L Hunt and wife to T J Kelly, 1/2 of lot 8 blk 75 Denison, \$2500.
Providence Western Land Co to Anna Quade, lot 12 blk 151 Denison, \$150.
John J Wieland and wife to B O Woodruff, lot 9 and 1/4 of lot 8 blk 121 Denison \$500.
Jas P Jones to Dennis O'Connor, part of 1/4 ne 40 a sec 25, Goodrich twp, sw sw sec 19 Milford twp, 83 1/2 acres of nw sec 30 Milford twp, \$1500
April 7
Louis G Dorale and wife to District township of Milford, 1/4 acre in se corner of se sec 30 Milford twp, \$20.
E M Barkley to Rachel Barkley, lots 4 5 7 and 8 blk 15 Val 120.
C Green and wife to Edward A Beach, 1 acre in sw corner of nw nw sec 14 Denison twp, \$500.
Ferdinand Roggenkamp and wife to J P Jones, part of 1/4 ne sec 25 Goodrich twp, \$1000.
John Smith and wife to A J Larson, ne sec 1 Willow twp, \$4500.

A GATHERING OF NOTE.

The International Holiness Union to Meet in Denison June 1 to 10.
What promises to be a very large gathering will be held by the International Holiness Union in our city on June 1 to 10. The meeting will be in charge of Rev. Seth C. Rees, of Providence, R. I., a Quaker minister of national reputation. He will also be assisted by his son Myron J. who is secretary of the association. This gathering means that a large number of delegates from all over the middle western states will be in attendance; also a large number of Quakers will be on hand. As the plans are now arranged the meet will probably be held in Washington Park where arrangements will be made to accommodate all who may come. Tents can be secured and when all is in readiness the park will present an appearance seldom witnessed in the city size of Denison. Thus Denison will have two notable gatherings in the near future, the other one being the log rolling.

Thos. Adams has bought the Short mill at Val.

The little folks are enjoying their vacation this week.

The milliners are all rushed with work this week.

Cashier Moore, of the First National Bank of Dunlap, was transacting business in the city today.

Mrs. Albert Helsley is reported as much improved from her recent illness, a fact we are glad to learn.

Gus Wise returned Sunday evening from a week spent in Carroll. Mr. Wise is now employed in the Boys' store.

James Luney, of the express office is making the Boyer Valley run for Mes senger Kooser this week during the latter's illness.

The Monday Bulletin has again been reduced to a four page paper. It certainly is difficult to keep track of that paper's many changes.

Mrs. M. King, the Misses King and Mrs. C. J. Kemming will be at home to their lady friends tomorrow afternoon from two to six at the King residence.

Among the Vail ladies who have visited the Denison stores this week were Mrs. Jurgensen and daughter, Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. T. F. Hatchford and Rosella and Carrie Pound.

We regret to learn of the death of the little nine month's old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Plog. The little one's death was caused by a severe attack of measles. The funeral will take place tomorrow.

We acknowledge a call from Mr. C. O Howard of Deloit who was in town on Monday. Mr. Howard has until recently been engaged in the hardware business at Deloit and has just sold out to Mr. J. T. Turner, who will continue the business.

J. E. Epperson, the telephone man from Carroll, came down to Denison yesterday to look after the company's affairs. The new call card of the Denison exchange shows that there are now ninety phones in use.

W. H. Rockwell has sold his residence on east Tremont street to Mrs. Byron Aylesworth, who will take possession soon. Mr. Rockwell disposes of his property in order to seek better health as the winters are too severe.

The Denison band for 1900 will be greatly strengthened by the addition of six or eight new members. We are informed that petitions for three musicians have already been secured, and there are more in sight. No doubt the boys will be in great demand.

Mrs. R. A. Romans was surprised by a number of her friends, both ladies and gentlemen, on last Friday evening, the occasion being a birthday anniversary. Mrs. Romans was soon "at home," however, and a royal time is reported. The parties arranging the surprise had not forgotten the eatables, and a sumptuous repast was much enjoyed.

The board of supervisors have been very busily engaged during the past few days in checking over the names on the saloon petition. It is expected that the work will be completed by tomorrow. This morning the board went to Deloit to inspect the Hensen road. Mr. Hensen offers a compromise road which will be no expense to the county. On Monday the board established the road southwest of Denison. The new road will be located between the Northwest and the Illinois Central railroads.

DON'T BE SORROWFUL, DARLING.

Oh, don't be sorrowful, darling,
And don't be sorrowful, pray!
Taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day.

'Tis rainy weather, my darling,
Time's waves they heavily run,
But, taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun.

We are old folks now, my darling,
Our heads are growing gray,
But, taking the year together, my dear,
You will always find the May.

We have had our May, my darling,
And our roses long ago,
And the time of the year is coming, my dear,
For the silent night and the snow;

But God is God, my darling,
Of the night of death no grim;
The gate that leads out of life, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to him.
—Rembrandt Peale.

HAUNTED BY A TELEGRAPH DISPATCH.

A Murderer's Touch on the Instrument Betrayed Him.

Dick Ramsey and I had gone west to make our fortunes. What that means none but an eastern boy who has tried it can tell.

We roughed it together, sometimes faring well when we happened to fall into the camp of a hospitable westerner, but more often tramping it from village to village looking for the work which was never found and wondering when we should strike our "streak" of luck.

Finally we separated, Dick to take the position of station agent at Lakeville, a new settlement, and I to go on to Riverdale, ten miles beyond, to hold a similar position. We could talk by wire, but we found that further communication would be impossible, for we were well tied down and after our separation did not see each other again.

Dick was a gentle sort of fellow, one of those dreamers who never get on in a worldly way, but the dearest companion imaginable. I missed him terribly for awhile, but his occasional talk at the wire told me he was alive and well.

One afternoon there came a frantic call at the wire, and I hurried to the instrument to hear Dick tapping off the words that the express train had been delayed and to hold the "runaway," due at the station ten minutes later, until I heard from him. Directly after the message came the line: "Express train in sight. Something wrong. Stand by." I waited a full minute; then came Dick's familiar tap tap: "Express is being run by strange hands. They have stopped at this station. Send relief."

There was a second's silence; then, before I could flash the alarm along the line, the tapping began again. It ran: "Everything all right. Goodby."

I signaled for him to repeat the message, and again came the words: "Everything all right. Goodby."

I held the instrument in my hand and debated with myself upon my course of conduct. I did not want to needlessly send the alarm along the line. On the other hand, why had Dick sent his first message? I touched the instrument and asked, "Is everything all right, Dick?" And the answer came back, "Everything is all right."

It did not seem at all like Dick's touch, but I laid it to nervousness and quieted my fears while I waited for the "runaway."

I recalled that Dick had told me over the wire the previous evening that the "runaway" would have a large sum of money aboard, which it was to transfer to the express at his station.

When the "runaway" came up, I notified the engineer that the express was waiting for him at Lakeville, and I also casually mentioned that the alarm had come from there, but that afterward I had received a message that all was well.

He seemed disturbed and advised me to repeat the story to the United States marshal aboard, which I did, with the result that the train pulled out of the station prepared for emergencies, though neither they nor I thought anything of the hasty message that had been flashed to me.

Ten minutes later the message came over the wires from Lakeville: "Found train in charge of highwaymen. Dick Ramsey murdered at instrument. Object was to rob the 'runaway,' but we overpowered them after a desperate struggle. Notify the stations along the line to send relief."

This, in brief, was the story of the death of Dick Ramsey, and after I had seen him laid away in the graveyard at Lakeville I packed up my goods and journeyed farther on, for I could not remain so near the scene of my old friend's death.

Well, strange things happen, and after I had found a position with the same company 50 miles away I was assigned back to Lakeville.
I found the village grown into a settlement of very fair size and the simple little station replaced by a very pretentious one, while the humble little churchyard where they had buried poor Dick Ramsey was gay with flowering shrubs, and spires of marble lifted themselves here and there among the trees. Dick's grave was still marked by the rude cross I had placed over it.

Well, in the duties of my new position I am afraid I forgot Dick, and for weeks at a time I never thought of the mound behind the church and the poor fellow who had come with me from home and whose joys and sorrows had been mine for so long.

In Dick's place at the instrument there sat an honest little chap, and assisting him was another lad, for the station at Lakeville now boasted half a dozen employes.

High above the station, on a bluff that commanded the finest view in town, was the home of the president of the company, a man who had fought his way up and who now boasted his millions.

The president was a tall, dark man, with stern features, but a kind heart, and often I watched him with envy as he alighted from his private car and entered the handsome victoria which carried him behind his spanking team up to his home on Lakeville heights.

Often the president did not go up to the city, and on these occasions he wired me on his private line, and I wired to the city for him.

One day, chancing to sit at the instrument, there came a call on the president's wire, and, responding, I received this message: "Let me know if the road is clear."

A minute later I called up his private wire and tapped, "The road is clear."

"All right," came back the answer. It was a simple enough message, but it set my pulses throbbing. Mechanically I touched the button and repeated the message, "The road is clear," and immediately came back the words, "All right."

I sat at the instrument like a man in a dream, and my thoughts were with Dick, who had sat at the same spot five years before and had touched that same instrument. What was there in that reply that so fascinated me, or was it the anniversary of poor Dick's death that made me fanciful?

That afternoon the president came down to the station on business, and I looked at him closely. He must have seen me watching him, for he shifted his position uneasily and nervously handled the instrument. I may say that he was an expert operator and preferred telegraphing his messages to writing them.

As I watched him I remembered hearing the strange story of his rise; how from an operator on a distant road he had suddenly become a stockholder, a director and finally the president of the road, and how his wealth and holdings were known far and wide.

He seemed ill at ease that day, and I withdrew my eyes and busied myself elsewhere. But more than once he caught me looking at him.

Twice that day the president drove down to the station, and slowly he drove home again, as though he were disturbed about something. The third time he came it was almost dark, and I heard him send his coachman home, telling him that he would follow soon on foot.

For half an hour the president busied himself around the station, a most unusual thing for him, and when he finally took leave it was to walk hurriedly away in the direction of the churchyard, a journey which I often took myself.

Scarcely realizing what I was doing, I pulled my cap over my eyes and started after him. What excuse I would make if he turned and saw me I knew not. I only understood that some force was pulling me onward and that same force was taking me and that same road and in the very footprints of President Greydon of the Lakeville and Laska railway.

To my surprise, he turned the corner as he reached the church and, plodding his way past it, opened the gate which led into the churchyard and slowly wended his way among the graves. Noiselessly I followed him. Through the narrow paths we went, he the substance, I the shadow close after him.

"But, horror of horrors, he stopped! And, my God, he bent over Dick Ramsey's grave! Lower and lower he sank until he was upon his knees and his hands were spread out upon the sod. In the uncertain light of the rising moon I could see that he threw back his head, that his face was drawn and deadly white and that his lips were moving.

I must have stepped upon a twig, for a sound betrayed me. Springing to his feet, he turned and faced me, not ten feet away.

With a cry of rage he sprang toward me. "So you followed me!" he cried fiercely between his teeth. "You dogged my steps!"

He was a powerful man, but in the struggle which followed I easily mastered him and had him pinioned, white and panting. "Do not add another murder," I said fiercely, "to that of Dick Ramsey."

"How do you know?" he whispered. "I recognized your hand upon the wire. I was the agent at the next station when you took Dick's place—you remember—five years ago—today!"

"Oh, God, yes!" he cried. "Shall I ever forget? When I had to come to this cursed place to live, I thought it might disappear after awhile. But it grows stronger every day. I live with it, see it, hear it—that poor fellow—all the time! Yet I had to do it or be killed. There was a gang of us. Oh, oh!" he cried, and, breaking down utterly, the proud president of the road buried his face in his hands.

It was a strange scene, we two there in the moonlight, accuser and accused, he trembling, I revengeful.

"I tried to lead a better life," he continued, "and on my gains I succeeded well. But, oh, the misery of these years! I thought tonight if I could see his grave and pray upon it I might be forgiven and have rest." His eyes sought the spot where poor Dick lay with crushed skull.

"What are you going to do?" I asked after we had stood there in silence.

"Give myself up now, I suppose," said he. "There is no other way."

The next day the whole country was ringing with the strange confession of President Greydon. He made a clean breast of it and was so manly and sincere in his repentance that nobody was sorry when his sentence was placed at a term of imprisonment instead of the death penalty, which is so summarily dealt out to criminals in the newest of the western towns.—Columbus Dispatch.

ABERDEEN-ANGUS FOR IOWA.

(From the North British Agriculturist)
At the recent show and sale of polled cattle at Perth, two very high bred bulls one bred by Sir George MacPherson Grant Bart, and the other by James Wilson, West Mains, Dolphinton, were knocked down to W. A. McHenry of Denison, Iowa. Mr. McHenry in fact has one of the most select herds in the country, Blackbirds, Coquets, Queen Mothers, and Prides of Aberdeen, being his specialties. The foundation stock of the herd was imported from Great Britain, but for several generations the animals have been home bred, the climate and soil suiting them to perfection. In recent years Mr. McHenry has won many prominent prizes at the leading American shows, and his cattle have always been hard to beat in any company. The two bulls bought at Perth should tend to still further enhance the already high reputation of his herd. The Ballindalloch one, Edyrn as his name indicates, is one of the famous Trojan Erica family, his dam being Edista, by Royal George, while his granddam was that fine cow Edvisca, by Young Viscount. Aberdeen-Angus breeders hardly need be told that Young Viscount was one of the very best bulls that the breed ever produced. He left more winners than perhaps any other bull, and his progeny has always been characterized by fine quality and the best of breed character. The sire of Edyrn was the famous champion at the Highland Agricultural Society show in 1895 and was purchased to head the Ballindalloch herd for 300 guineas. Bion, he is also sire of Echaor that sold at 360 guineas to go to the old established herd Kinlochry. Edyrn is therefore bred to breed on both sides. He is a bull of beautiful character and quality, and will make a grand stock bull. The other bull Proterous, is of the great rival family of the Ericas, the Pride of Aberdeen, and combines both substance and quality, with a typical family neck and head, his sire Diplomat, is of the renowned prize Queen Mother strain by the champion Prince Iliad, his dam Pride of the Farm by Edric, being a daughter of the great Ballindalloch cow Pride of Dalraddy, by Justice. Better blood is not to be found any where, and the bulls are quite in keeping with their distinguished lineage. The arrival of these fine young animals at Denison should make a fresh landmark in the history of polled cattle breeding in Iowa.

The horses seem to be feeling their oats this spring. Two runaways occurred on Sunday, one of which did considerable damage. Mr. John Christiansen was driving down south Main street when his team became unmanageable. At the corner of the new hotel the horses suddenly turned and in a moment the buggy was a total wreck and the occupants were badly bruised. Mr. Hugh McWilliam's team also took fright on Broadway and ran into a fence near the court yard. The damage was inconsiderable.

City Council meets to-night.

A. P. Lyman of Dunlap was a pleasant Denison caller last Saturday.

Rev. J. B. Harris left on yesterday afternoon for a brief visit in Indianola.

Arthur Adams and wife of Boyer were among Denison's guests this week.

Miss Katie Holmes of Astor is now assisting in the Boys' millinery department.

C. E. Price of Vail was in Denison Saturday. He will soon move to Clinton with his family.

Mr. Alfred Dulin and daughter of Defiance were Sunday visitors at the home of Hugo Gebert.

Express Messenger Kooser has a bad dose of over vaccination and has been laid up for several days.

Miss Agnes King held a musical recital at the King residence last evening. Her many pupils performed excellently to the great delight of their assembled parents.

J. H. Dempster has sold his residence and lots in east Denison to Mrs. Harry Scaggs for a consideration of \$1400. Mr. Dempster proposes to spend the summer visiting relatives in eastern Iowa and Ohio.

The farmers are busy in the field, the mechanics are busy with the saw and hammer and paint brush, the merchants are busy handling the Easter trade, thus nearly every one is too busy to make news for the papers. It is a little hard on the news editor but it is a healthy sign for the community.

Both Told the Truth.

"Truth compels me to state," said the presiding officer of a medical congress, "that upon the list of physicians present just read there is one that is no gentleman."

A stir of surprise passed over the assemblage at this, and one man upon whose foot, as the presiding officer said afterward, the shoe seemed to be a perfect fit half rose from his seat. But in another moment a woman's voice from the back part of the hall made itself heard.

"Quite agree with Dr. Blank," said the doctor, "for I am that physician. In my turn I must say, however, that Dr. Blank is no lady."

Church Notes.

PRESBYTERIAN.
The Christian Endeavor society held a missionary service at its usual hour. The Ladies Missionary society held its election of officers at the parsonage on Monday afternoon.
The services of the day were well maintained in interest and attendance. The pastor preached in the morning on "Christian Self-Respect" and in the evening gave a second lecture on the "Ministry of John, the Baptist." The choir rendered very pleasing responses and anthems at both services.

GERMAN LUTHERAN.
There were baptized Saturday, March 31st, Rev. F. Lothringer officiating, the infants Martha Frederica Clausen and Elsa Maria Wilhelmina Green.

Last week Rev. Lothringer journeyed to Rock Island, Ill., his home, to attend the funeral of his brother, George, who died April 2 from the effects of sunstroke and a bicycle accident. The deceased was 32 years old. The funeral was held on Wednesday, April 4th.

Last Sunday, April 8th, confirmation exercises were had, there being 18 confirmands, eight girls and 10 boys. These exercises were preceded April 1st by the examination. At both services the children sang appropriate hymns, the pastor delivered an oration and the congregation joined in singing several hymns.

BAPTIST NEWS.
The B. Y. P. U. held their monthly business meeting on Monday evening. The ordinance of baptism will be administered on next Sabbath evening.

Mrs. James Hill of Cascade, Iowa, is visiting for a few days at the parsonage.

The Baptist Sunday school library books are here and will be ready for distribution next Sabbath.

The Thursday evening prayer meeting will commence at 8 o'clock instead of 7:30 and all of the church services will commence at 8 o'clock in the future.

—JAPANESE COURTESY.
Dr. Seaman is an authority on Japan, and he tells this story of his last visit to that country:

"There was a little incident happened while we were in port that showed the magnanimity of those people. A United States soldier was out riding a bicycle, and he was coasting down hill, when he ran over a man. They promptly arrested him, and he was taken before a magistrate. We all went up from the transport to see how things went with him. The magistrate heard the case and fined him \$5 for running over a blind man.

"What!" said the soldier; "was the man blind? Here, give him \$20," and he pulled out a \$20 gold piece and handed it over to the magistrate.

"And what do you think they did? They were so pleased that they remitted the whole fine, or would have done so, only the soldier would not take it back, but insisted on its being given to the blind man, and then they gave him a diploma setting forth what he had done."—New York Tribune.

For brood sows Raven Food has no equal. The pigs will be strong and have plenty of milk. It cures scours in pigs and lambs. It removes worms from hogs, cures colds and fevers; prevents pneumonia and disease, and makes them do well. Try Dollar box; no cure, no pay and money refunded. For Sale by John Schnoor Harness Dealer Denison Iowa.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

The following list of letters remain uncalled for in the postoffice at Denison, Iowa, up to March 6, 1900. If not called for, same will be sent to the dead letter office. Parties calling for letters please say advertised letters.

William T. Black	Edd Colson
Daley Hodkin	Curtis Monroe
W M Owens	George Selig
J F Stewart	John Therof
	U. L. BORTON, Postmaster.

H. H. KLINKER, Furniture and Undertaking



You will find that our stock represents an unlimited supply of the handsomest designs in WALL PAPER in the city. In addition to our large stock of wall paper we carry a large line of CARPETS and RUGS to which we invite your attention.

H. H. KLINKER.