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Know She Was Ugly. The Duchess of Orleans, mother of the regent who governed France during the monarchy of Louis XV, was notorious for her ugliness. She wrote: "From early youth I knew how ugly I was and hated to have people look sharply at me. I never cared for dress, as I knew that diamonds and ornaments would only attract attention to me. Once Countess Solissons asked me why I never turned to look at a mirror in passing, as every other woman did. I told her I could not endure the sight of my own face. "As a girl I must have been very ugly. I had little, blinking eyes, a pug nose and a big mouth with thick lips. My face was broad and fat and my figure short and stumpy. Nobody would have tolerated me except for my good disposition. "I don't suppose that there was in the whole world another pair of hands as ugly as mine. The king often told me so, and I laughed, for I was resolved always to laugh at my hideousness. I must confess that I had to laugh very often. "What surprised me most was that any one could fall in love with me. I was notoriously the ugliest woman at court, yet I was married at 19. "I often asked my husband if the sight of me were not repulsive and what he had seen in me that induced him to fall in love with me. I never got a satisfactory answer, but I think that I must have had some other attractions which outweighed my ugliness."

On Reading Aloud. It is a distinct loss that reading is so badly taught and that so few people know anything about the magic of the poets in their use of sound. We read almost exclusively with the eye, although poetry is primarily intended for the ear. Shakespeare wrote almost exclusively for the ear, and we remain unmoved by the wonderful vibration of his great passages until we hear them. Poetry ought always to be heard first and read afterward. If the best of Browning is sympathetically and intelligently interpreted by the voice, the much discussed obscurity is not in evidence. Many people find, for instance, a little difficulty in getting the clear and full significance of "The Portrait of the Last Duchess" when they read it for the first time, but it fastens itself instantly on the imagination if it is well read. A good deal of time now devoted to commentaries and text study might profitably be given to reading the text aloud without note or comment. A work of art slowly discloses its full meaning, and familiarity with it is the first condition of comprehension.—Hamilton Mabie in Harper's Bazar.

London Bakers, 1310. In 1310 we find the following Bow bakers accused of selling halfpenny loaves deficient in weight: Sara Foting, Christina Terrice, Godlyeva Foting, Matilda de Bolingstone, Christina Prichest, Isabella Sperling, Alice Pegges, Johanna de Countebrigge and Isabella Pouveste. One wonders why the husbands were not summoned. In a similar case in 1316, when Agnes Foting's bread was seized, it was "adjudged that her bread should be forfeited and given to the prisoners in Neugate because her husband did not come to avow (own) the bread." Are we to assume that in the absence of the husbands the bread was merely forfeited without the infliction of a fine? An indication of the importance of the breadmaking business is also found in an enactment of the reign of Henry III to the effect that "every cart of Bremble (Bromley-by-Bow) or Stevenheth (Stepney) that comes into the city with bread shall pay each day 1 halfpenny."—Gentleman's Magazine.

Birds and "Old" Coins. A French physician lately had an opportunity to observe a pointe de Paris which had been lying for several days in the stomach of a child and found that the gastric juices had acted upon the smallest particles of the article, blunting the blade and point and giving the medal a brown color. In this manner might be explained the process used in Italy to produce old coins and medals. Large birds are made to swallow roughly stamped coins with the image of Tiberius or Caligula. After awhile the animals give off again the coins, upon which meanwhile an appreciable layer of patina has formed. This result is apparently due to the action of the gastric juices.—Jeweler's Circular-Weekly.

His Musical Sense. "What is your favorite opera?" asked the foreign gentleman. Mr. Cumrox was about to answer "The Mikado," when he observed that the eyes of his wife and daughter were upon him. Then he assumed an air of nonchalance and answered: "Oh, I don't care particular about the names of cigars or the titles of operas. I like to change around. I just tell 'em to give me a 25 cent cigar when I feel like smoking, and when I want music I enjoy any old \$5 a seat opera."—Washington Star.

The Next Best Thing. "I trust," said the new member of the school committee, "that you do not hold out to your pupils the misleading hope that each of them may be the president?" "No, indeed," replied the domineer, "but I do not think that I err on the side of improbability when I teach them that each has a good chance of being a presidential possibility."—Harper's Bazar.

Early and Late. Plodder (at 6 a. m.)—Hello, Rounder! What are you doing up so early? Rounder—Hello, old fell! What are you doing out so late?—Philadelphia Record.

"The Crime of the Century"

CHAPTER XVIII. AN APPEAL TO THE HEART.

They had scarcely left the maternity hospital when the colonel evinced his impatience to know more of his other daughter.

"Mitchel," he exclaimed, "in heaven's name, do not keep me in suspense! You evidently know who and where my other child is. Tell me all at once."

"It is most extraordinary, colonel," said Mr. Mitchel, "and most painful. The simple fact is that the father of that abandoned baby, the lover of your younger daughter, is contemplating an elopement with your elder child."

"Impossible! You cannot mean it! God would not permit such an outrage—to abandon my little Lillian and her child and to marry her sister! It would be too horrible!"

"Ah! But the man does not know of the relationship. Who would guess that such a link connects the Fifth avenue palace with the sium tenement? And yet," he added, musing, "it seemed so very obvious that I wonder how it could have escaped the man's notice."

"What was so obvious? Mitchel, you knew or suspected the truth before we visited this institution. Our visit merely confirmed your expectations. Tell me how you made the discovery."

"Come into this cafe, colonel, and I will give you ten minutes, which is all the time that I dare to waste. We can talk in here comparatively undisturbed."

They went into the cafe, taking seats at a table in a secluded corner, and after ordering some wine Mr. Mitchel proceeded:

"My story is most singular, yet it shows that we should be very careful in criticising a work of fiction. How often do we read a tale and thrust it aside with the exclamation: 'Bah! Impossible!' Yet within 24 hours our newspapers may report a similar series of events in actual life. The remarkable similitude of two sisters or brothers has been a common theme with novelists, who usually endeavor to make the likeness seem more probable by telling us that the children were twins. Yet see what I have found in real life. During my investigation of this affair I found a photograph which immediately attracted my attention, partly because of the extreme beauty of the face, but more especially because it seemed so familiar to me, this despite the fact that I was sure that I had never seen the original, Lillian Vale."

"Ah! Then it was her picture which you showed to the matron?" "No, colonel. Hear me out. I carried the picture in my pocket and looked at it from time to time, becoming more and more convinced that somewhere I had seen the face before. At length I remembered. There was in my own home another photograph, the likeness of a young woman who had taken a great fancy to my little daughter at school, from which circumstance had sprung up a slight acquaintance between our families. I compared the



"I was at his side when he died two years ago."

two, and any one would readily believe that they are from the same original. Yet one was a child of poverty, Lillian Vale, and the other an heiress to millions, Perdita Maria Van Cortlandt."

"And you mean that Perdita Van Cortlandt is my child?" gasped the colonel. "Why—why, man, the Van Cortlandts are my intimate friends! Gabriel Van Cortlandt served in the same regiment with me in the army, and I was at his side when he died two years ago. What is more, for you may as well have the whole story now, I—I loved Gabriel's wife before he married her. I never told her, because I was not rich enough to woo her. So Gabriel found me no obstacle to his suit, and I remained friends with both, preferring to keep my secret. The years passed, but the pain in my heart would not die. I went into the army hoping to forget the past, yet within two months chance brought Gabriel and myself together, and we remained comrades throughout the war. And now I learn that by a strange decree of fate one of my deserted children was given into the care of the woman for love of whom I have remained a bachelor, while the other, with her own baby, has drifted into the care of the society which my conscience has forced me to aid to the extent of my means. What a strange world! What a strange world! He looked off into space for a moment or two, his wine glass poised half way to his lips. Then he drank the contents to the last drop, and, turning to face Mr. Mitchel, he inquired: "Have you the two photographs? I would like to see them."

Mr. Mitchel drew out an envelope, from which he took two cabinet photographs, which he handed to the colonel, remarking: "Examine them closely, and you will see that the resemblance is so great that no one could escape noting it."

"Marvelous, marvelous!" exclaimed the colonel. "But there is something I do not understand. In the first place,

these are the likenesses of children, and, secondly, this one which you say is Perdita does not greatly resemble her."

"Let me make it all clear to you. If you see Lillian and then visit Perdita, you would be able to detect the great likeness that they bear to one another, yet were they brought together I have no doubt that it would be easy enough to distinguish them. Yet, as you see, their pictures are as nearly alike as two photographs of one person might be. Lillian's photograph was taken two years ago, when she was only 14; hence its extremely youthful appearance, though she herself looks scarcely older now. This other picture, Perdita's, was taken when she was also 14. This explains the reason of the greater resemblance between the portraits than there ever will be between the originals, one of the girls being older than the other. I have often observed when looking through an album of portraits that this rule holds. There may be many children in one family all quite different in features, yet a great likeness is observable among the photographs taken in their babyhood or childhood. Thus it was that the accidental possession of a photograph of Perdita at 14, with which I could compare that of Lillian at the same age, led me to the conviction that such a resemblance could only exist between children of the same parents."

"Yet it still seems marvelous. And to think that that scoundrel should have won the affection of both of my girls! It is remarkable."

"Why so? Molded, as they are, so nearly alike, it is not unnatural that they should admire the same man. But there is no time for speculation. I must act."

"What is your plan?" "I have none—that is to say, I have not definitely decided upon anything except the end which I have in view. The details must be made to conserve my final purpose, and they must be as circumstances may demand. All that I can say is that I intend to save both girls from the fatality which hangs over them. I must now hurry home to dinner. Tonight my wife and I will call upon the Van Cortlandts."

"Ah! You are going there? So will I. I will meet you there. My visit tonight will have a new meaning, a greater interest for me. A new thought is in my mind, an idea arising from the past, where I supposed I had laid it away forever. Perhaps the old dream may be revived. It may be the best solution of the problem of the future. It may be that, after all, at the crisis of my child's career, I may give her a father's love and do so without disturbing her faith in her mother by unfolding the truth. The past is bitter, and the present hangs heavily upon my soul; but, my friend, the clouds may part, and sunshine and happiness may be mine even at the end of life. At all events, I owe you much. You have brought me to a full recognition of the wrong that I have done and have shown me the path by which I may make some reparation. Above all, you have taught me that justice may be tempered by charity."

"Justice and charity are twin sisters, colonel," said Mr. Mitchel, "and should go hand in hand throughout life. Goodby until tonight. I trust that your hopes may be realized. It may be best for Perdita. Poor girl! The next few hours will be hard for her."

The two men grasped each other's hand warmly, and at that moment was born a friendship which never died.

At the Van Cortlandt residence two women were seated at the dining table, both silent and each mechanically partaking of the food set before her, but so deeply lost in thought as to be oblivious of her surroundings.

The elder woman, Mrs. Van Cortlandt, wore that look of serenity which distinguishes one who has lived an uneventful but easy life. If any sorrows had come, they had proved but temporary, for in the abodes of luxury sorrow is an unwelcome guest and is soon dismissed. The bitterest tears that flow from human eyes cause no abrasions on the lids if wiped away with fine soft linen. Yet the rich as well as the poor have hearts which may be restively discontented at times. Mrs. Van Cortlandt was an excellent specimen of well preserved womanhood despite her advancing years and the few streaks of gray which only made her luxurious growth of hair seem all the blacker for the contrast. She had been born of parents who boasted a lineage that reached back to the crusades, a family whose men had been loyal and true to country and to home and whose women had been fair and chaste without exception throughout the records of many generations. Moreover, she had been born to wealth which afforded every luxury that human heart could crave, all save one perhaps. And with the perversity of life's fortune which is so common, despite her heritage, despite her wealth, the dearest wish of her heart had been denied her. She had ever been rather romantically inclined, a strange characteristic of all the members of her home circle are remembered. Indeed sentiment was so foreign to her home held in check, hidden within her own bosom and unsuspected by those who thought that they knew her best.

Once a flutter of hope had entered her heart. She had met one around whom her fancy formed a halo which transformed the man into a god, but the lover that might have been was silent. Another, with a longer purse, came into her life and won the consent of her people even before consulting her. The loved one made no protest, but offered conventional platitudes by way of congratulations, and so the dream faded, crushed out of her heart by maidenly resentment and the fear that her unrequited affections might have been suspected. So this page of her life, the only one upon

which a romantic paragraph had been written, was turned down, occasionally, at long intervals, to be opened and reread.

Her marriage to young Gabriel Van Cortlandt, a scion of a family as aristocratic as his own and with wealth that even exceeded her father's, had been one of the gay fetes of a gay season in the metropolis. The honeymoon being over, they had settled down to a home life in which the entertainment of the best people was the most conspicuous feature. Thousands envied the beautiful bride her possession of her handsome husband and her luxurious home. Yet once again wealth failed to procure what her soul most sought. The years passed, and no offspring blessed their union.

Disappointed in the first instance, she determined that in this second she should not be entirely unsatisfied. So plans were made and details arranged, in which respect at least her money aided her, and when at length the arrival of the infant was announced none doubted that a genuine Van Cortlandt had been born into the world—none but that honest old matron at the maternity hospital and that other woman, the patron of the institution, who had indeed suggested the scheme to the young couple and had lent them her aid.

At the appointed time a closed carriage had been driven to the hospital, from which emerged two veiled women who hurried into the building and were conducted into a private room where they were joined by the matron. In a few moments three tiny little bundles were brought in. One contained a boy baby.

"No, no!" said Mrs. Van Cortlandt. "I want a girl. The boy will be able to make his own way in the world when he grows to manhood. I wish to save one of these little helpless babies of my own sex."

Then the matron showed two others, both girls. One was large and round and rosy, with eyes wide open and staring at those about as though inquiring why she had been awakened, for very wide awake she was. The other was tiny and pale and asleep, one arm hidden beneath her wrappings, the other limp and lying in view, the fingers now stretched wide apart, now closing again into a little fist that was anything but a weapon with which to fight the world. This nervous twitching of the hand was all that showed that she had been disturbed by removal from her crib.

Mrs. Van Cortlandt leaned over and looked at the children, glancing anxiously from one to the other.

"Which should she select?" a question of vast importance to these two little ones.

She gently grasped the twitching hand of the sleeping child, and immediately its nervous movement ceased, and it lay at rest. Her heart was touched as she thought that the contact with her own flesh had imparted peace to the sleeping babe. Then her eye fell upon the little finger, and her heart beat faster. It was curiously curved. She remembered one other whose fingers were thus fashioned. A deep crimson flushed her cheek as she thought that this slight deformity in the child would keep fresh within her memory that one bright dream of her life, and, hastily dropping her veil as she arose, she said simply: "I select this one."

Shortly after this her husband had gone to the war, and she was alone with her new found treasure, which grew into her heart till it became, as it were, a part of her being. Yet to her great surprise, the longer the child lived and the older it grew the more faded and indistinct became the memory which she had thought that the sight of the curved finger would keep green. In her love for the young girl and her pride in the child's budding beauty her own heart's longings were satisfied.

It puzzled her to think why she should have revived these memories tonight, and therefore she sat silent at the table, musing over the unsolved problem.

"Why does it all come back to me tonight?" Is there any subtle truth in telepathy? Did she unknowingly feel the impress of the surcharged thoughts which another mind was sending in her direction at this moment?

And Perdita, too, was silent, thoughtful. But she lived only in the present. The past was a beaten track over which she need not dwell, the future a dim vista into which the young never look except with a gaze of hope and a feeling of security.

"All will be well," said the young who look into the mirror of the future.

But the present and the immediate morrow—of these Perdita thought much, thought deeply, and was troubled. What ought she to do? What would she do? Two questions were these which might have a single answer or which might be treated quite differently.

"What shall I do?" she asked herself a thousand times. "I love him so! How can I let him go away without me? How can I live without him? How can I refuse to do what he wishes? When a woman loves a man, should she not prove that love by making all sacrifices? Should she hesitate to give herself to him at all hazards? No, no! I love him! I must go! Tomorrow I will go! It is settled! I am so glad that at last I have decided."

At this moment her mother, in her dreaming of the past, was bending over the tiny babe and observing the little finger lying at rest within her own hand. As Perdita looked up she met the loving gaze, and there was instantly a revulsion of feeling within her breast as she lowered her eyes again.

"Mother! What would mother do?" she thought. "She loves me so. She would die if I left her. But other girls leave their homes. Yes, but somehow it is different with me and my mother. She loves more than other mothers

love, and I love her too. We have always been so much to each other. No, no! I cannot go! Mother would die, and then I should reproach myself forever. A wife like that would be a burden to any man. So I cannot go. The dream is over."

But she fell to dreaming again, and the burden of her dream was her love for Matthew Mora.

They had sat down to dine later than usual, and, though the dessert was just brought on, both women were relieved to have their thoughts diverted by the sound of the bell. The butler announced Mr. and Mrs. Mitchel, and they went to greet their guests.

"We are so glad to have you come!" exclaimed Mrs. Van Cortlandt, extending both hands in cordial welcome to Mrs. Mitchel. "I hope this is a presage of a closer intimacy between our families."

"Indeed I hope so," said Mrs. Mitchel. "You know our Rose is soon to make her debut in society, and after that eventful occasion we shall be obliged to receive more than in the past. But during her childhood we have lived rather quietly."

"My wife has felt the responsibility of rearing a young girl to be a heavy burden," said Mr. Mitchel, laughing. "She says that she will regain her freedom after the child is fairly launched."

"Yes, indeed I will," said Mrs. Mitchel. "Of course you know, Mrs. Van Cortlandt, that Rose is not our own child. That makes a great difference, don't you think? One may do as one pleases with her own, but to have the care of another woman's child, to wonder always whether you are doing as well as the real mother would have done, makes the responsibility seem all the greater. But, then, you can hardly be a judge of that, you who have been blessed with a daughter of your own. And such a daughter!" She added the last words turning graciously toward Perdita and smiling admiringly upon her.

Mrs. Van Cortlandt winced a little at these words, but showed nothing by her countenance, which had been schooled for many years to guard her secret. Before she could reply a servant entered and announced Colonel Payton, at which Mrs. Van Cortlandt rose to receive him, at the same time wondering that he of all men should come on this night. What mystic connection could there be between her thoughts of him and his arrival? She dared not venture a reply, even to herself.

The colonel entered with dignified ease and set command, such as would be expected from the man of the world and the soldier that he was. Nothing in his manner betrayed that this was aught but the most casual call, nor was there anything in the greeting between him and Mr. Mitchel from which one might have suspected that they had seen each other before on that day.

Advancing toward Mrs. Van Cortlandt, he bowed low as he said: "My dear friend, I hope you will pardon me for having remained away from you for so long. It is almost a month, I fear."

"Five weeks, colonel," said the lady, laughing. "I fear time goes lightly with you in your world of business and pleasure. We two women, alone in a great house like this night after night, keep a better reckoning of the visits of our friends, do we not, Perdita?"

The colonel was charmed to find that in the chronology of her heart she had noted the flight of time between his visits.

"Yes, indeed, mother," said Perdita, advancing. "We always miss you, colonel, when you remain away from us for a long time."

"So, then, you, too, like to have me come?" The colonel's voice trembled a little, and it was with an effort that he controlled himself. He admired the girl's marvelous beauty, and he wondered that he had taken so little cognizance of it hitherto.

"Ah, yes! Indeed we do like to have you here. Your interesting stories always make the evening seem shorter."

"So! Is the colonel a romancer?" asked Mr. Mitchel.

All had taken seats again, Mrs. Mitchel having drawn Perdita to a seat beside her on the sofa. She felt a great pity in her heart for this lovely girl, who was but a child, for the relations which existed between herself and her husband were such that she always knew all of his affairs. In this one she had taken especial interest from the beginning because of the incident of the abandoned baby. She was well aware, therefore, of her husband's object in visiting the Van Cortlandts, and indeed her own part had been assigned to her.

"Oh, the colonel tells the most wonderful stories!" said Perdita, replying to Mr. Mitchel.

"Why, then, colonel, I have learned this so late that I cannot let another hour pass without hearing one of your narratives," Mr. Mitchel laughed pleasantly as he spoke. No one would have thought that there was any hidden motive in his words when he added: "Tell us of your first love affair. I never knew of a bachelor who has not been in love."

The colonel glanced swiftly at Mr. Mitchel, hesitated and decided quickly. "You are right," said he. "I think a man seldom lives alone from choice. Either no woman will have him or the one whom he loves is beyond his reach."

"And how was it with you?" "There is no romance in my case. It was most prosaic. I confess that I did love one woman, but I never thought it wise or opportune to tell her, so I lost her. She married another man without having suspected how much I cared for her."

"Are you sure of that?" asked Mrs. Van Cortlandt impulsively, and immediately after uttering the words she bit her lip in vexation for having permitted them to escape.