

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.

Program for the District Sunday School convention for Jackson, West Side and Hays townships to be held in Vail on Sunday, September 2nd.

MORNING SESSION.

10:00. Sunday School in regular session. 11:00 Devotions. 11:30. Address, "The Sunday School as an Influence on a Community."

AFTERNOON SESSION.

2:30. Opening exercises. 2:45. "The Teacher's Meeting. How and When?"—Mr. D. Leitner. 3:10. Object Lesson—Miss Ida Craft. 3:30. "Value of Decision Day."

3:50. "Sunday School Music to Develop the Spiritual."—Rev. G. L. Eaton.

EVENING SESSION.

7:30. Praise service. 8:00. "The Trained Sunday School Teacher."—Mr. J. P. Fitch. 8:20. "The Parent's Responsibility to the Sunday School."—Rev. J. D. Sweezy.

8:40. "Means of Keeping Sunday School Records."—Miss Blanche Grote.

Sidewalk Resolutions.

Be it resolved by the City Council of the city of Denison, Iowa,

That the owners or agents of lots No. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13 in block 135, Denison, Iowa, be and are hereby required to build a good and substantial sidewalk, four feet wide, of two-inch pine lumber, with suitable sills or stringers; said sidewalk to be constructed along the south side of block 135 so as to make a walk along the north side of Railroad Avenue between Locust street and Washington Avenue in said city; and the city clerk of said city is hereby authorized to give notice to the owners or agents of all said property of the passage of this resolution by publication in the official paper of this city and by personal service of a copy thereof on the owners or agents of all said property, thereby giving notice that if said sidewalk is not built within thirty days from the date of the publication and notice, that said sidewalk will be built by order of the city council and the expense thereof charged against said lots as provided by law; which resolution was passed by the city council of the city of Denison, Iowa, on the 6th day of August, A. D. 1900, and is recorded in the proceedings thereof.

Dated August 6th, 1900.

A. D. WILSON, Mayor.

E. T. TUCKER, City Clerk.

CHURCH NOTES.

BAPTIST NOTES. The Western Baptist Association meets at Soo City September 6 to 9. Delegates were appointed for the young people at the last B. Y. P. U. meeting. The list of church delegates will be completed on next Thursday evening. On next Sabbath the B. Y. P. U. meets at 7 o'clock. A union service of the churches following at 8 o'clock in the Baptist church at which time Rev. Harris will preach.

A most helpful and interesting conquest meeting was held by the B. Y. P. U. on Sabbath evening led by sister Ida Craft.

PRESBYTERIAN. The Sabbath services were pleasant throughout and the interest seemingly good. The pastor preached on "Hope and Patient Waiting."

Miss Edith Luney was leader of the Christian Endeavor service, subject, "Ministering to Christ."

The business meeting of the Endeavorers will be held on Thursday evening after the prayer meeting.

The Ladies Aid society will meet tomorrow (Wednesday) afternoon with Mrs. S. Eastman. Refreshments will be served.

Eastern Washington & Northern Idaho abound in rich agricultural lands suitable for diversified farming and fruit raising without irrigation. Cheap grazing lands can be secured, and the largest body of white pine in the United States is located in northern Idaho. In Eastern Washington are found the famous wheat fields of the Palouse and Big Bend countries. The mining camps of the Coeur d'Alene and Bitter Root mountains, as well as the Roseland and Republic districts, furnish profitable markets for all the farmer or fruit grower can raise. For maps and particulars, write to C. W. Mott, General Emigration Agent, Northern Pacific R'y., St. Paul, Minn.

The Yakira Valley, Washington, is the most attractive irrigation proposition in the United States. All but tropical fruits grow luxuriantly, while alfalfa is a sure and profitable crop. Twenty-acre ranch can be purchased for \$600 on easy terms. The Northern Pacific R'y. traverses the entire length of the valley, thus ensuring good transportation facilities. Good schools and churches abound, and rural mail routes are established throughout the valley, which will soon be one large village. Thunderstorms are rare and cyclones unknown. The climate, which is very mild, is extremely beneficial to consumptive and those afflicted with bronchial and catarrhal troubles. For particulars write to C. W. Mott, Gen. Emigration Agent, Northern Pacific R'y., St. Paul, Minn.

Crane Carried His Satchel.

Arthur A. Leeds of Tioga met Stephen Crane once under circumstances which showed how little the novelist traded upon the fame that came to him. Mr. Leeds got off a train at Delaware Water Gap. The only man on the platform was bumped up against the side of the depot gazing into space. He looked like a farmer's boy. His trousers were baggy, his coat battered and his hat rowdy.

"Say, carry this stuff to the hotel for me, will you?" asked Mr. Leeds. The man grasped the bags and started in the wake of Mr. Leeds toward the hotel.

When the hotel was reached, Mr. Leeds lost sight of his porter for a few minutes while he greeted friends. Looking around for his baggage, he saw the man who had packed it to the hotel sitting on the piazza with his legs on the railing. He was reading a book.

"Who's that man?" asked Mr. Leeds. "Oh, that's Stephen Crane," some one said. The next day Crane left the place before Mr. Leeds had an opportunity for explanations.—Philadelphia North American.

The Last Chinese Actress.

Many visitors to the Celestial kingdom have noted the absence of women from the stage. All the roles in a Chinese play are taken by men. This singular custom is traced back to a woman's whim. The Emperor Yung Tsching married an actress at the beginning of the eighteenth century, when women were allowed on the stage. The emperor died and the empress dowager ruled the country for her son, the Prince Kim Sung.

To satisfy her vanity this shrewd and most peculiar woman issued a decree in the year 1736 forbidding, under penalty of instant death by the sword of the executioner, any member of her sex to appear on the Chinese stage. "After me, no one," said the empress dowager, and since her day no woman within the reach of Chinese law has dared to test the strength of her decree. In Hongkong (a British colony) women have played in Chinese theaters, but never as yet, we believe, in San Francisco.

"It is shameful the way Marmaduke McCorker has treated Miss Fitzperkins."

"What did he do?" "Oh, he stimulated her to improve her mind and then broke the engagement on the ground that he was afraid to marry a woman who knew so much."—Indianapolis Journal.

What He Would Fear.

"I don't think," said the observant boarder, "that I should care to propose to a girl addicted to photography."

"And why not?" asked the cross-eyed boarder. "I should be afraid that she would seize the opportunity to develop a negative."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Saved Her Life.

Riggs—Hear about Mrs. Titewadd? Told her husband she would kill herself if he didn't buy her a new bonnet. Jiggs—What did Titewadd do? Riggs—Got estimates on funerals, found he could save \$2 by buying the bonnet and saved her life.—Baltimore American.

A self closing door spring adds to the anger of the angry man who wants to slam the door.—Chicago News.

The occupants of a balloon a mile high command a radius of 96 miles.

ADVERTISED LETTER LIST. E. Paine Mr. D. N. Mason Miss Nina Little Eliza Kelly Mamie Quin William Preston Mrs. Mary E. Redick D. L. BOYNTON, P. M.

NOTICE OF PROBATE OF WILL. State of Iowa. In Probate. Crawford co. In Probate. In the District court of Iowa, in and for Crawford county.—Notice of the reading and probate of will.

LEADING BARBER SHOP H. D. Lorentzen, Prop.

Under First National Bank, Four Chairs All Work First-Class

HIS COURAGE PROVED

The mining town of Capleton was alive with excitement. Mr. Hilton, the owner of half the mines and more than half the village, was to give a ball in honor of his son Carl's twenty-first birthday, and also to celebrate the return of his only daughter from the English school to which she had been sent when but 10 years old.

Carl Hilton was an only son, and because of his parent's indulgence had become selfish and tyrannical. His father idolized him and was blind to his faults. As Mr. Hilton had been out of health for more than a year Carl had attended to most of the business, and he had so tyrannized over the miners that they one and all hated him, but they loved and respected his father, and for his sake bore in silence the abuse of the son.

It fell to the lot of Fred Chase, one of the foremen in the mine, to escort the beautiful Nina to dinner, and so deeply did they become engaged in conversation that it was some minutes before Fred noticed that Carl sat directly opposite and was watching them closely.

"I intend to visit the mines tomorrow," said the girl in tones loud enough to be heard by her brother. "I want to descend the new shaft."

"I shall be very happy to conduct you through the mines, but you must not descend the new shaft, for it is not safe. I have warned your brother that the roof of the mine is in danger of falling, but he only laughs at me, and I fear some terrible accident will be the result of his neglect."

"You are a fool, Fred Chase! The shaft is safe enough. I shall take Nina there myself tomorrow," said Carl angrily.

"I spoke the truth. The shaft is not safe, and unless more timber is put in to support the roof you will soon have proof that I am right."

"Fool! You are a coward. I will show you tomorrow how little faith I put in your words."

The following morning Carl started for the new shaft alone. Nina refused to accompany him and begged him to delay his visit until the roof was made secure.

Carl reached the shaft just as half a dozen miners came from it, and in answer to his inquiries was told that Fred Chase and another man had remained behind to finish filling the last car with ore.

In a few minutes he was lowered to the bottom of the shaft. In the distance he could see the lights of the two miners. By the light of his own lantern he saw that some of the beams were bent. All seemed weighted to their utmost capacity, and he shuddered as, in passing one large post, a slight crackling sound was heard.

"I am going on a short distance to look at the ore. You may wait for me at the foot of the shaft, and we will all be drawn up at once," said Carl.

He stroled on, while Fred and his companion returned to the entrance. They had barely reached it when they heard a loud report behind, a cry of fear, mingled with the noise of falling rocks; then all was still.

Only an instant did they stand motionless. Then Fred grasped the rope and gave the signal to be hoisted to the top.

Soon the entrance to the shaft was a scene of wild excitement. The father offered large rewards to any one who would attempt the rescue of his son, but not a man would volunteer.

Fred had stood silent, with his eyes bent on the ground, until the old man in silver despair cried out: "I will give half of my fortune—and it is a large one—to the men who will help me reach my boy!"

Fred came forward with a look of resolve on his face. "Mr. Hilton, not for your entire fortune would I enter that mine to save your son, but for humanity's sake I will do my best to rescue him."

A cheer from the miners greeted these brave words. With a wave of his hand Fred commanded silence and, running his eye over the crowd, said slowly: "I must have three men to help me. Who will go?"

Charles Gray, Fred's chosen companion, stepped to his side. Two more men quickly followed, and they were lowered into the shaft.

The first act of the workers was to place extra beams, which were lowered down the shaft for the purpose, as near as they could to the fallen roof, to bear any strain that might be resting on those already there.

At the end of three hours of cautious digging they came to the car which Fred and his companion had staid behind to fill, and they stopped for a few moments' rest.

In half an hour they had reached an opening caused by two large rocks which had fallen together in such a manner as to leave a space between them. In that space lay Carl, with one arm doubled under him and one foot pinioned by a stone. The poor fellow was terribly bruised and cut, but conscious.

"God bless you, Fred, and your brave companions!" said Mr. Hilton huskily as he grasped the young man by the hand. "From my heart I thank you."

The crowd soon dispersed, and Carl was conveyed to his home. After many weeks of suffering he recovered, but the crushed foot was useless—he was a cripple for life.

As soon as he was able to do so Carl sent for Fred. "Forgive me, Fred," he said frankly. "I was wrong, but my punishment has been great."

About a year afterward Mr. Hilton bestowed his daughter's hand upon the young man who had saved his son's life, and on his wedding day Fred became one of the owners of the mine.—Exchange.

HIS MEMORY FAILED

I have a shocking memory. I believe I was "born so;" anyhow I suffered a good deal at school in the process of learning the dates of British sovereigns since the conquest. Even now I have to think deeply before I can remember my own date. As to my wife's birthday—well, I don't pretend to guess that within six months.

My friends have often advised me to study an artificial memory system. I did try one, or rather, tried to try it. I bought a handbook, and by way of making a good start forgot to pay for it. Then I forgot to read it, and when my wife jugged my memory I couldn't for the life of me remember where I had left the beastly thing. So that system was a failure, and I never had the heart to try another.

Of course, it is quite useless to trust me with letters for the post. I have patiently carried important missives in my pockets for weeks together and been heartily abused for my pains. As a rule, no one dreams of asking me to do a shopping commission, but one day, my better half being laid up with a sprained ankle, I was sent into our town to get a stock of household necessaries. I was provided with three similar lists in case I lost or mislaid one and flattered myself that I should come out of the ordeal with flying colors.

Honey For Scholars.

"Honey and bread was a great meal with Pythagoras and his scholars and counted a sufficient food for a temperate life," wrote Dr. Thomas Muffett in 1575, "for bread strengthens the body, and honey both nourishes much and also cleanseth away superfluities."

"Pollo Romulus being asked by Augustus, the emperor, how he lived so long! By nourishing (saith he) my inward parts with ayle. The like answer likewise made Democritus, being demanded the like question. Furthermore, it is so general a meat through Russia that the children eat it on their bread every morning as ours do butter to their breakfast; with whom and with old men it agreeth exceeding well, cleansing their breasts, opening their pipes, warming their stomachs, resisting putrefaction and engendering sweet and commendable blood. Raw honey is never good, therefore clarify it thoroughly at the fire; also let it be honey that ran and was never puffed out of the combs and of young bees rather than old, feeding upon thime, rosemary, flowers and such sweet and wholesome herbs. Then may you boldly give it as meat to young children, to cold and moist complexions and to rheumatic old men, especially in northern countries and cold climates and in the winter months."

There are men in New York today whose fortunes are not small, yet they never pay a bootblack a cent a year for shining their shoes. They are their own bootblacks, and not one is ashamed of it. You may depend on one thing—these men were reared in the country, where they were educated in the use of the brush. I said to an acquaintance some time ago, when he complained that his 12-year-old son had no exercise about the house, "Why don't you make him blacken the family shoes every morning?"

He was stunned at the suggestion. "My son blacken boots?" he wailed, throwing up his hands. "Do you think I would disgrace my own boy? I give him 10 cents every morning to have his shoes shined at the corner where I have mine shined."

I reminded him that he was teaching that boy to be an upstart and that he was giving him \$36.50 a year which he stole from his friends. Blackening shoes is splendid exercise. Many a ragged street Arab is too proud to do it because of some fool father like the one mentioned, but such a father ought to be in the business instead of robbing his friends. Let every boy learn to shine shoes. He may have to make a living at it some day. There is money in the business.—New York Press.

Preparing For a "Dewel."

One of the most remarkable documents that have ever come under our observation is to be found in the case of ex parte Scoggin, 6 Tex. App. 546. Mr. Scoggin was under indictment for the murder of one William Gerrard, and an extract from a memorandum book in defendant's handwriting and found near the body ran as follows:

JOHNSON CO., TX., Jan. 24, 1875. As this may be the last penciling that I may ever do on earth May heaven Bless me and the man that I am going to file, for we have been traveling to gather some time and have felt out a bought the sum of \$25 and have agreed to fight a dewel this beautiful night of our lord, and as one of us has to die May heaven bless us as this is the last half hour on earth with one of us, heaven Preserve me now and forever. Written by Jesse Scoggin, Bored and rased in Tx. Sined by William Jirod, Bored in Illinois.

Mr. Scoggin's plety apparently brought victory to him in the "dewel," for his adversary when found appeared to have been struck behind the ear by a 13 inch shell.—Law Notes.

O'Connell and Massey.

Laughter has been fatal to at least one Bill in the house of commons. In the days of O'Connell Thomas Massey, who was a sworn foe to everything that suggested popery, introduced a bill to abolish the suffix "mas" from all words in our language and to substitute "tude," thus converting "Christmas" into "Christitude," and so on.

When he had ended his introductory speech, O'Connell got up and said: "Since the honorable member has such an insuperable objection to the word 'mas' why does he not set a good example by anglicizing his own name?" In that case we should be quite willing to speak of him as Thotilde Tideo."

The house rolled with appreciative laughter, and Mr. Massey never recovered sufficient courage to speak of the bill again.

Balzac's Picture of George Sand.

In the published volume of his letters to Mme. Hanska, Balzac thus describes George Sand as he saw her in 1838:

"I found her in her dressing gown, smoking an after dinner cigar beside the fire in an immense room. She wore very pretty yellow slippers with fringes, coquettish stockings and red trousers. Physically she has acquired a double chin, like a caoon. She has not a single white hair, notwithstanding her terrible misfortunes. Her beautiful eyes are still as sparkling as ever. When sunk in thought, she looks just as stupid as formerly, for, as I told her after observing her, the expression of her face lies wholly in her eyes."

"She goes to bed at 6 in the morning and rises at noon. She is an excellent mother, worshipped by her children, but she dresses her daughter Solange in boy's clothes, and that is not well. She is like a man of 20, morally, for she is innately chaste and artist only on the surface. She smokes to excess and plays perhaps a little too much the great lady."

Marion Beck was locked up at Marion, Ind., Monday, to escape being lynched at Point Isabel, his home, where he is charged with criminally assaulting his two grand daughters.

THE WEST DENISON MILL Just Received! A capload of Bran, Shorts and Flour. Charter Oak and Dunlay Flour sold or exchanged for Wheat, Oil Meal, Corn, Oats, Chop and Hay for sale. Get prices before buying elsewhere. Call on us or order by Phone 271. C. D. MILLER, Proprietor.

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Bradbury's Bread is Eaten and Liked All Over the County. Bradbury's Ice Cream is the Best On the Market. Bradbury's Restaurant is Clean and Neat and Inviting. The Palace Bakery