

Capital \$100,000. Deposits, \$300,000

# Crawford County State Bank,

DENISON, IOWA.

The Best Security for Depositors. Farm Loans at Five Per Cent Interest.

This Bank is incorporated under the laws of the State of Iowa. This gives the best security to all depositors, not only to the amount of stock, but the personal property of each share-holder is held to the amount of his share for any loss to the bank. Incorporated banks are under the control of the State Auditor, who can at any time examine the business, and according to his investigation the published statements are made. Depositors in an incorporated bank have more security than the confidence imposed in the officers. They have the best security, because the capital stock can not be used at pleasure for outside speculation and investment. The Crawford County State Bank is the best incorporated banking institution in the County. A general banking business done.

Passage Tickets Sold. Insurance Written. Loans Negotiated.  
L. CORNWELL, President. GEORGE NAEVE, Vice-President. M. E. JONES, Cashier. C. J. KEMMING, Ass't Cashier.  
Directors: L. Cornwell, Geo. Naeve, H. F. Schwartz, Chas. Tabor, J. P. Conner.

L. M. SHAW, P. es. C. F. KUEHNLE, Vice-Pres. C. L. VOSS, Cash

## BANK OF DENISON.

General Banking Business Conducted.  
Exchange Bought and Sold. Long and Short Time Loans at Lowest Rates.  
Interest Paid on Time Deposits.  
Accounts of all Branches of Business Conducted.  
Personal attention given to investments for local patrons. Business conducted in English or German!

SHAW, KUEHNLE & BEARD,  
LAWYERS.  
REAL ESTATE LOANS AT LOWEST RATES.

W. A. McHENRY, Pres. SEARS McHENRY, Cashier.

## First National Bank.

DENISON, IOWA.

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 as well as individuals. 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 ports. Our officers speak German. We solicit your patronage.

MONEY TO LOAN ON LONG OR SHORT TIME.

# DIAMONDS!

We have what you want in the line of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry and Silverwares. Our aim is to carry in stock the best goods and at prices that are right. We also do watch and jewelry repairing and do it so we can warrant it. We established the price of 10c for Watch Glasses. Look for sign of White Camel.

## O. M. Campbell, The Jeweler.

Watch Repairing a Specialty. Watch Glasses 10 Cents.

## J. L. WARBASSE,

Dealer in the well known  
**NEWMAN ORGAN,** The Organ with the Pipe Organ  
Burdette Organs, and Estey and Clough & Warren Organs in stock.  
**ESTEY, FISHER, KINGSBURY and SMITH & BARNES PIANOS.**  
The famous White Sewing Machine. With Ball Bearings.  
Sheet Music and Musical Instruments and Supplies of all kinds. Organs and Sewing Machines cleaned and repaired by competent workmen.  
Lady Attendant.

## AEBISCHER BROS.,

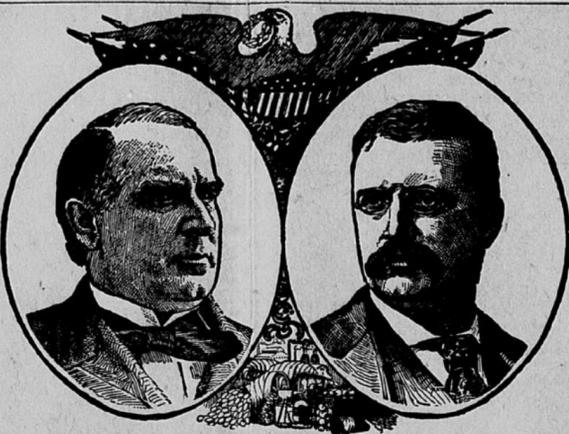
### City Meat Market

Denison, Iowa.

Fresh Meats  
Fresh Oysters  
Poultry in Season

## EVERY WOMAN

Sometimes needs a reliable, monthly, regulating medicine. Only harmless of the purest drugs should be used. If you want the best, get  
**Dr. Peal's Pennyroyal Pill**  
They are prompt, safe and certain in result.  
The genuine (Dr. Peal's) never disappoint. Sold for \$1.00 per box.  
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**WILLIAM McKINLEY.**  
For Vice-President  
**THEODORE ROOSEVELT.**

## THE DENISON REVIEW.

SEMI-WEEKLY.  
MEYERS & TUCKER.  
PUBLISHED TUESDAY AND FRIDAY AT DENISON IOWA.

Subscription Price, \$2 per Year.

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THE REVIEW is all Home Print; enjoys large circulation, and is unexcelled as an advertising medium.

### CONNOR A CANDIDATE.

Crawford county presents the name of Judge J. P. Connor as a candidate for the congressional nomination at the hands of the new convention to meet at Fort Dodge on September 25th. Judge Connor has finally consented to allow the use of his name in this connection and all of his many friends are asked to do their utmost in his behalf.

Crawford county takes this action with the full knowledge that there are many good men in the field and that it will be difficult for the republicans of the district to decide among them. They hope, however, to be able to convince their friends throughout the district that Judge Connor is pre-eminently fitted for the position, that he will bring a dignity and ability to the position which will be a credit to the entire district and that he will be an acceptable and fitting successor to the great and eloquent Dolliver. Few men are better known throughout the district and few men require less introduction to the republican voters. He is not a recent political growth; for twenty years he has stood as one of the bulwarks of republicanism in western Iowa. He is an old campaigner and we know of few men who can present the great issues of republicanism with such force and logic and ability. As a lawyer and as a business man he has made an unqualified success, his practice extending into many counties, and he is known as one of the most successful practitioners in this judicial district. As district and circuit judge he acquitted himself with such credit and satisfaction that it was only his voluntary retirement which prevented his being continued on the bench until this day. After serving on the bench some men find it difficult to regain the practice, which has of necessity drifted into other hands. This was not the case with Judge Connor. As soon as he returned to the practice clients came to him and his business has been increasing with every day. It is well known that the able attorney, who makes his clients interests his own, is apt to create hostility among opposing litigants. It is remarkable, that in spite of the fact that he has been on one side or the other of nearly every important case tried in this county in the past few years, his enemies are so few that the county can be said to be unanimously his friends.

Judge Connor is fifty years of age, of magnificent physique and his ability is of the highest order. For many years he has been the tried and true friend of Senator J. P. Dolliver, the two men know each other and could work together with the most perfect harmony. When Mr. Dolliver was first nominated for Congress Judge Connor came within one vote of receiving the nomination. At that time the temptation was presented to Mr. Connor and his friends to unite on anyone to beat Dolliver, how they

resisted this temptation, how they insisted that they would enter into no combination which should have for its sole purpose the elimination of Dolliver, these things are a part of the political history of the district. Nor, after this defeat, was there any sulking on the part of Judge Connor. He recognized that the man was in every way qualified and that Dolliver had been his second choice all the time. Since that time Crawford county has made a record of absolute district fidelity. No candidate from the Tenth District has ever been nominated to a state office without the support and vote of Crawford, and there is no defeated candidate who can say but that Crawford county was with him so long as there was any hope of success. Time and again Crawford county has gone down to defeat and has accepted the consequences in loss of prestige, rather than desert a district man. The county therefore goes before the republicans of the district with an absolutely clean record. It is true that Governor Shaw did not receive the unanimous support of the district when he was a candidate at the Cedar Rapids convention, but no man can say that fact has been allowed to prejudice the subsequent actions of either Gov. Shaw or of Crawford county. We have returned good for evil, we have retained no grudges and when the time came that the great leader of the republicans of this county, Governor Leslie M. Shaw could benefit his own district, even though the appointment meant a sacrifice of all personal ambitions, he laid them aside and to-day the district greets Senator J. P. Dolliver with loud acclaim. Crawford county does not base its claim for recognition on the ground of gratitude alone, it presents a man who has been tried in the balances of public opinion time and time again and who has never been found wanting, it presents a man who in ability, in spotless life and character stands before the people as the peer of any man the district has produced. He has the eminent qualifications which have made Dolliver so successful and which have added so greatly to the glorious reputation long sustained in Congress by the Tenth District of Iowa. For these reasons we go before the people of the district with confidence, asking for Judge Connor their best and most thoughtful consideration and their kindest treatment.

Webster, Calhoun, Humbolt and Green counties are the only ones in the district without a congressional candidate and several of the counties rejoice in the possession of two. They are all good men and they should receive the support of their home county so long as there is a chance for them to win. After that all can join hands and make Judge Connor's nomination unanimous.

The clerk's office is not a very busy place during these summer days but a visit to that office always finds the work well in hand. Mrs. Kruger has proven a most efficient deputy and while some may object to nepotism in office there can be no question but the work of the clerk's office is as well done as it has been under any clerk's administration the county has ever had. Our attorneys all agree on this matter, and there are many who wish that Mr. Kruger was to be a candidate for renomination and that his estimable wife was still to be the deputy.

### CONVENTION CALLED.

At Fort Dodge on Tuesday was held a meeting of the county chairman of the Tenth District and of the members of the Congressional committee. This committee was empowered by the convention that nominated Mr. Dolliver to fill any vacancy that might occur on the ticket. It was thought best however by nearly all of the committee that no action should be taken but that a new convention should be called in order that every candidate should have a fair chance and that the people might decide the nomination for themselves. We believe this was a wise action. No man would wish to accept a nomination that had about it anything which might be criticised as a committee nomination surely would be. We are pleased to state that the candidacy of Judge Connor, the formal announcement of which is made in this issue, was received with much favor by the republicans present. Every one has a good word to say for him and if we may believe one half of the favorable things we heard Mr. Connor will be the nominee of the convention. There is a feeling all over the district in favor of the Crawford county candidate and in many counties where they have a candidate Judge Connor is the second choice. While Judge Connor will go into the convention with the largest number of votes of any candidate no man will have enough to nominate on the first ballot and the nomination must depend on second choice strength. We look for a spirited convention and an interesting one but we firmly believe that Judge Connor will win. The opponents of Judge Connor think to make headway by claiming that he is a friend of Dolliver and of Shaw. This is true, but we do not think the argument will change any votes from Judge Connor in this district.

The Des Moines Leader and the Capital have our thanks for much free advertising. Really we are in danger of an enlargement of the cranium if they persist.

### VIOLIN AND SONG.

He'd nothing but his violin,  
I'd nothing but my song,  
But we were wed when skies were blue  
And summer days were long,  
And when we rested by the hedge  
The robins came and told  
How they had dared to woo and win  
When early spring was cold.  
We sometimes supped on dewberries  
Or slept among the hay,  
But oft the farmers' wives at eve  
Came out to hear us play  
The rare old tunes, the dear old tunes;  
We would not starve for long,  
While my man had his violin  
And I my sweet love song.

The world has aye gone well with us,  
Old man, since we were one;  
Our homeless wandering down the lanes,  
It long ago was done.  
But those who wait for gold or gear,  
For houses and for fine,  
Till youth's sweet spring grows brown and  
And love and beauty time  
Will never know the joy of hearts  
That met without a fear  
When you had but your violin  
And I a song, my dear.

—Exchange.

**A "Woman's Rights Person."**  
An old Virginia gentleman arose in a car the other day and with a great flourish of his slouch hat offered his seat to a beautiful and handsomely dressed woman.  
"Take my seat, madam," he politely requested. The lady demurred. "Take my seat, I beg of you, madam," he insisted. "I could not allow a lady to stand, unless," he added under his breath, "she was one of those women's rights people."  
The lady bristled visibly. "I," she said in a freezing tone—"I am a woman's rights person."  
"Take my seat just the same, madam," said the gallant old gentleman smilingly. "You are too good looking to be suspected of it if you hadn't confessed."—Leslie's Weekly.

**One Too Many For Him.**  
"Zee, na!" He served that fellow right," exclaimed Mrs. Henpeck as she finished reading the report of a bigamy case.  
"What is it, my dear?" asked her husband.  
"He was arrested and very promptly jailed because he took one wife too many."  
"Heavens! I wonder if they'll be after me next?"—Philadelphia Press.

**Why He Ate Salad.**  
Mrs. Greene—Charles, I was astonished at the way you devoured that salad tonight. You know you always said you detested salad.  
Mr. Greene—Yes, love, but I didn't know that there was another way of making it than yours.—Boston Transcript.

**Food For Reflection.**  
"Food for reflection," observed the ostrich, with a certain rude wit, as he swallowed the fragments of the mirror.  
—Detroit Journal.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman whose first thought in an emergency was to light the fire and put the kettle on?—Acheson Globe.

I never have seen any good manners, any real beauty, anything noble or good, outside of plat, simple naturalness.—Henry Norriann.

## SECRET SERVICE

Maxime Viquette was aching to distinguish himself, and the new espionage bill he declared would give him the requisite opportunity.

His one desire was to serve his country by the discovery of some ingenious plan to rob France of the copyright in her military defenses, and his appointment as detective was not a week old when he saw his chance.

He discovered a spy. The subject was in appearance Viquette's ideal redoubt spy. Of middle height, with bent back and jerky, irregular gait, his keen gray eyes shot flashes of intelligence from the cover of thick lashes and shaggy brows. His long, untrimmed white hair rose and fell with the old man's erratic movements or played with the breeze when its owner stood for awhile, suggesting an innocence that did not for one moment mislead Viquette.

Had he not perceived a paper in one hand and a pencil in the other? And, although the old man did not make a mark or jot a note while he strolled with apparent aimlessness about Fort d'Ivry, yet did not Viquette see the pencil fly over the paper before he had left the redoubt half a mile behind?

The old man then went to the railway station and entered a train. Viquette had only time to enter an adjoining carriage. But there he lost his spy.  
A week later Viquette was on the platform of the station, when he espied his runaway suspect entering a first class carriage. Viquette, not to be done a second time, followed him as the train started and quietly sat down by the door. His victim was already ensconced on the opposite seat at the farther end of the carriage, a clean sheet of paper spread open in one hand, a pencil in the other. He made no sign of observing Viquette's entry.

"He is wrapped in his thoughts," mentally exclaimed the detective. "I wish I had a mirror that would reflect them."

As if in answer to his desire, his companion spoke.  
"Yes; Fort d'Ivry will do, after all."  
Viquette started. For a moment he thought the remark was addressed to him, but a glance at the old man seated in the corner, buried in reflection, proved that he was unwittingly giving voice to his thoughts.

The train paused at Les Batignolles. Viquette, to give his companion confidence, feigned sleep. The train pursued its journey; the old man his reflections.

"Yes; Fort d'Ivry shall be the scene. The exterior I can picture with ease!"  
"You reconnoitered it long enough the other day," Viquette interrupted mentally.

"But how to gain the necessary detail of the interior?"  
"Go on," thought Viquette. "I pray you reveal your scheme for stealing a plan of the interior of the fort. It will be so considerable of you and so convenient to me."

The train brought up at Courcelles and steamed away again.  
"I must get permission to go inside, I suppose," continued the old man, still meditating.

"If you can," mentally responded Viquette.  
"The maire could not give it, I suppose, or I know I could persuade him. Why will the government put such barriers in the way of knowledge? A novelist of repute should be allowed to roam at will. His profession demands it. All information is necessary to his work, and he should have every facility for accumulating it without risk or trouble. If I attempted to gain even a most superficial acquaintance with the internal construction of Fort d'Ivry, I should be arrested on suspicion of being a spy."

Viquette opened his eyes and stared wonderingly at the old man in the corner. Had he, after all, made a huge mistake? Was this shabby veteran a novelist of repute merely anxious to lay the scene of a comic novel of Fort d'Ivry?

But almost immediately Viquette's cunning—which he had adopted with his profession—came to his aid.  
"He is not ignorant of my presence, as he assumes to be," he thought quickly. He even suspects my business and is doing his utmost to throw me off the scent. Well! Let him try! He has met a dog with a very keen scent for his professional age."

"Ah, well," muttered the old man resignedly. "I suppose I shall have to present myself to the minister of war and persuade them to give me a pass to the fort. It's a lot of trouble that ought never to be imposed upon a busy novelist, and I shall make it my business to tell them so."

Viquette chuckled silently. The train stopped at Porte-Maillet as the old man ceased speaking, and he rose to leave the compartment.

Viquette hesitated. He could not arrest his companion then without grave risk of failing to prove his charge. He decided to follow him, and as he rose to do so his eye caught a paper on the opposite seat of the carriage where his fellow traveler had been sitting.  
He made a dash for it and as he alighted unfolded it and recognized it at once as La Revue Illustrée des Belles Lettres. There was a life size portrait on the front page.

"Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed as he stood on the platform staring at it. "It is a likeness of the old man! He is a novelist, after all. He is M. Honore St. Jacques!"

And he read the name under the picture that was headed "Our Greatest Living Novelist."

"What an ass I am!" exclaimed Viquette, with charming candor.  
A month later this report was freely circulated and credited:

"There now remains no doubt that the man calling himself Honore St. Jacques, who received permission to inspect Fort d'Ivry and other redoubts, was an impostor and a spy, and that the plans he managed to abstract are now at the mercy of another country's diplomacy. The rogue bore such a close resemblance in dress and person to our great novelist that the war minister may be forgiven his mistake, but surely our detectives should have scented something amiss! Can they explain?"

Maxime Viquette wisely did not make the attempt.—Exchange.

**Forcing Her Into It.**  
"What made him propose to her in French?"  
"He accidentally overheard that the only French word she could pronounce was 'oui!'"—Harper's Bazar.