HOME MADE CANDIES

Wholesome and Pure,
Made to order and kept in stock.
The kind that mother used to make.

Butter Scotch, Taffy, Lemon Drops and all the rest made in Denison out of best materials by experienced candy maker.

THE PALACE BAKERY

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.

Something New That Interests You!

Just Received

A full line of Chamois Vests and Chest Protectors. If you have weak lungs and are subject to colds from slight changes in the weather, you cannot afford to be without one.

A complete line of Amole Vegetable Soap. Avoid chapped hands by using good soap.

We have added a line of Formaldchy de Generators and Inhalers. The newest and most scientific method for the treatment of Catarrh, Bronchitis and all Lung and Bronchial Troubles.

YOURS FOR GOOD HEALTH.

C. F. Cassaday & Co.

NEW BUSINESS HOUSE OPENED

The Denison Junk Shop.

J. KALMENSON,

Dealer in all Grades of Scrap Iron and all Kinds of Metals. The highest cash price paid for old iron, dry bones, beer bottles, rags, rubbers, ropes. Prices for mixed irom $5.00 per ton, stove iron per hundred 10 cents, bones per hundred 25 cents, rags 40 cents per hundred, rope per hundred 40c, rubber hose 40c, heavy brass 7c, copper 8c, clean rubbers free of cloth, buckles and rivets 4c per pound. The first corner house opposite Northwestern depot, Denison, Iowa.

Look Out for the First Chapters

Our old enemy's turn had come again.

John Topp, Pirate

By Weatherby Chesney and Alick Munro

We have purchased the serial rights of this thrilling story and it will appear in installments in this paper, beginning soon.

The Mystery of Count Landrinof

By Fred Whishaw

This is a new story which we have purchased and which will appear in this paper. The scene is laid in Russia and England, the incidents being those attending the search for a Russian nobleman who strangely disappeared from his home and family.

Her Knowledge of Chinese.

A young woman at a watering place one summer made a reputation as a profound linguist in a rather odd manner. She called one day at a Chinese laundry where she had left a shirt waist, but it could not be found, as there was no entry in the book of hieroglyphs corresponding to her pink slip. After a half hour's search the Chinaman found the entry. A mistake had been made, so the entry was crossed out and a new set of hieroglyphs in tiny characters placed below. She was told that the waist would be laundered immediately, and she could get it the next day.

The next day the young woman called for it, accompanied by three other young women. At the seashore the excitement of a visit to the Chinese laundry is not to be despised. The Chinaman to whom the pink slip was presented was not the laundryman of the day before, and he experienced the same difficulty in finding the identifying character, finally saying, "Not in book."

The girl answered calmly, "I can find it," and the Chinaman allowed her to take the book. Turning the leaves until she came to one that had an entry crossed out with another in tiny characters under it, she handed it to the Chinaman. "There it is," and, to his surprise, he found it.

"You only lady I know spik Chinese," he said. And the other girls looked upon her with admiration.—Kansas City World.

Her Celestial Credentials.

"Put it down thar," said the old man to the obituary writer, "that she wuz 42 an likely fer her age."

"That's down."

"That she wuz never known ter speak a cross word, bein deef an dumb from childhood."

"All right."

"That she is now at rest on Abraham's bosom— But hold on! Ain't that whar Lazarus is?"

"I think so."

He paused a moment as if in deep thought. Then he said:

"No matter! Put it down that she's thar, too, fer ef ever Lazarus sees her comin he'll vacate an hunt another restin place. 'Sides that, he's been thar too long anyhow!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The Soft Answer.

"There!" said the angry man, shoving a photograph, presumably of himself, under the photographer's nose. "Do you know what that makes me look like?"

"If you mean what it makes you look like at the present moment," answered the photographer, surveying the face of the angry man carefully, "I should say it makes you look as if you were about to throw a fit."—Indianapolis Press.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Illinois Central.

Going East.

No. 2, Chicago & St. Paul Limited—a	9:48 p. m
No. 4, Chicago Express—a	1:20 p. m
No. 26, Omaha & St. Paul Express—b	9:20 a. m
No. 32, Fort Dodge Passenger—b	6:53 p. m
No. 52, Chicago Manifest & Stock—a	11:15 p. m
No. 62, Fast Stock—c	6:30 a. m
No. 94, Local Freight—b	1:05 p. m

Going west.

No. 1 Omaha Limited—a	5:57 a. m
No. 3 Omaha Express—a	1:50 p. m
No. 25 St. Paul & Omaha Express—b	7:27 p. m
No. 31 council Bluffs Passenger—b	8:00 a.m
No 51 Maniest Freight—a	6:04 p. m
No. 61 Omaha Stock—c	11:15 p. m
No. 93 Local Freight—b	9:20 a. m

a—means daily. b—daily except Sunday. c daily except Saturday.

No. 2 arrives Chicago 10:20 a. m
No. 4 arrives Chiago 7:00 a. m.
No. 2 arrives St. Paul 8:00 a. m., at Minneapolis 7:30 a. m.
No. 26 arrives St. Paul 7:30 p. m., at Minneapolis 7:00 p. m.
Freight trains No. 93 and No. 94 carry passengers.
Tickets sold and baggage checked to all points
H. E. CASNER, Agent.

Chicago & Northwestern.

Going East.

No. 2, Overland Limited—stops	10:00 p. m
No. 4, Colorado Special—stops	9:10 a. m
No. 6, Atlantic Express—stops	7:14 p. m
No. 8, Chicago Express—all stops	2:20 p. m
No. 16, Local to Chicago—stops	6:55 p. m
No. 24, Way Freight	11:05 a. m
No. 31, Freight	2:35 p. m
No. 12, Passenger	11:29 p m

Going West

No. 1, Overland Limited—stops	5:54 a. m
No. 9, Fast Mail—don't stop	6:47 a. m
No. 33, Freight	9:10 a m
No. 3, Pacific Express—all stops	1:59 p. m
No. 5, Colorado Special—stops	9:18 p. m
No. 15, Fast Mail—don't stop	12:50 p. m
No. 11, Local to Council Bluffs—stops	5:45 a. m
No. 23, Freight	1:15 p. m
No. 21, Passenger Omaha	2:35 p m

Western Iowa Division—Boyer Valley Line.

No. 46, Accom. to Wall Lake	6:00 a. m.
No. 42, Pass. " " "	2:20 p. m.
No. 44, " " " "	7:15 p. m.
No. 45, Accom. from Wall Lake	5:20 p. m.
No. 41, Pass. " " "	1:50 p. m.
No. 43, " " " "	9:15 p. m.

These trains connect closely at Boyer for Kiron, Schloswig and points on Soldier Valley line and at Wall Lake with trains on Onawa, Moville and Lake City lines.

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul at Arion

GOING WEST.

No. 1 Passenger	6:31 a. m
No. 91 Way Freight	8:05 a m
No. 3 Passenger	1:41 p m

GOING EAST.

No. 2 Passenger	8:51 a. m
No. Passenger	7:32 p. m
No. 94 Stock Freight	9:05 p. m

Nos. 2, 3, 91 and 94 daily except Sunday.

PHIL DENNETT'S "HIGHBACK."

BY JOHN BOYD CLARKE.

Copyright, 1900, by John Boyd Clarke.

DOTTED over the great grain prairies of upper Minnesota are many little communities of unpainted plank cottages or even of "sod" houses whose inhabitants possess more of the characteristics of the old time Yankee than the present occupants of our New England homesteads. And the reason for this is plain. These western Yankees are lineal descendants of our best Puritan stock and in migrating to their prairie homes from the rugged New England hill farms took the peculiarities and homely virtues of their ancestors with them. Boston "culture" has been filtered over the New England farmsteads, and the old time Yankee or the old fashioned Yankee community is an impossibility in the east.

But these westerners display the industry and frugality of their ancestors. They are a hardworking people whose pleasures come laboriously. For eight months in the year it is a tug with nature for the necessities and a few of the luxuries of life. The other four months they are snow bound. It is in this season, when the snow mantles the prairies and the ice king fetters the water courses, however, that the Minnesota boys and girls find most of their pleasures.

It is in winter that "school keeps," and some of the pupils are well grown youths and maidens. There is little time for education during the rest of the year, and the ambitious are not ashamed to show their anxiety for "book learning." The schoolhouse, usually in the center of the widely scattered community, is the headquarters for all junketings and frolics. If the schoolmaster happens to be musically inclined, so much the better. There is at once a singing school established for one evening in the week.

Several years ago in a community of this kind known as Sassafras Bottoms the young people formed a singing club which met at the schoolhouse on Friday evenings. The people of the Bottoms made up a typical Minnesotian community—there were none very rich and few very poor. The young people had all met each other in the common school, that great leveler of class distinction, and there were few cliques.

There was one family, a recent acquisition to the Bottoms, which was rather an exception to this, however. They had lived some years down St. Paul way in a much more thickly settled part of the state and were inclined to look down a little upon their new neighbors. Especially was this true of the son and daughter. Hiram Ball was a little spick and span fellow, with dark complexion and eyes and hair as black as coal. He was very gallant with the ladies and was inclined to snub some of the boys in a way which they could not resent excepting in their hearts. His sister Mira was a pretty little brunette, but she, like her brother, had such an exalted opinion of her own importance that she was not very popular. In fact, the coming of the Balls to Sassafras Bottoms was the sowing of discord in the social life of the community.

The winter of which I write began with a good fall of snow the day before Thanksgiving, and at once the boys got out their sleighs and planned to take the girls to ride. There were all sorts and conditions of sleighs, from the wood sled with a carriage seat affixed and the ordinary "pung" to Phil Dennett's old fashioned "highback." Phil Dennett was the acknowledged leader among the young fellows of the Bottoms, and it was considered something of an honor among the girls to be invited to share his sleigh to and from singing school. The old highback, a huge box affair which had often held a merry party of six quite comfortably, was an institution in the Dennett family. It had belonged to Phil's great-uncle, and Phil patched and painted it every fall with a sort of veneration.

Phil was a merry, good tempered fellow, and, as I have hinted, the girls of his acquaintance were glad to go sleighing with him. But for two or three winters past there had been fewer frolics in the old highback. Phil had seemed to prefer taking one young lady at a time, and that fortunate person was always the same—the doctor's daughter, Myrtie Kemp. Other girls who may have secretly "set their caps" at the big, good natured young farmer had to turn their eyes elsewhere perforce.

Hiram Ball happened to pass the Dennett place the morning after the first snowfall and saw Phil's box sleigh in the yard.

"Hello, Dennett!" he exclaimed. "Where'd you get that ark?"

"Don't you like the looks of it?" queried Phil coolly.

"It looks like a relic of the mound builders," said Hi, with a laugh.

"Don't s'pose your sister would care to go sleighing with me, eh?" responded Phil.

"Well, hardly—in that thing."

"All right; I shan't ask her, then."

"Say, you don't really mean to say that you'd ask a girl to go to ride with you in that?" demanded Hi confidentially.

Phil looked at him calmly, but with a spark of fire in his eye. "If you wait till Friday night, you'll see the nicest girl in these bottoms riding in it," he said. "Myrtie Kemp, I mean."

The shot told, for it was an open secret that Phil was not the only fellow who worshiped at the shrine of the doctor's daughter.

Myrtie Kemp was almost the only girl in the neighborhood whom Miss Ball put herself out to become friendly with, and it was whispered that that was entirely for her brother's sake. Most of the young men of the Bottoms had long since decided that Phil had outclassed them in Myrtie's favor, but Hiram Ball was bound by no such belief. In truth, although Phil had made up his mind regarding Myrtie, he was not at all sure that she had made up her mind regarding him, and the poor fellow did not dare risk coming to the issue with the doctor's daughter.

Most of the boys were too busy making all secure about the farmsteads for the winter (that first fall of snow had come a little unexpectedly) to do much sleighing previous to the night of the singing club. The heavy wagons and wood sleds had by that time beaten a very fair path in the snow. Phil had not seen Myrtie, but it was quite understood between them that he was always to stop for her on his way to the schoolhouse. The day before, Thursday, somebody told him in the store that Hi Ball had got a new sleigh.

"It's come up on the last trip of the river steamer—come 'way from St. Paul," said his informant. "An they say it's a hummer. All red an yaller an silver bells on to the shafts. He'll cut some of you boys out with the gals this winter."

Phil scarcely thought this probable, however. Hi was most unpopular with the boys and was hardly liked by the girls despite his gallantry. But Phil had yet to learn that the glitter of gilt is often mistaken for the gleam of pure gold.

He harnessed his best horse into the box sleigh at the usual time and set out for the doctor's house. Far up the road, slewing out of a side lane which led to the Ball farm, there was a flash of red and yellow. It was Hiram's new sleigh, and behind Hiram's pacer it quickly disappeared from Phil's sight. He jogged along moderately. There was plenty of time before the singing school began.

When he reached the doctor's front gate, he noticed that a sleigh had stopped there before him, for he could see the tracks, but he still had no suspicion of the disappointment which awaited him.

The jolly little doctor met him at the porch door.

"You're too late, Phil!" he exclaimed, laughing in his usual boisterous manner. "Myrt's gone."

"Hey!" drawled the astonished Phil. "She ain't gone alone?"

"Bless you, no!" cried the doctor. "Hiram Ball just came in his new sleigh and took her. I tell you what, Phil, Hi's going to cut all you boys out with that new cutter of his."

Phil climbed back into the old highback and drove away without a word. He was dazed and bitterly disappointed. He was half minded to turn back

"You're too late, Phil!" he exclaimed. "Myrt's gone."

and not go to the schoolhouse at all. But then, pride coming to his rescue, he would not do that. He thought once of going around by some other girl's house and "spiteing" Myrtie in that way. But Phil was first of all just. There might be a mistake. Myrtie might have thought he was not coming. Perhaps she had been told he was not. He believed Hi thoroughly unscrupulous. So he drove on alone to the schoolhouse and hitched Black Bob to the rail beside Hi's handsome new turnout. It was a pretty cutter—rather too light for country travel—and he could scarcely blame any girl for wanting to ride in it.

The other fellows had gathered around and "thought" many things when Phil drove up alone, but nobody cared to chaff the big fellow. A mastiff is usually good natured, but there are some liberties that even a mastiff will not allow.

The boys and girls seldom sat with each other—unless it was a well understood fact that they were engaged—and Myrtie was in the midst of a bevy of chattering friends when Phil entered. She seemed to talk all the faster as he appeared, and an unmistakable blush arose to her cheek. Secretly the doctor's daughter knew she had treated her old friend meanly.

Phil calmly took his seat, but before the evening was over he found an opportunity to speak a moment with Myrtie in private.

"Will you ride home with me, Myrtie?" he asked.

"Oh, I must go back with Mr. Ball," she said nervously. "I have promised."

"You knew I was coming for you," he said quietly. "Will you go back with me?"

"I'll be glad to come with you next week, Phil," she said.

"I don't want you next week," he said, flashing fire. "I want you tonight."

"Very well. If you don't want me next week, you are not obliged to have me," responded Miss Myrtie, with her head up.

The red and yellow cutter stopped at the doctor's gate the next Friday night. Phil's highback went around by the other road. There was nothing more said by either; neither could their friends pump anything regarding the estrangement out of them. And Hiram Ball, wisely, sealed his own lips also.

Phil did not miss a session of the singing club. He seldom called for or drove any of the girls home. If he did, it was always somebody who otherwise would have been neglected. He told himself that Myrtie should see he was no weathercock. And, in truth, if he could not have the girl of his choice he wanted none at all.

The winter drew toward spring. There had been a thaw in February which almost spoiled the sleighing, but when it grew cold again the hard packed snow froze solid, and the runners fairly hummed over the roads. The wiseacres, too, declared that the winter was by no means over. There was a big storm due, and the longer it delayed the more severe it would prove when it finally came.

One Friday late in the month the snowbanks began to pile up around the horizon, and the farmers hastened to get their sheep into the folds and make all secure for the night. There was little wind, however, and the storm grew slowly. Phil was late at the singing club that night. It was well under way when he entered, and as he came in he brought with him a sudden cold blast of wind. The first flakes of the coming storm sparkled on his bearskin coat.

"You had better close early, Mr. Emery," he whispered to the master as he passed to a seat. "There is going to be a heavy gale."

But it is hard to break up a merry party of young people. The fine snow sifted down about the schoolhouse and packed hard over the door stone. Had they been without they would have heard now and then the snapping of the overladen branches of the forest trees behind the building. The schoolhouse stood upon the verge of a wood.

By the time the session broke up the wind had risen and was moaning angrily through the forest. It swept the snow fiercely into their faces as they breasted it too. It was astonishing how much had already fallen.

Everybody but Phil and the master hurried to get away. The latter lived at the nearest farmhouse—almost within stone's throw of the school—and Phil had a question or two in algebra he wanted explained. Although the young farmer did not attend the regular sessions of the school, he nevertheless spent his evenings at home in studying such books as he had previously had no opportunity of dipping into.

"Come, Phil, you'd best hurry along yourself," said Mr. Emery, going to the door and receiving the full strength of the gale in his face. "Why, it's a blizzard!"

"I'll see you home first," said Phil, laughing. "Black Bob is the best horse in a storm in the Bottoms. I shall get home all right."

They dug out the old box sleigh and backed the big black out of the horse shed. The others were already out of sight and hearing. Phil and the master tumbled into the sleigh, and Black Bob quickly drew them through the fast drifting snow to the master's abode.

"You'd better spend the night here, Phil," said Mr. Emery.

"Nonsense!" responded the young fellow, with a laugh.

"Well, you've a good horse and just the sort of a sleigh for the storm. The wind will be behind you most of the way too. That light cutter of Ball's will fare hard tonight."

The teacher's last sentence repeated itself over and over in Phil's mind as he drove toward home. Perhaps that was why he turned into the road which passed the doctor's house instead of taking the more direct route home.

Black Bob breasted the snow nobly and responded to Phil's verbal encouragement without his recourse to the whip, and he was almost past the doctor's before he knew it. He could not see the house—the driving snow hid that—but he recognized the big black gum in the fence corner. Hi and Myrtie must have got along before. At least he had not passed them on the road.

"Get up, old boy!" said Phil. "They'll keep him all night, so he's in no danger. If he is, it isn't any of our business."

Fifteen minutes later Black Bob suddenly stopped of his own accord.

"Well, what's up now?" demanded Phil in wonder. The old farm horse whinnied loudly, and borne to Phil's ears in reply faintly yet certainly was the whinny of another horse.

"By George, it's a horse!" cried Phil. He stood up and listened. The whinny was repeated, and added to it were the tones of a human voice.

"It's somebody off the road," thought Phil. "And dollars to doughnuts it's that fool, Ball!"

But as much as he hated Hiram he could scarcely leave him unassisted in such a storm as this. The road ran through an unfenced prairie. It was very easy indeed to get off the track. Phil pulled Black Bob out of the road and urged him through the drifts in the direction of the cries of distress. The snow swirled about them in a mighty shroud. He recognized the risk he took in leaving the trail, but what else could he do?

He shouted as Black Bob pressed on, but the voices in front seemed to recede. It was ten minutes or more ere he came in sight of a mistily outlined object in the snow—a horse and cutter half buried in the drifts.

Phil burst out at once. "What the dickens did you want to run away from me for?" he yelled. "Hey there! Do you hear me, Ball? Can you turn your horse around?"

But it was not Hi's voice that replied. Instead somebody cried, and in a voice of almost rapture:

"Thank God, it is Phil!"

Phil was out of the sleigh and had