

Man Ist Was Er Ist

Is the German Proverb.

It Means....

Man is
What
He Eats.

FINE BEEF MAKES FINE MEN

WE CARRY THE BEST OF EVERYTHING IN OUR LINE

Nice Tender Juicy Beef,
Fresh Pork, Veal, Poultry, Salt and
Fresh Fish, The Best Lard.
Pickles, Olives, Canned & Salt Meats.
Everything Neat,
Wholesome and Appetizing.
The Celebrated Armour Hams and
Bacon.

The Broadway Meat Market. | A. D. Randall, Prop.

FINE HOUSE FOR SALE!

Seven Room House, Fine Location. Rents Readily at \$14.00 Per Month. No Better Investment Could be Made. If You Wish to Buy.....

INQUIRE AT THE REVIEW OFFICE

FOR FULL INFORMATION.

BARRED PLYMOUTH ROCK COCKERELS FOR SALE

I have a number of the very finest Barred Plymouth Rock Cockerels for sale, at \$2 each. My birds score up the very highest. See those at Kemming's store. I purchased a start of Mr. Shirvers, the well known Knoxville breeder, and have had excellent success.

Mrs. Eva E. Girard, Near Schleswig, Iowa.

L. M. SHAW, P. es. O. 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, SIMS & KUEHNLE,
LAWYERS.

REAL ESTATE LOANS AT LOWEST RATES.

Capital \$100,000.

Deposits, \$300,000

Crawford County State Bank.

DENISON, IOWA.

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 shareholder 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, GEORGE NAEVE, M. E. JONES, C. J. KEMMING,
President, Cashier, Asst. Cashier,
V. President, H. F. Schwartz
Asst. Cashier,
L. Cornwell, Geo. Naeve, H. F. Schwartz
L. Cornwell, J. J. Cornwell.

75 BARRED PLYMOUTH ROCK COCKERELS FOR SALE



These Birds are of The Very Best.

B. F. LESHER.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Illinois Central.	
Going East.	
No. 2. Chicago & St. Paul Limited—	9:45 p. m.
No. 4. Chicago & St. Paul Express—	2:02 a. m.
No. 32. Port Dodge Passenger—	4:55 p. m.
No. 46. Mixed—	10:37 a. m.
No. 52. Chicago Manifest & Stock—	11:04 p. m.
No. 52. Fast Stock—	4:57 a. m.
No. 94. Local Freight—	12:50 p. m.
Going West.	
No. 1. Omaha Limited—	6:04 a. m.
No. 3. Omaha Express—	1:52 p. m.
No. 23. Port Dodge Passenger—	7:25 p. m.
No. 31. Council Bluffs Passenger—	4:55 p. m.
No. 51. Manifest Freight—	5:32 p. m.
No. 51. Omaha Stock—	11:04 p. m.
No. 93. Local Freight—	9:52 a. m.
a—means daily. b—daily except Sunday.	
Train No. 2 arrives at Ft. Dodge 11:43 p. m.	Waterloo 2:33 a. m. Dubuque 4:55 a. m.
Train No. 4 arrives at Ft. Dodge 11:03 a. m.	Waterloo 2:08 p. m. Dubuque 4:30 p. m. Chicago 9:30 a. m.
Train No. 46 arrives at Ft. Dodge 2:00 p. m.	Train No. 1 arrives at Omaha 8:05 a. 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	10:09 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	6:53 p. m.
No. 24. Way Freight	11:05 a. m.
No. 31. Freight	3:35 p. m.
No. 12. Passenger Omaha	11:29 p. m.
Going West.	
No. 1. Overland Limited—stops	5:44 a. m.
No. 3. Fast Mail—don't stop	6:47 a. m.
No. 33. Freight	9:10 a. m.
No. 5. Pacific Express—all stops	1:33 p. m.
No. 7. Colorado Special—stops	6:08 p. m.
No. 15. Fast Mail—don't stop	6:53 p. m.
No. 11. Local to Council Bluffs—stops	6:03 a. m.
No. 23. Freight	12:30 p. m.
No. 31. Passenger Omaha	2:35 p. m.
Western Iowa Division—Boyer Valley Line.	
No. 48. Accom. to Wall Lake	6:05 a. m.
No. 42. Pass.	2:35 p. m.
No. 41. Accom. from Wall Lake	7:00 p. m.
No. 44. Pass.	1:30 p. m.
No. 41. Pass.	1:30 p. m.
No. 43.	9:08 p. m.
These trains connect closely at Boyer Valley, Kiron, Schell and points on Soldier Valley line and at Wall Lake with trains on Oaawa, Merville 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. 92. Stock Freight	7:33 p. m.
No. 4. Passenger	9:05 p. m.
Nos. 2, 3, 91 and 94 daily except Sunday.	

TOUR OF ALL MEXICO

in Pullman's finest compartment Drawing Room, Library, Observation and Dining Cars—all vestibuled—with the celebrated

OPEN TOP CAR "CHILILITLI"

for observation in the mountains and canons and dining car in the tropics. A delightful trip of 38 days with three circle tours in the tropics of the south of Mexico and a visit to the ruined cities.

All exclusive features of these itineraries of leisurely travel and long stops—The special train starts Tuesday, January 22, from Chicago.

TICKETS INCLUDE ALL EXPENSES.

These select limited parties will be under the special escort and management of The American Tourist Association. Reau Campbell, General Manager, 1423 Marquette Building, Chicago. Itineraries, maps and tickets can be had on application to agents of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y

ILLINOIS CENTRAL

Excursion Rates.

For the meetings listed below, an excursion rate of one and one-third fare, on the certificate plan has been named from interested territory. For dates of sale and limit of tickets inquire of any Illinois Central ticket agent, or address the undersigned.
Des Moines, Iowa, annual meeting Iowa State Teachers' association, Dec. 26-28. On sale Dec. 22-28, limit January 1, 1901.
Des Moines, Iowa, annual convention Iowa Implement and Vehicle Dealers' association, January 2-4. On sale Dec. 29 to January 4, limit January 8.
Salt Lake City, Utah, annual convention National Live Stock association, January 15-18. One fare plus \$2.00, on certificate plan. On sale January 11-17, limit January 31.
Chicago, Ill., annual tournament American Bowling congress, January 7-15. On sale January 3-9, limit 16th. J. F. MERRY.
Asst. Genl. Pass. Agent, I. C. R. R., 99 Duquaine, Mo.

A Dog Robber's Charge.

By F. Y. Black,
Author of "The Last Sensation," "Sergeant of the Guard," "Old Hearts Alike," Etc.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY F. Y. BLACK.

I only ask of that proud race
Whose line shall end with me
That I may die and not disgrace
Its ancient chivalry.

—"The Bohemian Girl."

"WHAT," says I. "Oh, rats!"

says I. "The bloke busted

ye in the jaw, and ye

didn't do nothin' to 'im.

Ye ain't no good," I says, and I

says I. "The bloke busted

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years long past, when the man, now his officer, came to him as a little whining boy for protection, always cheerfully accorded.

"These dog robbin' details ain't my style, Sam—lieutenant," he said, "but I'll—I'll help ye out."

The sergeant grinned, for Spud's bluntness of speech was traditional in the troop, but Owen smiled faintly, and his eyes shot up at Murphy with a passing gleam of kindness as the old familiar mannerism flickered, flame-like, from the dying embers of his boyhood's fires.

"Thank you," he said, as if greatly relieved, and passed out.

The troop doubtless had many sneers to east upon Spud Murphy's abandonment of principle, but it was not a safe thing to speak too plainly before the New Yorker's face. Spud therefore, disdaining explanation, assumed charge next day of Owen's horses, took his supper and reported duly at the lieutenant's headquarters in the evening for orders. He was amazed to find the officer a different creature. His cheek was flushed, his eye was bright, he was filling his room with the music of his whistling as he moved about, and he greeted Spud with gay familiarity.

He talked garrulously of old times, of the sidewalks of his childhood; he laughed boisterously at remembrance of his great fight, the penalty of losing which would have been a severe thrashing from Spud. Murphy ought to have been delighted. He was at first, indeed, but the voice of Owen was too hilarious, his words too tumultuous in their outpouring, his laugh too boisterous. Ten years of garrison and camp had made the trooper a stickler for etiquette. He knew very well that such familiarity with an ordinary "buck soldier" was out of place. He knew very well that that familiarity was the worst of all possible things for discipline and order. Therefore he waxed cold and eyed the loquacious subaltern closely. Then he took the big glass of whisky offered to him, drank it standing with punctilious respect and withdrew, a good deal worried in his mind as to the future of an officer in whom, for the glory and honor of the old ward, he felt the greatest interest.

"He drinks," he muttered as he crossed the parade to barracks. "That little devil Sammy's taken to drinkin'. Oh, rats!"

And long after taps the dog robber lay awake, frowning at the mosquito bar over him.

"The worst thing is," he pondered, "the kid didn't get that dose at the club, like an officer and a gentleman. He swallows his medicine all by himself in his room. Sammy's a lone fisherman, and they're no good."

He was at Owen's quarters before reveille. The lieutenant lay on the sitting room lounge, his blouse open, breathing stertorously. He had not been to bed. On the floor beside him lay an empty bottle. His fingers, hanging lifelessly to the floor, seemed to feel for it. Spud shook him silently, but with little effect. The sergeant ran to the hydrant in the yard and came back with a bucket of water, which he sluiced vigorously over the lieutenant's face and chest. He put another coat on him somehow, gave him a fiery gulp of liquor and hustled him out on the parade just in time to report his troop present and get down to morning stables.

"This here racket's got to be stopped," said Murphy, "if either Sammy Owen or me's goin' to face New York again and hold up our heads in the ward. Gee, he'll be under arrest in a week at this rate!"

From that day Spud Murphy went about his new work with an altogether unusual reticence and with a faithful devotion which was novel. He seldom now declaimed as he had been wont to declaim on the valor and virtues of his beloved city's inhabitants, among whom he reckoned dearest his erstwhile neighbors, the prosperous Owens. But if the new lieutenant's name was mentioned in his hearing his quick eye turned sharply on the speaker, and his big ears cocked up like a terrier's. He heard little said against his master and protege, for Owen attended to his routine duties and did not attempt radical reforms after the manner of some ambitious johnnies come lately.

Gradually a feeling of pity spread in the troop for the youngster, who was so quiet and courteous, yet so nervous at times and always so gray faced and unhealthy looking. As for his fellow officers, they found that, in spite of his apparent delicacy, Owen could do fairly well all things that they did. He rode, shot, danced, boxed, played poker or billiards with that decent average success which excites neither contempt nor jealousy. He never drank and was methodical in his duties, so that his colonel thought well of him; as a man who in time would make a model regimental quartermaster or fill some such place, where rivers were never expected to be set on fire.

But Spud, writing home in these days to his old father, a saloon keeper in the dearly loved ward, grew mendaciously heroic in his descriptions of Sammy's successes. "He's an honor to us all," said Spud, "and we'll be prouder of him some day even than of his father. I hear old Owen's to go to the senate. He may be president yet, and Sam'll be a general in time, if the saints allow a war. Horry for the old ward! It's men we breed there."

Spud grinned sardonically as he wrote, but how proud old Murphy was to show that letter across the bar to his ancient c'm, the member from the district! Owen senior blew his nose violently when he read it and straightened up like a youngster. He slipped a \$20 bill in an envelope, with an encouraging line to Spud, suggesting that his pull in Washington might do something for an old friend's son. Spud spent the money honorably with the boys across the post trader's bar.

but asked for no help through Washington.

"'Twill break the old man's heart," thought he, "when the truth's known."

Little Dr. May, who was known to officers and men alike, so immediately appropriate was the nickname, as the "kid," was then the contract surgeon, or "citizen doctor," attached to the post. He was smoking his last pipe before turning in one night when a knock came to the outer door of his quarters. Opening it, the light of the lamp fell upon Spud Murphy's face.

"Doctor," said the dog robber quietly, "Lieutenant Owen's a mighty bad. Will ye come and see him?"

The kid put away the lamp, asked some questions, put a few things in his pockets and stepped off to Owen's quarters at the end of the row, somewhat isolated from the rest. Owen had the house all to himself. Spud followed five paces behind, as was seemly. At the house he gained on the doctor and spoke hesitatingly.

"Doctor, ye'll soon see for yerself, and it's no use lyin' about it. If it's not against the rules and regulations, will ye keep it to yerself? It's drink."

Dr. May whirled on his heel and stared at the man. No one had ever seen Lieutenant Owen drink. He whirled again and entered, and Spud Murphy followed him.

On the edge of the bed sat the unhappy young officer, shaking horribly, while great drops of perspiration trickled down his cheek. His face was ashen. His eyes were full of a pitiful horror.

"Doctor," he cried and tottered to the kid, "save me! For God's sake, save me!"

The clean shaven, plump rosiner of the kid's cheeks were in strong contrast to the gray leanness of Owen's. As great was the difference between his cool firmness and Owen's horrible unstrung condition.

"Get back into bed," said the doctor, "and tell me what all this is about."

Then followed a wretched, ghastly scene as the young officer, with shaking voice and weak tears, chattered incoherently. He told of his last year at West Point, where the vice had got hold firmly of him; how he had escaped detection marvellously and how, when on his leave after graduation, he had let himself go. He had hoped the new life on the plains would help him to freedom, but—Spud Murphy alone knew of the hopeless lonely fight in the bachelor's quarters.

He kept on crying, "Save me, doctor, save me!"

The doctor spoke to Spud, who stood off in the shadows, watching Owen with a curious mingling on his broad face of pity, sorrow, contempt and shame.

"Has he been like this before?" the kid asked.

"Twice," said Spud. "Not so bad, but I've had the worst time keepin' it dark. Tonight I was sure he was auspepleed, so I gives the thing up, and I goes for ye. See?"

Suddenly the man in the bed rose up with a screech, his eyes reflecting horror. Instantly Spud pounced on him and clapped a hand on his mouth that the sound might not penetrate unfriendly ears. He and the kid held the maniac down until the prooxym passed. Then May took a syringe from his pocket, filled it and bared his patient's arm.

"