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.**

Cap ital $1000. 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 holden 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 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, V-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, SIMS & KUEHNLE,

LAWYERS.

REAL ESTATE LOANS AT LOWEST RATES.

# The North Star Livery Barn,

HEALY BROTHERS, Proprietors.

(*Successors to W. J. McAhren.*)

Fine, first-class turnouts furnished the public at reasonable rates A kind invition extented to all wishing good service at low rates to call at the old stand on Main Street.

*Healey Bros., - Denison, Iowa.*

LUNCHES. SHORT ORDERS.

# "the calumet."

The Popular Lunch Room on Broadway. Open all night.

Fine Candies and Cigars. Fresh Bread and Bakers Goods. Oysters in all Styles.

SEYMOUR & LYMAN, Proprietors.

# J. L. WARBASSE,

Dealer In Musical Instruments of All Kinds!

The Cable & Kingsbury, Smith & Barnes and other makes of Pianos. Newman Bros. Organs with pipe tones, Burdette Organs, Chicago Cottage Organs and other musical instruments. White Sewing Machine with ball bearing—the easiest running machines in the market. Sheet music. Call and examine—We will try to make it to your advantage. Lady attendant.

TwoDoor North Postoffice, - Denison, Iowa.

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S. F. AINSWORTH, PROP.

Denison's oldest and best lunch room. Under new and up-to-date management. Hot Lunches, Short Orders, Etc., served at all hours, day or night. For a first-class meal at a reasonable price the Bon Ton sets the pace. Located on Broadway under Prill's store.

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Twenty years experience is a guarantee of first-class work. The best of recommendations from Denison patrons. Bids and estimates furnished on request. Try me.

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A woman who has had experience with this disease, tells how to prevent any dangerous consequences from it. She says: Our three children took whooping cough last summer, our baby boy being only three months old, and owing to our giving them Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, they lost none of their plumpness and came out in much better health than other children whose parents did not use this remedy. Our oldest little girl would call lustily for cough syrup between whoops.—Jessie Pinkey Hall, Springville, Ala. This Remedy is for sale by C. F. Cassaday & Co. Broadway Pharmacy.

## Peter Sanders. Jr.,

**Painter!** Paper Hanging a specialty. Best of workmanship guaranteed. Estimates furnished. Denison, Iowa

## Plymouth Rock Eggs

The up-to-date Plymouth Rock man, Fred R. Marshall, is now ready to sell eggs for hatching. A good hatch guaranteed or money refunded. Address

Fred R. Marshall, Denison, Ia.

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*Lightning Bill POSTER*

Bill Poting, Distributing, sign tacking, etc.

Denison, Iowa.

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REAL ESTATE.

Farm and town property for sale or exchange in Oklahoma, any part of South Dakota or Crawford County, Ia. Loans made on above property. Office with Chas. Bullock.

DENISON, - IOWA.

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## Kerosene and Gasolene

Delivered at your homes a great convenience. Always prompt and reliable.

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## DRESSMAKING

Fancy and Plain Sewing done at Reasonable Prices. First-class work guaranteed. Corner Pine and East Prospect street, east side **Mrs. W. Cowlham.**

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## General Stenographer.

Stenographic work of all kinds quickly and accurately done. Office with E. Gulick

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**Penn Mutual Life Insurance**

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ALL FORMS OF LIFE INSURANCE

*C. H. & H. E. RUMSEY, Gen. Agts,* Des Moines, Iowa.

*W. W. Cushman, - Local Agent, Denison.*

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Artist.

China Painting, Water Colors, Figures, Fruit and Flowers. Orders taken. Wedding and Holiday presents promptly done. Lessons given. Water color studies for China painting for sale. Address E. F. Tucker's residence.

NINE ROOM HOUSE for sale. Modern. All conviences. A fine location. Easy terms. Inquire at this office.

# DENISON BRICK WORKS

High grade building brick Repressed brick on hand. The use of improved machinery makes our brick of the best durable quality. For our prices address

C. GREEN, Prop.

DENISON, IOW.

# CIVIL WAR CHARGES.

## THE ASSAULTS AT GETTYSBURG AND KENESAW MOUNTAIN.

**A Veteran's Opinion of the Two Brilliant and Daring Dashes—A Lieutenant's Report on Tired Mules With Ravenous Appetites.**

"Shortly after the battle of Chickamauga," said Captain Fitch, "I was appointed chief quartermaster of the signal corps of the department of the Cumberland, stationed at Chattanooga. On taking account of the quartermaster's stores I found that I was in need of some light wagons to be used in the mountainous country, and the only way to get them was to go to Nashville and have them made, so I went to Nashville and had five light wagons made by the quartermaster's department. When I got back to Chattanooga with the wagons, I put a citizen teamster in charge of the wagons and mules.

"The teamster, being a green hand, did not know that mules would eat anything within their reach and innocently tied them to the wheels of the wagons. Not long after that I got an order to be ready to march, and on going out to inspect my outfit I found that the mules had eaten the spokes of the wheels nearly off, so that the wagons were ready to fall down of their own accord. As I could not use them I had no recourse but to drop them from my returns, and, being obliged to assign a reason for so dropping them, I gave the true one—viz, 'Eaten by mules.'

"Shortly afterward I got a letter from the quartermaster general sarcastically inquiring if Lieutenant Fitch had observed whether the mules had eaten the tires or not. I replied that I presumed they had, as they seemed to be thoroughly tired the next day. The quartermaster general wrote back, 'Any further trifling with this department on the part of Lieutenant Fitch will probably result in his being retired to private life.' Thereupon I dropped the subject, but my first report was correct."

"At Chickamauga," said the major, "Longstreet's men ran over our headquarters teams. Every mule in one of the teams went down, and the wagon stood an obstruction in the road. Five minutes later every mule was on its feet, and a wounded teamster yelled at them to pull out. They started without more ado, swept along the road after our broken regiments and, turning at just the right point, came into our new lines and stopped where the headquarters flag had been stuck in the ground. The driver reported later and drove into Chattanooga.

"One of these mules the night before had pulled the blanket off our division commander, had run over the lines of soldiers sleeping in close battle order, had raided the Confederate pickets and had returned to our bivouac under a furious fire. The men of the brigade took a solemn vow to shoot the mischievous mule at daylight, but when daylight came they had other things to shoot at, and the mule was forgotten until he came in at the head of the team attached to the headquarters wagon. Then the boys who had witnessed the charge and the escape of the driverless team counted the mule's deviltry as nothing."

"That charge of Longstreet, by the way," said the colonel, "was one of the great charges of the war, and it was as successful as any as a breaker of lines. Of course we think of Pickett's charge at Gettysburg in a class to itself, but I have often wondered whether the Union assault on the Confederate position at Kenesaw mountain June 27, 1864, should not be put in the list with the Confederate charge at Gettysburg. Pickett's charge was of course the more spectacular, and the assaulting force was more compact, but while it broke the Union line at one point it was driven back in disastrous retreat.

"The direct assault on the fortified line on Kenesaw was made by three brigades, no better troops than Pickett's Virginians, but it must be remembered that while they failed to pierce the Confederate line they held their position and did not retreat. Their loss was correspondingly as heavy as Pickett's at Gettsburg. Sherman's idea was to show his own army as well as the Confederate army that he could make a frontal attack. If the assault had been made and the assaulting column had retired, as did Pickett's column at Gettysburg, the effect on the army would not have been as it was when the regiments that led the assault clung to their position not more than 30 paces from the Confederate parapets.

"The attack failed except in that it was an illustration of the spirit of the Union troops in assault. Lee's purpose at Gettysburg was undoubtedly to drive Pickett's 16,000 men like a wedge through the Union lines. The failure of the attempt led to the retreat of the whole Confederate army. Sherman's purpose at Kenesaw was to capture the Confederate fortifications. The attack let to the retreat not of Sherman's army, but of the Confederate army, and I have always held that the ground over which the Union regiments of that day swept forward ought to be as precious to the men of McCook's, Harker's and Mitchell's brigades as is the ground at Gettysburg to the men of Pickett's brigades."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**Their Loyal Answer.**

On one of Queen Victoria's earliest visits to London she observed to her friend, the then Earl of Albemarle, "I wonder if my good people of London are as glad to see me as I am to see them."

He pointed to the letters V. R. woven into the decorations and said, "Your majesty can see their loyal cockney answer, 'Ve are.'"

# RIDING ON AN AVALANCHE.

**Down a Steep Canyon Without a Bruise or a Scar.**

Few mountaineers go far enough into the avalanche regions to see much of them, and fewer still know the thrilling exhilaration of riding on them, says John Muir in The Atlantic. In all my wild mountaineering I have enjoyed only one avalanche ride, and the start was so sudden and the end came so soon I thought but little of the danger that goes with this sort of travel, though one thinks fast at such times.

One calm, bright morning in Yosemite, after a hearty storm had given three or four feet of fresh snow to the mountains, being eager to see as many avalanches as possible and gain wide views of the peaks and forests arrayed in their new robes before the sunshine had time to change or rearrange them, I set out early to climb by a side canyon to the top of a commanding ridge a little over 3,000 feet above the valley. But I was not to get top views of any sort that day, but instead of these something quite different, for deep trampling near the canyon head where the snow was strained started an avalanche, and I was swished back down to the foot of the canyon as if by enchantment. The plodding, wallowing ascent of about a mile had taken all day, the undoing descent perhaps about a minute.

When the snow suddenly gave way, I instinctively threw myself on my back and spread my arms to try to keep from sinking. Fortunately, though the grade of the canyon was steep, it was not interrupted by step levels or precipices big enough to cause outbounding or free plunging. On no part of the rush was I buried. I was only moderately imbedded on the surface or a little below it and covered with a hissing back streaming veil, and as the whole mass beneath or about me joined in the flight I felt no friction, though tossed here and there and lurched from side to side, and when the torrent wedged and came to rest I found myself on the top of the crumpled pile, without a single bruise or scar.

Hawthorne says that steam has spiritualized travel, notwithstanding the smoke, friction, smells and clatter of boat and rail riding. This flight in a milky way of snow flowers was the most spiritual of all my travels, and after many years the mere thought of it is still an exhilaration.

# CURIOUS PRIVILEGES.

**Some of the Prerogatives Which Embassadors May Exercise.**

A curious privilege of an embassador is that he and he alone when dismissed may turn his back to the sovereign to whose court he is accredited. The mode of procedure is as follows:

When the embassador's audience is over, he waits to be dismissed by the sovereign. When dismissed, the embassador bows, retires three paces, bows again, retires another three paces, bows a third time, turns on his heels and walks to the folding doors. But it is felt that more polite methods should obtain when the reigning sovereign is a woman. To turn his back is to be discourteous, to walk backward is to resign a privilege. The embassador retires sideways, like a crab. He keeps one eye on the sovereign and with the other tries to see the door. He thus shows politeness to the sovereign and at the same time retains one of his privileges. As the embassador is usually an old gentleman, often short sighted, he sometimes fails to reach the door and comes in collision with the wall.

Another privilege of embassadors is the right of being ushered into the royal presence through folding doors, both of which must be flung wide open. No one except an embassador can claim this privilege. The most any nonembassadorial person can expect is that one of the leaves shall be opened to him. The reason for this privilege is not known. There are certain irreverent suggestions that have been made, but we prefer to be silent with regard to them.

Another privilege, capable of causing great inconvenience, is the embassador's right of admission to the sovereign at any hour of the day or night. Thus the minister representing some little bankrupt state could go down to Windsor and demand an audience at 4 o'clock in the morning. The audience would have to be granted, though it could be delayed by the exercise of ingenuity.—Chambers' Journal.

**The True Mission of Luxury.**

No luxury is justifiable that ends in simple enjoyment. It must be turned to good account by adding to our powers of usefulness. It we enjoy reading, are we enthusiastic for the public library? If we enjoy outdoor life, are we anxious for parks and pleasure grounds for the people? If we revel in art or music, do we long that picture galleries be thrown open or good music be attainable by all? Do we strive whenever possible to share our luxuries, whatever they may be, with those less favored than ourselves, or are we satisfied with our own enjoyment as an end instead of using it as a means to bettering the lives of others also? Truthful answers to those questions will speedily tell us also whether our own special luxuries are building up character and life or whether they are the means of lowering the one and narrowing the other.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The imperial family of Russia possesses the most valuable collection of precious stones of any reigning house in the world.

The favorite theatrical play in India is the presentation of the exploits of some god.

# A Hopeless Love.

"Tomorrow!"

There was so much incredulous, passionate pain in the man's voice that even haughty Lenore Glenco turned a little pale; yet other men—prouder men—who had conquered fortune and wrung laurels from the reluctant hand of fame, had bent as low before her beauty and her power as did this struggling artist, this stranger whom her father had employed to paint her in all her languid loveliness.

"Tomorrow!" he said once more with working lips. "I did not know it—I did not dream it. Tomorrow."

"You seem very much surprised, Herr Grisworld," she said slowly in chill, musical accents. "Yet I fancy most of the people who have heard of me know that on the morrow I become a bride. I am glad the portrait is finished; I could not give another sitting, and I wished my father to have this reminder of me. You have made of it a marvelous likeness, albeit a trifle flattering. I will send my father to you and now will bid you farewell."

She allowed the velvet to fall and hide the portrait and with a slight inclination of her stately, sunny head turned away.

But she had not gone half a dozen steps when the young man darted before her and flung himself on his knees at her feet, lifting a face as white as sea foam to the light that came redly in from the western window.

"Oh, do not leave me so! I know my presumption, my madness, but listen; let me say it once in words—I have told you in a hundred ways unreproved—I love you—I love you!"

The eyes of the beautiful girl fairly flashed, then grew cruelly cold and hard as blue steel.

"Unreproved!" she said haughtily. "Do you know why, sir painter? Because we do not reprove what we do not deign to notice. What madness has made you forget that I am the daughter of Baron Glenco, the affianced of the Marquis Le Noir, while you—you have been employed by my father to but paint me, as you have done? Rise, Herr Griswold, or at least suffer me to pass."

"Oh, for the love of pity, leave with me but a touch of your hand—but a single word!" he prayed. "I know how true it all is that you have said, but I am mad—mad! And tomorrow you become a bride! Oh, bend to me once. Lay your hand even on my hair, and I will forever bless you! I am dying of my love!"

But the woman before him, held there by the hands fastened in her velvet dress, did not soften, did not bend. Instead a slow, angry, haughty color flushed her flawless face.

"You are mad!" she said coldly, scornfully, drawing her robes from his tremulous hands and erecting her golden head with a more than human pride. "I bend to you! I lay my hand in yours! Let me again remind you I am a noble's daughter, and royal blood is in my veins. You have surely forgotten that I am not a peasant, to whom your love would be welcome and your emotion a compliment."

"Hear me! Say one kindly word to prove that you are human and can feel for me, as even a queen might feel for one who loved her without hope! Because the same God created us! Spare me your scorn!" he prayed agonizedly.

But she drew beyond the reach of his outstretched hands, turned in the warm sunset glow and went, slowly, languidly, proudly, leaving him there alone in the magnificent light of the dying day prone, as he had flung himself, face downward, on the polished oaken floor, quivering, shuddering, stricken unto death almost by the scorn she had flung from her eyes upon him.

"Has the brush of the artist done you justice?" asked the marquis fondly. "Nay, I know it has not! An inspiration would have to come for that—the divine inspiration of a more than human love."

A few moments the lovers paused in the corridor, hand in hand, whispering softly of the life before them, with all its glorious promise.

Then, pushing open the heavy door, which had swung to but an hour before behind the baron's daughter, they entered the room in which, on its easel, under concealing folds of rich, ruby hued velvet, stood the portrait of Lenore Glenco.

Was poor Griswold still prone before it, with his delicate face pressed against the oaken floor, his sobs still filling the silence?

No, nor was the portrait now shrouded. With the full, red splendor of the dying day striking warmly on the canvas it faced them as they entered.

But what vandal hand had so marred the serene and lofty loveliness, so chilled and frozen the proud smile on the crimson lips, so changed the blue of the marvelous eyes, until their light was but cruelty, their azure but cold, steel-like glitter, like that which gleams upon the quarry of some merciless lion when the fangs are in its flesh and the life is slowly going from it?

Aghast, shocked beyond words, with a growing horror on his face, the marquis looked, fascinated, yet repelled by that pictured cruelty.

"Where is the fellow?" he asked between his teeth. "His very life shall but poorly pay the insult given you by his brush!"

She had not spoken, had not moved before, but now the haughty pride of her race flamed up in her, intolerant and merciless. The blue of her eyes had light not unlike that which met them from the undried canvas as, lifting her hand, she pointed to where, in a distant part of the room, with his face buried on his bosom, the artist who had thus offended crouched in a great chair.

"Heavens, the man is dead!"—Chicago Times-Herald.