

# WITHOUT ROMANCE.

BY BARRY PAIN.

She sat on the floor in front of the roaring fire in her beautiful room. This she did to put the last touch to the drying of her long hair; it was always a tedious work. She was clad in a silver-gray dressing-gown of pleasing luxury, her little feet in silver-gray slippers. Close to her feet lay the fourpence-halfpenny magazine which she had bought at the railway station because she liked the girl's face pictured (abominably) on the cover. She had sent her maid to bed, the rest of the staid household was asleep; she was quite alone. Her attitude was charming and graceful; grace was in her blood, and she loved her own beauty.

She had been reading a love story by nobody in particular in the fourpence-halfpenny magazine. Frankly, the author had no more art than a dead fish. He was pretentious, weak and untrue. He was a merchant in sentimental molasses, common as dirt, flat-footed, blundering, impotent. At least, he was all that to anybody of right taste, but the girl liked his story, and had just finished reading it for the second time. It was simply a matter of experience. Later, she learned how hateful that kind of work was. At present the worn-out subject had a freshness and glamour for her, and she was unable to detect the senility of the treatment. Even now, she could not easily endure the illustrations; that remarkably common young man, with the usual black mustache and the preposterous waistcoat, was no hero for her; the good looks of a tailor's dummy did not appeal to her; you could sweep a hundred such out of any city train any morning.

She had her hero already—or, if not a hero, a prospective husband. It was all arranged, and she was to be married next month, and she had not the least inclination to escape from it; indeed, she was very fond of Sir Charles. He was rather old, but not more than rather old and not in the least decayed; he was a keen sportsman still. He had a decent and rather aristocratic ugliness, and looked well on a horse. On his generosity and his physical courage she felt that she could depend absolutely. She could tick off endless reasons for marrying Sir Charles. And she could not find one reason against it except, perhaps—

Well, she put it to herself in this way. If Sir Charles had never loved her, would it have broken her heart? Would it be frankly brutal—have mattered the half of a batpin to her? Her whole being gave an unequivocal "no." It would not have mattered in the very least. She would never have given one serious thought to him. She had naively confessed as much to him once; and the real modesty of his answer had made her like him all the better. But the girl in the ten-for-a-shilling story was quite different. That girl's name was Madeline Wynecourt, and she did things thoroughly; she flattered; she flattered; she clasped her hands tightly to her heart; her dark eyes filled with tears; she rarely slept, and she showed a nice taste in sunsets. And all that was three paragraphs before the hero declared his passion, and pages before he finally deserted her.

If it had been only the story, that would not have affected the girl in the silver-gray dressing-gown very much. After all she had some common sense, and even if she could not see how essentially stock-still Madeline Wynecourt was, she fully realized that it was only a make-up for a magazine. But then she had known girls in real life who had fallen deep in love, and had seen with a wonder that had in it something of envy and something of horror the hunger for the paradise of their eyes.

The girl in the silver-gray dressing-gown smiled quaintly. "I've none of the symptoms," she said to herself. Then she ran her hand through her hair and found it quite dry and warm. She rose and switched off the electric light; the flicker from the fireplace lighted her to bed.

Her two years of married life, peaceful and uneventful, ended abruptly. Sir Charles was returning from a before-breakfast gallop, when his mare put her foot in a hole. He was dead almost before he knew what had happened.

We are all creatures of habit, and any woman who pours out tea for any man for rather more than 700 mornings becomes greatly attached to him. Her ladyship was completely overcome. Subsequently, she made a very pretty widow. She paid many visits—her big house was so lonely for her. For a similar reason in time she picked up the threads again, and entertained a good deal. She was rather bored, and she refused several proposals from quite nice men who would have bored her worse than even solitude could do. And one night—or early morning—in her sleep, she had this dream. She was complaining to somebody whom she could not see, though she could hear his voice very distinctly. She was feeling hurt and angry.

"It's too bad," she said. "I've had no romance in my life at all. Nothing to wrap me all over and make my heart stop a moment? Yes, plenty of it. But I've missed something. I've missed romance."

"Sir Charles?" said the voice interrogatively.

"You know how fond I was of him. We never had a quarrel. He was a good man—but, well, he was not like that."

The voice appeared to snigger a little.

"I want romance," she went on. "I want flame and color."

The voice grew very serious. "Beyond your means, my dear. All gain is paid with loss proportional. You could not pay the price. You—"

But the rest seemed to be lost in the applause of a great multitude. She woke suddenly. The maid who had been tapping gently at the door brought in the tea—Black and White.

**The Negro Seized the Big Word.**

"The English language, considered in its correct aspect, is probably the most puzzling thing in the world to the negro," said a member of the New Orleans bar, who occasionally has a case in the criminal court. "The fact that so many words are pronounced exactly alike while being differently spelled has been a matter of some confusion to the foreigner, and I have reached the conclusion that the negro is bothered in the same way. Recently I had occasion to notice an example of this in a trial in a criminal court of this city. A negro had been introduced as a witness, and being unused to courts and court procedure, he was ill at ease, and if he had been on trial for his liberty or his life he would not have shown more gravity. During the course of the examination one of the attorneys, in an effort to develop one feature of the case, turned to the witness with the statement that he wanted the particular matter 'elucidated.' The negro floundered around for some time, and was finally allowed to go, and just as he was passing through the gate he said excitedly to an acquaintance: 'I sho is glad to be loose-dated.' He had caught the sound of the word, and thought he knew the meaning, and so he used it."

—N. O. Times-Democrat.

# BRYAN STILL ON DECK.

There is a Large and Potent Element of the Democracy Sticking to Him.

Mr. Bryan's recent visit to Washington has set a great many persons guessing. Perhaps the most philosophical consideration of the matter, taking into view Mr. Bryan's relations to the active forces of his party, is that made by the Washington Star. It notes two suggestive things in connection with the visit of the late candidate. One of them was that of his reception on the senate side of the capitol was less cordial than on the house side, and the other that the younger men of the party are the ones who seek him out. The Star adds that Mr. Bryan was never a favorite with the democratic members of the senate. His prominence upset too many senatorial hopes and interfered with the old system which lodged the control of the party in the hands of a comparatively few veterans. The Star adds:

"Mr. Bryan has from the outset been the choice of the younger men of the party. They 'whooped it up' for him at Chicago at the time of his first nomination. A young man himself, handsome, confident and eloquent, he appealed to them strongly. It tickled them greatly to see him elbow his way to the front and displace veterans like Bland and Boies and Blackburn, and when he did so they seized the standards in the convention hall and formed that marching procession of howling enthusiasts whose demonstration made the nomination. And the young men of the party are still very proud of their young leader. They cling to him even in defeat, and neglect no opportunity to testify to their admiration and devotion.

"We see, then, in this difficulty under which the democratic party at present labors. The older members are anti-Bryan. They have supported him twice, but they see his shortcomings as a leader and are not patient under a proposition to try him again. Time is a great element in their calculations. If they are to witness the return of their party to power it must be soon. The younger men are not disturbed by this consideration. They, too, want to win, but when Mr. Bryan says that the party can afford to wait for success and must meanwhile stick to principles they harken to a man of grit and character. Still, if success is to be achieved the older men and the younger men must get together, and under Mr. Bryan or somebody else work like the nation with but one end in view. A party divided against itself cannot win."

Mr. Bryan himself probably knows the situation as well as anyone, says the Troy Times. He understands that his strength is with the young, the emotional and the ardent but largely undisciplined element of his party—the element which is not discouraged by defeat, because that serves to give him a romantic and sympathetic interest in such eyes. It is harder to bring this element into the traces of stern party rule—the rule which recognizes the fact that to succeed there must be concession, sacrifice of personal preferences and union in essentials in order to win success—than any other with which political management has to deal.

That element of the democratic party—a large and potent one—is still solidly with Mr. Bryan, if appearances go for anything. And he also has his grasp on the party machinery. If the older democratic heads in the country at large and the grave and reverend seniors of that party in the senate think Mr. Bryan has passed so completely that he is no longer to be reckoned with in computing chances they are making what appears to be a gigantic mistake.

**HARD TIMES THRIVERS.**

It is Only When the Country Suffers from Adversity That Democrats Are Happy.

The democrats of the senate have prepared a report giving the reasons why they are opposed to the passage of the ship subsidy bill. As a matter of course they attack the bill on the ground that it is "wrong, unjust, vicious, and pure class legislation." That was to have been expected. The democrats always denounce proposed republican legislation in that way. The Dingley tariff bill was so denounced, yet it has brought unexampled prosperity to the country. The bill to establish the gold standard was so denounced, yet it has restored business confidence. In fact, the republicans have proposed nothing in the way of national legislation within the past 40 years that has not been opposed by the democrats on the ground of viciousness and class favoritism.

For that reason little attention will be paid to the democratic protest against the passage of the ship subsidy bill. Regardless of the merits of this measure, it may be said that the democrats are always ready to denounce any legislation, says the Cleveland Leader, because they can always prove that prosperity will afford an opportunity for the people to make money, and thus defeat the party of calamity at the polls. It is only when the country is suffering from adversity that the democrats are happy. When mills are idle and men are walking the streets there is little chance to array class against class. The surest proof that the people do not trust the democrats or pay lasting attention to their appeals to class prejudice is found in the fact that whenever there are hard times the voters always turn to the republicans to restore prosperity, and they are never disappointed.

The ship subsidy bill may not pass, but if it does its failure will not be due to the opposition of the democrats who attack it as "wrong, unjust, vicious, and pure class legislation."

Mr. W. J. Bryan has written an article reading Grover Cleveland out of the democratic party, at the same time declaring him a political traitor, a trickster and a back number. Recently, it appears, Mr. Cleveland wrote a letter to a southern admirer in which he expressed his gratification that the party "has shaken off the dreams that have afflicted it." The article is Mr. Bryan's answer.—Chicago Tribune.

# SHOWING THEIR GUILT.

Democrats Greatly Exercised Over the Proposed Southern Investigation.

The spasms of the democratic congressmen and newspapers over the republicans' purpose to investigate the suppression of the negro vote in the southern states are a confession of guilt. All that the Crumpacker measure, which the republicans of the house intend to pass, asks for is the appointment of a special committee of 13 to inquire into the disfranchisement of voters in certain of the southern states and to report to the house. The measure proposes to have an intelligent, unbiased investigation made of the question, so that the country can know just how far the spirit of the fourteenth amendment has been violated. It seeks information and not legislation, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

If there be any "force-billism" or "bloody shirt waving" in this proposition, let its enemies make the most of it. But there is nothing of the sort. The committee will make a report, but will not make any recommendations one way or the other. The abuses, if they are found, may go on indefinitely so far as the special committee is concerned. There is no general desire, so far as has been revealed, for the passage of any bill to invoke the punishment on the offending states which the constitution provides. A few members have favored such legislation, but nothing of the sort is contemplated now. Nothing of the kind is attached to the Crumpacker proposition. Nothing is hinted at by any republican which would justify the charge that there will be any enforcement of the principle of equality in the suffrage which the constitution assures.

There are at least two reasons why the democratic shrieks of "bloody-shirtism" are foolish. They show that the democracy knows that it is open to the charge of vote suppression which is made against it. The shrieks cannot have the faintest influence on the action of the republican party. To the extent to which the republicans propose to go, they cannot be deterred by the threats of the bulldozers of the democracy in the north or in the south. All that the republicans ask is that the truth as to the situation in the offending states be laid before the country. The democrats are afraid of the truth, and for an excellent reason. The truth will hurt them, and they try to prevent it becoming known. In this attempt to hide their guilt the democrats will be beaten.

**FUNSTON'S STRONG PLEA.**

Some Plain Truths for the Digestion of the Tagal Sympathizers in This Country.

In a characteristic talk to the members and invited guests of the Lotos club of New York, Gen. Funston on Saturday evening gave counsel to which all men in this country, whatever their official or social station may be, should give heed. After relating some of his experiences in the Philippines and dwelling upon the forbearance, the patience and the charity shown by the American army toward the rebellious natives, he proceeded to denounce the men in the United States who by their speeches and writings are keeping the spirit of insurrection alive in the archipelago. Then he said:

"Think what you please about the justice or the propriety of taking the Philippines and of holding them; think as you please, but for heaven's sake keep your mouth shut until we get this war settled and the sovereignty of the United States settled, and then get together in the country and pull hair and fight it out among yourselves."

In these few words Gen. Funston stated the gist of the plea that has been made by every loyal American, from the late President McKinley down, who ever expressed his sentiments relative to the trouble in the Philippines. So long as armed foes are opposing themselves to the men whom this government has sent to enforce its just authority it is not the time to discuss academic questions of right and wrong. While a vestige of the insurrection remains it is the duty of every American citizen to give such aid as lies in his power to its suppression, or at least, to refrain from giving moral aid and comfort to his country's enemies. When the last Tagal insurgent has laid down his arms and acknowledged the authority of the United States there will be time enough to discuss the question of the ultimate disposition of the archipelago.

No man has a better right to tell Americans what their duty is in this matter than Gen. Funston, says the Albany Journal. By his brave and efficient service for his country he has won it, and none is better qualified to give counsel. He has had the experience that gives wisdom. There is no American so old and so wise that he can afford to disregard the words of the intrepid little warrior, the staunch patriot, from the state of Kansas.

**COMMENT AND OPINION.**

A free trade paper speaks of the "proffered Cuban half loaf." It is Cuba itself that rejects the whole loaf.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Having tried it twice himself, Mr. Bryan is convinced that a democrat who has proved that he can be elected president must be a traitor.—Detroit Free Press (Dem.).

If the Philippines are put on a free silver basis Mr. Bryan may be in doubt as to whether he ought to keep on sympathizing with them or not.—Washington Star.

William Jennings Bryan's plan of building his barn before he builds his house is in line with the good old democratic precedent of working backward.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

# THE REVIEW DIRECTORY

## NORTH-WESTERN LINE.

GOING WEST					STATIONS.	GOING EAST				
5	11	1	3	21		4	8	6	16	2
A.M. 10.00	A.M. 5.10	P.M. 6.30	P.M. 11.30	P.M. 2.02	CHICAGO	8.30 P.M.	6.55 P.M.	7.50 A.M.	7.50 A.M.	
	5.24			2.14	WEST SIDE		2.40 P.M.		7.21 P.M.	
9.01 P.M.	5.45	7.04 A.M.	1.23	2.35	VALI	9.31 A.M.	2.15 P.M.	12.1 P.M.	6.55 P.M.	10.00 P.M.
	6.00			2.52	DENISON				6.40 P.M.	
	6.05			2.57	ARION		1.50 P.M.		6.35 P.M.	
	6.18			3.13	DOW CITY		1.34 P.M.		6.23 P.M.	
10.00 P.M.	7.40	8.55 A.M.	3.35	5.00	DUNLAP	7.45 A.M.	11.25 A.M.	5.20 P.M.	4.38 P.M.	8.10 P.M.
					COUNCIL BLUFFS					

## BOYER VALLEY AND MONDAMIN BRANCHES.

GOING SOUTH					STATIONS.	GOING NORTH				
57	51	45	43	41		50	56	42	44	46
P.M. 2.05	8.00	P.M. 4.00	P.M. 8.15	P.M. 12.45	WALL LAKE	P.M. 12.25	P.M. 8.40	P.M. 3.30	P.M. 7.30	A.M. 8.57
	2.21	8.09	4.17	8.23	WEED		1.15	8.23	3.12	7.36
	3.00	8.20	4.35	8.35	BOYER		1.05	8.35	3.00	7.25
				1.05	DELOIT				2.47	7.12
				1.20	DENISON				2.35	7.00
					KIRON					
					SCHLESWIG					
					RICKETTS					

## ILLINOIS CENTRAL.

GOING EAST					STATIONS.	GOING WEST.				
4	2	32	46	92		91	1	5	31	3
A.M. 7.45	P.M. 8.10	P.M. 4.50	A.M. 5.00	A.M. 5.20	COUNCIL BLUFFS	P.M. 6.45	A.M. 8.00	P.M. 4.50	A.M. 10.00	P.M. 10.30
	8.53	6.10	6.16	6.42	DUNLAP		8.40	3.30	7.45	8.57
		6.23	7.01	9.35	DOW CITY		2.35	3.44	8.24	8.46
		6.27	7.08	9.45	ARION		2.15		8.20	8.42
		6.40	7.30	10.33	DENISON		1.40	6.31	3.19	8.07
		6.50	7.42	10.50	DELOIT		1.10		2.57	7.57
		7.00	7.59	11.15	CHICAGO		12.23		7.47	
9.30 P.M.	9.30 A.M.							6.25 P.M.	2.55 A.M.	8.15 A.M.

## CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL.

WEST		STATIONS.		EAST		WEST		STATIONS.		EAST	
3	1	SIoux CITY LINE.	2	4	3	1	MAIN LINE.	2	4		
P.M. 10.25	A.M. 8.15	CHICAGO	P.M. 10.55	A.M. 8.30	P.M. 10.25	P.M. 8.15	CHICAGO	P.M. 10.30	A.M. 8.05		
	1.15	MANILLA		9.20		12.41	ASPINWALL		10.55		
	1.32	BUCK GROVE		8.57		7.39			8.30		
	1.41	ARION		8.51		7.20	MANILLA		A.M. 9.31	P.M. 8.25	
	1.46	BELL		8.48		7.25	ASTOR				
	1.53	KENWOOD		8.39		7.18	COUNCIL BLUFFS		7.40	6.00	
	2.05	CHARTER OAK		8.27		7.06					
	4.15	SIoux CITY		6.30		5.10					

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Assessor.....	A. J. BOND	Treasurer.....	THEO. KULL
Clerk.....	JAS. LUNEY	Clerk.....	FRANK FAIL
Recorder.....	H. O. WILSON	Recorder.....	O. M. CRISWELL
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<b>Grand Army of the Republic,</b> John A. Logan Post No. 58, Second Friday evening each month. Commander J. L. McClellan; Adj't, J. L. Warbasse		<b>Catholic,</b> St. Rose of Lima. First Mass every Sunday at 8 a. m.; High Mass every Sunday at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School on Saturdays at 9 a. m. from Sept. 1st to Jan. 1st and from March 1st to June 1st. Cordially invited. REV. FATHER M. J. FARRELY.	
<b>Sons of Veterans,</b> McHenry Camp No. 63, each first and third Friday evenings, of each month. Captain, N. L. Hunt; 1st Sergeant, A. C. Weeks.		<b>Methodist,</b> Sunday Services—Class Meetings, 9:30; Preaching, 10:30; Sunday School, 12:00; Junior League, 9:30; Epworth League, 6:30; Preaching, 7:30. Prayer Meeting, Thursday evening 7:30. DR. E. M. HOLMES.	
<b>Masonic,</b> Sylvan Lodge No. 507, Tuesday Eve, on or before full moon. Worth Worthy Master, B. F. Philbrook; Secretary, G. W. Stephens.		<b>Baptist,</b> Sunday Services—Preaching, 10:30; Sunday School, 11:45. B. Y. P. U. 6:30; Preaching, 7:30. Prayer Meeting, Thursday evening, 7:30. REV. F. W. BATESON.	
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<b>Redmen,</b> Ute Tribe No. 92, Tuesday evening. Sachem, C. E. Lyman; Chief of Records, H. F. Hodges.		<b>Episcopal,</b> Services every third and fourth Sundays, 10:30 and 7:30. REV. ALLAN JUDD.	
<b>Odd Fellows,</b> Denison Lodge No. 626, Thursday evening. N. G. Harry Seaggs; Recording Secretary, John Mount.		<b>German Methodist,</b> Sunday Services—Sunday School 9:30; Class Meeting, 12:00; Preaching, 10:30 a. m.; Young People's Meeting, 3:00 p. m.; Preaching, 7:30 p. m.; Prayer Meeting, Thursday evening, 8:00; Choir Practice, Saturday evening; Woman's Aid Society meets first Thursday of every month. REV. C. G. CLAUSSER.	
<b>Odd Fellows,</b> (German) Sdonia Lodge No. 303, Friday evening. N. G., John Reeh; Secretary, Frank Faul.		<b>German Evangelical Lutheran Zion,</b> Sunday Services. Sunday School, 9 to 10 a. m., preaching 10:30 a. m. Young People's Society, every second Thursday eve. at 8 and every last Sunday at 3 p. m. Ladies' Society every first Friday 2 to 5 p. m. at the members. Parochial School from Nov. to March. Sunday evening services at 7:30 p. m. every third Sunday during summer. Parishes in connection in Washington and Paradise townships. Rev. Fred O. Lothringer, Pastor.	
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<b>Woodmen of the World,</b> Hawkeye Camp No. 76, Saturday Evening. Clerk, W. K. Kirkup.		<b>Denison Holiness Band,</b> Sunday services at Episcopal church. Sunday school at 11:30. Prayer and Praise Meeting at 2:30; Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. E. A. STONE, Leader.	
<b>Fraternal Choppers,</b> Walnut Camp No. 24, Friday evening. W. C., O. W. Wheeler Clerk, H. W. Faul.			
<b>Womens Relief Corps,</b> John A. Logan Corps No. 56, first Saturday 3 p. m. Pres, M. S. McHenry; Sec, M. Shaw Van.			
<b>Eastern Star,</b> Sylvan Chapter No. 207, first Tuesday after full moon. W. M., Mrs. A. Oswald; Sec'y, W. W. Cushman.			
<b>Rebekah's,</b> Denison Lodge No. 420, 2nd and 4th Wednesday. N. G., Mrs. Flora Baker; Sec'y, Mrs. J. A. Seaggs.			
<b>Woodmen Circle,</b> Linn Grove, Monday evening. W. G. L., Mrs. Thos. Luney; Clerk, Mrs. F. L. Horton.			
<b>Brotherhood of American Yeomen,</b> Denison Homestead No. 616. H. F., A. F. Durkee; Cor., Maggie Quade.			

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