

The Only One !!

It is Determined to Capture and Hold the Field by the Superiority of Its Goods.

THE PALACE BAKERY

It is now the only first-class Bakery in Crawford Co

The Finest Lightest Bread, Cakes, Biscuits, Breakfast Cakes and Cinnamon Rolls.

For Dinner—Pies of all kinds and Delicacies such as Special Delicacies such as Macaroons, Lady Fingers and cookies all ways fresh and palatable. Special orders for Wedding and Party cakes furnished promptly.

M. M. BRADBURY
Proprietor
The Palace Bakery

MR. BRADBURY'S OYSTERS are all the rage Oysters for any quantity receive prompt attention.

Capital \$100,000

Deposits \$400,000

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 it 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 offices. 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, Asst. Cashier.
Directors: L. Cornwell, Geo. Naeve, H. F. Schwartz, Chas. Faber, J. P. Connor.

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.

L. M. SHAW, J.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.

SOMETHING NEW AND NICE

Our Japanese China ..	BUT BETTER STILL	Our Austrian China ..
	Our Souvenir China ..	
Direct Importation	We invite your inspection of these choice lines and call your attention also to our superb line of STATIONERY.	Come and see these Wares

C. F. Cassaday & Co.

Excursions to So. Dakota

FIRST AND THIRD TUESDAYS IN EACH MONTH

\$12.00 Round Trip, Teams free to show land; we sell in 32 towns. We also sell and rent farms and town property in Crawford county, and many other places. See

D. F. BROWN & SON,
Office Up Stairs North of "Hub" store, Denison, Iowa.

A Woman's Unreason

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

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Outside of strict business the Bun had a choice assortment of names. He was Mr. Ralph Montgomery or George Warren Page, Esq., or ever so many other equally well sounding persons when occasion offered. In his native village he had been known as Jack Reel until he left the country, decidedly for the country's good.

It was his forehead, round and bulging, that had gained him his nickname with the gang.

All told, the gang numbered perhaps fifty—men and women and a few pitiful waifs that could not be called children, though they were small and young. The most part engaged in light work—shoplifting, palming tickers, snatching purses from timid hands or jostling, for their loss, the wearers of flamboyant frocks and scarfpins.

Since the Bun had become a leader he felt himself estopped from the small things, though often his fingers itched as he let slip an especially tempting opportunity. The itching was perhaps the first root of his grievance against Lize. Until her day he had been quite content to work under orders, although he was rapacious enough to be full of sour envy over missing a chance at the big things. Lize had made leadership a condition precedent to herself. She was not much to look at, but what with wit and grit and the lightest fingers in all the gang she easily came to be a sort of queen in it.

For three years she had been the Bun's girl. Of course he was masterful with her—often to the point of brutality. But he gave her no rivals until Long Lou came into the gang and openly set snares for him. She was young, still in her teens, handsome and strapping, with a level head and a free, peppery tongue. The Bun did not go wholly over to her, but he did spend at least half his abundant leisure and very much more than half his rather scanty cash in her company and for her pleasure.

To speak truth, he was living mainly upon hope. A big thing—the biggest in gang history—was in hand, but as yet all outlay and no return. A hundred yards tunnel is not dug in a day, even when there are a bank vault and a half million at the farther end of it. The Bun was waiting upon the tunnelers. After they were through he would go at the chilled steel. A very prince of cracksmen, he knew he would have it open in three hours. Then he would take all the swag—money, bonds, plate, whatever was worth moving—home to his flat, three miles away, and lie quiet there, while others of the gang scuttled off to take the hue and cry upon a false scent.

Meantime there was spare and litten lying at the flat. Because it must be kept from the shadow of suspicion Lize did nothing in the way of business, but stayed at home, buying herself to make the place tidy and homelike. She never went out save upon housewifely errands. Nobody came to see her. The Bun went away regularly every morning toward 10 o'clock. Since he wore excellent clothes, paid his rent in advance and had a way of scowling at all he met, the other tenants set it down that he was either English and living upon his income or else that he belonged in Wall street. He was careful always to be home for dinner, though he went out again almost immediately afterward. Inevitably Lize had much time for brooding. She had also plenty of food for it.

The Bun came in always smelling of tobacco, which Long Lou had adopted as her special perfume. Further, he made but a pretense of eating the poor meals Lize set before him. Therefore she was certain he meant to dine later. She would not have grudged him the daintiest fare while she ate bread and water, if she had thought he ate it alone or only in masculine company. But where it touches a man, women are little cattle, particularly women of Lize's order. Carefully, methodically, she laid her plans.

Long Lou was a wanton spendthrift, always eager to fling away money with both hands. Though she did not know the game that was on nor the Bun's part in it, she had a very shrewd suspicion of it all.

Lize indeed was the only woman trusted in that way. Torture would not have made her betray the trust, nor was there enough money in the world to have bribed her. In the face of all that she sat through many nights, with her hands clinched, staring at the light and occasionally smiling a hard, desperate smile and waiting for that other night when the Bun would bring home a fortune.

It came at last, rainy and cold, with a raw east wind, and smothered of fog coming up from the river. Lize, listening with every nerve tense, heard foot-falls, deliberate, yet exultant. Before the door opened she knew what she would see—the Bun overrunning with joyous conceit. He had the swag neatly stowed in an immaculate and very English suitcase. As he swung it upon the bed he called huskily to her: "Give us a beer, old gal! I'm dry as charcoal, but haven't dared wet my throat since I came out of that beastly hole."

"There is no beer," Lize said, not stirring from her seat.

The Bun almost gasped. "When I told you to have it—to have everything comfortable?" he snarled. "Are you out of your mind?"

"No. Seems to me you've been out of yours this long time," Lize flung back at him. He caught her by both shoulders and shook her as a terrier shakes a rat.

Death In Their Work.

Gilders, photographers and those who handle the hydric and potassic cyanides are liable to suffer from chronic poisoning by hydrocyanic acid. They have headache, giddiness, noises in the ear, difficult respiration, pain over the heart, loss of appetite—in short, show all the evidences of mild poisoning. Zinc workers, too, suffer. Zinc is used as a pigment in calico printing, in discoloring glass, in polishing optical glasses and in making artificial meerschamun pipes.

So men die in harness in these and a hundred other occupations, killed by the very air they breathe, and other men step into their shoes.—New York World.

The European Plan.

Some queer customers are seen at New York hotels. An old farmer from the country tells how he got ahead of one of the clerks. "I walked in," he says, "asked the young man at the desk, 'What are your prices?' 'American or European?' he asked me. Now I wasn't going to tell where I was from until I had seen the lay of the land. 'What difference does that make?' says I. 'If American,' he answered, 'it's \$1 per day; if European, \$1.50.' I thought a moment, and then an idea struck me how to get ahead of him. I walked up boldly and registered from London."—New York Press.

The Standing Army.

Old Lady—Poor fellow! And so you are a soldier?
Corporal Cannon—Yes, ma'am.
Old Lady—I'm awfully sorry for you. My, my, to think they never allow you to sit down!
Corporal Cannon—Ma'am?
Old Lady—I said I was sorry for you, and it is heartless and cruel for the government to keep a standing army all the time.
Corporal Cannon—Ma'am? Oh, yes, ma'am, thank you.—London Chums.

Russian Beef for London Market.

Washington, Oct. 31.—The United States consul at Birmingham reports to the state department that the agricultural department of Russia is taking steps which will prepare the way for that country to play an important part in supplying the London markets with beef in opposition to the American meat exporters. The report says that special steamers have been built with freezing chambers, the Russian government assisting by subsidies, and that it is intended they shall ply between a Russian port and London with huge cargoes of fresh meat.

Tallahassee, Ga., Oct. 24.—Ben Brown, a negro, charged with having attempted to criminally assault Mrs. Henry Dees, a white woman, was taken from the county jail here yesterday by a mob of 200 men and lynched. Troops had been ordered from Atlanta, but did not arrive until one hour and a half after the negro had been hanged. Upon learning that troops had been dispatched the mob stormed the jail and after securing the negro, carried him to a spot near Mrs. Dees' house, hanged him to a bridge and filled his body with bullets. When the troops arrived they found the body of the dead negro.

Justice Harlan Stops Class Fight.

Washington, Oct. 24.—Justice Harlan of the supreme court, who is a member of the faculty of the Columbia university law school, last night interfered and prevented a class fight between the freshmen and sophomores. Justice Harlan is a giant in stature and, although sixty-nine years of age, he is still vigorous and active, golf being one of his daily exercises. The youngsters were no match for him when he entered the arena.

Masonic Temple to Pay Taxes.

Chicago, Oct. 24.—At a meeting of the Masonic Temple association, held yesterday, it was decided to pay the taxes on the property of the association, amounting to \$26,679. Captain Edward Williams, manager of the association, is now on trial in the criminal court on a charge of conspiring to defraud the county out of taxes due.

Nature His Hired Man.

It was in the far south.
"How's times?" asked the tourist.
"Pretty tolerable, stranger," responded the old man who was sitting on a stump. "I had some trees to cut down, but the cyclone leveled them and saved me the trouble."
"That was good."
"Yes, and then the lightning set fire to the brush pile and saved me the trouble of burning it."
"Remarkable! But what are you doing now?"
"Waiting for an earthquake to come along and shake the potatoes out of the ground."—Chicago News.

Darned Stockings.

Tender feet are often made so by the use of much darned stockings. Wear light woolen stockings, and let them be of the cheap kind, that you will not mind discarding directly they become worn. To harden the skin it is a good plan to rub the soles of the feet with methylated spirits every day or to wash them over with salt water.

Happily Not So Sure of It.

Raynor—This fortune telling business is all humbug. One of these professors of palmistry told me a little while ago to look out for a short, blond man.
Shyne—I don't know about it's being all humbug. I'm blond and I'm short. Lend me a ten, old fellow, will you?—Chicago Tribune.

DON'T BE DECEIVED

Catch--Penny Advertisements

Which claim to furnish without cost to the afflicted, some appliance or method of treatment that will cure diseases. When the patient calls in response to such advertisements, he invariably finds that the

SHREWD "TRICKSTER"

Has a string to this free offer—that you must pay dearly for medicines, advice, or something which was not mentioned in his generous (?) offer, but which is absolutely necessary "in your case" to effectually cure.

These are Tricks that have long been practiced by Unscrupulous Men Who seek to palm off their so-called medical service to the innocent. Surely no one with any practical knowledge of human nature, can be duped in any such a way. Is it Reasonable to Expect Something for Nothing?



Dr. STOCKDALE

Who makes regular monthly visits to Denison, Ia., is an educated specialist; has diplomas from the best medical colleges, and is endorsed by the Iowa State Board. He employs no irresponsible men to see his patients, but sees each one himself. He is thereby personally responsible for his progress made by each one under his care.

Dr. Stockdale makes no offer or agreements which he does not or cannot fulfill. He does not claim to have something to give away. He believes it far better to begin without any false representations. Honest labor should always have a fair reward. Dr. Stockdale's fees are reasonable, and within the reach of all.

He will be at the Wilson House Denison.

TUESDAY NOV. 11

Returning monthly. Dr. Stockdale is thoroughly responsible and would be glad to have you investigate his standing and method of treatment. He positively cures every case taken or will refund the money.

He cures chronic catarrh, diseases of the eye, ear, nose, throat, lungs, and kidneys, dyspepsia, constipation and rheumatism.

Young and middle aged men suffering from nervous or physical debility; lost vigor, decline of powers, a positive guarantee to cure.

Blood and skin diseases, and diseases of women. Examination and consultation free and confidential. Address.

Dr. B. A. Stockdale

Council Bluffs, Iowa
First National Bank Bldg.

TRUCK FARMING IN THE SOUTH

Does Truck Farming in the South pay? Write the undersigned for a free copy of Illinois Central Circular No. 3, and note what is said concerning it. J. F. MERRY, Asst. Gen'l Pass'r Agent Illinois Central Railroad, Dubuque, Ia.

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 Fire Brick or Fire Clay a ways in stock.

C. GREEN, Prop.
Denison, Iowa.