

Crawford  
County's  
"Every Other  
Daily."

# THE DENISON REVIEW

MARKETS	
HOGS.....	6.50
CORN.....	31.
WHEAT.....	55c
OATS.....	27c
EGGS.....	15
BUTTER.....	14

VOLUME XXXIX.

DENISON, IOWA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1903.

NO. 20

Schuman Pianos Have Copper Wound Bass Strings, Good Pianos Have no Other.  
E. C. Chamberlin, the Jeweler and Optician, Sells Them Because They are Good.

## PROFESSIONAL BRETHREN

BY GEORGE E. WALSH

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conscience when engaged on delicate and dangerous jobs? There are ups and downs in every life. I suppose, but none more so than in that of the professional burglar.

The second day of my installation as butler in the house was marked by an interesting event. Dr. Squires and Miss Stetson both appeared at lunch.

This meeting was not premeditated by my master. It was apparently purely accidental.

About noon the two visitors appeared at the house on horseback. My master did not see them at first. He was smoking in his dressing room when the clatter of horses' hoofs on the hard, gravelly drive attracted his attention. I was passing through the room at the time, removing the remnants of a late breakfast.

"Who's that coming, William?" he asked.

I was near the window and, looking out, replied: "Miss Stetson, sir, and I think the man they call Dr. Squires. I've never met him, but from what John said I judge it is."

A sudden exclamation from my master interrupted me, and I turned in time to see his face deathly pale. He recovered himself immediately, however.

"Dr. Squires and Miss Stetson, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

Then with admirable composure and with great tact he said: "Oh, yes; I forgot to tell you, William, that they were coming here to lunch today. Have a good lunch for them at 2."

Then he hurriedly changed his coat and appeared in the courtyard in time to greet the guests. Through the open doors I could hear their voices.

"How do you do, Charles? Ready for early visitors? I didn't believe you were up yet?"

It was the loud, gruff voice of the doctor. Then a feminine voice said apologetically, I thought:

"Good morning, Charles! I was out riding this morning with my man, and we met Dr. Squires. He insisted that we should come around here. So I consented provided he would promise to make you go off for a ride with us."

"Yes, that was the agreement, and to make my word good you must get ready and go."

"Well, I hadn't thought of going out this morning, but I will accompany you if you will both agree to come back here and take lunch."

"That's the man of business," laughed the doctor. "He exacts a fee for everything he gives. He won't even ride with us, Miss Belle, unless we swear to return and lunch with him. Well, as for my part I agree to it, for Charles always tempts me with his good lunches."

I could not hear the replies as they moved into the parlor, but I knew enough to convince me that my master was very sensitive about his jealousy of the doctor, and that not even to me would he admit it.

A few minutes later I saw them going off together, Miss Stetson riding a fine roan, with the doctor mounted



"Good morning, Charles."

on a fiery, coal black steed on her right and my master on her left with his white Arabian mare. It was a spectacular sight to watch them, knowing as I did something of their lives. I wondered which she would select in the end—the black or the white? Promptly at 2 they returned, a little

fatigued by the ride, but jovial and in excellent spirits.

When the doctor came into the dining room, I scrutinized him carefully. He gave me no particular notice, and this left me to myself to examine him. My distant view through the fieldglasses had been pretty correct, but on closer examination he revealed the most distinct features of his face—his coal black, brilliant and restless eyes. These eyes never laughed, not even when he was convulsed with merriment. They were always cold, penetrating and, as I thought, sardonic. They seemed to repel and fascinate at once. They easily dominated everything that came under their sway.

He was talkative and lively to a degree, forming the life of the party, but the eyes that so attracted seldom took notice of me. An uncontrollable desire to have them centered on me for an instant to fathom their meaning seized me. To accomplish this I spilled some of the salad dressing on his coat sleeve. He turned a wrathful look at me, and I had one long, steady gaze into those eyes. So intent was I that I forgot to be confused at my mishap. The incident occupied only a minute, but in that short space I had read the character of the man.

"What sort of servants do you have here, Charles?" he broke out savagely when the dressing filtered down from his coat sleeve to the floor.

My master looked annoyed and quickly apologized.

"He is a new man, doctor, and you must overlook this accident."

The conversation flowed on freely after that, and the mishap was soon forgotten.

When the wine and cigars were brought, they retired to an open balcony just off the dining room. Through the open window I could still hear their talk. Most of it was of little consequence to me, but finally the words of the doctor made me prick up my ears.

"By the way, Charles, you spoke of a friend of yours having a couple of Dane hounds for sale. Can I secure them for a nominal price?"

"Yes, I can get them and make you a present of them. But why do you want two more? You have two of the finest Danes I ever saw."

"No, I haven't any."

"Haven't any?" ejaculated both my master and Miss Stetson.

"No; they are both dead," replied the doctor slowly.

"Why, how is that? What killed them?"

"They simply died. My man overfed them, I imagine, and they both died yesterday of convulsions."

"How strange?"

"No, not strange at all. I told my man that he would kill them if he fed them too freely while they got no exercise."

"You don't think he poisoned them?" asked Miss Stetson.

"No, certainly not. I attended them when they were sick and cut open their bodies afterward. There was no sign of poison in their stomachs."

Then he made arrangements with my master to secure the two hounds from his friend.

I did not listen to the descriptions of the new hounds or to the terms of the agreement. My mind was more concerned about the doctor's reason for concealing the attempted robbery of his house. Why did he lie about the death of the two Danes and why did he not report the facts of the case to the police? These were questions that I could not dismiss from my mind, although I tried to be convinced that it was natural for such a man as Dr. Squires to hush up anything like a sensation. It would only attract people to his workshop, which he wanted to keep quiet and exclusive.

### CHAPTER VIII.

THE visits of Dr. Squires at my master's house were not as frequent as I could wish for my purpose, but this did not by any means argue that they did not meet often. On the contrary, I found that Mr. Goddard had almost daily meetings with the doctor in his office and that the latter was subjecting him to a course of treatment for the mysterious disease that had been inherited

from past generations. Curiosity to know what this complaint was and what Dr. Squires was prescribing for his cure possessed me, and (like my other fits of inquisitiveness) I determined to satisfy it upon the first possible occasion.

About a week after the occurrence just related I was called into my master's room. He had not yet risen from his bed, and I knew by the pallor of his face that he was not as well as usual.

"William, I want you to take a note for me around to Dr. Squires. I cannot keep my appointment with him this morning."

"Yes, sir," I said, waiting for him to give me further instructions.

He closed his eyes for a moment as if wincing from some secret pain.

"I do not feel like writing," he said a moment later. "You can take a verbal message. William, can't you?"

"Certainly. I will repeat it word for word."

"Well, I believe you are to be trusted. I have taken a great fancy to you. My other man I never felt that I could trust, and if he had been honest, he was always so stupid that he would get everything mixed up. But I think you are gifted with more than ordinary intelligence."

I simply bowed my head and made no comment.

"And as modest as intelligent," he added, with a faint sign of a smile. "Some day maybe you can help me in a higher way than at present."

"I should be delighted to do anything for you, sir," I answered sincerely. "You will find me faithful enough to trust with anything—secrets or anything."

He looked long and inquisitively at me and then said, with the most imperceptible smile on his face:

"Do you know that I sometimes fancy I've seen your face somewhere before—that is, before you came into my employment?"

I knew that this was a test question, and I answered it accordingly.

"Probably. We often meet faces by chance in the world and forget them until reminded of them by some later incident."

"Yes, true. You're quite a philosopher, too, William."

"Enough to accept life as it comes without a demur," I answered.

"Well, that is more than I can do sometimes. But to return to business. You know that I have appointments with Dr. Squires nearly every day. Well, this is one of the mornings, and I do not feel energetic enough to keep it. Go and tell him that I cannot come before tomorrow. If he sends any answer back, remember it and tell me. That's all."

He dropped his head back upon the pillows and closed his eyes. I withdrew as quietly as I could.

I took one of the horses from the stable which John said needed exercise, and I entered slowly down the road toward the doctor's house. As I approached it I looked with interest at various objects that had become indelibly impressed upon my memory from the experience of that eventful night when I attempted to enter the house. I had by no means given up all idea of exploring the interior of the haunted house, but was merely postponing the second trial for a more opportune time. Meanwhile everything about the premises assumed some special importance to me.

I wished very much to see the interior of the house in the daytime, and I determined to force an entrance at all hazards in delivering my message to the doctor. I feared the doctor would come outside on the piazza or that his servant might insist upon taking the message in to the doctor. To avoid this, if possible, I stopped some distance from the place, hitched my horse to a tree and approached the house on foot, keeping well in the shadow of trees and shrubberies to prevent anybody seeing me.

I succeeded so well in this ruse that I reached the piazza without being discovered. The bell, which I rang, echoed throughout the gloomy interior of the house so discordantly that it made one think of ghosts and departed spirits. I seemed to hear the scurry of footsteps, as if the bell had given the alarm to innumerable rats and mice, but a moment later I was satisfied that the noise was made by human feet.

The doctor's servant—a dark, dried up specimen of a mummy from India—glided toward the door, making the scuffling noise with his sandals. The man's eyes were small and headlike, and his arms and fingers were long and bony, but they were nevertheless strong and active. He shuffled toward the door with an anxious look on his face. He was evidently disturbed by the thought that somebody had approached the house without attracting his attention.

He refused to open the door more than a foot and stood there making a guttural sound as if trying to ask my errand.

"I have a message for Dr. Squires," I said.

He stuck out a long, bony hand as if to take the letter which he supposed I had. At least he could hear and was familiar with the English language. I also believe that he could speak and that his dumbness was merely pretended. But there is no way to make a man speak if he doesn't want to, or at least not under ordinary circumstances, in a civilized country.

"It is not a letter," I added as he held out his hand for some time. "I have a message to deliver—a verbal message."

He shook his head and withdrew his hand.

"Let me in, and tell the doctor I want to see him."

Again he shook his head and made an inarticulate guttural sound.

I was getting impatient at the delay and the man's stubbornness. Placing a foot in the crack of the door, I held it so that he could not slam it in my face.

"I tell you I have a message from Mr. Goddard, and I must see the doctor," I said in decided tones. "Will you let me in or must I force myself in?"

I could see that the man was in a quandary. He wanted me to stand outside while he went and told the doctor, but I had no intention of retreating. He motioned for me to remove my foot, but I answered him blandly:

"Not until I see Dr. Squires. You may as well go first as last and tell him that Mr. Goddard has sent a messenger to see him."

Gradually the wrathful, beady eyes shifted from me to a seat in the hall. He was evidently deliberating upon the best step to take, and I could see the line of his reasoning.

"Let me stand in the hall until you go and call him," I said, "or I will take that seat there and wait."

This time my proposition was accepted. The man shook his head affirmatively, pointed to the chair and then cautiously opened the door. I stepped in and made a move to take the seat, but I had no intention of staying in the hall after once gaining an entrance. When the man turned his back upon me, I quietly followed him to the doctor's office. He made some signs to somebody in the room, and I heard the gruff words of the doctor ask:

"Who is it that Charles has sent?"

I stepped to the doorway and replied: "I'm his butler, but this copper colored servant of yours refused to admit me. I had to force myself in."

The servant started around as if to clutch me by the throat, and the doctor smothered an exclamation that sounded very much like an oath.

"What business have you to force yourself into anybody's house?" he demanded in a rough voice.

"None whatever except that I had a message for you, and this Indian wouldn't let me in," I answered quickly.

"Well, it's his business to keep strangers out. Those are my instructions."

"Then he was right, and I was wrong," I said, "and if that's the case I'll withdraw."

I turned my back on the two and started for the door, but the words of



"What business have you to force yourself into anybody's house?"

the doctor called me back. He had perfectly recovered himself and realized that he was making too much fuss with a servant over a trivial matter.

"Come, come, don't get huffy," he said pleasantly. "Your sudden entrance annoyed me, that's all. What is the message that your master sends?"

He looked at me through a pair of eyeglasses, his dark, searching eyes taking in every part of me, and for the first time in my life I felt uncomfortable under close scrutiny.

"Let me see. You are the man who spilled the salad dressing over me, aren't you?"

He laughed heartily, as if the incident amused him.

Continued next Thursday.

## BLIZZARD STALLS TRAINS

Cuts Are Filled With Snow and Traffic is Stopped.

### WORST BLOCKADE OF WINTER.

Seven Passenger Trains and a Number of Freights Tied Up in Wyoming—Wind Blows Snow Off Range. Breaks Record in Kansas.

Cheyenne, Wyo., Feb. 18.—The worst blockade of the winter was in force yesterday on the roads entering Cheyenne. A strong wind filled all cuts and trains have been unable to move. Seven passenger trains and a number of freights are snowbound on Sherman hill, the Cheyenne and Northern is blocked between Cheyenne and Horse Creek, and the Denver Pacific is impassable. From Cheyenne east the Union Pacific and Burlington are experiencing great difficulty. A high wind is sweeping the ranges of snow and stock will be able to get feed.

An average depth of ten inches of snow covered the plains when a strong wind sprang up. The cuts were quickly filled. During the night the main line of the Union Pacific was kept open by hard work, but in the morning trains became blocked on Sherman hill for several hours. They were pushed through to Laramie, Wyo., where they are now tied up. On the Cheyenne and Northern branch of the Colorado and Southern, a passenger train, one freight and several snow plows are snowbound this side of Hartville Junction. The company hopes to open the road today. On the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley two train loads of Thirteenth cavalry, en route to San Francisco, are snowbound at Lusk. Great difficulty is being met in moving trains over the Denver and Pacific road. Another snowstorm is now in progress near Medicine Bow and in the vicinity of Rock Springs, Wyo. This will probably make more trouble for the Union Pacific.

### Breaks Record in Kansas.

Topeka, Kan., Feb. 18.—The cold yesterday made a new record in Kansas, the government thermometer registering ten degrees below zero. The snowfall in the state for the last three days has averaged six inches. Near Clay Center a woman was frozen to death. Reports from western counties show a great shortage in coal supply.

### Blizzard Closes Collieries.

Shamokin, Pa., Feb. 18.—The snowstorm and blizzard which prevailed last night caused the stoppage of operations at all the collieries in this region. It will be several days before all of the mines will be in operation again. Railroad and trolley traffic is greatly interfered with.

### RELATIVE OF GEN. LAFAYETTE.

#### Distinguished Frenchman to Be Attache of Embassy at Washington.

Paris, Feb. 18.—The foreign office announced the appointment of the Vicomte de Chambron to be an attache of the French embassy at Washington.

He is a great-grandson of Lafayette, was the representative of the Lafayette family at the Rochambeau ceremonies and is a brother of Marquis de Chambron, a member of the chamber of deputies, who is the ranking representative of the family. The vicomte will sail for New York March 7. Owing to the recent death of his mother, the venerable marquis, who was the head of the family, the vicomte is in mourning and will be compelled to withhold from participation in social events for the present.

### Split in Bowling Association.

Indianapolis, Feb. 18.—There is a possibility of a split in the American Bowling association. Unless the next tournament goes to Milwaukee it is probable that the bowlers of Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota will secede from the national association and form an interstate league. The western bowlers believe they are entitled to the tournament next year. The Cleveland bowlers have again changed their minds and the latest report is that they are going after the next tournament with great vigor. The eastern teams, it is believed, will give their support to Cleveland. Indianapolis and Chicago delegates hold the balance of power.

### Bubonic Plague on Bark.

Palma, Island of Majorica, Feb. 18.—The Italian bark Iris, from Pensacola, Nov. 18, for Marseilles, has put into the bay of Palma with several of those on board suffering from what is believed to be bubonic plague. Two of the crew died during the voyage.

## TAKE UP CANAL TREATY

Republican Senators Agree That It Shall Be Considered.

### STATEHOOD SUPPORTERS YIELD

Colombian Protocol May Have All Requisite Time in Executive Session—United States Accepts Canal Company's Offer.

Washington, Feb. 18.—The Republican senators held a caucus yesterday and decided to have the senate continue consideration of the Panama canal treaty today and on future days unless the treaty shall be disposed of. This result was reached after an hour and a half's discussion of the legislative situation in the senate. The conclusion reached was unanimous. The understanding is that the statehood bill does not lose its advantageous position in the order of business when the senate is in legislative session. The Republican supporters of the statehood bill agree not to antagonize a motion for an executive session to consider the canal treaty, nor to make any objection to the prolongation of such sessions to any extent necessary to secure ratification. The caucus was opened by a statement by Senator Allison, chairman of the steering committee, giving as the conclusion of the committee that the Panama treaty should be ratified before adjournment of the present session.

After a lengthy exchange of views, during which some quite hot remarks were made as to the desirability and possibility of securing a vote on the statehood bill, the senators on both sides adopted a more conciliatory tone toward one another. The friends of the treaty consented not to press the motion as such and the statehood advocates yielded one by one. Senator Quay being the last one to give in.

Consequently, when adjournment was reached, the announcement was made that after the close of the routine business today Senator Quay should move to go into executive session and that none of the Republicans should oppose the motion and that consideration of the treaty should continue until disposed of.

### AT WORK ON FRENCH PROTOCOL.

#### Note Covering Claims on Venezuela Ready to Be Signed.

Protocol Covering French Claims. Washington, Feb. 18.—Following promptly the signing of the protocol for the settlement of the United States claims against Venezuela, Mr. Bowen began negotiations with M. Jusserand, the French ambassador, for the preparation of a protocol for the adjudication of the claims of citizens of France against the South American republic. He made a formal call on M. Jusserand and had a talk with him with a view to arriving at a basis of agreement. The French ambassador will consult his government by cable, in order to obtain instructions to aid him in his work, and after they have been received it is expected the negotiations will proceed smoothly and expeditiously. A comparison of the terms of the protocols signed by Mr. Bowen with the representatives of Germany, Great Britain and Italy, with the one signed with the United States, shows that in the protocol with the United States a definite time is fixed for the meeting of the commission to settle the claims, which must be decided in six months, and that the awards are to be payable in gold, or its equivalent in silver, while in the protocols with the European allies there are none of these limitations.

### Littlefield Tilts With Sulzer.

Washington, Feb. 18.—The house yesterday began consideration of the naval appropriation bill under the operation of a rule which made the new legislation relative to the increase in the personnel of the navy and for the increase of the naval academy in order. The general debate on the bill was without special feature. The paragraph in the bill providing \$250,000 for a naval station on the great lakes went over on a point of order. Littlefield and Sulzer had an interesting clash before the naval bill was taken up, the former charging the latter with having perverted the record.

### Uproar in Washington House.

Olympia, Wash., Feb. 18.—As a climax to the most exciting morning of the session, the railroad commission bill in the house was declared indefinitely postponed on a viva voce vote at noon yesterday and the house adjourned amid an uproar in which friends of the commission bill hurled anathemas at Speaker Hare, and the speaker and Representative Lewis almost came to blows.