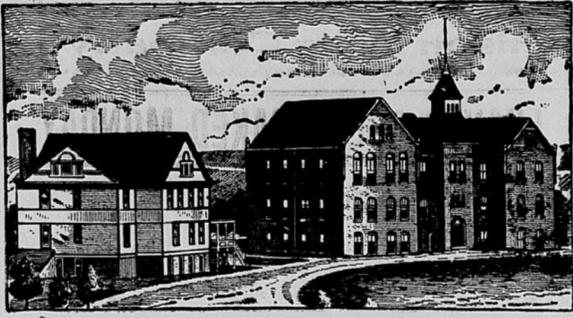


Denison Normal AND Business College.



An Accredited and Approved School of the State. Teaches Latin, Greek, German, Mathematics, Science, Music, Oratory and Pedagogy.

Eleven Different Branches, Full Commercial and Short-hand Courses. Send for Catalogue.

Address, W. C. Van Ness.

L. M. SHAW, PRES. C. F. KUEHNLE, V-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.

W. A. McHENRY, Pres. SEARS McHENRY, Cashier

FIRST NATIONAL BANK. DENISON, IOWA.

Capital and Surplus, \$125,000.
Deposits, 518,675.16
Loans, 534,751.34

With our thirty years of experience in the banking business and our large capital and constantly 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 3 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.

Special Reduced Excursion Rates

Will be in effect from all points on the Chicago & North-Western Railway for the occasions named below:
Louisville, Ky., Aug. 16-29. K. P. Encampment.
San Francisco, Sept. 5th to 9th. Triennial Conclave Knights Templar.
San Francisco, Sept. 15th to 23th. Sovereign Grand Lodge I. O. O. F.
For information as to rates, dates of sale, etc., of these or other occasions, call upon the Ticket Agent of the North-Western Line, or HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS TO THE NORTHWEST, WEST AND SOUTHWEST.
Via the North-Western Line. Excursion tickets at greatly reduced rates are on sale to the territory indicated above. Standard and Tourist sleeping Cars. Free Reclining Chair Cars and "The Best of Everything." For dates of sale and full particulars apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

BEAUTIFUL LAKE VIEW
is an ideal summer resort. Good hunting and fishing. The North-Western Line will sell excursion tickets to Lake View at \$1.29 for the round trip from DENISON applying Fridays and Saturdays, tickets limited to return on or before the following Monday. Other low rate round trip tickets good for 30 days. Apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

The Review ALL HOME PRINT \$1.50

With
Little
Early Risers
The famous little pills.

Special Summer Excursion Rates to Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota Resorts.

The North-Western will sell low rate round-trip tickets August 6 to 11, inclusive, to territory indicated above, limited for return until and including September 15. Apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

ORIGINAL NOTICE.

In the District Court of Iowa For Crawford County, Iowa September Term, A. D. 1904.

Doretha Beutel, plaintiff, vs. John McCarthy defendant.
To the Above Named Defendants: You are hereby notified that there is now on file at the office of the Clerk of the District Court of Crawford County, Iowa, a petition by the plaintiff, Doretha Beutel, claiming of you that she is absolute owner of Lots Nine (9) and Ten (10), Block Twenty-Eight (28), in the city of Denison, Crawford County, Iowa, and further stating that you assert some claim to said property, and asking that her title be quieted in her as against you. For further particulars see petition now on file.

Now unless you appear thereto before noon of the second day of the next term of said court, commencing at Denison, Iowa, on the 13th day of September, A. D. 1904, default will be entered against you and judgment and decree rendered as prayed.

CONNER & LALLY
Attorneys for plaintiff.

THE SLY WEASEL.

How He Finally Trapped and Killed a Monster Rat.

A sawmill in an Iowa town was infested with rats, which, being unloved, became very numerous and bold and played round the mill among the men while they worked during the day. But one day a weasel came upon the scene and at once declared war on the rats.

One by one the rats became victims of the weasel's superior strength until only one very large, strong fellow was left of the once numerous colony. The weasel attacked the big rat several times, but each time the rat proved more than a match for his slender antagonist and chased the weasel to a hiding place.

One day the weasel was seen busily digging under a lumber pile near the mill. He was engaged for some time, but later appeared again in the mill, seeking his old enemy. He soon found him and at once renewed hostilities. As usual, after a lively tussle, the rat pursued the weasel, and he ran, pursued closely by the rat, straight to the hole under the lumber pile.

He ran in, still followed by the rat, almost immediately reappeared round the end of the pile and again dodged into the hole behind the rat. The weasel was seen again for some time, but the weasel finally reappeared, looking no worse for the fight.

The curiosity of the men in the mill was aroused, and they proceeded to investigate the hole under the lumber pile. They found that the weasel had dug the hole sufficiently large at the first end to admit the rat, but had gradually tapered it as he proceeded until at the other end it barely allowed his own slender body to pass.

When the rat chased him into the large end of this underground funnel he quickly slipped on through, and while the rat was trying to squeeze his large body into the smaller part of the hole the weasel dodged in behind him and, catching him in the rear and in a place where he could not turn round, finished him at his leisure.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

A reserved lover, it is said, always makes a suspicious husband. — Goldsmith.

Certainly wife and children are a kind of discipline of humanity.—Lord Bacon.

When a man should marry—a young man not yet, an elder man not at all.—Thales.

He that loves not his wife and children feeds a lioness at home and broods a nest of sorrows.—Jeremy Taylor.

I have hardly ever observed the married condition unhappy but for want of judgment or temper in the man.—Richard Steele.

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune, for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief.—Lord Bacon.

After treating her like a goddess the husband uses her like a woman. What is worse, the most abject flatterers degenerate into the greatest tyrants.—Addison.

Altering Stamps.

No change or alteration of any sort should be made by a collector in his stamps. It was a custom some years ago among collectors to erase cancellation marks from their stamps in order to make their stamps better. The effect of the attempt was not all that could be desired. The erasures were not perfect, and the stamps in the changed condition, being neither canceled nor uncanceled, were simply inferior damaged specimens. One of the most common ways of altering stamps at the present time is to erase the word "specimen" from a stamp having this overprint. It cannot be done so that it will not be detected, and the stamp in the altered condition is worthless, while as a "specimen" it had some value. It has frequently happened that stamps, valuable in their original condition, have been made worthless by attempts to increase their value by alteration.—St. Nicholas.

Boots and Battles.

Marshal Saxe has left it on record that there was no article of a soldier's dress more important than boots and that battles were won by legs. The Duke of Wellington, on being asked what was the best requisite for a soldier, replied, "A good pair of shoes." "What next?" "A spare pair of good soles."

A Model Hospital.

The St. Bartholomew's hospital in New York is so constructed that there are no internal corners to catch the dust. There are absolutely no angles or projections in the building above the basement.

BRIGGSY

By
ROBERT C. V. MEYERS

Copyright, 1905, by Robert C. V. Meyers

NEVER in his life had Briggsy felt queerer than when he saw Carter pick up the little grayish "wad" that had dropped from the "old man's" pocket as he drew out his bundle of keys in passing rapidly through the workshop. It was quicker than a flash. The "old man" was just taking a long step over a big splash of oil on the floor, and he didn't get his foot down on the other side of it before the money was in Carter's pocket and Carter was at work again as if nothing had happened.

A chill went up Briggsy's spine, and then he burst into perspiration all over. It was as if he had done the thing himself.

But this couldn't be the end of it. The "old man" would certainly miss his money the quicker because he always walked with his hands in his pockets. It was a wonder that he didn't miss it before he got out of the room, yet Briggsy saw the door close behind him.

"He'll be back; he'll be back in a minute," thought Briggsy. "And then what'll I do? If it was anybody but Cart! It would kill his sister. I couldn't give away Mamie's brother. Not me!"

The thought of Mamie suggested an interesting possibility, and as the minutes passed and the "old man" did not come back Briggsy had time to consider the matter. The gist of it was that Carter had not taken this money for himself, but for his sister.

Mamie was lame. She couldn't walk a step alone. But the doctor who had looked out for her case more or less since she was hurt had said that with the aid of a certain complicated machine to support her back she could walk pretty well. The machine cost \$50, and that was a good deal of money to earn. Briggsy had sometimes thought of borrowing it, but never of stealing it.

Then he fell to thinking of Mamie as he was accustomed to see her evening after evening at her window as he and Cart reached home, smiling and making believe she liked to sit there forever sewing at the work for which she was paid such starvation prices, though, as she said, the work was not over fine and probably worth not much more than she received for it. That was the way with Mamie, always looking on the bright side and encouraging her brother, who was often gloomy and blamed himself for the accident which had injured her spine.

For Carter a year before, thinking to have some fun with Briggsy, whose room adjoined the tiny flat inhabited by Cart and his sister, tied a string across the stairs for tripping purposes. Mamie tripped instead of Briggsy and afterward spent months in bed, only supplementing that inactivity by sitting at her window later on, her limbs powerless.

Briggsy wondered if she were not sometimes as gloomy as Cart when nobody was by and she sewing there alone and seeing no end to her helplessness. And now there might be a chance for her to walk. And yet—

He bent over his work and filed and polished with feverish energy. When the day's duties were over he waited for Carter, for they usually went home together. Carter had a frown on his



IT WAS QUICKER THAN A FLASH.

face, such a frown as settled there when he was in his "bluest" mood. They walked along in silence.

Mamie's going to get that thing that'll help her to move about," Carter all at once broke out.

"It costs \$50, don't it?" asked Briggsy.

"Suppose it does?" snarled Carter. "I've got the money."

Briggsy nodded.

"I've saved up for a year," Carter went on. "I've done without—oh, everything. She's got to walk, I tell you. The doctor says she must go out in the sun and air, and how can she do it without that machine? I'm going to get that machine tonight."

So they came to the store of surgical

At the door Briggsy put his hand on his friend's arm.

"Cart," he said, "do you think Mamie'll like you for doing this?"

Carter shook off the hand.

"Don't she want to walk?" he demanded. "There's nobody but her and me, and suppose something'd happen to me and she'd be left by herself? Could she go on sitting up there alone and nobody to do anything for her? Ain't we alone in the world—father and mother both dead?"

Thus they went into the store, and in a few minutes more they were on their way to Mamie.

To see her white face light up when she spied them from her window, to hear her exclamation when Carter showed her what he had for her!

"Oh, Tom!" she said. "And you've saved for a year to get it!" She pulled his face down to hers. "I never told you, but I've wanted to walk so much. And now I'll learn all over again. And maybe I can go and find better paying work, for if you'd get sick or be laid off at the factory what should we do with the little I earn? Oh, Tom, what a dear fellow you are!"

But Carter was gloomier than ever.

"Now," he said, "I'll go and get Mrs. Willett to help you put the apparatus on. It's perfectly simple. You see, this bandage is on top at the back, and this stay comes down behind."

Briggsy left them and went to his own room, though he did not get his supper, as he should have done. He sat down and thought. Soon he heard Mamie laughing with glee and could hear her making her first attempt at walking, clumsily, heavily, but taking a step nevertheless.

"Yes," said Briggsy, pounding his hand on the table; "I'll do it." It was a firm resolution, and yet it did not enable him to make preparations for his supper. Instead for some time he sat there in the dark and never once raised his head.

Then all at once he heard a strange clamping sound outside his door. And there was Mamie, Cart's arm around her, positively standing upright.

"I thought I'd pay you a call," she said. "It's just grand! I'll learn to walk in no time. And then what holidays we'll have! We'll go to the country and see the trees and the birds or downtown to look at the parades. I'll soon learn, only I'm a bit nervous just now. And, Mr. George Briggs, I've come to invite you to take supper with us. We'll celebrate the day."

Of course Briggsy went.

"I'll get some cakes," said Carter and disappeared.

She was lively all the evening, so lively that it was a wonder her brother remained gloomy and at last said he had forgotten something and must go out. Briggsy also left the room.

"Going with me?" Carter asked. "I'm not feeling very well, and a walk'll help me."

Briggsy said he believed he'd go to his own room.

"Go if you want to," growled Carter and went down the stairs.

Briggsy had a hard night of it. He scarcely slept at all. Once he said: "Anybody'll believe it was me. I'm only a charity child. I'll do it."

In the morning he had no desire for breakfast. He did not wait for Carter, but went off alone an hour too early to go to work. He walked the streets till the factory whistle sounded and then went to the room where he and Carter and ten other men worked together.

Briggsy was the last to arrive, and the door had scarcely closed upon him when it opened to admit the "old man." His name was Hallett, and he was a fine old fellow, very well liked by the employees. He was of stout build, with a round, smooth, boyish face, and he had scanty gray hair which stood up in little tufts. It was said that these tufts stiffened like the hair on a cat's back when he was angry. On this particular morning they were in a strange tangle, as if he had been rubbing them in some dire strait of perplexity, and his manner was characterized by embarrassment.

"Er—gentlemen," he began, "there's a matter I want to speak to you about this morning." He paused and stretched his collar with his fingers as if it choked him. "To make a long story short," he continued, "with a great effort, I dropped some money in this room yesterday afternoon. Now, don't say a word. I'm not mistaken about it. I wish I were. The money was dropped right here—five ten dollar bills in a roll. The room has been searched, and the money's gone. Somebody's got it. Now, I don't want to be harsh. I know the temptation. Perhaps the man who found it didn't know it was mine. We'll say he didn't know where it came from. He just found it and put it into his pocket."

"Well, what shall we do about it? If he keeps it any longer he'll be a thief, and he'll be putting eleven honest men under unjust suspicion. He ought to give it back for the honor of his fellow workmen. And I say this: If he brings it back today that'll be the end of the matter." Then the old man went out.

There was a brief silence, and then Carter said in a low voice so charged with guilt that Briggsy looked around in wonder at the men who seemed to have no ears:

"It's a mistake. He never dropped it here."

This remark met with scant approval. It was the general opinion that the "old man" knew what he was talking about.

Just after the whistle blew one of the men called out: "If any man or boy here knows anything about that money let him be decent and own up and not let the rest of us bear the brunt of it. He'd better, for the 'old man's' got fire in his eyes, and the detectives will do the rest."

The detectives! Briggsy had not thought of them. He credited them with unfeeling ability to unearth anything. It would never do to let them get in their work. And that man had said, "Let the guilty one own up!" The resolution of last night when he had pounded the table and said he would "do it" rose before him. But to brag himself like that! And yet there was no time to lose. If the detectives were called in which of the employees might be accused?

The result of Briggsy's meditations up-

on this matter was the conviction that he must do something, and do it mighty soon, yet the afternoon kept slipping away. Briggsy had a scared eye on Carter most of the time, and he tried to keep the other one on the door, through which he momentarily expected to see the detective of his imagination appear with handcuffs for the guilty. No such calamity occurred, and the time to quit work arrived at last.

Briggsy sneaked out of the room first, and he felt that every eye was on him. The grimly humorous fancy came to him that some of these men "would think themselves mighty smart" before long. His legs felt like pieces of string, but they carried him to the door of Hallett's private office. He knocked and was admitted.

Hallett sat in his accustomed place, and nobody else was present except a strange man, rather shabby and of a sad countenance who was leaning on the edge of the big roll top desk. Briggsy eyed the stranger with alarm, suspecting his profession.

"Well," said Hallett, "what is it? Speak up!"

"Briggsy took his courage in both hands. 'It's about the money,' said he. 'So I supposed,' remarked Hallett. 'Could—could a feller pay it back?'"

Briggsy began.

Hallett looked at him curiously. "That's what I told you all this morning."

"I mean slow," gasped Briggsy. "Terribly slow—say a—dollar a week."

Hallett glanced suddenly up at the man who was leaning on the desk. The stranger took the hint and spoke up promptly: "I'll tell you what, my boy," said he, "you ain't made up your mind. That's what's the matter with you. You don't know what you want to say. And my suggestion to you is that you go out and take a walk and think it over. I'll have a talk with you by and by."

"I'm ready," Briggsy began.

"No, you ain't," said the man. "You ain't ready, and neither am I. Go out and take a walk."

And Briggsy went.

In his room that evening he hardened his heart to bear the brand of shame. Nobody came near him. He judged that Mamie was not in her room. She must have learned to walk already, and her brother had gone out with her. She would have a good time, and Briggsy was glad of it, and as this agreeable thought came



"HAVE YOU BROUGHT THE MONEY?"

to temper the bitterness of his reflections he felt conscious of a crowd of men who were exceedingly merciful, and so he fell asleep, fully dressed, upon his bed.

He awoke refreshed and with a better courage in the early morning, and after a bite of breakfast he walked toward the factory with a strong and increasing resolution. He saw nothing of the detective nor of Mr. Hallett. He had vaguely expected that they would be waiting for him at the factory gate. One or two men looked at him peculiarly, but he encountered no unusual incident until he was inside the factory, when a man from the office met him and told him to go to Mr. Hallett's private room. This summons was like the closing of prison gates behind him, but he obeyed it readily.

He had decided to make no further offer to return the money piecemeal. He would earn it some day. That was all he knew about the matter. People were permitted to earn a little money in prison, he had heard. Anyhow, he would do his best. The money was spent. It couldn't be got back even if Carter were found out.

In the office were Mr. Hallett and the detective. One might have supposed that they hadn't moved since Briggsy was there last, their attitudes being precisely as he remembered them.

"Well, Briggsy," said Hallett, "have you brought the money?"

"No," replied the boy. "I haven't brought it, and I can't bring it. It's gone. But you'll get it some day. That I'll swear to."

"Briggsy," said the "old man" sternly, "you didn't take that money, but you know who did."

Briggsy drew himself up to his full height, which was a little more than five feet. He snarled himself on the chest.

"I'm the man," he said, "who brought it." Hallett looked at him for some seconds, smiling.

"We've found out where the money went," he said.

Briggsy turned faint.

"Don't you believe it!" he said. "You just listen to me, and I'll—"

"I went to buy a piece of apparatus for Miss Mamie Carter, a very bright, nice, honest little girl, as I see her," said Hallett. "She called on me last evening."

"She called—on you?"

"Yes," said Hallett. "She came with her brother. He was there by her request—distinctly by her request. 'Our little friend, our poor little friend who is lame, happened to hear about some money being lost, and being of the feminine gender, she jumped to a conclusion. So she had it out with her brother, and the upshot of it was that he brought her to me with the walking machine in her hands, for, of course, she couldn't wear it after she'd found out how she'd come by it.'"

"Well," continued Hallett, after a pause, "that was a sight to draw tears from our friend here—he jerked his thumb at the detective—who doesn't weep often, as I'm well convinced. Miss Mamie was afraid the man who sold the machine wouldn't take it back and pay full price, but she was going to earn the difference herself. Now, it just struck me suddenly as she was making this proposal that she could earn the money easier if she had the harness to wear, so I begged her to keep it. And then her brother and I got down to business and settled our little affair upon some such basis as you proposed yesterday afternoon. So there'll be no trouble."

"And now, Briggsy, a word to you. Don't try to pull yourself off for a thief again. You look too honest. You couldn't fool why, you couldn't even fool a detective. He saw through you in a minute. Go back to work now, and we'll say no more about it. You did wrong. It's always wrong to shield a criminal or to help a misguided man to walk in the way of the transgressor. But, confound you, Briggsy, I rather like you for it."