

# BROADWAY GROCERY

## FRUITS.

We would have readers of the Review bear in mind that we are headquarters for all kinds of Fresh Fruits, fruit that arrives daily, and is in the finest condition. No old, decayed stuff. Plumbs, apples, grapes, pears, melons, peaches—everything usually carried in city market. Telephone us our orders, we'll send you just as good as though you made your own selection.

School opens Monday, and children should have a nice tablet. We have them and give free a good pencil with each one. All grades of paper.

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.

### CEMENT WORK OF ALL KINDS

SIDEWALKS, CURBS, RETAINING WALLS, CISTERS AND CAVES

The Best of Cement used and all work guaranteed first class. Let us quote you prices.

WALKER & DAVIS, Denison, Iowa.

### E. H. HOWLAND SELLS LUMBER

AND MAKES A SPECIALTY OF ESTIMATING AND SHIPPING COUNTRY ORDERS

CHEAP!

TRY HIM BY SENDING BILL FOR FIGURES

ADDRESS ESTIMATE DEPART. T SOUTH OMAHA, NEBRASKA

### LISTEN! LISTEN!

Bulbs, Bulbs, Cut Flowers, Designs, Choice Flower Plants, 10 per cent. disc. to all lodges ordering designs over \$5.

ZIMMER & SON Florists Woodbine, Iowa

### FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN

A good substantial house and five acres of well shaded grounds. Good outbuildings and barn. Located two blocks from Northwestern depot. Will either sell or trade for personal property. In- of J. W. BAKER

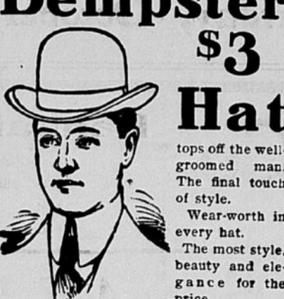
### J. H. WALKER ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Real Estate and Collections. OFFICE OVER POSTOFFICE.

### R. O. McCONAUGHEY DENTIST.

Office Warbasse Block. DENISON, IOWA. Crawford Co. phone 259

### The Dempster \$3 Hat



Sold by Denison Clothing Co. Sweet, Dempster & Co., Makers, Chicago.

### BEAUTIFUL LAKE VIEW

is an ideal summer resort. Good hunting and fishing. The North-Western Line will sell excursion tickets to Lake View at \$1.20 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.V.

### Strawberry and Vegetable Dealers

The Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad Company have recently issued a publication known as Circular No. 12, in which is described the best territory in this country for the growing of early strawberries and early vegetables. Every dealer in such products should address a postal card to the undersigned at Dubuque, Iowa, requesting a copy of "Circular No. 12." J. F. MERRY, Ass't. Gen'l. Pass. Agent.

### Hard to Understand.

**P**AW says th' folks 'at runs th' schools Will drop old fashioned ways An' train each boy by some new rules— He's mighty glad, he says, He says schools run like they have been Will never make boys good; That whippin' boys or keepin' 'em Won't do it—never would. But often paw has said he guessed When he's at school he was th' best.

**P**aw says th' way they'll teach us now, Will teach us how to act— To be polite an' how to bow An' give us things we've lacked. He says th' way things has been run For years an' years an' years Has harmed th' children every one A awful lot, he fears. But paw he was a model youth At school—he says that is th' truth.

**P**aw says that as th' twig's inclined Th' tree is sure to grow, An' proper trainin' of th' mind Control how much we'll know. He says th' schools has all been wrong, An' now they will commence To push each boy an' girl along An' give 'em lots o' sense. But paw—he used to be so smart An' had his lessons all by heart.

**P**aw says he's glad th' old time ways Won't be used any more— They was no good at all, he says, An' should have gone before. He says th' schools was out o' date For twenty years or so; That people tried to educate, But never did it, though. But when he went to school, he said, He always stood right at th' head. —Chicago Tribune.

### Good Entertainment.

"If ye'll give me 10 cents, mister, I'll show yer where our cat's havin' a fit." —San Francisco Examiner.

### A Bare Cupboard.

A lady who had recently moved called at the postoffice to ascertain if there was any mail for her at the old address.

"Did you give the carrier any change when you moved?" asked the clerk, reaching for a change of address slip.

The woman colored, but answered bravely, "No, there wasn't any change left when we got through moving." —Lippincott's Magazine.

### A Power for Good.

The pills that are potent in their action and pleasant in their effect are DeWitt's Little Early Risers. W. S. Philpot, of Albany, Ga., says: "During a bilious attack I took one. Small as it was it did me more good than calomel, blue mass or any other pill I ever took and at the same time the effect was pleasant. Little Early Risers are certainly an ideal pill." Sold by RUDOLPH KNAUL CASSADAY & CO.

### Weak Hearts

Are due to indigestion. Ninety-nine of every one hundred people who have heart trouble can remember when it was simple indigestion. It is a scientific fact that all cases of heart disease, not organic, are not only traceable to, but are the direct result of indigestion. All food taken into the stomach which fails of perfect digestion ferments and swells the stomach, puffing it up against the heart. This interferes with the action of the heart, and in the course of time that delicate but vital organ becomes diseased.

Mr. D. Kauble, of Nevada, O., says: "I had stomach trouble and was in a bad state as I had heart trouble with it. I took Kodol Dyspepsia Cure for about four months and it cured me."

**Kodol Digests What You Eat** and relieves the stomach of all nervous strain and heart of all pressure.

Bottle only, \$1.00 Size holding 2 1/2 times the quantity, each sells for 50c.

Prepared by E. O. DeWITT & CO., CHICAGO

### BUNKER HILL AFLOAT

[Copyright, 1904, by T. C. McClure.]

The good ship Ranger had been chartered by the Chinese government to carry \$100,000 in silver from Fuchau to Japan, and her crew of fourteen Americans were re-enforced by thirty Chinese soldiers, and two heavy cannons were mounted on our decks to bid defiance to pirates.

On the morning of our second day out, which happened to be on the 3d of July, we found a suspicious looking junk bearing down on us from the west. She ran down to within a mile of us, apparently established our identity to her satisfaction and then laid her course parallel with ours. As we had a light breeze all day, the junk held her own, and just at sundown two more craft of her size came down on us from the lee of the Chinchin Islands. Word must have been sent on at least three days ahead of us that we were a treasure ship.

Night closed down with the three junks a mile to windward, and each of them held its position through the long hours. We could have gone off to leeward and made a stern chase of it, or we could have turned and hoped that they would not dare to follow.

"No, I'll be hanged if I do!" shouted Captain White when the crew gathered aft and asked him if he should take that course. "I'm bound for Japan under charter, and if there were six junks instead of three I wouldn't vary a point from my course. Dern an American who'll run away from anything! They won't attack till morning, and tomorrow is the glorious Fourth. We'll dress the ship and then dress the pirates."

We would have daylight at 4 o'clock, and when the first signs of dawn came stealing over the waters there was wind enough to do with the Ranger as we saw fit.

Every flag we had aboard, no matter what the nationality, was hoisted, and in addition to them the steward was ordered to make other flags of the cabin sheets and tablecloths, and every blue or red shirt in the men's chests was likewise converted into bunting.

The old craft must have had a queer look to the pirates, and when she hoisted the day with a salute of cannon and small arms, followed by three rousing cheers, the fellows must have wondered what sort of a menagerie they had been following during the night. The cook had breakfast at once, and by sunrise we were waiting for a move on the part of the junks. Then the native officer was sent for, and Captain White asked:

"Well, are you going to fight?"

"If not too many come," was the reply.

"Too many, you slab sided son of a gun! What difference does it make to us how many there are? Trot out your gang while I give them a word or two."

The Chinese soldiers came shuffling forward, and one glance was enough to show that they had no heart for a fight.

"You miserable, cowardly trash!" shouted the captain as he caught one of the gang and lifted him off his feet and cracked his heels together. "Now, then, are you going to help us? Wake up here and listen to me! You'll either fight like devils or we'll chuck you overboard to the sharks. Muck, take hold and help me to kick some grit into their cowardly hearts."

It was the funniest scene ever witnessed before a battle. For ten minutes we booted the soldiers up and down the decks, with the crew laughing and cheering, and we ceased kicking only when they promised to do their full duty. They feared our boot toes more than the cannon of the junks. They were scattered along between the guns, where our men could keep an eye on them, and we were all at our stations when one of the junks flew a signal and the three bore down on us.

Our ordnance was twelve pounders, with fuse shell for the first charges, and there was hardly a whisper among the men as the foremost junk came sailing down to get us within range of her four pound pieces. The captain let her loose to within two cable lengths and then gave the order to fire. The two starboard guns were discharged at almost the same second, and as the men knew little or nothing of big gun practice it was luck or accident that sent the shells where they landed. Both went plump into the junk's hull on her port bow, and both exploded inside of her. The pirate was literally blown out of the water. It wasn't thirty seconds from the time the shells struck her before she was out of sight under water, and not one of her forty or fifty men escaped death.

"Now for the next!" shouted Captain White when his voice could be heard above the cheering, and the starboard watch ran to the braces and brought the ship around so that our port battery could be brought to bear. As we came around we had the second junk almost under our bows, and such of our men as were not at the guns, assisted by the soldiers, opened fire with muskets. We got a hot fire back, but only for a couple of minutes. Then the big guns plumped their shells into her, and she was simply torn open to follow number one to the bottom. Out of her complement of fifty men we observed about half a dozen clinging to the wreckage. The third junk hung in the wind for a moment and then made off to the westward.

"Not if I'm a Yankee and a patriot!" exclaimed Captain White as he saw her turn tail. "We've got two, but it's the glorious Fourth, and we want the third one. Round with her, men, and we'll finish this job in shipshape fashion."

We ran one of the guns forward, opened on her with shell and sank her.

M. QUAD.

### SIRENS AND SONS.

Friends of Lord Curzon predict that he will yet be the grand lama of Tibet. It is said General Miles has made a great deal of money out of his Texas oil well ventures.

Among rich Americans perhaps none is so fond of being photographed as August Belmont. James R. Keene is a close second.

Sir Harry Johnston writes that Stanley would have been buried in England's historic abbey had not the dean of Westminster been prejudiced against the great explorer.

Colonel Benjamin F. Hawkes, one of the two remaining of the eight men who organized the G. A. R., attended the recent encampment at Boston. The other is Colonel William R. Woods.

Mr. John Lobb, the well known English writer on religious subjects and a member of the London city corporation, has joined the ranks of spiritualists. He claims to have talked with the spirit of Dr. Talmage.

Dr. Duren J. H. Ward, well known throughout the Hawkeye State, has just been authorized by the board of curators of the Iowa Historical society to continue his investigations of the Indian mounds of Iowa.

Governor White of North Dakota has appointed Edward Engrud of Fargo to be supreme court judge to succeed the late Judge John M. Cochrane, who died suddenly on July 20 while the state nominating convention was in session.

Paderewski used to spend much time on horseback, but gave up this diversion some time ago because of the risk of injuring his hands. Gardening is now his pet occupation, and he spends much of his time in the grounds of his Swiss chateau.

Minister Kogoro Takahira, Japan's representative in Washington, is a solidly built little man with an expressionless face, aggressively pompadour hair and square, heavy jaw. He first came to this country in 1879, as secretary of the legation and subsequently held numerous important posts, at home and in Europe.

### CHURCH AND CLERGY.

The Methodist Episcopal Church South has under consideration the establishment of a Methodist mission in Jerusalem.

At the annual collection at Old Orchard, Me., of the Christian Workers' alliance \$44,000 was given in cash and pledges, mostly cash.

Rev. Bonaventura Piscopo, a missionary among Italians in the Pittsburgh district, is a nobleman by birth, a son of Marquis Galassi Piscopo of Naples.

The Rev. Stephen Gladstone is going to London to take up the work of the parish of St. Mary the Less, Lambeth, where he worked when first ordained to the ministry some forty years ago.

If brevity be the soul of wit, then the Rev. Charles H. Yatman has a first mortgage on the distinction of being the wittiest preacher in America. To an Ocean Grove audience the dominie recently announced his text, then said, "Don't worry; it's wicked," and sat down.

### LABOR AND PROGRESS.

The windmill has been put to work in Germany driving dynamos.

Bricks are now being made of clean sand and ground quicklime. They are said to be hard as granite.

A company with a capital of \$200,000 has been chartered in Massachusetts to manufacture a nonrefillable bottle.

It is estimated that over 10,000 photographers, artists and engravers are employed in the single department of newspaper illustration in this country.

The four principal diamond mines of the Kimberly district employ about 8,000 persons, and from 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 carats are turned out each year.

Norwegian experts believe that by the establishment of sanitariums containing each about twenty persons it will be possible to exterminate tuberculosis in time, just as leprosy, once so prevalent in their country, was practically exterminated.

### THE EDUCATORS.

The Rev. Henry A. Buchtel, since he was made chancellor of the Denver university, has cleared that institution of a debt of more than a quarter of a million dollars.

Barrett Wendel, professor at Harvard university, has been engaged to give a series of lectures on American literature, manners, customs and institutions during the first semester of the next scholastic year, beginning probably in November at the University of Paris.

As a result of the visit of several German educators to Chicago last March, when they were the guests of the University of Chicago, Emperor William has conferred decorations on Dr. W. R. Harper, Professor Harry Pratt Judson and Professor Starr W. Cutting of the university.

### SCIENCE SIFTINGS.

Mercury is the only liquid metal. Muscular exercise increases the number of globules in the blood.

Except the sun and the moon only Venus, Jupiter and some of the brightest fixed stars give a sensible shadow.

M. Malcott's invention, the telecyclograph, reproduces conversations over the telephone in print. The inventor is an Italian and lives in Brussels.

It has been demonstrated by Professor Curie that the emanations given off by radium cause the death of the smaller animals when breathed by them.

### THE YOUNG LECTURER

(Original.)

The young professor was lecturing to a mixed class of men and women. His subject was mental philosophy, and he was treating of the emotions.

"Love," he said, "is perhaps the emotion which is best calculated to illustrate the actual shallowness of our emotional natures. A man sees a woman whom he desires to possess. The faculty of imagination makes her a paragon in his eyes. Constant dwelling on one subject produces mania. If he marries the ceremony is scarcely performed before reality usurps the place so recently occupied by emotion, and the woman appears to him as her real self, with the particular faults belonging to that particular woman. If he does not marry he is in time cured of his mania, and the object that has excited it becomes commonplace to him. But he is not immune. The love emotion may again and again be excited, the object in each case being a different woman."

When the class was dismissed the students passed out of the lecture room, and if any of them dissented from his views the lecturer was not made aware of the fact. His remarks upon love produced no marked effect on the young men of his class, but among the girls there was a babel of tongues indignantly denying the lecturer's position, most of them averring that the "coxcomb" had been jilted. One girl, and only one, stood by him, a modest feminine creature who would never be suspected of harboring such heretical sentiments. But as she had not cast off the awkwardness of her girlhood and answered to the commonplace name of Euphemia Smith the other girls declared that she agreed with the young professor because it was not probable that she would ever have a lover.

Ten years passed. The man who used his "chair" simply to gain a livelihood while he studied a profession had become an eminent attorney. He had been recently introduced to a lady who had taken possession of his heart. He had forgotten his lectures on mental philosophy and on this particular occasion was declaring his passion. Nevertheless he had formed analytical habits and must needs fall into them.

"There is nothing," he said, "that so strongly points to a divinity in our natures as love. Never have I been so impressed with this as since my heart has been beating in unison with yours. Selfishness dies in the presence of love as a noxious vapor is dispelled by the sun. It is my delight to serve you. I would even die for you. Every flash of your beautiful eyes, every note in your melodious voice, every one of your many adorable traits, impels me to cast myself at your feet and beg you to permit me to forego all selfish pleasure for the one supreme joy of being your slave."

"I regret," said the lady coolly, "that I cannot agree with you as to the nature of love. Love is perhaps the emotion best calculated to illustrate the actual shallowness of our emotional natures."

"How can you say that? You would not did you love as I love. My passion for you is not an emotion; it is akin to the nature of the great Creator, a spark from heaven, a blessed privilege beside which the pleasures, the ambitions, the successes of life, dwindle into nothingness."

"The faculty of the imagination," she replied in an argumentative tone, "makes me a paragon in your eyes. Constant dwelling on one subject has produced mania. After marriage reality would usurp the place of emotion, and I would appear to you with the particular faults that belong to me individually."

"I would become every day, every hour, more and more devoted. If I am not blessed by being permitted to spend my life in loving you the bright prospects before me will wither like burned parchment."

"On the contrary, you will soon be cured of your mania, and I shall become commonplace."

"I can never love another."

"You will not be immune. The emotion may again and again be excited, the object in each case being a different woman."

### THE YOUNG LECTURER

(Original.)

The young professor was lecturing to a mixed class of men and women. His subject was mental philosophy, and he was treating of the emotions.

"Love," he said, "is perhaps the emotion which is best calculated to illustrate the actual shallowness of our emotional natures. A man sees a woman whom he desires to possess. The faculty of imagination makes her a paragon in his eyes. Constant dwelling on one subject produces mania. If he marries the ceremony is scarcely performed before reality usurps the place so recently occupied by emotion, and the woman appears to him as her real self, with the particular faults belonging to that particular woman. If he does not marry he is in time cured of his mania, and the object that has excited it becomes commonplace to him. But he is not immune. The love emotion may again and again be excited, the object in each case being a different woman."

When the class was dismissed the students passed out of the lecture room, and if any of them dissented from his views the lecturer was not made aware of the fact. His remarks upon love produced no marked effect on the young men of his class, but among the girls there was a babel of tongues indignantly denying the lecturer's position, most of them averring that the "coxcomb" had been jilted. One girl, and only one, stood by him, a modest feminine creature who would never be suspected of harboring such heretical sentiments. But as she had not cast off the awkwardness of her girlhood and answered to the commonplace name of Euphemia Smith the other girls declared that she agreed with the young professor because it was not probable that she would ever have a lover.

Ten years passed. The man who used his "chair" simply to gain a livelihood while he studied a profession had become an eminent attorney. He had been recently introduced to a lady who had taken possession of his heart. He had forgotten his lectures on mental philosophy and on this particular occasion was declaring his passion. Nevertheless he had formed analytical habits and must needs fall into them.

"There is nothing," he said, "that so strongly points to a divinity in our natures as love. Never have I been so impressed with this as since my heart has been beating in unison with yours. Selfishness dies in the presence of love as a noxious vapor is dispelled by the sun. It is my delight to serve you. I would even die for you. Every flash of your beautiful eyes, every note in your melodious voice, every one of your many adorable traits, impels me to cast myself at your feet and beg you to permit me to forego all selfish pleasure for the one supreme joy of being your slave."

"I regret," said the lady coolly, "that I cannot agree with you as to the nature of love. Love is perhaps the emotion best calculated to illustrate the actual shallowness of our emotional natures."

"How can you say that? You would not did you love as I love. My passion for you is not an emotion; it is akin to the nature of the great Creator, a spark from heaven, a blessed privilege beside which the pleasures, the ambitions, the successes of life, dwindle into nothingness."

"The faculty of the imagination," she replied in an argumentative tone, "makes me a paragon in your eyes. Constant dwelling on one subject has produced mania. After marriage reality would usurp the place of emotion, and I would appear to you with the particular faults that belong to me individually."

"I would become every day, every hour, more and more devoted. If I am not blessed by being permitted to spend my life in loving you the bright prospects before me will wither like burned parchment."

"On the contrary, you will soon be cured of your mania, and I shall become commonplace."

"I can never love another."

"You will not be immune. The emotion may again and again be excited, the object in each case being a different woman."

Something in the lady's eye—the suspicion of a smile—served to kindle the flame of memory. It rushed upon the lover that the object of his love had been quoting his own words.

"You are a graduate of —?"

"I am."

"And attended my lectures?"

"I did."

"Strange," he said, "that I should not have remembered you. There was a girl—a Miss Smith—in the class of '92, I think, but she did not resemble you."

"Papa used to say that I looked like a colt when I was in my teens."

There was a short silence, during which the man endeavored to recover from his confusion.

"What rot I must have talked in those days! I was infatuated with realism and materialism and all that. I wonder that the college authorities appointed a boy of twenty-six to lecture on abstruse subjects. But how came you to remember so much twaddle?"

"There was a special cause."

She hung her head and toyed with a turquoise ring on her finger the shade of her blue eyes. The man plucked up courage.

"Name it, sweetheart."

"I loved you."

He clasped her in his arms, and there was a moment—moments, long moments—of ecstatic silence. Then they cooed and cooed till the clock struck the first hour of the morning.

F. A. MITCHELL.