

# Cut Flowers AND Floral Designs of Every Description.

Very Fine and Fresh Chrysanthemums, Carnations and Roses in red, white and pink, for Christmas.  
Leave orders from one to four days before they are wanted, to insure finest stock.

**BENJAMIN BARTCHER**  
At Salomon's Furniture Store.  
AGENT FOR  
Wilcox of Council Bluffs, and Lozier's of Des Moines.  
Send for Price List.

**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  
SOUTH OMAHA, NEBRASKA

**LISTEN! LISTEN!**  
Bulbs, Bulbs, Cut Flowers, Designs, Choice Flower Plants, 10 per cent dis to all lodges ordering designs over \$3.  
**ZIMMER & SON Florists**  
Woodbine, Iowa

**R. O. McCONAUGHEY**  
**DENTIST.**  
Office Warbase Block.  
Crawford Co. phone 259  
**DENISON, IOWA**

**J. H. WALKER**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
Real Estate and Collections.  
OFFICE OVER POSTOFFICE.

**DENISON CITY HOSPITAL**  
Crawford County Phone No. 166  
MRS. LULU R. ELLIOT, PROPT. CHG. MDY.  
Corner of Benefit and Pine St., Denison, Iowa. Patients received and cared for on very easy terms. Ad. Mrs. Lulu R. Elliot, Denison City Hospital, Denison, Ia.

**SPECIAL FACILITIES**  
For handling all kinds of patent procedure. Advice to inventors. Trade Marks, Labels and Caveats. Correspondence solicited. Foreign and Domestic Patents.  
VICTOR L. DODGE, Washington, D.C.

## Are You Interested in the South?

Do You Care to Know of the Marvelous Development Now Going on in the Great Central South?

Of innumerable opportunities for young men or old ones—to grow rich? Do you want to know about rich farming lands, fertile, well located, on a Trunk Line railroad, which will produce two, three and four crops from the same field each year, and which can be purchased at very low prices and on easy terms? About stock raising where the extreme of winter feeding is but six (6) short weeks? Of places where truck growing and fruit raising yield enormous returns each year? Of a land where you can live out of doors every day in the year? Of opportunities for establishing profitable manufacturing industries; of rich mineral locations, and splendid business openings?

If you want to know the details of any or all of these write me. I will gladly advise you fully and truthfully.  
G. A. PARK,  
General Immigration and Industrial Agt., Louisville & Nashville Railroad Co., Louisville, Ky.

**Poland Chinas**  
25 March farrowed shoats, both sexes, or sale. Best registered stock.  
**ARTHUR GIRARD,**  
Schleswig, Iowa

**Kodol Dyspepsia Cure**  
Digests what you eat.

He must have expected the question, yet his answer was a long time coming. His voice, too, sounded strained, and was pitched quite too high to be natural. But he evidently did not expect me to show surprise at his manner.

"Look at that window over there!" he cried at last. "That one with the slightly open shutter! Watch and you will see that shutter move. There, it creaked! Didn't you hear it?"

A growl—it was more like a moan—came from the porch behind us. In



stantly the old gentleman turned and, with a gesture as fierce as it was instinctive, shouted out:

"Be still there! If you haven't the courage to face a blowing shutter, keep your jaws shut and don't let every fellow who happens along know what a fool you are. I declare," he muttered on, half to himself and half to me, "that dog is getting old. He can't be trusted any more. He forsakes his master just when"—The rest was lost in his throat, which rattled with something more than impatient anger. Meanwhile I had been attentively scrutinizing the house thus pointedly brought to my notice. I had seen it many times before, but, as it happened, had never stopped to look at it when the huge trees surrounding it were shrouded in darkness. The black hollow of its disused portal looked out from shadows which acquired some of their somberness from the tragic memories connected with its empty void.

Its aspect was scarcely reassuring. Not that superstition lent its terrors to the lonely scene, but that through the blank panes of window, alternately appearing and disappearing from view as the shutter pointed out by Uncle David blew to and fro in the wind, I saw or was persuaded that I saw a beam of light which argued an unknown presence within walls which had so lately been declared unfit for any man's habitation.

"You are right," I now remarked to the uneasy figure at my side. "Some one is prowling through the house ponder. Can it possibly be Mrs. Jeffrey or her husband?"

"At night and with no gas in the house? Hardly."  
The words were natural, but the voice was not. Neither was his manner quite suited to the occasion. Giving him another sly glance and marking how uneasily he edged away from me in the darkness, I cried out more cheerfully than he possibly expected:

"I will summon another officer, and we three will just slip across and investigate."

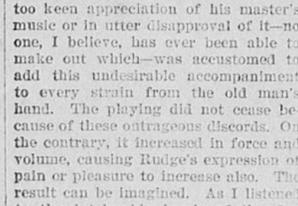
"Not I!" was his violent rejoinder as he swung open a gate concealed in the vines behind him. "The Jeffreys would resent my intrusion if they ever happened to hear of it."

"Indeed!" I laughed, sounding my whistle. Then, soberly enough, for I was more than a little struck by the oddity of his behavior and thought him as well worth investigation as the house in which he showed such an interest: "You shouldn't let that count. Come and see what's up in the house you are so ready to call yours."

But he only drew farther into the shade.

"I have no business over there," he objected. "Veronica and I have never been on good terms. I was not even invited to her wedding, though I live within a stone's throw of the door. No; I have done my duty in calling attention to that light, and whether it's the bullseye of a burglar—perhaps you don't know that there are rare treasures on the bookshelves of the great library—or whether it is the fantastic illumination which frightens fool folks and some fool dogs, I'm done with it and done with you, too, for tonight."

As he said this he mounted to his door and disappeared under the vines, hanging like a shroud over the front



of the house. In another moment the rich peal of an organ sounded from within, followed by the prolonged howling of Rudge, who, either from a too keen appreciation of his master's music or in utter disapproval of it—no one, I believe, has ever been able to make out which—was accustomed to add this undesirable accompaniment to every strain from the old man's hand. The playing did not cease because of these outrageous discords. On the contrary, it increased in force and volume, causing Rudge's expression of pain or pleasure to increase also. The result can be imagined. As I listened to the intolerable howls of the dog cutting clean through the exquisite harmonies of his master I wondered if the shadows cast by the frowning structure of the great Moore house were alone to blame for Uncle David's lack of neighbors.

down the block. As he joined me the light, or what we chose to call a light, appeared in the window toward which my attention had been directed.

"Some one's in the Moore house!" I declared, in as matter of fact tones as I could command.

Hibbard is a big fellow, the biggest fellow on the force, and, so far as my own experience with him had gone, as stolid and imperturbable as the best of us. But after a quick glance at the towering walls of the lonely building he showed decided embarrassment and seemed in no haste to cross the street.

With difficulty I concealed my disgust.

"Come," I cried, stepping down from the curb, "let's go over and investigate. The property is valuable, the furnishings are handsome, and there is no end of costly books on the library shelves. You have matches and a revolver?"

He nodded, quietly showing me first the one, then the other; then, with a sheepish air which he endeavored to carry off with a laugh, he cried:

"Have you use for 'em? If so, I'm quite willing to part with 'em for a half hour."

I was more than amazed at this evidence of weakness in one I had always considered as tough and impeneable as flint rock. Thrusting back the hand with which he had half drawn into the weapon I had mentioned, I put on my sternest air and led the way across the street. As I did so, I tossed back the words:

"We may come upon a gang. You do not wish me to face some half dozen men alone?"

"You won't find any half dozen men there," was his muttered reply. Nevertheless he followed me, though with less spirit than I liked, considering that my own manner was in a measure assumed and that I was not without sympathy—well, let me say, for a dog who preferred howling a dismal accompaniment to his master's music to keeping open watch over a neighborhood dominated by the unhallowed structure I now proposed to enter.

At the first touch the door yielded. It was not even latched.

"So! so!" thought I. "This is no fool's job; some one is in the house."

I had provided myself with an ordinary pocket lantern, and, when I had convinced Hibbard that I fully meant to enter the house and discover for myself who had taken advantage of the popular prejudice against it to make a secret refuge or rendezvous of its decayed old rooms, I took out this lantern and held it in readiness.

"We may strike a hornet's nest," I explained to Hibbard, whose feet seemed very heavy even for a man of his size. "But I'm going in and so are you. Only, let me suggest first that we take off our shoes. We can hide them in these bushes."

"I always catch cold when I walk barefooted," mumbled my brave companion; but receiving no reply, he drew off his shoes and dropped them beside mine in the cluster of stark bushes which figure so prominently in the newspaper illustrations that have lately appeared. Then he took out his revolver, and, cocking it, stood waiting, while I gave a cautious push to the door.

Darkness! Silence!  
Rather had I confronted a light and heard some noise, even if it had been the ominous click to which we are so well accustomed. Hibbard seemed to share my feelings, though from an entirely different cause.

"Pistols and lanterns are no good here," he grumbled. "What we want at this blessed minute is a priest with a sprinkling of holy water; and I for one!"

He was actually sliding off. With a smothered oath I drew him back.

"See here!" I cried, "you're not a babe in arms. Come on or— Well, what now?"

He had clinched my arm and was pointing to the door which was slowly yawning to behind us.

"Notice that," he whispered. "No key in the lock! Men use keys, but— My patience could stand no more. With a shake I rid myself of his clutch, muttering:

"There, go! You're too much of a fool for me. I'm in for it alone." And in proof of my determination I turned the slide of the lantern and flashed the light through the house.

The effect was ghostly; but while the fellow at my side breathed hard, he did not take advantage of my words to make his escape, as I half expected him to. The truth is, I was startled myself, but I was able to hide the fact and to whisper back to him fiercely:

"Hush!"  
I had just heard something.

For a moment we stood breathless, but as the sound was not repeated I concluded that it was the creaking of that faraway shutter. Certainly there was nothing moving near us.

"Shall we go upstairs?" whispered Hibbard.

"Not till we have made sure that all is right down here."

He was right; I felt as if I were shutting the lid of a coffin when I finally closed the door.

Our next steps took us into the rear, where we found little to detain us, and then, with a certain dread fully justified by the event, we made for the door defined by the two Corinthian columns.

It was ajar like the rest, and, call me coward or call me fool—I have called Hibbard both, you will remember—I found that it cost me an effort to lay my hand on its mahogany panels. Danger, if danger there was, lurked here, and while I had never known myself to quail before any ordinary antagonist, I, like others of my kind, have no especial fondness for unseen and mysterious perils.

Hibbard, who up to this point had followed me almost too closely, now accorded me all the room that was necessary. It was with a sense of entering alone upon the scene that I finally thrust wide the door and crossed the threshold of this redoubtable room where, but two short weeks before, a fresh victim had been added to the list of those who had by some unheard of, unimaginable means found their death within its recesses.

My first glance showed me little save the ponderous outlines of an old settle, which jutted from the corner of the fireplace half way out into the room. As it was seemingly from this seat that the men, who at various times had been found lying here, had fallen to their doom, a thrill passed over me as I noted its unwieldy bulk and the deep shadow it threw on the ancient and dishonored hearthstone. To escape the ghastly memories it evoked and also to satisfy myself that the room was really as empty as it seemed, I took another step forward. This caused the light from the lantern I carried to spread beyond the point on which it had hitherto been so effectively concentrated, but the result



The dead bride

was to emphasize rather than detract from the extreme desolation of the great room. The settle was a fixture, as I afterward found, and was almost the only article of furniture to be seen on the wide expanse of uncarpeted floor. There was a table or two in hiding somewhere amid the shadows at the other end from where I stood, and possibly some kind of stool or settee, but the general impression made upon me was that of a completely dismantled place given over to moth and rust.

The elegance of the heavily stuccoed

(Continued Next week)

**Tonic to the System.**  
For liver troubles and constipation there is nothing better than De Witt's Little Early Risers, the famous Little Pills. They do not weaken the stomach. Their action upon the system is mild, pleasant and harmless. Rob Moore, of La Fayette, Ind. says: "No use talking. De Witt's Little Early Risers do the work. All other pills I have used gripe and make me sick in the stomach and never cured me. De Witt's Little Early Risers proved to be the long sought relief. They are simply perfect." Persons traveling find Little Early Risers the most reliable remedy to carry with them. Sold by  
RUDOLPH KNAUL  
CASSADAY & CO.

**Missouri Senatorial Contest.**  
Jefferson City, Mo., Jan. 23.—There were few developments in the United States senatorial contest. The Kerens men claim they will have one or two additional votes today. One of these, they say, is Mr. Kelly of Barry county. An anonymous circular made its appearance on the street, declaring that the solution of the senatorial question could be had by the election of John D. Young of Texas county. Senator Young is a supporter of Thomas K. Niedringhaus, the caucus nominee, and claims he is not in the race for the senatorship. Mr. Niedringhaus maintains his position that he will win and takes a cheerful view of the situation.

**Cardinal Satelli Ill.**  
Rome, Jan. 23.—Cardinal Satelli, who has been suffering from an attack of influenza, is now ill of bronchitis. Pope Pius sent a message of inquiry to the residence of the cardinal, together with his benediction.

**Rioting Occurs in Hungary.**  
Budapest, Hungary, Jan. 23.—The gendarmes were called out to quell a disturbance in the village of Turpola. The gendarmes fired on the mob, killing four and wounding one of them.

**Rouvier Forms a Cabinet.**  
Paris, Jan. 23.—It was announced as practically certain M. Rouvier had succeeded in forming a ministry and would today inform President Loubet of his acceptance of the premierships, with the names of those forming the cabinet.

**Speedy Relief.**  
A salve that heals without a scar is De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve. No remedy effects such speedy relief. It draws out inflammation, soothes, cools and heals all cuts, burns and bruises. A sure cure for Piles and skin diseases. De Witt's is the only genuine Witch Hazel Salve. Beware of counterfeits, they are dangerous. Sold by  
RUDOLPH KNAUL  
CASSADAY & CO.

**Want to Trade**  
Your City Property for a good Farm?

**Want to Trade**  
That Stock of Goods for a good farm?

COME AND SEE US ABOUT THAT FINE HALF SECTION IOWA FARM WE CAN TRADE YOU. CAN GET POSSESSION FOR 1905 IF WANTED

**E. GULICK, MGR.**  
Crawford County Real Estate Exchange

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.

**SEE HERE**  
WE have on hand a nice lot of Fence Posts and Poles. Also small Piling; Hog Wire Fence, a car of the very best cement on the market, all kinds of shingles and building materials at bed-rock prices.  
Call and see us before purchasing elsewhere. At the old Stone & Temple stand.  
**W. R. TEMPLE CO.**

**250 Bbls. New Hampshire Apples**  
of the Finest flavor, sound and will keep. Will say we never had better ones.  
**\$2.75 Per Barrell**  
**THE BOYS.**

**The Elite Lunch Room**  
NINUS MONTGOMERY, Prop.  
BILL OF FARE FOR THE WEEK  
ROAST BEEF, ROAST PORK, ROAST MUTTON, HAM, BACON, Etc.  
Special Chicken Dinner Next Sunday  
Side Dishes with All Meat Orders. Pies, Cakes and Desert.  
Cigars and Tobacco, Best Brands  
Give us Your Patronage