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Mr. Investor, can you realize a fair per cent. on your investment in \$75 and \$100 an acre land?

To the former we would say, if you are not satisfied with your progress, come to Box Butte county, Nebraska, where you can buy choice farm land at prices ranging from \$10 to \$20 per acre, according to improvements and distance from town.

To the latter we will say that land is increasing in price very rapidly and the indications are that there will be an increase of fifty per cent. within the next twelve months.

There are a number of Crawford and Carroll county citizens living here and all are prospering. Not one of them desires to sell out. If interested write us and we will send you their opinions of the country and further information.

Last week we sold Judge Connor nearly 7,000 acres of land in this county. As to our integrity we refer you to Mr. Connor, Sheriff Meehan and other Crawford county citizens.

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DO YOU WORK with your hands or your head? It is estimated that the man who works with his hands can earn about \$2.00 a day. There is no limit to the earning capacity of the man who works with his head. If he is trained so that he can plan and direct the work of others he is worth many times as much as the ordinary wage earner.

The INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENT SCHOOLS, of Scranton, Pa., can educate your brain to work for you. Hundreds of men have already realized this and have taken advantage of the opportunity offered them by the I. C. S. They bear testimony to the fact that what the I. C. S. says it CAN do it WILL do.

If you have ever harkened to the voice of opportunity, don't let this chance to better position and to raise your salary pass by. Hundreds of men date their success from the day they first came in contact with the I. C. S., from the first time they saw an ad like this. If they failed to act they would still be struggling along at a poor salary. Therefore, if you want to earn more, it's up to you to ACT NOW.

The local Representative of the I. C. S. will be pleased to give you any information regarding any Course of study you desire to take up. ADDRESS

R. C. GRISWOLD,

I. C. S. Representative Carroll, Iowa.

Crawford County State Bank, Denison, Iowa.

The Best Security General Banking Business Farm Loans at 5 per cent interest for depositors Done.

Incorporated under the laws of Iowa, giving best security to depositors, as each share-holder is held not only for amount of stock, but his personal property is held for a like amount also. State Banks are under control of State Auditor, who can examine them at will and published statements are according to his findings, thus depositors have more security than their confidence in the bank's officers. Capital stock can not be used for outside speculation or investment. The Crawford County State Bank is the best incorporated banking institution in the county.

PASSAGE TICKETS SOLD. INSURANCE WRITTEN. LOANS NEGOTIATED. ABSTRACTS FURNISHED. DIRECTORATE: L. Cornwell, Pres. George Naevie, V-Pres. M. E. Jones, Cash. C. J. Kemming, Asst. Cash. Schwartz, O. Tabor, J. P. Conner.

NOTICE TO REDEEM

STATE OF IOWA ss Crawford County To Nancy F. Moore, address unknown, and a non-resident of Crawford County, Iowa. You are hereby notified that at a sale of lands and lots for taxes, on the first day of December 1902 by the Treasurer of Crawford County, Iowa the following described real-estate to-wit: Lot 5 (five) of block 125 in the city of Denison, Crawford County, Iowa, were sold to W. A. McHenry for taxes of 1901 and that the right of redemption will expire, and a deed of said Lot 5 block 125 will be made, unless redemption from such sale be made within ninety days from the service of this notice. Dated this 28th day of June 1907. Geo. McHenry Attorney W. A. McHENRY 27-3

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GRAND ARMY MEETING.

John A. Logan Post G. A. R. meets 2nd and 4th Saturdays in each month at 2 o'clock P. M. in McHenry Hall. W. W. Rhodenbaugh, Commander John L. Richardson Adjutant.

Sewing at reasonable prices. C. C. Phone 317 25-5t pd

RIDGLEY'S REPRISAL.

By Edna Kerr.

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Herbert Morrow, bent and careworn, passed the parlor door. His daughter Daisy smiled up at him as he glanced at her in passing, but the smile turned into a sigh as the bowed figure vanished.

"Is the run on the bank serious?" asked Degnon. "Your father looks very bad."

"I am afraid that it is serious," she answered. She was engaged to Degnon and trusted his discretion.

"I saw the evening papers," he said, "but I thought that it was just a sensational playing up of an incident. May I go in and see Mr. Morrow?"

"I wish you would," she said. "I seem so helpless. I think he would like to talk it over with a man."

The banker looked up wearily as Degnon entered the library. He liked this clean cut young chap, who had come to Midvale to take charge of the electric plant. Degnon went directly to the matter at issue.

"I have come to see if I can be of any service," he began. "I have some \$20,000 that I can get hold of by tomorrow."

"Too little, but I thank you, my boy," said the president of the Union bank.

"Is there no way out?" persisted Degnon. "Just how does the matter stand?"

"It is a plot of Ridgley's," began the banker. "It cannot be proven, but he practically owns the Provident Savings bank as well as the First National."

"That is news to me," said Degnon. "And to most others. For some reason Ridgley does not want his connection with the Provident bank known. Now, just at present there is a heavy demand for money on short time loans. The high rates of interest have led both the Provident and my own bank, the Union, to send all of our surplus to the city banks. Ridgley sees his chance to put me out of business by starting a run. He knows that there is not

enough money in either bank to meet a run, but the First National will help the Provident. I shall have to suspend until I can recall the money on deposit in the city."

"I think I see," mused Degnon. "Both banks need money. The Provident can get it from its sister bank. Your Union will have to admit its inability to pay depositors. They turn shaly about your bank and go to the rival institution."

"That's part of the scheme. The rest is this: Next week the interest accrues. If there is a run and the money is withdrawn, this interest is lost to the depositor. The First National will get the use of the money until the scare is over. They announced tonight that their interest would be paid. When the scare is over they will cut off the interest and send the money back to their savings bank, while in the meantime the standing of my bank is lost."

"There is just one thing to be done," said Degnon, producing a blank form. "Put electricity into your bank."

"How will that help?" asked the banker. "It is a sign of enterprise, but I am afraid in a few days I shall have no bank to light."

Degnon smiled. "I have an idea," he explained. "I think it is a good one."

With trembling hand Morrow signed the contract, and Degnon rose to go. In the hall he stopped to say good night to Daisy and explain that he had to see some one on business on his way home; hence his haste.

The same one was the mayor's secretary, and as a result of the visit a permit was issued the following morning as soon as the office opened to tear up the street for the purpose of installing the light service in the Union bank.

Already a little knot of depositors had gathered in front of the two savings banks when the construction gang put in an appearance. The First National, in which Ridgley was silently interested, occupied a corner building, and the Union, Morrow's bank, adjoined it. Ridgley's savings bank, the Provident, stood diagonally opposite, and it was in front of the Provident that the men began to dig to tap the main feeder. The men worked stolidly on, unmindful of the excitement around them. At the Union, Morrow was pay-

ing off slowly to defer the announcement of suspension, in the hope that help might come. At the Provident, on the other hand, an extra force kept the line moving briskly, paying off as rapidly as the money could be counted out.

Clerks were busy bringing up money from the vaults downstairs, and over in the First National other clerks were receiving the money and opening new accounts. Ridgley had devised the scheme as reprisal against Morrow. His son had been Daisy's favored suitor until Degnon had stepped in and cut him out. Ridgley had not forgiven the banker for the fancied slight and, with his usual business instinct, was making his revenge profitable.

It was nearly noon when a clerk dashed out of the Provident and hurried into the First National. In a moment he came out again, accompanied by Ridgley himself. They were making their way to the Provident through the crowd when suddenly Ridgley stopped at the edge of the excavation.

One of the laborers, an Italian, was working with a crowbar at the bottom of the pit, seeking to dislodge the bar from some obstruction it had encountered. Ridgley shouted excitedly to the man, who smiled pleasantly into his face and began to climb out of the pit.

The crowd left the line and crowded around the opening. The Italian was waving his permit, blandly confident of his rights, and in his excitement Ridgley could not make himself understood. At last the Italian seemed to comprehend and, dropping back into the pit, seized a pickax and smashed through the obstruction, proudly handing out a bulky cylinder, now gaping wide to show its load of crisp bills.

"No taka da mon," explained the Italian. "Hones' man. Ver' hones' man. No taka da mon."

In a flash the crowd understood. The Provident was meeting the run by paying out money sent under the street from the First National. The money was making an endless chain, being paid out over and over again. Half a dozen men in the crowd began to explain how the bank was profiting by the evasion of interest, and Ridgley retired hurriedly. With the crowd in its present temper he was not anxious to be within its reach. A little talk would precipitate a riot.

But Degnon had planned skillfully, and his orators talked just enough to check the run on the Union. There were muttered threats, but the drain was stopped, and a back flow of depositors was started toward the Union. Ridgley's reprisal had proved a boomerang.

That evening Degnon explained to Daisy and her father his inspiration. "I was looking over the installation in the First National," he told them, "and I saw that there was a pipe of the pneumatic system that led out of the building."

"I thought it odd at the time, and when you spoke of the relations between the two banks I realized the game. They could shift the money back and forth as it was needed, and no one was the wiser. I got a permit to open the street and drove a crowbar through the pipe. That was all."

"I should like to give something to that Italian foreman," said Daisy. "You might give him a kiss," suggested Degnon. "At college I was one of the stars of the dramatic club."

"You were the foreman?" cried Daisy. "You shall have a dozen kisses." And she made no protest at Degnon's prompt collection.

The Round Robin. The "round robin" had its origin several centuries ago in France.

It was used there by officers of the army as a method of expressing their dissatisfaction with the course of the king or his ministers. By signing in a circular form the leaders of the movement could not be ascertained and singled out for punishment.

The first instance on record of the use of this form of protest in the navy occurred in 1625. At the instigation of the Duke of Buckingham, the king's favorite, an English fleet, under Admiral Bennington, was dispatched to Rochelle to assist in the coercion of the Protestant subjects of Louis XIII. of France. But the English tars, in common with their fellow countrymen, looked with favor upon the resistance of their coreligionists against the proselyting zeal of the French king, and they signed a "round robin" expressing their determination not to fire a shot against them, and without waiting for a reply they weighed anchor and brought their ships back to England. The admiral, however, received a peremptory order to return to Dieppe, whereupon the whole of the crews quitted the ships without further parley.—London Standard.

Effect of Imagination. When Sir Joseph Fayer was with his ship in the Bahamas he landed on an island, left the boat on shore and went inland exploring. Presently, to his dismay, he saw the boat drifting out to sea. He rushed down to the water's edge, divested himself of all but some cotton underclothing and plunged in. As he swam something appeared to seize his leg, and he remembered in an instant that the sea swarmed with sharks. He nearly sunk with horror, fully persuaded that his leg was gone. But, mastering his fear, he swam on to the boat. Then he found that his alarm had been caused by a tape with which his underclothing was tied below the knee. It had come unfastened, and the supposed shark bite was only a wet tape winding and unwinding about his leg.

His Punishment. Small Peter—Did your mother punish you for going in swimming yesterday, as she threatened to? Small Timothy—You bet she did. She made me take a bath.—Chicago News.

WINNER of THE RACE.

By Virginia Blair.

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"Jock," said Hugh MacDonald, "are they men or monkeys?"

Jock, being a collic of intelligence, cocked his ears conversationally and followed his master to the edge of the bluff, where they stood looking over.

Down the road below them, driven pell-mell by a youth in hunting pink, came a team of razor backed hogs. Around their necks were wreaths of huge yellow chrysanthemums, and the long yellow ribbons with which their driver tried ineffectually to guide them were of shining yellow satin.

Behind them a quartet of stamped-up sheep, violet wreathed and harnessed with violet satin, dragged after them a laughing, romping youth, also in hunting pink.

The two contestants in the strange race were followed by a shouting, excited crowd. A little woman in scarlet, joining hands with two stout gentlemen, brought up the rear, and they all disappeared around the curve to gether.

"Well, Jock," said Hugh MacDonald, "it's a poor way to treat the pigs, and you could take better care of the sheep than that."

The collic wagged a responsive tail, but his eyes were still fastened on the road.

Hugh, following their direction, said "Oh!" quickly as a girl limped into sight.

She looked up and waved her hand at the minister.

"I'm coming!" he shouted, and Jock led the way down the winding path.

When they reached the road they found the girl sitting on a big stone.

"I have hurt my ankle," she said. "I made them go on without me."

"Were you following that?" The minister jerked his head in the direction of the motley procession.

"Yes." Her cheeks flamed. "It must seem awfully silly to you."

"It's cruel," the minister condemned. "Jock could take better care of the sheep."

"I don't believe they thought of that."

"Do they ever think?" he questioned her.

"I'm not sure," she confided, "but they're awfully good fun."

"I think it was just as good fun when you and I used to pick wild flowers and row in my little boat on the lake. Those were nice, simple times, Ellie, before these society people came up here to make fools of the country folks, and your father made his money selling land to them."

"Oh, you don't know them," she exclaimed. "They are very good hearted. One of them gave a lot of money to the poor, and we're going to have tableaux for the old people of the parish."

"My old people are well taken care of," he said sternly.

Her face fell.

"But we want to have the tableaux. I am going to be Juliet."

"To whose Romeo?"

"Freddie Fairfax's."

"The pig driver?"

"How unpleasantly you put it," she said. "He is awfully nice."

There was silence for a moment, and then he said, "Do you love him, Ellie?"

"Everybody calls me Eleanor now," she remarked irrelevantly.

"Do you love him?" he insisted.

"Oh, no, I don't love any one."

His dark face was very tender as he said, "And yet I once had the great happiness of believing that you loved me and that we were to be married and that you were to live in the parsonage with me and we were to minister to my people and grow old together in a beautiful union."

She gave a little cry. "My ankle hurts!" was her explanation, but her eyes were full of tears.

He knelt beside her.

"Let me take off your shoe," he said. "I can bandage it with my handkerchief."

In silence he untied the pretty low boot and drew it off gently. In silence, too, he wrapped his handkerchief about her slim ankle.

"There," he said, and looked up at

her as he knelt. "Does it hurt now, dear heart?"

"Don't," she said, and her lips trembled, "don't call me that."

"I shall always call you that in my heart," he said.

Then he squared his shoulders and stood up.

"I'll help you to get home." His arm went around her, and she clung to him. "I'm afraid I can't walk—it hurts awfully."

"I'll carry you," he offered, but she protested. "Oh, no; they are coming back."

The pigs were rampant now and squealing on the home stretch. The sheep were so frightened that their eyes were wild, and they stumbled over the rough road.

"Oh, poor things, poor things!" Eleanor said as she saw them.

The minister caught at the violet ribbons with one hand and brought the woolly steeds up with a jerk.

"Unharness them," he said to the man in pink.

"You've spoiled the race!" shrieked the little woman in scarlet.

"Miss Lester was to reward the winner," explained one of the stout gentlemen.

But the minister was pulling off the violet wreaths.

"Take them home, Jock," he said to the collic, and to the protesting crowd. "They happen to be my sheep, and I can't have them killed in this way."

Freddie Fairfax came back with the pigs in tow.

"We would pay you for them," he said insolently.

In a flash the minister faced him, with clinched fists, but it was Eleanor who cried indignantly. "Do you think he cares about the money, Freddie?"

She drew close to MacDonald as she said it, and the minister thanked her with his eyes. Then, as he noticed her deadly paleness, he cried, "We must get you home at once," and in explanation to the others, "Her ankle is in pretty bad shape."

Freddie Fairfax dropped the lines, and the pigs made a break for freedom. "Gee," he ejaculated, "I'll bring my motor car!"

"No," Eleanor refused and waved him away. "Run after your pigs, little boy. They're in the clover."

With one excuse and another she got rid of all of them; then she held out her hands to MacDonald.

"Did you cure, Hugh?" she asked wistfully. "when he spoke that way about giving you money?"

"Not after you defended me," he said.

"It was when I saw you standing there among them—that I realized how light they were—and how true you were—and different—and I knew!"

He bent over her. "What did you know, dear heart?"

"That I wanted to live in the parsonage with you—and to grow old together—and to have you love me—always—Hugh."

Webster, Choate and Edmunds. I once heard the distinguished Senator Edmunds from Vermont, when he was a leader in the senate, tell this story of his young days:

He was a student of law and was making his first visit in the city of Washington. Of course the supreme court interested him greatly. The law library was close at hand and was by far the finest law library which the young man had ever seen. When he was not listening in the courtroom, he was apt to be reading in the library.

One day he was sitting happily in an alcove, reading in a black letter treatise which he had never seen before. There entered from the courtroom, without observing him, two gentlemen in earnest conversation. These were Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate, eagerly discussing some intricate point. They had come in from the courtroom to talk it over. They paid no attention to the young man who sat reading, but he could not help but hear, and I think he had a right to listen. At a critical moment in the discussion he turned over the leaves of the quaint old book, put his finger on an essential passage and handed it to Mr. Choate. Choate read it quickly, as he did everything, and passed it to Webster, for it wholly confirmed his argument.

"I am very much obliged to you, young man," he said.

Webster read it in his turn and passed it back to Edmunds. "I am not obliged to you at all!" he said, with his own sweet smile.—Edward Everett Hale in Woman's Home Companion.

The "Blackfellow" Doctors. Dr. A. W. Howitt in his "Native Tribes of Southeast Australia" gives an interesting account of those medicine men called the "blackfellow doctors." The blackfellow relies upon the supernatural for his effects, but he is believed to be wholly sincere, as he lives among a people not yet civilized to the point of understanding a "nature fakir." Dr. Howitt says of him: "He is everywhere believed to have received his dreaded power from some supernatural source or being, or from the spirits of ancestors. This power enables him to inject diseases, as it were, into people at a distance, as well as to cure disease by striking at its secret originator, who is usually a rival medicine man in a neighboring tribe. He can also preserve people from disease. He works with charms, and individual medicine men or groups of them possess charms peculiar to themselves. In all cases the blackfellow doctor is credited with being able to see men in their incorporeal state, either temporarily as a wraith or permanently separated from their body as a ghost, which is invisible to other eyes. He can ascend to ghostland beyond the sky or can transport himself or be transported by the ghosts from one spot of earth to another at will, much after the manner of the Buddhist Arhat. He can, it is also thought, assume animal forms or control the elements."

CHAMBERLAIN'S COLIC, CHOLERA AND DIARRHOEA REMEDY.

A few doses of this remedy will invariably cure an ordinary attack of diarrhoea. It can always be depended upon, even in the more severe attacks of cramp colic and cholera morbus. It is equally successful for summer diarrhoea and cholera infantum in children, and is the means of saving the lives of many children each year. When reduced with water and sweetened it is pleasant to take. Every man of a family should keep this remedy in his home. Buy it now. PRICE, 25c. LARGE SIZE, 50c.

Thousands of people are daily suffering with kidney and bladder troubles—dangerous ailments that should be checked promptly. DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are the best remedy for backache, weak kidneys, inflammation of the bladder. Their action is prompt and sure. A week's treatment for 25 cents. Sold by Lamborn Drug Co.