

A Smuggling Episode.

By Florence Newhouse Fox.

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As Dorothy stepped from the train she cast a furtive look behind her and made a dash for a carriage.

She was almost certain the tall man with a Vandyke beard had followed her all the way from Easton and still had his eye upon her. She crouched back in a corner of the vehicle with heart throbbing madly and nerves at a high tension.

"Drive fast to the Glen hotel," she ordered the cabman.

The driver whipped up his horses and in ten minutes drew up before the picturesque hotel in the woods of Glen Echo.

As Dorothy sprang to the ground a girl of twenty came around the corner of the veranda.

"Dot Graham!" she cried to the newcomer. "Can I believe my eyes? I am



"PARDON ME, IS THIS MISS PRICE?" HE ASKED COURTEOUSLY.

So glad to see you. We are as dull as rusty hoes up here since the season closed.

"Come in! Oh, come in quickly!" Dot exclaimed, pulling her friend into the house hurriedly. "Fan, I have been followed."

"Followed?"

"All the way from Easton."

"Well," laughed Fan, "you must blame your own charming face."

"No, no; it is not a vulgar flirtation. He is a detective."

"Nonsense. Why should a detective follow you? Why, Dot, dear, you are trembling like a leaf. Come up to my room and tell me all about it."

"It all comes from buying this coat in Canada."

"Your new sealskin? Um, isn't it a beauty?"

"I hate it." Dot flung the offending article upon the sofa. "Goodness only knows what complications it has occasioned. I wore it on the train, knowing nothing of the duty imposed on such articles until brother George met me when he told me the danger I incurred of being arrested for smuggling I thought it one of his pranks. You know George is never so happy as when he is teasing me. But when he insisted upon my coming up here to you until all danger was past I became really frightened and with cause, as you will admit," continued Dot breathlessly, "for I noticed a man not five minutes later standing near where I was waiting for the train who seemed to be watching me. Sure enough, he boarded the same train and alighted at Glen Echo station almost upon my heels. Fan, will you harbor a fugitive from justice?"

Dorothy's woeful face was too much for vivacious Fan Price. She bubbled over with laughter.

"You are alarming yourself unnecessarily," she assured her friend. "If the man had been a detective he would have arrested you then and there."

"Detectives are very shrewd people," pronounced Dorothy distrustfully.

"I am glad you came to me. We remain here until the first of the month. Father is keeping the hotel open to accommodate a party of congressmen who are up for a two weeks' hunt, and mother refuses to leave him," Fan explained.

"What are your congressmen hunting for?" Dot asked.

"Bears," said Fan.

"I thought," and there was a mischievous twinkle in Dorothy's eyes, "that they might be hunting for dears?"

"In which event," twinkled Fan, "you would be obliged to flee from danger once more."

Both girls laughed with the gladness of youth, and for the time Dot forgot her anxiety. They ran up to the cedar

room, where Mrs. Price with motherly forethought was laying away summer clothing in large paper bags scented with lavender. They strolled out under the leafless trees in the cold November twilight, exchanging confidences, and came shivering, late to dinner.

The congressmen were all there, gathered around one large table which had been set apart for them. As Dorothy passed on to the family board she became conscious of an intent gaze fixed upon her; an irresistible something drew her eyes toward the men-toward one, at least, and their eyes met.

The color left her face, her eyes grew sick with fear—the fear of arrest. To be dragged like a common thief to prison to answer the charge of smuggling! The thought was unbearable. She blamed the law that made it a crime to wear one's own garments into one's own country.

Slipping into her seat she leaned toward Fan with a shuddering whisper: "He is here! The one with short, pointed beard. Don't look—and don't tell your father or mother."

Fan glared in the direction of the congressmen, singled out the Vandyke, which at that moment was oblivious of her critical scrutiny in an interested discussion of venison, and whispered back:

"He does not look ferocious enough to bite."

But Dorothy could not see the joke; it was an hour of agony for her. When at last the meal was over and they could get away, the two girls ran up to the safe seclusion of Fan's room, where they talked it over breathlessly and in whispers.

They decided that Dorothy should steal away under cover of darkness, take the first train for Easton and so make good her escape.

As to the sealskin sack, the cause of so much agitation, it was secretly stowed away in one of Mrs. Price's lavender bags; Dot enveloped herself in a borrowed cravenette, hiding her face behind an automobile veil.

With timid step the two conspirators slipped down to the lower hall. They could hear the men's voices as they exchanged stories around the office fire.

Just as the girls reached the lower step, with freedom almost within reach, the office door opened and Dot's pursuer stepped forth.

"Pardon me, is this Miss Price?" he asked courteously. "Your father said I would find you in the sitting room."

"Oh—er—yes," stammered Fan, trying to push palpitating Dorothy past him.

He seemed such a pleasant, polite detective that for one reckless moment Fan entertained the idea of appealing to him in behalf of the innocent offender, but before she could speak he pulled a letter from his pocket.

"It is for Miss Price and is from my sister, Nellie Dayton," explained he.

"Nellie Dayton your sister?" both girls exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes," he said cordially. "When she learned that I was coming up here for a few days' shooting with some friends she insisted that I become her courier. She also entrusted to my care a kodak picture—some of her own work, I believe. It is a group of picnickers, among them yourself and your friend here. I recognized Miss Graham when I saw her at the station at Easton, although it is three years since I have seen her. I was strongly tempted to make myself known at once, but I saw that she did not remember me."

Dot threw back her veil, disclosing a bright smile and a face beaming with relief.

"I wish you had, Mr. Dayton," she said, impulsively extending both hands. "It would have saved me such a scare."

"What?" inquired Dayton, mystified.

"Not afraid of me?"

"No—of your beard," laughed Dorothy, in which Fan joined. "You were a beardless senior when I met you three years ago, you know."

"So I was. Why, I did not think of that. What a chump I am."

Several days later, when "Brother George" came to Glen Echo with a significant ring for Fan Price, she told him in confidence that his prank was likely to cost his sister her freedom.

"Imprisonment?" he asked in a horrified whisper. "That is severe punishment for smuggling one article."

"That depends upon the article smuggled," Fan hinted, with a wise side glance. "I am afraid our Dorothy has been guilty of smuggling other things than sealskin coats, and she began three years ago."

"Three years a smuggler! Then she deserves the limit for such an offense."

"Deserves it? She would not be happy without the full penalty of the law—imprisonment for life! There, I told you so," Fan added mischievously as Dot and Mr. Dayton strolled into view.

"Here she comes now with her jailer."

Her Faith In Drugs.

Faith in drugs was the subject under discussion when an elderly physician who had spoken against the practice of "dosing" by laymen told this story: "I had a patient once who complained of pains in her right arm. She was otherwise well and strong and looked upon the little ache as nothing serious. Weeks after she had been to see me she met me and said that she used the ointment I gave her on her bad arm every night and that when she did not use it she could not sleep. One night she retired before making the application, but reached from her bed to the table, got her liniment bottle, gave her arm a good rubbing and felt better for it and went to sleep. When she awoke the next morning she discovered that she had grabbed the wrong bottle and had applied copious doses of black ink. It did her as much good as my liniment."—New York Tribune.

Vail

Mrs. Pete Portz of Denison was visiting relatives here Wednesday.

Blaine Paine of South Dakota spent last week in Vail.

Geo. Leslie and wife visited with Dr. Darling last week.

Owen Devitt made a trip to West Side Tuesday.

Prof. E. L. Ferrier spent Sunday in Earlham.

A. J. Barrow made a business trip to Omaha last week.

C. L. Voss and W. W. Cushman came from Denison Thursday morning in their automobile.

Mrs. Jas. Ruterford visited her husband at Gray a couple of days last week.

Wm. Gilmore of Sioux City was calling on old friends here the first of the week.

John Kelly and wife of Denison are visiting relatives in and around Vail.

Mrs. Ben Olson was at Burlington last week.

Mike Kral, wife and daughter returned Thursday from their year's stay in Colorado.

Chas. Meyers of Denison visited Vail friends Thursday and attended the O'Boyle sale.

Florence Conway of Carroll came Friday to visit Grace Deiter, also attended the dance.

Mrs. L. E. Molseid and mother, Mrs. John Hickey were Denison callers Tuesday.

Chas. McCollough was a passenger to Omaha Tuesday.

Mrs. Pete Burke of Denison visited her sister, Mrs. John Dougherty a couple of days last week.

Lottie and Millie Williams of DeLoit spent last week here with their sister, Mrs. Mart Ryan.

Born to Pat Cody and wife, Oct 21st a daughter.

Maurice Casey and Mrs. Joe Duffy and son Raymond were in Carroll Wednesday.

Mrs. Milo Kelly of Arion visited her mother, Mrs. Eland last week.

M. J. Keane drove to Denison on business Thursday.

Olga Levine returned to her home at Madrid last week.

Earl Pieper of Great Falls, Mont., is here for a visit with his folks.

Mae Lynch was a passenger to Denison Friday.

F. Hanns and wife of Denison visited at the A. Etzel home last Sunday.

Mrs. Tom Ratchford and Mrs. Ed. Palmer spent Wednesday in Denison. Ollie Deiter of West Side was in Vail Friday.

Mart Lynch was calling on Denison friends Friday.

Mrs. Tom Powers and daughter, Agnes went to Denison Tuesday.

Mrs. Thos. Fitzpatrick and son spent a couple of days last week at the parental T. Quirk home.

August Voss is in Wyoming looking at that country with a view of moving in the spring.

Beck Mitchell and wife and Mrs. Tom Giblin returned Wednesday from a pleasant visit with friends at Rockford City and LeMars.

Chas. Weisbrod of Des Moines was calling on friends here last week.

Chas. Molter, county supervisor was in Vail Tuesday.

Joe Cranny made a business trip to Omaha Thursday.

Nellie Powers visited her aunt in Denison couple of days last week.

Rev. Father Murphy spent Thursday in Carroll.

Mike McVey of Odebolt was seen on our streets Thursday.

J. F. Barton made a business trip to Denison last Monday.

Mike Brennan and wife of South Dakota came Sunday for a couple of weeks' visit with Mrs. Brennan's parents, A. B. O'Connell and wife, and from here they will go to California to spend the winter.

Rose Munahan visited friends in Denison Saturday.

Maude Cranny went to Harlan Friday to spend a week with her brother Joe and wife.

Tom Burns came from South Dakota last week.

Hoffman and Etzel lost a valuable horse last week, it took sick and died.

Jennie McAndrews returned Thursday from a month's visit with her sister at Bridge Water, S. D.

Pat Lynch shipped a carload of fat cattle to Chicago Saturday night.

Mr. Custer, wife and family drove over to Manning Sunday and spent the day with Hans Voss and family.

Mrs. P. Breen went to Hawarden the first of last week to visit her daughter Agnes, who is attending school at that place.

John Burns, wife and family of Newton came Friday for a month's visit with relatives.

Fae Ratchford and Lillian Cranny visited in West Side Sunday.

The dance in the hall Friday night was well attended and all report a splendid time.

Rev. James Murphy went to Grand Junction Monday on business.

Quite a number of young folks enjoyed themselves at a party at Sheridan's north of town Sunday evening.

M. J. Keane, our real estate man sold last week the John O'Boyle farm near Vail to James Brogan, consideration one hundred and twelve dollars

Always the Same

Calumet Baking Powder

The only high grade baking powder at a moderate price.

per acre. He also sold the James Brogan farm to Andy Harrington at one hundred and seven dollars per acre, and also the George Nicholson livery barn to Mart Dugan, the consideration is said to be \$1200.

Johanna Walsh spent a couple of days last week in Denison with her sister, Mrs. Naughton.

Mike Monahan went to Carroll Monday on business.

Frank Bakcak went to Cedar Rapids Monday to see his mother who is very sick.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured
by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free. F. J. CHENNEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Ricketts.
Mrs. P. Voss left Thursday to care for her daughter, Mrs. Herman Krohnke who is ill at her home near Schleswig.

Ethel Ferguson returned to her home at Harlan Wednesday, after teaching a very successful term of school at District No. 4.

J. B. Goodrich attended a dance at Denison Thursday.

Mesdames J. C. Jacobsen, H. R. Timm and the Misses Freda Voss and Anna Vollerson were guests at the home of Geo. Krohnke east of town Wednesday evening.

Theresa Lill is spending this week with relatives in Sioux City.

Mr. M. L. Houlihan and daughter Maggie were Denison callers Wednesday.

The Krohnke Bros. moved in a new Deering husking machine which arrived Thursday, and was tested in the field just west of town. A large

Hood & Baker's

Ninth Semi-Annual Sale of

Duroc Jersey Hogs

Saturday, Nov. 9,

Including 30 males, Sows with Litters and Sows bred to the great LaFollette for which they recently paid \$2050.00. Sons of Kruger Lad and Sons of Junior Jim will be included. Send for descriptive catalogue.

Sale to be held in Pavillion in town, Beginning at 2 P. M.

Hood & Baker, Proprietors, Dunlap, Iowa.

crowd was present to witness its work.

Mrs. H. R. Timm spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. L. C. Goodrich at Kiron.

Mrs. Scott Jones and Jessie Marshall were guests at the J. C. Jacobson home Wednesday.

H. F. Johannsen went to Chicago with a shipment of cattle Saturday.

C. Baak and J. Rickett of Schleswig were calling on Ricketts friends Friday.

A number of friends and relatives of Willie Maas gathered at his home west of town to help him celebrate his birthday.

Pete Shau and family left on Monday for Canada for a few months visit with Mrs. Shau's parents before they enter into their new business here.

The Misses Vollerson of Dow City and Ida Waterhouse of Dunlap were over Sunday visitors at the I. N. Vollerson home.

The O. L. Fink farm in Milford township for sale. See C. J. Cose, Deloit, Iowa, for prices and terms. 37-ff.

For Dining room chairs and tables, John Fastje will give you the best value. 42-ff.

Under the law governing the deportation of undesirable immigrants Uncle Sam almost found himself obliged to insist on the expulsion of the twelve-year-old Russian lad who traveled alone from the czar's domain to the land of the free with 2 rubles (about \$1) in his pocket. The lad was finally cared for by relatives here. Of course the restrictions upon the entrance of paupers are wise and proper, and yet it seemed a pity that the United States should be obliged to look askance upon the coming of a youngster filled with so much pluck and determination. He will in all likelihood grow up into an enterprising citizen.

An English correspondent of a New York paper says Americans are butting in too much on sports that were made solely for the sons of Britain. He means that we have defeated said sons too often at their own game; hence the holler.

A well known horseman of the east, remarked recently that critics of form on the eastern tracks didn't understand a horse's disposition. Maybe he's right. It's hard to give a psychological reason for long odds serving as a stimulus and favoritism as a deterrent to speed. WILLIE WEST.

CHAS. C. KEMMING. JULIUS SONKSEN.

The Denison Clothing Co.

A few suggestions as to Fall and Winter shopping in Clothing

In Suits—

The new garment for the well dresser is a SINGLE BREASTED straight front Sack, with corner slightly cut away, in nice brown plaids and stripes in worsteds, also Club checks and stripes in cassimeres with serge and Venetian linings to match.

In Overcoats—

The loose fitting box coat is the favorite this winter. In blues, blacks, Oxfords and browns. Prices from

\$6 up to \$25.00

In Fur Coats—

We have everything that the market affords that is good—such as Dog, Bear, Wolf, Calf, Wombat, Buffalo, Kangaroo, Coon and Galloway. Prices from

\$14 to \$75.00

In Underwear—

We have everything in underwear from the Fleece lined cotton at 50c to the finest of wool at \$6.00.

Duck Coats and Mackinaws in all sizes and prices. Gloves and Mittens, Hats and Caps, Trunks and Valises, everything in Hosiery, Shirts, Neckwear and Mufflers—in fact we are headquarters for everything that is good in these lines.

OUR MOTTO—Every garment sold must be as represented or goods taken back.

Yours for business

The Denison Clothing Co

Second door north of Postoffice