

STRUGGLE FOR PURE FOOD

Note the Provisions of New Law Regarding Pure Seed to be Used

The law of this state regulating the sale of agricultural seeds includes all the varieties of grass seeds, forage plants and the cereals.

It prohibits the sale of agricultural seeds if any seeds of the following weeds are present, namely, wild mustard of charlock, quack grass, Canada thistle, wild oats, clover and alfalfa dodder, field dodder, or corn cockle.

The only exception to this prohibition is the sale of seed for export outside the state, and sales by the grower upon his own premises for seeding by the purchaser.

Other weed seed, sand, chaff, dirt or broken seeds or seeds not capable of germinating are classed as impurities, and when present in an aggregate of more than two per cent, the seeds may be legally sold only when tagged or labelled to show the percentage of each impurity present.

There are special provisions of the statute defining adulteration of blue grass, orchard grass, red clover, and rape seeds; also prohibiting the sale of seeds not true to name.

Standards of purity and germinability are established and penalty fixed for sale of seeds not conforming to the standard. Such seeds may be sold if labelled to show percentage of purity and germinability.

The statute requires the Food and Dairy Commissioner to cause to be analyzed any sample of agricultural seed submitted to him. A fee of fifty cents for each sample is fixed. A competent man has been secured for this work and returns can be promptly made.

The importance of sale and use of good seed, free from weeds is so great that dealers and purchasers can well afford to use every effort to keep and use only that which conforms to the law. Growers of seed take notice that this law will be enforced and that clean pure seed will be at a premium.

Yours, H. R. WRIGHT, Commissioner.

NATURAL GAS FOUND.

A Party Near Dunlap Says he Has Found Natural Gas.

The Dunlap Reporter of last week has a strong headline article stating that Mr. M. B. Baily believes there is natural gas coming from the ground not far from that town and has obtained a lease of 400 acres and means to test the matter. If he finds it, there will be excitement at our neighboring town. We hope Dunlap can have a boom, and shall await further developments with interest.

PREPARING FOR TOURNAMENT

Our Fire Laddies Practicing for the Coming Tournament

The firemen are getting ready for the big tournament to be held here next summer. They are working every night and have the High School gymnasium, outfit to use. Mr. Smith of the Northwestern freight house is the trainer. There are about forty-five young men training every night. The team will start running on the track as soon as the weather permits. Our boys appreciate what it means to have the tournament and will make ample plans.

Best Kerosene for Incubators and house lamps at Wygant's.

DeWitt's Carbolyzed Witch Hazel Salve is especially good for piles. Sold by Lamborn Drug Co.

WE PRINT SALE BILLS AND PRINT THEM RIGHT

FOR SALE OR RENT. Good improved 120 acre farm 3 miles from Denison, we would trade for Dakota land. Romans Bros. Denison, Iowa. 6-2t.

Valentines now opened up at Johnson's.

In - - - Dormitory 10.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

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Betty Belle, coming in that morning from "English two," found on the table in her room in the dormitory a coconut cake, a plate of chicken sandwiches and a card. The card read "Compliments of Prudence Conway."

Prudence was the colored maid on the third floor of dormitory 10 of the summer school. To be chosen as a pet by Prudence meant many privileges. To the girl she liked she brought unlimited towels, while some less favored maiden might languish with two a week, and now in providing Betty Belle with materials for a midnight spread Prudence showed evidence of high regard.

Betty Belle was from the south, hence her name. There had been two aunts beloved by her mother, and the little girl had been called after them always. Betty Belle wondered why the northern girls thought it funny.

"Well, we don't string ours together that way, as a rule," Drusilla Davis told her. "And I don't believe we place such value on names. But you are a dear, Betty Belle, only you are different."

"How different?" Betty Belle questioned, and Drusilla laughed.

"Oh, you are so old-fashioned and pretty and serious."

Betty Belle blushed. "You are pretty, too, Drusilla."

Drusilla shook her head. "Not in the fascinating way that you are, Betty Belle."

The scholars of the summer school ate at an adjoining boarding house, and at the lunch table that day Betty Belle told about the chicken sandwiches and the coconut cake.

There were four men at the table besides the girls. As Betty Belle described the deliciousness the men groaned enviously.

"And we don't come in for any of that?" asked Dick Chase, who had flunked in his studies the winter before and was making up during the

her head held high. "The gentleman at my home have consideration for the wishes of ladies, and I told him not to sing. And he has an invalid mother who is just praying for his success, and he is wasting his time. It isn't right; it isn't right!" And Betty Belle clapped both hands over her ears to shut out the strains of "Dixie."

"Some one will tell Dick Chase what you said about him," Drusilla told the small maiden after the other girls had gone to their rooms.

"I don't care," said Betty Belle hotly, but when Drusilla went away she got down at the window and looked out for a long time upon the moon lighted campus.

Then she rose and took the one piece of coconut cake that was left and wrapped it up in a dainty parcel and tied it with ribbon, and in the morning she sent it by Prudence to Dick Chase, with a little note.

"I said things about you last night," was the confession he read in her clear cut writing. "I said you were not a gentleman. Some one may tell you and I shouldn't like to have you hear it that way. But I didn't think you were courteous to disregard my wishes and I worried about your mother. I know you won't forgive me, but I had to explain."

At noon on the campus Dick Chase came up to Betty Belle.

"It was right—what you said," he told her soberly. "I've been a fearful cad, and I needed a good jolt."

Betty Belle sat down on a seat under the elms. "You see, I have lots of brothers," she confided, "and I know how mothers feel about their boys—and, then, I couldn't bear to see you going to the bad."

There was a little tremble in her voice, and Dick looked up quickly. "Do you care?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes," Betty Belle told him without coyness. "I think we could be good friends if you would pull up."

Dick flung himself down on the bench beside her. "I would have to be more than a friend, Betty Belle," he said. "I—have grown to think a lot of you; you are so—different."

"That's what Drusilla says," Betty Belle remarked, "and I don't just see what you all mean."

"Well, you are so good and true, little Betty Belle. You make a fellow feel that life is worth while."

That night in dormitory 10 Betty Belle made a confession.

"I am sorry that I said such things about Dick Chase." They were sitting in the dark, and the other girls could not see her blushes. "I was in a bit of a temper, you know."

"Southern blood?" commented Margaret Mills.

"Maybe," said Betty Belle.

Across the campus they could see the lights in the men's dormitory. In one room a crowd of boys had gathered around a piano, and their voices floated out in a rollicking college song. In another room a lamp with a green shade made a halo around a man's bent head.

"Why, I believe Dick Chase is studying," said Drusilla Davis. "What is going to happen?"

"He is going to turn over a new leaf," said Betty Belle demurely.

Something in her voice made the girls ask in a chorus, "How do you know?"

"Because I am engaged to him," said Betty Belle.

A Dog Story.

A Columbus man who likes to hunt quail, who is handy with the gun and has a fine bird dog whose work as a retriever is remarkable loaned him to a friend who was only an amateur at the business. About the middle of the forenoon of the first day the dog returned to his master's home. The latter, not knowing what had happened, took his gun in the afternoon to try the dog. He worked all right, and a number of birds were secured. The next day he met the friend who had borrowed the dog. "What is the matter with that dog?" he asked. "We got up a covey of quail and shot at them, but missed. We afterward got up a number of the scattered birds and took a dozen shots or more, but got nothing, and the dog put his tail between his legs and struck across the fields in the direction of his home."

It is evident that the dog, disgusted at the poor shooting, decided that the men with the guns were not in his class and decided to cut it out.—Columbus (O.) Dispatch

Another Glass.

The seventeenth century puritan preachers talked for two hours or more not "by the clock," but by the hour glass. At least one of them turned the glass to humorous account. He found himself no further than the middle of the sermon when the sands had run out. "Drunkness" was his subject, and reversing the horologe, "Let's have another glass," said he. Sir Roger L'Estrange tells of a parish clerk who sat patiently until the preacher was three-quarters through his second glass and the majority of his hearers had quietly left the church. Rising at a convenient pause, he asked the minister to close the church door when he had done, "and push the key under it, as he and the few that remained were about to retire."

Holme and Philadelphia.

The gridiron pattern upon which Philadelphia was laid out was the work of Thomas Holme, the surveyor general of Pennsylvania. The design, however, was Penn's own. Little seems to be popularly known of Thomas Holme, although some of his descendants still live in the city and bear his name, but it is said that all of his vast tract of land and his city lots have long since passed out of the possession of his family.



"I THINK WE COULD BE GOOD FRIENDS IF YOU WOULD PULL UP."

summer term. His father was worth a million, and it was hard for Dick to understand why he needed to grind over books.

"No," Betty Belle told him; "no men are allowed above the first floor of our dormitory."

"Well, we will serenade you while you are eating it," Dick said.

"Please don't," Betty begged.

"Why not?" Dick asked in surprise. His attentions had always been sought rather than refused, and he had meant that Betty Belle should appreciate the high honor he was conferring.

"It's against the rules," Betty Belle said.

"I shouldn't think you would mind a little thing like that."

"I don't," said Betty Belle, "but you can't afford to lose any standing."

He flushed. "You needn't hit a fellow when he's down. I don't care whether I get through next year or not."

"Well, I do," said little Betty Belle. "You told me about your mother, and I don't think you ought to disappoint her."

Dick's eyes dropped before the clear ones of the little southern girl.

"I shouldn't like to disappoint her," he murmured.

But that night as six girls in all the comfort of dainty kimonos and dressing sacks ate coconut cake and chicken sandwiches with ginger ale accompaniment there floated up through the air the strains of "Dixie."

"There," said Drusilla Davis; "that is in your honor, Betty Belle."

Betty, pink and white and charming in her rosy kimono, tapped a small foot impatiently.

"Well, I wish he wouldn't," she said. Margaret Mills looked at her with raised eyebrows. "Why, Betty Belle Fairfax," she exclaimed, "he is worth a million! Any girl would be glad to have him pay her attention."

"I don't care if he is worth ten millions," Betty Belle returned quickly; "he isn't a gentleman."

The girls looked at her, startled.

"Why, Betty Belle," one gasped, "what makes you say such a thing?"

"He isn't," affirmed Betty Belle with

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When these mules are matured will make teams to weigh from 2500 to 2800 pounds. These mules will be sold for the high dollar. Dinner at Noon.

Will give credit of one year on approved notes without interest. 5 per cent discount for cash.

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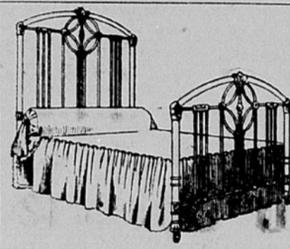
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CONSOLIDATED RAILROAD TIME TABLE

C. & N. W. R. R. Main Line

Table with columns for Going East and Going West, listing train numbers, times, and stations (Dunlap, Dow City, Denison, Wall Lake, Herring, Boyer, Ricketts, Kirton, Schleswig, Ute).

C. & N. W. R. R. Denison & Wall Lake Line.

Table with columns for Going East, Going West, Going North, and Going South, listing train numbers, times, and stations (Dunlap, Dow City, Denison, Wall Lake, Herring, Boyer, Ricketts, Kirton, Schleswig, Ute).

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

Table with columns for Going East and Going West, listing train numbers, times, and stations (Dunlap, Dow City, Denison, Wall Lake, Herring, Boyer, Ricketts, Kirton, Schleswig, Ute).

No. 92 Way Freight Going East 10:35 A. M. No. 91 Way Freight Going West 1:00 P. M.