

# OPERATION HER ONLY CHANCE

Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Adrian, Ga.—"I suffered untold misery from a female weakness and disease, and I could not stand more than a minute at a time. My doctor said an operation was the only chance I had, and I dreaded it almost as much as death. One day I was reading how other women had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and decided to try it. Before I had taken one bottle I was better, and now I am completely cured."—LENA V. HENRY, Route No. 3, Adrian, Ga.

Why will women take chances with an operation or drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion, and nervous prostration. If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be absolutely confidential, and the advice free.

## ELECTRIC LINE TO SIOUX CITY

The Ida and Woodbury County Farmers Interests Themselves in an Electric Line

Ida Co. Pioneer: R. H. Baldwin, the Chicago engineer and interurban expert employed by the Woodbury county farmers who are behind the project for the building of the Sioux City, Climbing Hill and Ida Grove Electric Ry., was in Ida Grove securing data from representative business men and other sources of information relative to the resources of the territory through which the line is to pass. No attempt has been made to follow previous surveys as the engineers of those lines having a lighter maximum grade were obliged to develop more distance to support their grade line. No connection exists between this project and the line which surveyed from Sioux City via Coriacionville to Ida Grove and on east, and this is simply an effort of the part of interested farmers to secure a better means of transportation.

A temporary organization has been formed at Climbing Hill for the purpose of projecting a tentative route between Sioux City and Ida Grove, and the farmers there have gone down into their pockets and put up the money to secure a report on the advisability of the scheme. Instead of spending eight or ten years talking they spent a few days' talking and then got busy.

Mr. Baldwin says a considerable interest is shown in the matter by farmers along the route and material assistance has been offered by many, but the matter of stock subscriptions will be deferred until the report shows that there is an excuse for the creation of such a traction project.

A. E. Pump has been promoted to the position of night baggage man at Council Bluffs. John Retman takes his place here and Chas. Ahart takes Retman's place at Carroll. Quite a push-around among the baggage smashers.

## Quaker Oats Griddle Cakes

Try them today!

The family that hasn't eaten Quaker Oats griddle cakes has a delightful surprise coming to it. Besides the delicious flavor, there is the pleasure of knowing you can eat all you want, and the more you eat the better for you. The best of all foods for anyone wanting more strength and vigor.

Hundreds of thousands of packages of Quaker Oats are consumed in Germany annually and almost all of it is eaten in the form of Quaker Oats griddle cakes. In the New York cereal restaurant of the Quaker Oats Company these griddle cakes are very popular.

Here's the best recipe for making them:

2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked); 4 1/2 cup flour; 1 teaspoonful salt; 1 teaspoonful soda; dissolve in two tablespoonfuls hot water; 1 teaspoonful baking powder (mix in flour); 2 1/2 cups sour milk or buttermilk; 2 eggs beaten lightly; 1 tablespoonful sugar; 1 or 2 tablespoonfuls melted butter (according to richness of milk).

Process: Soak Quaker Oats over night in milk. In the morning mix and sift flour, soda, sugar and salt—add this to Quaker Oats mixture and quantity of melted butter; add eggs beaten lightly—beat thoroughly and cook as griddle cakes—they make four mouth water for more.

## THE G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT

Thirty-Fifth Annual Encampment of Iowa G. A. R. to be Held in Ft. Dodge June 8, 9-10

The thirty-fifth annual encampment, department of the Iowa G. A. R. is to be held in Fort Dodge, June 8, 9, and 10. Elaborate preparation are being made to entertain the boys in blue, and the executive committee is promising them "the time of their life."

The program is an attractive one and should interest every old soldier in the state. Governor Carroll is to deliver an address in behalf of the state and Commander J. C. Milliman will respond in behalf of the G. A. R. and kindred societies.

On Wednesday, the second day of the encampment, there is to be a grand parade, of the Grand Army, escorted by a battalion of the Iowa National Guard, and headed by the Fifty-sixth Regimental band and the drum and fife corps. In the evening there is to be a general camp fire at the armory, presided over by Capt. Geo. S. Ringland, Fort Dodge. Addresses will be made by Hon. W. S. Kenyon, of Fort Dodge, Hon. S. F. Prouty, of Des Moines, Col. W. P. Hepburn, Hon. Robert Cousins, Hon. J. P. Conner and Hon. Geo. D. Perkins.

### W. R. C. Convention

The twenty-sixth annual convention of the Department of the Iowa Woman's Relief Corps, will be held at the same time as the G. A. R. encampment. Arrangements have been made to accommodate all who may attend and the Fort Dodge ladies are planning something good. An extensive program has been prepared and meetings will be held independent of the G. A. R. encampment.

Fort Dodge is a good place to go and visitors during this encampment are promised the best time ever enjoyed at any previous gathering of the department. Every veteran of the Civil war will want to attend this encampment.

## DENISON COLLEGE GRADUATES

The Denison Normal and Business College Will Have A Flattering Number of Graduates This Year

The Denison Normal and Business College closes the school year next week June 10th, with a class of twenty-two graduates, as follows:

Classical Course—Henry Bell, Andrew Bell, Helen Lucile Hayes, Earl Hoffman. Normal Course—Ralph Earl Chase. Commercial Course—Henry T. Blesman, Will A. Curry, Forest E. Moffit, Christina Nelson, John Theodore Petersen, Floyd Cook, Francis Fremel, Lura Moffit, Benjamin Weiss.

Shorthand Course—Elizabeth Anderson, Williams F. Harding, Hattie Powell, James Collins, Ethel Peper, Minnie Pahl.

Music—Grace Baughman, Louise Gregg.

The program of events for college commencement week is given as follows:

Annual sermon, Sunday evening, June 6th, by Rev. J. Jas. DePree at Baptist church.

Play, Monday evening, June 7th, by the Zonian and Atheneum societies at college chapel.

Commencement and presentation of diplomas on Thursday evening, June 10th, at Presbyterian church. Address by Rev. T. E. Thuresson.

There are hundreds of members of the Denison College Alumni and many friends all over the country who will be interested in these events and who will be present if possible. The people are generally interested in the success and achievements of these young people, and all will be pleased to witness their closing exercises as they step out from school life.

### His Work Lasts

Orem, the cement walk man, can do you all kinds of cement work at reasonable prices and give satisfaction. Consult him if you need work done. 21st

### Notice of First Meeting of Creditors

In The District Of The United States For The Southern District Of Iowa.

In the matter of **Marcus Horst, Bankrupt** In Bankruptcy.

To the creditors of **Marcus Horst of Manilla** in the county of Crawford and District aforesaid, a bankrupt.

Notice is hereby given that on the **29th Day of June** A. D., 1909, the said

**Marcus Horst** was duly adjudicated bankrupt; and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at my office in Council Bluffs, Iowa, on the

**12th Day of June** A. D., 1909, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt, and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

W. S. MAYNE, Referee in Bankruptcy.

We are so certain that **Piles** Itching, Bleeding and Protruding Piles can always be relieved and absolutely cured by this ointment that we positively guarantee satisfaction or money refunded.

**Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment**

Sold by Lambert Drug Co.

## On the Edge.

By BARRY PRESTON.

Copyrighted, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.

"You are very much in love with him, dear, aren't you?" Mrs. Brevort inquired, not without a certain doubtful note in her tone, which seemed to hint that such possibly might not be the case.

The girl who stood by the window, looking out at the uneven pavements of the Roman street, turned slowly and smiled. In that smile were weariness and subtle understanding and patient resignation.

"Yes, I am very much in love with him, Aunt Elinor," she said in a colorless voice, as if she were saying the words more because they were expected of her than for any other reason.

Mrs. Brevort smiled her open approval. The little frown of doubt which for the past few moments had wrinkled her brow suddenly disappeared. She crossed the room to the girl's side and threw an arm about her.

"Of course, dearie," she cooed, "your happiness is my first, I might almost say my only, concern. No one realizes better than I the portent of this step—that all your future, all your lifelong happiness depends upon it. No one, I think you'll admit, too, is more averse to the majority of these marriages than I am, but the duke is so utterly different from all the other eligible men we have met. He is not seeking your money, dear, for he is immensely wealthy in his own right. He is an upright, honest, splendid type of an—more like our own men in America, I think, than any one we have seen. Isn't that your impression of him?"

"Yes," said the girl in the same colorless voice.

Mrs. Brevort's pale face grew rather eager. "Somehow I have felt from the first that your destinies were linked yours and his," said she, "but when he talked with me this afternoon I gave him no definite answer. I let him understand that the matter rested primarily with you; that it was your happiness that was at stake.

"He didn't seem quite to understand my attitude at first, but he was perfectly charming about it, as he is in everything. He said I was to speak to you and that he would call for me this afternoon at 4 in the road car, and while we went out to the aqueduct I could give him my final decision, or, rather, yours."

The girl had turned again to the window. She was looking abstractedly at the passing crowd in the street below. Her brow was furrowed by a little disfiguring frown. Her lips were set tightly together. Her eyes were troubled.

"So I suppose I am to give him a favorable answer, am I not?" Mrs. Brevort suggested tentatively.

The girl was silent. The troubled look in her eyes grew more pronounced. Her aunt watched her narrowly and with growing impatience.

"Peggy, dear, I asked you a question," she reminded her niece. "Is it a favorable answer I am to give?"

The girl shrugged her dainty shoulders. "Yes, yes; oh, yes!" she said hurriedly. "It doesn't matter." Her voice suddenly choked. "Nothing matters!"

Mrs. Brevort elevated her brows. "Really, Peggy?" she began chidingly. But the girl turned swiftly and left the room, waving back the older woman, who started to follow her. Something like a smothered sob sounded as the door closed behind her.

Mrs. Brevort looked rather angry for a moment. Then she recovered her usual composure and smiled. But there was something distinctly unpleasant in that smile.

She glanced at the bronze clock ticking unobtrusively on the mantel. It pointed to half after 3. She went to a desk near the front window and from a drawer drew out a bundle of letters. They were all directed in the same hand—Peggy's hand. And they were all addressed to Mr. William Hale, at some outlandish Spanish sounding town in Ecuador, South America.

Mrs. Brevort smiled again. It had cost her a pretty penny to circumvent the mailing of those letters, but there are many itching palms in Rome, and what good money will not accomplish. If it is judiciously placed, is not worth accomplishing.

An open fire burned dully in the grate beneath the mantel. Mrs. Brevort stepped briskly over to it and fed the bundle of letters to the flames. She watched grimly until there was nothing left of them save a few gray white ashes.

Then from another drawer she took out another bundle of letters. They were thick letters, all of them. The sprawling superscriptions were all for Peggy, and they were postmarked with the name of the Spanish town in Ecuador.

Other itching Roman palms had been soothed in the conventional way by bringing those epistles into Mrs. Brevort's possession.

These, too, she consigned to the grate, watched them burn and then arrayed herself for her appointment with the duke.

At precisely 4 he came in the road car. She descended the stairs, greeted him effusively, and together they whirled off toward the aqueduct.

Scarcely had Mrs. Brevort taken her departure when there came to the hotel a brisk, broad shouldered young man. Unmistakably he was American, and unmistakably he had been enduring recently all the discomforts of

continental travel when such travel necessitates haste.

He glanced at the register, saw thereon a certain name and heaved a mighty sigh of relief, but even as he searched his pockets for his cardcase the owner of the name that had caused his recent sigh came tripping down the stairs arrayed for a walk through the autumn streets, and, turning around, the young man stood staring open mouthed at Peggy in all her glory.

The girl's eyes, too, lighted suddenly. She gave a little gasp of surprise. In an instant the young man was beside her, and both her hands were in his own.

"Peggy, Peggy!" he was saying breathlessly.

"Billy," she was saying in a low, shaken voice, "where on earth did you come from?"

In a masterful manner he led her to the street. Once outside they both began talking as fast as they could.

"Not a word from you all this time," he declared, "not one single, solitary word. I couldn't stand it any longer. I left the bridge building down there and my chances for eternal fame and fortune with it, all in the hands of Johnson, and came over here to learn the worst. I even had to cable north to Daniels to find out where you were."

"Billy, what do you mean?" she asked in unbelief. "I have written and written and never had one single answer from you."

"Oh! What's this?" said he. "I've written every day of my life. You haven't got them?" His eyes grew suddenly dark. "Where's that precious aunt of yours?"

And suddenly Peggy remembered in the midst of her new found happiness just where her aunt was.

"Oh, heavens, Billy!" she said. "Why didn't you come before?"

"Why?" she repeated. "Why, indeed! Aunt Elinor is out motoring this afternoon with the Duke of Selena. She has gone with him to tell him I'll marry him. I thought—I thought—when you were silent—when I didn't hear from you!"

His teeth came together with a click. He faced her there in the Roman street, with the Roman sunshine flooding it with mellow warmth.

"To tell him you'll marry him!" he repeated. "Peggy, you're not going to, are you?"

She looked at him archly. "It's the only offer I've had recently," she said in mocking happiness.

"You'll have another right away," said he, with determination, "one that I dare you to turn down," he added, with a boyish laugh.

"But the duke," she said breathlessly. "I'm probably engaged to him by this time. Aunt Elinor wastes no time."

"I'll attend to the duke and your aunt, too," said he grimly. "What time will they return?"

"Almost any minute now," said she. "Come, let's go back. We mustn't miss them, must we, Billy?"

Goldsmith got 800 guineas for his "Animated Nature."

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, physician and author, is seventy-nine years of age. In spite of his advanced age Dr. Mitchell is healthy and vigorous and finds time for both literary work and professional practice.

Professor Goldwin Smith, now in his eighty-sixth year, is still a frequent contributor to the newspapers and magazines. He was eminent as a scholar and a writer when he first went to Canada, forty years ago. At the age of thirty-four he was regius professor of modern history at Oxford university.

**Ant Road Builders.**

The greatest road builders of the world are the red ants of South America, which line the roads leading to and the galleries and passages within their nests with clay packed perfectly smooth.

**First American Lifeboat.**

The first American lifeboat was built by the Massachusetts Humane society in 1807 and was placed at Cohasset. Other boats were built by the society at intervals until it had, in 1873, fifty-six boats in service among the eighty life saving stations it had established.

**Early Panama Road.**

A paved road was constructed across the Isthmus of Panama in 1671.

**It Ignited.**

Little Rollis, four years old, came to the table, where we had tomato soup, of which he is very fond. Being very hungry, he could not wait for it to cool, but hastily ate two or three spoonfuls; then, laying down his spoon he exclaimed, "My goodness, that soup is so hot it makes sparks all down me."—Delineator.

**Lake Geneva.**

Extraordinary "tidal" waves of Lake Geneva. They are called "tidal" for want of a better name. At uncertain intervals the lake heaves itself up and raises five or six feet in a few seconds—why or wherefore no one knows.

**Proved It.**

"What started the riot at the performance of 'Hamlet' last night?" "Why, Hamlet held the skull and said: 'Alas, poor Yorick! You are not the only deadhead in the house!'"

**The Missing Part.**

Mrs. Boarder—How do you find the chicken soup, Mr. Boarder? Mr. Boarder—I have no difficulty in finding the soup, madam, but I am inclined to think the chicken will prove an allbit.

Talk not of a good life, but let thy good life talk.—Schiller.

**Karo**

If you long for a sweet—eat **Karo**

If you wish for a food both delicious and good—eat **Karo**

If you'd feel secure from a syrup impure—eat **Karo**

For table use and cooking you'll find it unequalled.

In air-tight tins; 10c, 25c, 50c.

A book of cooking and candy-making recipes sent free on request.

**Corn Products Refining Company**  
New York

## REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

FRIDAY, MAY 21st.

Bert C. Woodruff to John Rollins—lot 9, and w 1/2 of lot 8, blk 121, Denison, Iowa. Con. \$2000.

Western Town Lot Co. to Incorporated Town of Ricketts—lots 15, 16, 17, 18, 19 and 20, blk 7, Ricketts, Iowa. Con. \$375.

H. C. Schroeder to Johannes Lorenzen—n 1/2 sec 19, Morgan twp. Con. \$6,500.

SATURDAY, MAY 22nd.

United States to James K. Jackson—sw 1/4 sec 33, Denison twp.

N. H. Brogden to Cora M. Coes—1/2 of lot 5, blk 1, W. T. Lot 1st Add Deloit, Iowa. Con. \$350.

TUESDAY, MAY 25th.

Maryanna B. Harker to Willis H. Wiggins—s 1/2 of lot 7, all lot 8, blk 4, Dow City, Iowa. Con. \$380.

Juliet Johnson to Martha A. Delaney—lots 9 and 10, blk 3, Deloit, Iowa. Con. \$75.00.

Lyman F. Morris to Martha A. Delaney—5 a s 1/2 sec 19, Morgan twp. Con. \$200.

Crawford County State Bank to John Stewart—q c d n 1/2 sec 20 Washington twp. Con. \$1.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 26th.

Calus Peper to O. A. Olson—w 80 ft of lot 1, blk 11, Astor, Iowa. Con. \$1.

THURSDAY, MAY 27th.

Anna N. Vollertsen to Hannah M. Duncan—s 1/2 sec 11, Paradise twp. Con. \$1.

FRIDAY, MAY 28th.

H. C. Schroeder to Fritz Gierdorf—s 1/2 sec 19, Morgan twp. Con. \$6,500.

Leonora A. Harvey to A. H. Campbell—outlot "F" to Buck Grove in n 1/2 sec 16, Washington twp. Con. \$2,000.

E. F. Tucker made Boone a business trip on Thursday.

J. F. Harthun and John Koepke went to Dunlap on a business mission last Friday.

Have pasture for 60 head of cattle, one and one half miles southeast of Denison. John S. Carey, Phone 32A.

Mrs. Mable Mirick of Albany is delighting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Cushman, with a visit.

Al Durkee, who has been working for the Fairmount Creamery Co., has determined to go to farming and he has gone to Rockham, S. D., for that purpose.

John Birkhofer of Dow City was a new Review subscriber last Saturday. He says the boys are getting so big they want an English paper and that they decided the Review was the best one to get.

Young Fred Shirliff was in on Saturday. He tells us they are getting lots of autos out their way and he is hoping his father will get one before long. Fred is an interesting, up-to-date lad and from his talk we know that he reads the Review and appreciates it.

Miss Martha Maria Hugg is one of the graduates of the Charles City College this week. Miss Hugg has made a specialty of oratory and with her charming personality she should make a great success in this line. We congratulate her upon the successful closing of her college course.

William T. Marshall of Milford and his son, William Marshall, who is bigger than dad, were Denison callers on Saturday. Mr. Marshall is much interested in educational questions as he believes the farmer of the future must be well educated if he is to keep up with the procession.

E. O. Thiem sails next week via the steamship, "President Lincoln" of the Hamberg-American line. He will land at Cherbourg, France, spend two days in gay Poree and then visit Die Wacht am Rhine. It is fifteen years since Mr. Thiem visited the old home and he will remain this time until September. Like the other German tourists this summer he has ordered the Review sent to him so he will not lose touch with home affairs.

## COOPERATION FOR GOOD ROADS

A Writer to Ft. Dodge Messenger Advocates A County Convention of Farmers and Auto Owners

Aaron Peterson, Lanyon, Iowa: In fact a road that is good enough for an automobile is a good road for anybody to use.

If we would all co-operate there is no question but we could improve the roads to a great extent in the next two or three years.

The Country Life Club of Lost Grove township is working at it this spring.

We have some over seventy-five days' work with man and team pledged to help build roads, besides a long string of names signed for "King dragging" this season without any compensation. And will say that we should be glad to hear from any other organization in the county which is interested in better roads.

Why not have a county convention some time and try to get together and discuss this problem and get something going?

This is certainly a question that should interest everybody from the man who rides in the nicest automobile to the one who has no other way than to walk. The one who needs good roads the most of all and deserves it best is the rural mail carrier. He is certainly a faithful servant and we should do something to help him along.

Mrs. T. A. Miller of Ogden made Denison a brief visit on Saturday. She made quite a purchase of prize winning Rhode Island Reds from Dr. B. F. Philbrook and is going to have chickens to broil this fall. Denison friends were pleased to have another visit with Mrs. Miller and to find that all is well in the new Ogden home.

## Seasonable Goods in Hardware

The **J. B. Romans Co.** Denison

Largest dealers in the county. Ever headquarters for all goods in its line.

## Lawn Mowers

You cannot have a good lawn with a worn out mower. Do not try it, but get a new one.

**GOOD MAKES LOW PRICES.**

## The Herrick Refrigerators

It tops them all. Built to be clean and sanitary. Be sure to examine it. Price very reasonable.

## Gas Stoves

It is positively a sin to have a big hot stove in the house in the summer time when a gas stove can be bought so cheap with us.

## Garden Tools in full supply