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CHARLES TABOR
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
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**WHAT A LAWSUIT
BROUGHT ABOUT.**

By M. QUAD.

[Copyright, 1909, by T. C. McClure.]
Farmer Jepson, widower, lived four miles from Akron on the country road, and Jane Schofield, widow and farmer, lived three miles west of him on the Red Bridge road. They had lived thus for five years and only knew each other by name. The five years might have become twenty had not an old lop horned cow stepped in to give the parties an introduction.

The cow was owned by the widow. Besides being lop horned she was bob-tailed, wild eyed and had various bad habits, one of which was jumping six rail fences and wandering about nights. These promenades sometimes led her miles away and into strange pastures. The first time Farmer Jepson saw her she was in the midst of his cornfield and had cleared about half an acre of the juicy stalks. He was a good man, but he swore at her and called her names. He also tried his best to kill her on the spot. A week later the cow called again to see how the corn was coming on, and after half killing her the farmer sent word that if she was not kept at home he would sue her owner for damages.

"And who is Farmer Jepson that talks so big, I'd like to know!" exclaimed the widow as she got the message by a hired man. "If he thinks he's the biggest toad in the puddle let him go right ahead and sue. Two can play at that game. I'm not allowing my live stock to bother my neighbors, but I'm not going to sit up every night in the week to see that that old cow don't get out. You go back and tell him that I'm not afraid of any ten men like him."

"Oh, she ain't, hey?" exclaimed the farmer when the hired man had returned with the word. "Waal, we'll see about that. I'm no hand to complain of my neighbors, but I'm not going to have their cows in my corn and then take sass to boot. If that old critter of a cow steps hoof on my land again there'll be a lawsuit to make things rumble."

The cow didn't hurry matters any. She waited until Mr. Jepson had transplanted his cabbage plants and they had got fairly growing, and then she called one night and helped herself to 250 of them, and two days later the widow learned that suit had been commenced by Farmer Jepson to recover \$250 damages.

"So he's sued me, has he?" observed the widow, as she doubled up her fists and fire came to her eyes. "Well, we'll see who comes out ahead!"
Plaintiff and defendant each secured a lawyer, and of course each attorney assured his client that he had the best kind of a case and was sure to win. After two or three adjournments the case came to trial, and it was in the courtroom that plaintiff and defendant first saw each other. Both were surprised, and both said something to themselves. What the farmer said was:

"Waal, by thunder! I expected to see a fat and homely old two fisted widder, and I find her a good looking little bit of a female who ought to be sitting on a husband's knee. Wish I'd seen her before I begun this suit!"
"Lands o' massy, but he ain't no mean looking man!" exclaimed the widow after a look at the farmer. "Why, they said he was a big boss and bluffer and wanted to bulldoze me 'cause I'm all alone in the world. Say, now, but they are all wrong. He ain't the kind to bluff and pitch in. Wish he'd have come to see me about the old cow. If he had I'd have chained her up. Wonder how hard he'll swear agin me!"

She was soon to know. The plaintiff's lawyer in opening the case said it was an aggravated case of trespass and damage and that the sum mentioned wasn't really half what they should have sued for. Then he went on to tell of what a defiant woman the defendant was and wound up by stating his hopes that the jury would render a verdict without leaving the box.

When the plaintiff was called to the witness chair, and to the surprise of the widow and the disgust of his lawyer, he said he had forgotten the message the woman returned to him. He followed that up by declaring that his feelings had simply been shocked and that he had fully recovered from the shock in a minute and a half. As to the corn and cabbage, perhaps \$10 would pay the bill.

"You jackass, but you have lost your case!" hissed his lawyer as the witness stepped down with a smile in the direction of the widow, whose lawyer was whispering to her:

"Now, you get up there and give us some hot talk and your case is won."

There was no hot talk from the widow. On the contrary, she cooed like a dove. She admitted to the ownership of the jumping, predatory cow, but was quite willing to pay reasonable damages. She didn't doubt the plaintiff's shocked feelings and was sorry for them and wished he had hit the old cow with the ax. One of the results of the suit was a verdict for 6 cents damages, and another was that Farmer Jepson said he would call at her home for the money. He kept his word. A week later he drove up to the door and after an hour's interview was asked to call again. Three months later his disgusted lawyer was heard to exclaim:

"Prentiest case I ever had and dead sure of a verdict, and Jepson knocks it all in the head by falling in love with the defendant. Yes, they were married yesterday."

THE JUNIOR'S CODE.

By THOMAS G. ECKLES.

(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

There are cases of individual stupidity and there are combinations of stupidity. It has been my fate to suffer from one of these combinations. In my case it consisted of a man in love and a small boy who hadn't any sense.

Mr. Perkins, the junior member of the firm where I was confidential clerk, was the man in love. His fiancée lived in an interior town, and he was continually neglecting the business to go and see her or in devoting himself to her when she came to town. He was obliged to go abroad on business, and before going he called me into his private office and said:

"Frank, I'm going to take you into my confidence. I am engaged to be married, as you probably know, to the loveliest girl in the universe. She is Miss Octavia Allerton and lives at B. I shall wish to cable her occasionally and have made a code, of which she has the key. Now, I don't wish these telegrams to be inspected by the whole office force, so I shall address them to you. As soon as you receive one of them take it to the telegraph office and send it to Miss Allerton. Now, be very careful and say nothing to anybody, and if you follow orders and handle the dispatches as instructed I will see that you are well paid for your trouble."

I promised to attend to the matter, and when I left him he felt assured that he could send messages to his fiancée safely and with secrecy. While he was on the ocean I received a wireless message every few days, and they continued at intervals when he got on land. I took them all to the telegraph office and forwarded them.

There was an interval of five days during which none came, and then I received one just as I was leaving the office in the evening to go to keep an engagement of importance to myself in a suburban town. Having just time to catch the train, I called Joe, an office boy, gave him the message with the proper address and told him to take it to the telegraph office. "Be very careful," I said, "to see that it goes all right. If it doesn't, my head will come off."

There's such a thing as spurring people to overdo things. I put too much caution into Joe. If I had said nothing to him he would have handed the telegram in without looking at it and nothing would have happened. As it was, while going to the telegraph office he took it out of the envelope and read it:

Notary, alternative.

Not knowing that it was a cipher telegram, he at once assumed that there was something wrong in it, since "Notary, alternative," meant nothing as it stood. He ran back to find me, but I had gone. He set out again for the telegraph office, trying on the way to make sure of the message. He had heard of blunders of operators in recording messages and concluded this was one of them. He put a number of words in place of "notary" in order to make a proper reading and finally hit on the word "another." "Another alternative" meant something. Before reaching the telegraph office he had written "another" in place of "notary."

The next day a cablegram came from Mr. Perkins that he would return immediately. He reached America within a week, but went straight to his fiancée. The next day he appeared at the office. He glared at me as he passed me, and, going into his private room, he sent for me. I saw a check laying on his desk before him. It looked ominous. He handed it to me and said:

"Here is your salary, paid to the end of the month. We shall not need your services any longer."

Of course I asked the cause of my discharge.

"I sent you a cablegram from Paris," he said. "It read, 'Notary, alternative.'" He handed me a copy of the cipher code, the word "notary" undeciphered. It read:

I am very lonely without you.
Then he told me to turn to the word "alternative," and I saw that it meant "love." The whole message read:

I'm very lonely without you, love.
Meanwhile he was scratching something on a piece of paper. When I had read the interpretation of his message he said, "Would you like to know how that message read when it was received by Miss Allerton?" I replied that I would, and he handed me what he had written:

I have found another love.
I explained to him how the blunder occurred, but my excuses made no impression on him. Turning to his desk, he indicated that the incident was ended.

Going out, I met the head of the firm. "I'm sorry for you, Carter," he said. "I did all I could for you, but failed. I couldn't refuse to consent to your dismissal. Indeed, it is best that you shouldn't have to meet him every day. That telegram lost him his girl. She wished to get rid of him to marry another man. She took advantage of it to break her engagement by cable, and before he could get to her she had engaged herself to his rival. You see, he couldn't endure the sight of you daily after what has happened."

That's the reason I have said that I have suffered from a combination of stupidity. I think the man was more stupid than the boy. He should have thanked me for indirectly bringing about a break between him and a girl who was fooling him. She was intending to marry him because he was making money.

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DENISON, IOWA

MANILLA ITEMS

Carrie Gliesser is reported to be on the sick list this week.

Contractor E. Y. Turpin has the frame work of Isaac Hird's new residence up, and for size, sightliness and site it will surpass any residence in Manilla.

Word was received here last week that Nettie Slagg, youngest daughter of Joseph Slagg, who lives at Conkling, N. D., and only sister of Mrs. Chas. Buffington of Manilla in some manner got her right arm into a corn sheller or feed grinder of some kind and got her arm cut so badly that it had to be amputated at the shoulder. Last reports from the hospital are that she is getting along nicely, which will be good news to her relatives and many friends.

Pete Johnson moved into the house owned by Claus Sieck, recently vacated by John Gluckstadt.

Contractor A. R. Potter commenced work on Pete Knott's residence. The building will be remodelled in such a way as to make it larger and more convenient.

Miss Lorene Jackson returned home Saturday evening from Omaha, where she had been attending a house party at the home of Miss Francis Dawson.

We understand that the Dubuque Maltin Co. has installed Alfred Miller as manager of one of their saloons in Omaha.

Rob Smith, who is working at Perry spent Sunday here with his wife and children.

Mrs. B. J. O. Wiggs is seriously ill at her home in Astor.

Mrs. D. F. Nulle of Manning is visiting this week at the Emil Meggers home.

Mrs. Wm. Krantz and Mrs. Wm. Drosen of Earlton spent Sunday here at the Wabl home.

F. Meggers, Sr., of this place is seriously ill. It is thought that he has cancer of the stomach.

Willie Hammer spent Sunday here at his parental home.

Miss Ora Van Meter of Defiance came Friday evening for a visit here with her friend, Miss Alma Ivey.

Mrs. Elizabeth Delaware of State Center came Saturday to accompany her daughter, Mrs. Joe LaTurno, to Seattle.

The Philatene Society met Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. E. Y. Turpin.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. church met Wednesday with Mrs. Wm. McCracken.

Mrs. A. R. Potter and son, Johnnie, left Tuesday morning for State Center for a visit there with relatives and friends.

Rev. Arnold of Des Moines occupied the pulpit of the M. E. church Sunday. Miss Eva Bliven is visiting in Via

let Center at the home of her uncle, Fred Reynolds.

Thursday evening Al Ivey and wife gave a birthday party to the immediate relatives in honor of his sister, Mrs. A. Hadley. All report a good time.

A special meeting of the C. E. of the Presbyterian church will be held next Sabbath evening, July 25. All members are requested to be present if possible.

Miss Minda Tillet returned home Saturday evening from a weeks visit at Buck Grove.

Ed. Theobald returned home Thursday from a trip through South Dakota.

Mrs. Henry Jahn is sick at this writing

J. C. Dyson and G. D. Brukaw's residences are shining bright with new coats of paint.

Art Packard went to Martelle Friday night for a visit with his relatives.

Tom Moore and Mrs. Mae Larson were Denison business visitors Saturday.

John Opperman was a Manning visitor Friday.

Henry Segehart was a Denison visitor Saturday.

John Harrison and wife spent Saturday in the country visiting relatives.

Father Lynch held meeting in Buck Grove Sunday.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Presbyterian church met Wednesday afternoon in the Sunday School room.

Al Milligan and wife, Grandma Milligan and W. E. Brocklesby spent Sunday in Hayes township at the Hans Brocklesby home.

Glady Baker fell out of the hay-mow Wednesday and injured herself quite seriously. At this writing she is rapidly improving, which is good news to her many friends.

Harry Westbrook, wife and daughter spent Sunday at Defiance visiting at the C. H. Westbrook home.

Ed. Olson and wife spent Saturday evening and Sunday in Irwin.

Sylvia Cooper, who is attending summer school at Denison spent Sunday here with her parents.

The G. P. G. Club held a meeting Saturday night at the home of the Misses Bessie and Grace Gardner.

Mrs. W. L. York and daughter returned to their home in Whittier, Cal., after a pleasant visit here at the John Van Metz home.

Ora Bliven is attending summer school at Denison.

A. R. Potter has secured a contract from F. M. Offner for a lunch counter, which will be erected east of the Park Hotel. The work on building will commence as soon as possible.

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