

PRICE, 25 CTS.
THE PEOPLE'S REMEDY FOR Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping-Cough, Bronchitis, Grippe-Cough, Hoarseness, etc. It is safe and sure.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

PHYSICIANS:

R. P. PLIMPTON
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
OFFICE IN RESIDENCE, BROADWAY,
H. A. BOYLE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OFFICE AT RESIDENCE.
LOCAL SURGEON I. C. R. R.
W. T. Wright, L. M. Coon, A. J. Hoenes
Doctors
Wright, Coon & Hoenes
Physicians and Surgeons
TELEPHONES Iowa 94
Crawford County 536
Offices and Treatment Rooms 2nd stair-
way north of Post Office
L. L. BOND,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
LOCAL SURGEON C. & N. W. R. R.
OFFICES IN LAUB BLOCK
O. W. CARR, P. J. BRANNON
PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.
OFFICE IN BULLOCK BLOCK
IOWA PHONE NO. 7. O. C. PHONE NO. 88.
EMMA C. JOHNSTONE,
OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN
and residence first door east
McKim Hall. C C Phone 236
J. J. MELHAN,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office over Postoffice
O. C. PHONE, OFFICE 249. RES. 248.

DENTISTS:

J. C. ROBINSON, D. D. S.
OFFICE OVER THE DENISON DRUG CO.
SPECIAL ATTENTION TO BRIDGE AND PLATE WORK.
B. F. PHILBROOK, D. D. S.
WEDNESDAY'S IN DUNLAP.
OFFICES IN THE LAUB BLOCK.
R. O. MCCONNAUGHY, D. D. S.
OFFICE IN WARBASE BLOCK.
PHONE 859. MONDAY'S IN DOW CITY.

ATTORNEYS:

L. M. SHAW, J. SIMS, C. F. KUEHNLE,
SHAW, SIMS & KUEHNLE,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS.
OFFICE WITH THE BANK OF DENISON
J. H. WALKER
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
REAL ESTATE AND COLLECTIONS
OFFICE OVER POSTOFFICE
P. W. HARDING, W. E. KAHLER
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
OFFICES IN
NEW BULLOCK BLK., OVER DENISON CLOTHING CO.
J. P. OONNER, P. E. C. LALLY
CONNER & LALLY.
OFFICES OVER CRAWFORD COUNTY BANK
FARM LOANS A SPECIALTY.
CHARLES TABOR,
OFFICE OVER FIRST NATIONAL BANK

The Orange Judd Farmer

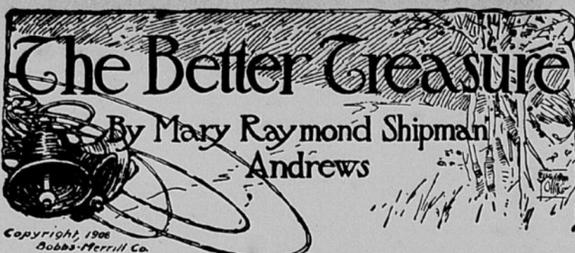
Will be sent one year
FREE to all advance pay-
ing REVIEW subscribers
who wish it.

When remitting please
say whether you wish it
or not.

If you do not care
for a farm paper
yourself we will
send it as a present
from you to any
one you may des-
ignate.

Japanese Trade Decreases.
In 1908 purchases of Japanese por-
celains, lacquers and bronzes by Eng-
land, France, Germany and the United
States decreased by \$1,000,000. Ex-
ports to China fell off \$12,500,000 gen-
erally, owing to the reduced value of
silver and the Tatsu Maru boycott.
All exports decreased except mats,
floor matting and refined sugar.

Useful African Tree.
While the seeds of the doroa, an
East African leguminous tree, are ex-
tensively used for food the pods and
leaves form an excellent cement when
mixed with crushed stone.



The big girl held the boy by the hand as they peered in. The man, un-
prepared for this complication,
watched them, troubled, uncertain,
and immediately the boy spoke in a
full, sweet voice.

"He's not talkin', Alice," the boy
said. "Let's go back—I'd rather go
to bed."

But the girl stepped forward, warily
poised, yet determined, and drew her
brother. "Maybe he doesn't know it's
us," she said. "I don't want to go
back till I see." She dropped the boy's
hand and was at the door of the box-
stall. "Nigger," she whispered, "Nig-
ger," and the horse whinnied and
turned his head toward her.

The boy had followed, stumbling
across the floor. "Maybe he doesn't
know it's Christmas," he suggested.
"Let's sing a carol so he'll remem-
ber."

The man in the stall listened. In a
low tone, because it was a mysterious
business they were on, the two sang:

Silent night, hallowing dawn,
Far and wide breaks the morn,
Breaks the day when the Saviour of men
Bringing pardon and healing again,
Holy, harmless and undefiled—Cometh a
little child.

"Pardon and healing!"
They sang it and they were silent,
waiting. Nigger sniffed softly, then
whinnied.

Benny's slow speech began coax-
ing:

I had a little pony
His name was Dapple Gray;
I lent him to a lady—
He halted, listening. "I thought
maybe he'd like that because it's

There was a stir in the empty stall,
but the children did not hear it. From
a mile away down the road came
faintly a sound of hoof-beats, and
Nigger blew out an agitated breath
and whinnied again gently. It was
very quiet. Alice and Benny, stand-
ing patient, thrilled suddenly as a
strange, hoarse voice issued from the
darkness.

"Merry Christmas, children!" the
voice said.

The girl clutched the boy's shoul-
der. "He's talkin'—Nigger's talkin',"
Benny announced, interested but im-
perturbed.

In his perspective a beast's speak-
ing was no larger marvel than the
wonders of every day—sunrise and
sunset, and stars and tides, and it
may be the unwarped vision of youth
saw things in not unjust proportion.
But the girl was shivering with joy.
She answered the unearthly tone with
sweet, excited eagerness.

"Merry Christmas, Nigger," she
said, and added tremulously. "I'm so
glad you really can talk—it must
seem nice after being dumb."

"Yes, it's nice," Nigger responded
civilly, but he seemed preoccupied.
He went on with promptness. "You
must go back to the house, children,
at once. You'll catch cold."

It was queer to have their own
horse giving them orders, yet the tone
was of authority.

"But, Nigger," Alice pleaded, "we
want to talk to you—we want to ask
you some questions."

It seemed almost as if Nigger had
stopped to listen to something. They



"He's Talkin'—Nigger's Talkin'!"
about a horse. I thought it would in-
terest him," Benny explained, and
proceeded as if by force of inertia:

Goosey, goosey gander,
Whether do you wander
Up-stairs—

Alice interrupted. "That hasn't got a
single thing to do with Christmas,
Benny."

"But it's on the next page," Benny
argued stolidly.

Alice was firm. "It isn't the right
kind of poetry—it ought to be sort of
churchy and religious, because Nig-
ger's a clergyman's horse and it's
Christmas Eve."

"Maybe he's afraid," she said, in a
disappointed tone, yet still hopeful.
"Benny, say the verse about 'Fear not'
to him—that might make him not be
afraid."

The unseen audience listened as
Benny, persuasively, as man to man,
recited a hymn to Nigger.

"Fear not—"

urged Benny—
"Fear not," said He, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind."

"Glad tidings of great joy!" The
young man in the straw sat quiet and
listened.

Whatever encouragement for beasts
might be in a Christmas hymn, Benny
meant to extend it to Nigger. Un-
hurried, with the sleepy note of a
bird going to roost, his piping voice
plodded on, telling a tale which he did
not doubt. With the full angel song
he ended:

All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace.
Good-will henceforth from Heaven to
men
Begin and never cease.
"Peace! Good-will!"

did not notice the pad-pad of hoofs
still a long way off.

"What questions?" the hoarse voice
demanded. "Be quick."

Alice began, but choked with ex-
citement, and Benny plunged to her
relief, collected and deliberate.

"We'd like some hidden treasure,"
he explained. "Treasure is money. T's
send father south where it's warm,
'cause he's sick. We want you to tell
us where to get some treasure for fa-
ther."

Nigger appeared to be struck back
to dumbness by this simple request,
for no word came from the stall, only
another of the soft, deep inhalations
—he had relapsed into beasthood. Yet
once more the weird tones spoke.

"I can't tell you where to find any
treasure," they said, "because there
isn't any buried around here. But if
you're good children and go straight
into the house, then your father is
going to have enough money to go
south—this winter or next. Now run
quickly."



The stable was quiet; small feet
scurried over the snow toward the
house; the door was left standing
open, and strong moonlight poured
through it and illumined the place.
When Dr. Harding drove in, the figure
of a man stood black in the patch of
brightness.

"Who is that?" he asked cheerily.
The man answered: "It's a friend—
Carl Maxwell."

"Carl Maxwell!" the clergyman's
voice had a tone of unbelief. "What
do you mean—how can it be Carl
Maxwell?"

The man swung forward. "Look at
me," he said, and pulled away his hat.
Harding looked searchingly, and with
a quick movement set on the floor the
bag he held, and caught the other's
hand.

"My boy, I'm glad to see you," he
said. "Help me unharness. We must
get a fire and something to eat as
soon as possible."

As if it were a custom to find men
waiting in the stable at 1 a. m., Dr.
Harding talked of the horse and the
harness and the roads as they un-
buckled the frozen leather, and the
man's fingers slipped into the once fa-
miliar business, and his ears listened
to the once familiar voice. Ten min-
utes of swift work and the harness
hung on its hooks, and the horse stood
cared for and blanketed, in its stall.
Maxwell swung across the stable and
lifted the small black bag.

"I'll take that, Carl," the clergy-
man spoke quietly.

"No—let me carry it for you," the
younger man threw back, holding to
it firmly.

There was a second's hesitation;
Harding's fingers loosened; he turned
to the door; Carl Maxwell held the
bag in his hands.

Down the slope Harding led the
way, and through the orchard vividly
black and white with moonlight and
shadow. Suddenly he faced about—
the footsteps behind him had stopped
—he stared through the zigzag of bare
branches and deep shadows—where
was the man?

"Carl!" he called, and out of a
splash of blackness ten feet back
stirred the figure.

"All right, doctor," Maxwell's voice
answered. "I stopped to see if the
seat I built in the Queen apple-tree
was still there."

A low light shone in the study as
the two mounted the steps of the side
plaza, and the clergyman slipped his
key into the lock.

He threw open the door and stood
aside to let his guest enter. The man
halted, and made an uncertain move-
ment backward. Then he stepped in-
side. In a moment the light was
turned up, the fire was blazing, the
room hung with cheerfulness. Max-
well stared about it, at the books, at
the papers, at the worn furniture.
The clergyman watched him a mo-
ment, and then turned to a tray.

"I don't know about you, Carl, but
I'm hungry." He held out a plate
of sandwiches.

The young fellow set the bag down
hurriedly and stretched out his hand.
He was shivering, and he looked
starved. Then the hand dropped. His
teeth chattered, and he stared blankly
into the clergyman's face.

"I came here to rob you," he said.

Harding gazed at him; his glance
wandered to the black bag; he turned
his back and bent over the coffee,
bubbling above an alcohol lamp. Max-
well regarded him miserably. Harding
lifted his head with a smile.

"We'll talk that over later, Carl,"
he said. "Sit by the fire—you're cold.
And drink this coffee."

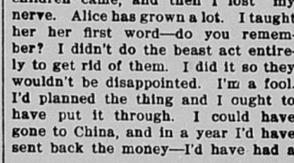
The man sat down. The hot coffee
was almost at his mouth, when he
looked up into the other's face.

"How do you know I won't take the
money?" he asked. "I could."

The parson laughed. He put a
friendly hand on the deep shoulder
and patted it, as if the man were a
child. "Well, yes, you could," he said.
"Drink your coffee, Carl."

Ten minutes later the man stood be-
fore the fire and told his story. He
finished the recital with a look of bit-
terness in his eyes.

"I believe I'm a fool," he said.
"The money means the chance of my
life for a start—and I've no other
chance. I meant to take it, till the
children came, and then I lost my
nerve. Alice has grown a lot. I taught
her her first word—do you remem-
ber? I didn't do the best act entire-
ly to get rid of them. I did it so they
wouldn't be disappointed. I'm a fool.
I'd planned the thing and I ought to
have put it through. I could have
gone to China, and in a year I'd have
sent back the money—I'd have had a



"I'll Take That, Carl."

clear conscience and a grip on life
such as I've never had before. But
it's beyond me now."

The man looked down suddenly at
his dingy overcoat. He smiled a queer
smile at the clergyman.

"I happened to think of how they
used to have us sing 'Silent Night' be-
fore we had our Christmas tree, and
of the velvet clothes I wore one year,"

he explained. "And now," he lifted
the skirt of his coat, "to be talking
about Christmas trees—and carols,
I'm just one of the submerged. I'll
go now, doctor. I might as well go.
I had my chance and threw it away
for sentiment. I'll go now." He held
out his hand. "It won't hurt you to
shake hands."

The clergyman did not stir. "Carl,
I've got something to tell you about
your cousin Sidney," he said.

The man scowled. "I don't want to
hear it," he shot through his teeth.
"When I saw him walking with you
to-day in his furred overcoat and his
prosperity I wanted to kill him. He's
forgotten I'm alive. It's nothing to
him that I'm strangling—in the
depths."

"That's where you're mistaken," re-
plied Dr. Harding in a quiet but pos-
itive tone.



Maxwell lifted his chin and threw
at the clergyman a glance like a
blow. Harding went on at ease.

"It's very much to him. When you
saw him talking to me to-day, what
do you suppose he was talking about?
You. When the man in the stable just
now answered in your name, I felt as
if Heaven had reached down and
picked you up from somewhere and
put you in my hands as an answer to



"I Came Here to Rob You," He Said.

what Sidney Maxwell said. He told
me that Christmas never came but the
thought of you was with him; that
when his own boys played with their
toys around their tree he remembered
always how you and he had played to-
gether; that he had tried in vain to
find you; that it was a constant grief
that he and his father had judged you
harshly; that he would give his for-
tune to know where you are and make
things right."

As the man listened, defiance melt-
ed out of him; he did not answer or
look up. The clergyman went on.

"You see what child's play it seemed
to me when you spoke of stealing
three thousand dollars, with the Max
well millions waiting. Not that it
would have been possible in any
case," he added quickly. "You thought
you could do it, but you never could
—never."

"Perhaps I couldn't," the man said
brokenly. "I meant to—I don't know
what stopped me."

"The Lord," Harding answered
you wouldn't look at them—you were
facing the wrong way.

"Of course a poor soul may wan-
der so far into the depths that he's
beyond seeing the light—that's the
awful danger." The clergyman sighed.
"But even then a hand stronger than
your own will pull you out, if you'll
trust to it. However—his tired face
brightened—"however, you're not in
that case, Carl. You've swung about,
and sunshine and friends are waiting
for you—a clean life—a man's work
—a place in the world. It's wonder-
ful how much less bad a bad situa-
tion usually is than we think. This
afternoon you were going to kill your-
self; you were saved from that by the
hope of a crime; then two babies
spoke a message and you listened to
it and faced about. That's the secret,
to face about, to face right."

Like drops of a strong cordial the
words struck hot shafts into Max-
well. "A clean life—a man's work—
a place in the world."
He felt with a shock the strength
and the will to get these things. The
worn man whose inspired eyes burned
him, who stood for a force beyond
either of them, had poured strength
and will into him. He threw out his
arms, drew a quick breath, and rose
to his feet resolutely.

"Lord helping me, I'll do it," he
said.

"That's the way to go at the busi-
ness," Harding said, his face glowing
with enthusiasm. "You'll do it, that
way."

And with that the clock in the hall
struck four, and from upstairs there
was suddenly an eruption and a de-
scend of barbarians. Alice and Benny,
mysteriously warned in a dream of
their father's arrival, came down upon
him, like a wolf on the fold, and all
but tore him limb from limb with
stress of affection, and then, all at
once, aware of the stranger, they were

tersely. "It isn't the first time he has
made children his messengers."

Maxwell lifted his eyes dreamily,
like a man who had been unconscious
and who was coming slowly back to a
world too good to be true. "—I used
to believe those things," he said. "I'd
like to now. I've been a long way
down. But I've never liked it. I've
—been unhappy. It doesn't seem pos-
sible that I'm to have a chance. I
was coming here to drown myself in
Meadow Brook—I thought I was at
the end of the rope. That was my
plan this afternoon. And then I heard
you and Sidney—and I was glad to
get a chance to live—I think it's in
me yet to work hard and make a place
for myself. I think so. I never en-
joyed being scum—only you know I
always went headlong whichever way
I started, and it was the same with
the bad life I've been living. I can't
believe I've been faced about—in a
minute."

The clergyman had pushed the man
into a deep chair; the firelight washed
a friendly vagueness over the shabby
clothes and over his face, molding
now into new lines under a crisis. His
eyes lifted to his friend's with a dazed
gaze which had lost bitterness. Dr.
Harding, standing over him, laid a
calm hand on his shoulder.

"My lad," he spoke gently, "it ap-
pears to me that going into wrong-do-
ing is like going into a tunnel that
leads downhill to darkness. At every



"Lord Helping Me, I'll Do It!"

step the walking gets harder, and the
air gets worse, and it's dirtier and
more uninteresting. And all the time
all you have to do is face about, and
you see the sunlight."

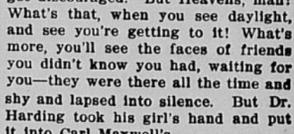
"Of course it's not simple getting
back—I know that. Sure as fate you
will bark your shins, and stagger in-
to holes, and fall down, and maybe
get discouraged. But Heavens, man!
What's that, when you see daylight,
and see you're getting to it! What's
more, you'll see the faces of friends
you didn't know you had, waiting for
you—they were there all the time and
shy and lapsed into silence. But Dr.
Harding took his girl's hand and put
it into Carl Maxwell's."

"I've brought home an old friend,
Alice," he said. "Wish him a merry
Christmas, my dear."

And Alice smiled and said the
words, while Benny, strangling his
father, re-enforced the greeting with
full, slow tones.

"Merry Christmas, old friend—an
happy New Year," said the deliberate
Benny.

Harding, hung with children, loos-
ened a hand to pat the man's shoul-
der. His eyes were bright with the
vision of the pure in heart, who see
"Benny's hit it," he said. "That's
what we all wish you, and what's com-
ing, Carl—a happy New Year!"



"I'll Take That, Carl."

clear conscience and a grip on life
such as I've never had before. But
it's beyond me now."

The man looked down suddenly at
his dingy overcoat. He smiled a queer
smile at the clergyman.

"I happened to think of how they
used to have us sing 'Silent Night' be-
fore we had our Christmas tree, and
of the velvet clothes I wore one year,"



"I'll Take That, Carl."