

# Dr. B. A. Stockdale.

The Noted Specialist of Des Moines, Iowa, Will Visit Denison at  
**Hotel Denison, Wed, Jan. 26,**  
 From 10 a. m. to 6 p. m.  
**Pay Fee When Cured**



The doctor has had such wonderful success in the treatment of certain diseases that he feels fully warranted in making the following liberal offer. He will make a thorough examination and tell you just what can be done; what the treatment will cost and about how long it will take to effect a cure; you will not be required to pay any money, except for the medicine used until cured or thoroughly satisfied with the results.

Dr. Stockdale wants every person who suffers from a chronic disease—it makes no difference how bad their case is, or how long they have suffered, or who has treated them and pronounced them incurable, to call and consult him. He will make a thorough examination of their case, tell exactly what can be done, whether they are curable or not, how long it will require and all about it. He treats only chronic diseases. He has devoted twenty years of his life to the treatment of such diseases as Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Stomach Troubles, Liver Disease, Constipation, Rheumatism, Bladder Troubles, Diseases of the Kidneys, Chronic Catarrh in all its forms, Heart and Nerve Troubles—in fact, every variety of chronic diseases.

DR. STOCKDALE has a system of treatment which he believes is the best known for chronic diseases. He is able to cure many cases that have resisted other treatments—that are considered incurable. He wants it distinctly understood that he does not undertake any case that he thinks is incurable, and will tell the patient candidly when he has made the examination.

He has a special treatment for general weakness of men, which he would like to explain in person. He will examine every case that calls on him on the above date absolutely free of charge.

If for any reason you cannot call or visit him personally, write him for an examination blank at his home office. Address

**DR. B. A. STOCKDALE**  
 Des Moines, Iowa.

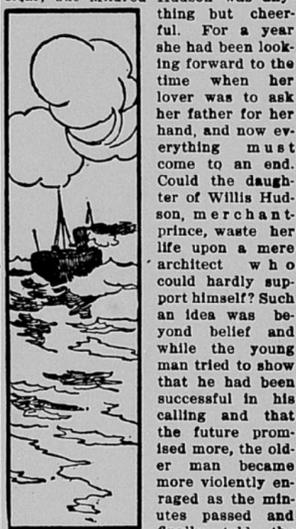
Utica Building,

## Three Christmas Days Together

By F. B. EMERY

(Copyright.)

Christmas day dawned bright and clear, but Mildred Hudson was anything but cheerful. For a year she had been looking forward to the time when her lover was to ask her father for her hand, and now everything must come to an end.



Could the daughter of Willis Hudson, merchant prince, waste her life upon a mere architect who could hardly support himself? Such an idea was beyond belief and while the young man tried to show that he had been successful in his calling and that the future promised more, the older man became more violently enraged as the minutes passed and finally told the "pauper" to leave his house and never to return until three Christmas days came together.

Then he could have his daughter as a Christmas gift. As a man of honor John Dean could only submit to the decision until he could convince the wealthy man of his mistake. Now it so happened that Willis Hudson had men and ships in his employ—men who sought out the uttermost parts of the earth for what they could find to please their master's eye. Jewels and trinkets from foreign marts, delicate perfumes, rare fruits, soft fabrics and countless curiosities came to him each year through his faithful assistants, and Mildred was always allowed to choose whatever she wished whenever one of the captains returned from a voyage.

The Christmas breakfast had been rather less cheerful than usual and it was with a feeling of relief that Mildred heard her mother call to her to come to the library.

Capt. Zeno had just returned from a long voyage and had a few little presents he wished to give her. Mildred hastened to the library, anxious to let her thoughts dwell upon more cheerful subjects.

Just as she entered the door the ruddy captain turned around, saluted and wished her a Merry Christmas, adding that although he was a day late with his greetings it had been impossible for him to see her the day before, and anyway, it was just as well to wait, for he had many business matters to talk over with her father, who did not like to discuss business matters on Christmas day, so he had not entered port until about two hours ago, and had let the sailors celebrate Christmas all day yesterday.

"Why," exclaimed Mildred, "to-day is Christmas, Capt. Zeno. You must have lost your reckoning on your last trip."

"No, Miss Mildred, yesterday was Christmas. Do you suppose I could sail clear around the world and be so forgetful of Christmas? Our records are perfect."

Just as she spoke the bell rang again and Capt. Jonas came in loaded down with numerous bundles, which he presented to Mildred.

I brought these to you to-day so that I can leave here to-night and spend Christmas with my family to-morrow," said Capt. Jonas.

"To-morrow?" asked Mildred. "Why Capt. Zeno has just been trying to make me believe that Christmas was yesterday."

"It is to-morrow," said Capt. Jonas.

"Taint to-morro—" said Capt. Zeno just as emphatically, "yesterday was Christmas day and I can prove it."

"And I can prove it is to-morrow," said Capt. Jonas, warmly. "You must think I can't keep my records straight."

Both the worthy captains were fast reaching a point where it meant give in or fight, when Mildred's younger brother, Max, who heard the noise, came in, and asked what was wrong.

Mildred told him, and after a minute he asked: "How far did you sail, Capt. Jonas?"

"Clear around, boy."

"And which way did you go?"

"West, all the way."

"And how about you, Capt. Zeno?"

"Same thing, only east."

"Then it is easy," said Max. "You went from east to west Capt. Jonas, and lost a day. You are a day behind, so Christmas is to-morrow for you. You went from west to east, Capt. Zeno, and gained a day, so Christmas was yesterday for you. The rest of us stayed at home and have Christmas to-day, so that we have three Christmas days altogether, yesterday, to-day and to-morrow."

Mildred rushed to her father and caught his hand. "O, father, don't you remember your promise?"

The stern face softened and as he placed his hand on his daughter's shoulder Willis Hudson said: "The laws of nature seem to work in your favor. If you can reach John by 'phone you may invite him to dinner, to give him his present."

## OUR CHRISTMAS ON THE PLAINS

NEVER shall forget our Christmas dinner in a construction camp in the year 1900, said a former Coloradoan. We were building a reservoir out on the plains about ten miles east of Pueblo. We had 150 men on the job, all white men.

We had a poor cook on the job and couldn't seem to find any other. As a result there had been men leaving every day and constant grumbling all the fall, and it came to a head Christmas day.

It was a beautiful, bright Colorado Christmas. The men were to work in the morning, have a turkey dinner at noon and lay off in the afternoon. The old man had bought three pounds of turkey per man—450 pounds. The birds had come out the day before.

About ten minutes after noon I heard a kind of an angry roar outside. I never heard anything like it before, and it made me jump. It meant trouble of some kind. I hurried out and saw a surging mob at the door of the cook tent. The men were all shaking their fists in the air and yelling with one steady, hoarse, prolonged yell.

I went around behind the tent and slipped in. There stood the cook raging, fighting drunk, brandishing a meat ax and emitting a steady stream of profanity. In front of him surged the mob, just out of reach of the meat ax, crazy mad. I didn't blame them. They had come off work with their mouths all made up for turkey, and not a table was set, not a spark of fire in the stove and 450 pounds of turkey scattered over the section of alkali plain which formed the floor.

The battle was short. The men ran in behind the cook, tripped him and the minute he was down had a rope around him.

"Hang him, hang him!" they roared and started off with him to the meat pole.

In all my life I never was so scared as I was that day. I didn't care in the least whether the man was hanged, drowned or died in his bed. Yet civilization rose up in me, and I knew I had to save him. I ran like a deer to get around the crowd and reach the meat pole first, and all the while I

brandished a meat ax.



BRANDISHING A MEAT AX.

ran I was cursing the cook. When they got to the meat pole they found me on a box facing them with a gun.

"What do you want?" they roared.

"Get quiet," said I.

Those in front called out: "Shut up!"

When they were still I said: "Boys, I'm sorry this thing has happened. It's my fault for not watching this fool closer. But we can wash those turkeys and have a good dinner yet if some of you'll turn in and help me. They aren't hurt any. As for this scum of a cook, I don't care any more about him than you do. But I'm in charge here and I can't let him be hanged. You can go ahead and hang him if you want to, but you'll have to kill me first. Now go ahead."

I waited, but no one stirred. There were plenty of guns in the crowd, but no one was ready to undertake the job of killing me. I gave them only a minute to think. Then I said to the man that held the rope, "Untie him." He did it. "Get out of here," I said to the cook. The fellow got up, white as death with fear.

Then I turned to the men and asked if there were any who had ever done any cooking, who would help me. Half a dozen volunteered. We washed the turkeys and put them on to boil. I never worked over anything in my life as I did that Christmas dinner. The men were still silent and sullen, and I didn't know but they'd hang me if the dinner didn't suit them. I tried desperately to remember all the cooking I'd ever seen my mother do, and thanked God when I found that one of the men could make pies and another soda biscuit. About 5 o'clock we had the best dinner the camp could turn out, boiled turkey, boiled potatoes, canned squash, canned corn, canned peaches, dried apple pie, hot biscuit and coffee.—New York Press.

The Lesson of Leprosy.

The main lesson of leprosy is somewhat philosophic. All Europe for centuries was covered with it, but the quick, strong reactive blood of the white race struggled the germs of death, so it is doubtful if whites could ever be pestered much again. Yellow races, of slower, weaker blood, are still slowly stewing with it.

Oyster Beds Neglected.

New Jersey gets \$8,000,000 a year from its oyster beds, but could get \$40,000,000 from the same source if the available tide land was properly seeded and cultivated.

## Little Nita's Best Christmas

By WILLIAM ROSSER COEDE

(Copyright.)

Nita was just seven years old. She was born on a Christmas day, and this was a Christmas day, too.

This was one reason why so much, so very much pains was taken to make every Christmas a delightful one for her.

Never before had so much been done for her. To be sure, she was older than she was a year ago and could appreciate better what was done for her. Yet somehow she was not nearly so happy as she thought she should be.

Such a glorious Christmas tree stood out in the wide hall of the great mansion in which she lived. It contained such a load of presents for her—almost a roomful she declared to herself, as they were taken down one by one and opened for her inspection and admiration.

Nita was an only child, and this was another reason why her parents made much of the day for her sake. There had been another, but it had died before Nita could remember. She had been told about her dead baby brother so often that it seemed to her that she could recall him and there were times when she felt he was looking at her and wanted to be at her side.

This Christmas day was so long, somehow. She had but just run to Nurse Amy to ask if it were not luncheon time. Not that she was hungry, but she had got so tired of playing by herself. Nurse had said it was only 11 o'clock, and she had thought it was almost night.

What were playthings, anyhow? She had always had them. They couldn't run around the big grounds and play with her at hide and seek as she had seen other children do—as she had done with her cousins, when, as she sometimes did, she visited them in their far away northern home. It was dreadful cold up there—much colder than in her own southland, where one might play outdoors all the year round, but she would be willing to live there, if only she had playmates like other children.

Of course everybody was good. Papa was good, and mamma was good, and nurse, too; but they were so often busy, and they were grown up, too, and couldn't be expected to play games with a little girl.

It would be nicer, she thought, if papa would remove from the country to the city. Then she might play with the neighbors' children.

Nita yawned.

"I'd be willin' to let 'em play with everything I have, and wear my watch some, and ride my pony," she said, magnanimously.

"I do wonder why they don't let me see mamma?" she asked herself frequently. "Here it's been about a week since I've seen her, and every time I start upstairs to her room, governess, or nurse, or the doctor push me back with a 'You musn't disturb mamma, for she's sick.' As if I'd disturb my dear, dear mamma for anything in all this world."

"I b'lieve I don't care for toys any more. I guess I'm gettin' too old for them. I b'lieve I'll tell papa to give mine away to some poor children that don't have any."

Here she strode to a mirror, before which she stood and stretched herself to her full little seven-year height.

"I reckon I'll have to grow a heap more before I'm a woman," she sighed, "but, anyway, I'm gettin' tired of Christmases and birthdays and toys. If I just did have somethin' to amuse me—somebody to play with that isn't clean grown up."

And then this blase child of seven stretched herself out upon the floor and soon was fast asleep.

When she awoke Nurse Amy was standing beside her.

"I reckons yer marmar wants ter see yer, honey," she said, with a smile.

Without questioning, without replying, the little girl sprang to her feet and fairly flew up the broad oaken stairway.

"O mamma," she cried, as she sought to throw herself into that parent's arms.

But gentle hands restrained her and then she was shown something that thrilled her with delight.

"A Christmas present, mamma, and a brother, too. It is my brother that went to heaven?"

"Not that one, dear, but another sent from heaven."

"Give him my presents, mother—all of them. He's worth all of them and more, too. May I hold him, mamma?"

And Nita's heart overflowed with joy when this request was granted her.

"This is God's present, isn't it mamma—Jesus' present. You know you told me how he loved little children. He knows what little girls want better than their mothers and fathers do."

## PUBLIC SALE

The undersigned will sell at Public Auction on the Chas. Hartwig eighty acre farm in Goodrich township, sec. 15, 1/2 mile northwest of Center school house, three miles west of Deloit and five miles north of Denison, on

THURSDAY, JANUARY 6th, 1910, commencing at 10 o'clock a. m., the following described property:

Five head of Horses—One sorrel gelding 11 yrs old, wt 1500; one brown gelding, 7 yrs old, wt 1600; one black mare, with colt, 15 yrs old; one dapple grey mare, 16 yrs old, one black mare, with colt, 16 yrs old.

Sixteen Head of Cattle—Five good milch cows, fresh this fall, two heifers with calf, two one-year old steers, two one-year old heifers, five fall calves.

Ten Head of Hogs.

Ten Dozen chickens.

Machinery—Plano self binder, disc for four horses, corn plow, corn planter with 160 rods wire, almost new; Sterling seeder, 3 section harrow, hay rake, grass mower, two lumber wagons, one almost new; two seated buggy, hay rack, hog rack, 300 bu. corn in crib, 400 bu. seed oats, one kitchen stove, almost new; all household goods and other articles too numerous to mention.

TERMS—All sums under \$10, cash; all sums over \$10 one year's time will be given on bankable notes bearing 8 percent interest.

HENRY LADEHOFF, Prop.  
 Fritz Reinking, Auct.  
 Albert Helsley, Clerk. 51-2

## Farm For Sale

One of the choicest farms in Crawford county, consisting of about 390 acres, of good Boyer Valley land, only three miles from Denison. The farm is well watered, and is suitable for both stock raising and agricultural purposes. For particulars call on Conner & Lally, of Denison, who will be pleased to show you the farm. If

## Official Publication

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF IOWA IN AND FOR CRAWFORD COUNTY.

At the January Term, 1910.

C. L. Voss, Plaintiff.

P. M. Lane et al., ORIGINAL NOTICE

To the defendants Mary Lane Portz, W. J. Stange & Co., Tolerton, Warfield Co., H. Walker, Trustee for Tolerton Warfield Co., Herman Grill, J. B. Romas, F. M. Lyon & Co., Shawhan Distillery Co., The Bishop & Habcock Co., Paxton & Gallagher, A. Schlueter & Co., Armstrong Co., Iowa State Bottlers Association, Hunt's Perfect Baking Powder Co., Warner Jenkinson Co., Leonard C. Sears, Crown Cork & Seal Co., M. Wieland, W. H. Hutcheson & Son and J. P. Jones:

You and each of you are hereby notified that there is now on file in the office of the clerk of the District Court of Iowa in and for Crawford County, in the above entitled action No. 7683, a supplemental petition alleging the rendition of judgment and decree in said action for the sum of \$7964.70 together with interest, costs and attorneys fees, on the 9th day of February, 1909, against the defendant, P. M. Lane, and that subsequently on the 27th day of April, 1909, under and by virtue of the special execution issued under said judgment and decree, the following described real estate situated in Crawford County, Iowa, was sold in full satisfaction of said judgment and decree, to-wit: The West Half of the Northeast Quarter and the East Half of the Southwest Quarter and the Northwest Quarter of Section Twenty-six (26), Township Eighty-four (84), North Range Thirty-eight (38), West of the 5th P. M., and also the South Half of the Northwest Quarter and the North Half of the Southwest Quarter of Section Three (3), Township Eighty-two (82), North Range Forty-one (41), West of the 5th P. M., also the South Half of Lots One (1), Two (2), and Three (3) in Block Seventy-four (74) and Lot Six (6) in Block One Hundred Eleven (111) and an undivided half interest in Lot Four (4) in Block Seventy-one (71), all in the incorporated town, [now city], of Denison, Iowa, as shown by the recorded plat thereof; that the total amount of said sale was \$8220.37; and that the amount now necessary to redeem from such execution sale will be said sum of \$8220.37 together with interest thereon at the rate of 8 percent per annum from the 27th day of April, 1909, and praying said court to decree declaring whatever lien or interest you, or either of you, may have in said real estate to be junior and inferior to the lien of said judgment and decree and fixing a date within which redemption may be made from an execution sale. If desired, and asking that such date be fixed at thirty (30) days from the date of the entry of decree herein; that unless you appear thereto and defend on or before noon of the second day of the next term of said District Court to be held at Denison, Iowa, commencing on the 15th day of January, 1910, default will be entered against you and judgment and decree rendered thereon as prayed in said supplemental petition.

Dated this 20th day of December, 1909.

SHAW, SIMS & KUEHNLE, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

51-4

In the District Court of Iowa, in and for Crawford County.

C. L. Patterson, Administrator of the estate of J. J. Wildman, deceased, Plaintiff.

vs. Anna Wildman, Charles Alexander Wildman, Samuel Smith Wildman, Hannah Rogers Wildman, Mary Jane Wildman, Hattie Wildman, Hannah Elizabeth Wildman, Nandy Wildman, Eva Wildman, Dover Wm. Dover, Albert Wildman and Hattie May Wildman, Defendants

Notice of Public Sale.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Pursuant to the judgment and order of said court made on the 18th day of November, 1909, the undersigned C. L. Patterson Administrator of said estate, will, on the 15th day of January, 1910, at the hour of two o'clock P. M., of said day at the front door of the Court House in the City of Denison, proceed to sell at public auction the following described real estate: Lots two (2) and three (3) in block seven (7) in the incorporated town of West Side, Crawford County, Iowa, to pay the debts of said estate. Said sale to be to the highest bidder for cash.

Witness my hand this 15th day of December, 1909.

C. L. PATTERSON, Administrator of said estate.

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150 well bred Hereford and Short-horn steers, one, two and three years old in good flesh.

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