

Does not Color the Hair

Ingredients of Ayer's Hair Vigor
 Sulfur. Destroys germs that cause dandruff and falling hair. Cures rashes and eruptions of scalp.
 Glycerin. Soothes, heals, and feeds the hair-bulbs.
 Castile. A strong tonic, antiseptic, stimulant.
 Sodium Chloride. Cleanses, quiets irritation of scalp.
 Capsicum. Increases activity of glands.
 Sage. Stimulant tonic. Domestic remedy of high merit.
 Alcohol. Stimulant, antiseptic. Water. Perfume.

Show this formula to your doctor. Ask him if there is a single injurious ingredient. Ask him if he thinks Ayer's Hair Vigor, as made from this formula, is the best preparation you could use for falling hair, or for dandruff. Let him decide. He knows.
 J. C. AYER COMPANY, Lowell, Mass.

THE KING'S WATCH.

A Napoleonic Gift That Embarrassed Jerome Bonaparte.

Previous to his elevation to the sovereignty Jerome Bonaparte had formed a friendship with some young authors at that time in vogue for their wit and reckless gaiety. On the evening after his nomination to the crown of Westphalia he met two of his jovial companions just as he was leaving the theater. "My dear fellows," he said, "I am delighted to see you. I suppose you know that I have been created king of Westphalia?" "Yes, sire, and permit us to be among the first!" "Eh, what? You are ceremonious, methinks. That might pass were I surrounded by my court, but at present away with form and let us be off to supper."

Upon this Jerome took his friends to one of the best restaurants in the Palais Royal. The three chatted and laughed and said and did a thousand of those foolish things which when unpremeditated are so delightful. It may be supposed that the conversation was not kept up without drinking. When the wine they had drunk began to take effect, "My good friends," said Jerome, "why should we quit each other? If you approve of my proposal you shall accompany me. You, C, shall be my secretary. As for you, P, who are fond of books, I appoint you my librarian." The arrangement was accepted and ratified over a fresh bottle of champagne.

At length the party began to think of leaving and accordingly called for the bill. Jerome produced his purse, but the king of Westphalia could only find 2 louis, which formed but a small portion of 200 francs, the amount of the bill. The new dignitaries by clubbing their wealth could only muster about 3 francs.

What was to be done? At 1 o'clock in the morning where could resources be found? They determined to send for the master of the house and acquaint him how matters stood. He seemed to take the frolic in good part and merely requested to know their names. Having told him, the restaurateur set his customers down as sharpers and threatened to send for the commissary of police. This alarmed Jerome, who, seeing that the restaurateur doubted them, handed over his watch in payment. This watch had been a present from Napoleon and one the back was the emperor's cipher in brilliant.

On examining the watch the restaurateur concluded that it had been stolen and took it to the commissary of police. The latter, recognizing the imperial cipher, ran with it to the prefect. The prefect flew to the minister of the interior, and he in turn went to the emperor at St. Cloud. Next morning the Moniteur contained an ordinance in which Jerome was ordered to Westphalia at once and prohibited from conferring any appointments till his arrival at his capital.—T. P.'s London Weekly.

THE BIGGEST SMUGGLERS.

They Are Not the Society People Who Get the Advertising.

"Society people are supposed to be the biggest offenders," said a treasury official, "but it is simply that they get more publicity. We had a Harlem butcher who smuggled in \$1,000 worth of jewels and then got trapped because he took an orange from the table after lunch. He put the orange in his pocket, and the bulge drew the inspector's attention. He was searched and the jewels found."

"There was, too," he continued reminiscently, "a noted musician who goes back and forth every year to Paris and who bought a Stradivarius violin one year. He sold his old one and brought the famous Strad back in his own case, covered as it was with custom stamps. Naturally the inspectors passed it, but the musician boasted of his violin, and a dealer who went to see it heard the story of its purchase and notified us."

"There was a man from Naples who came in with his shirt fairly lined with jewels and there are the Syrians who smuggle in laces and handkerchiefs, and there are the manufacturers who declare half or three-quarters in and smuggle the rest."

"There are automobile men who bring their machines in with faked certificates of value, and there are buyers of cheap jewelry who bring in great cases of plated brooches and bracelets, etc., with magnificent sapphires, rubies and even diamonds set in with bits of glass, and these neces-

sitate weeks of work for the jewel experts in the appraiser's stores."—Washington Times.

TO SWAMP THE LORDS.

A Threat That Always Brings England's Upper House to Terms.

To override the veto of the house of lords by a wholesale creation of peers is a plan that has been often threatened, but hardly ever put into practice. It certainly places the king in a very unenviable predicament—so much so that in 1719, after a crisis of the kind, George I. caused to be introduced into the lords a bill for limiting the power of the sovereign to create peers, a sort of royal self-denying ordinance.

The measure was twice passed in the lords, but twice rejected by the commons, which was lucky, for had it been carried it would have made the house of lords an almost unchangeable body, entirely beyond the control of king or minister or commons.

The nearest approach that was ever made to "swamping the lords" was in 1832, when the fate of the great reform bill trembled in the balance. Over and over again the measure had been passed by the commons, only to be rejected by the lords. The country was furious. Payment of taxes was refused. Riots broke out everywhere.

The prime minister, Lord Grey, went to the king and begged him to create new peers to carry the bill. His majesty refused and the ministry resigned. The king, however, presently changed his mind and, fearing a revolution, agreed to the creation of a hundred new peers, "or more if necessary." Then, very reluctantly, the upper house gave way, and the bill became law.—London Family Herald.

Why Some Towns Grow.

The reason why some towns grow is because there are men of push and energy in it, who are not afraid to spend their time and money to boom their town. They erect substantial buildings, organize stock companies and establish factories, secure railroads, work for public improvements and use every means in their power to induce people to locate in their city. Wherever they go they tell of the advantages of their city, they write about them in every letter, they send circulars and newspapers to all whom they think they can get to visit the city and when any one visits them treat him so kindly that he falls in love with them and their city at once. It is enterprise and everyone pulling together that makes a progressive town and don't let the fact escape your memory.

To hear every person saying something pleasant about its people and its interests is the surest, quickest way to make a town attractive to a stranger. One of the best ways in which to make a town attractive with that sort of attraction that will draw other people to it is for every man and woman to have a pleasant word for the people and the town generally. Talk up your town if you would feel an interest in it, have its people feel an interest in you. There is no better way to do it. And many a time one little word of unpleasant reference to something that does not exactly suit you as to that matter, will turn some good man's influence away from your town and even drive him away. At your own fireside, talk up your town. Among your neighbors talk up your town. When you come in contact with strangers, talk up your town. Talk up the most potent agency ever set in motion for helping your town.—Ex.

Plant That Feigns Death.

In South America there is a plant, a species of mimosa, which resorts to death feigning, evidently for the purpose of preventing grass eating animals from eating it. In its natural state this plant has a vivid green hue, but directly it is touched by a human finger or by any living animal it collapses into a tangle of apparently dead and withered stems. Among British wild plants the most sensitive to touch is the insectivorous sundew of English bogs.—London Globe.

When the digestion is all right, the action of the bowels regular, there is a natural craving and relish for food. When this is lacking you may know that you need a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They strengthen the digestive organs, improve the appetite and regulate the bowels. Sold by all dealers.

ONE CENTURY HENCE.

Young Man in the City, Take This Timely Tip and Skedaddle Right Back to the Farm.

It is Paula's old-fashioned whim that makes us visit the old folks in the city every five or six years. I think she hates to leave the comforts of the farm as much as I do, but she was born and reared in the city, poor girl, and, perhaps, even stupid, out-of-date Broadway has a faint memorial lure for her. Also she has a queer sentiment about duty to one's parents, never having been taught that parents are mere accidents, for which one is not responsible.

Never again, though! I'm back among my cows and conveniences and nevermore will I be dragged into the dinky, dull, seedy, subway-ridden, poverty-stricken dump they call New York. Paula's folks can't think, if they want to, that I'm swelled up and look down on them just because I'm a farmer and they mere common city folks. They can come out here and gape at my private monorail system, run my best aeroplane into the hanging spinach gardens and smash the wireless with their chatter to Cousin Rudolph's folks in Mars. They're welcome any time. But they can't reciprocate.

My father had some sense. He was a good old Forty-niner—joined the Back-to-the-Land Rush of 1849, you know—and I've stuck to his pay dirt. The fools that stayed in the city can keep staying there. If they can live on \$50,000 a year and enjoy clerking in a store at that pay, all right. But one of my automatic hens earns more than that in a week.

I've tried to help 'em too. Why, my wife's dad, even at sixty-five, if he'd take my advice and buy a little 14-story irrigation farm in Sahara, stock it with artificial dirt, raise flowers on the ground floor, pigs on the second, fruit on the third, and so on, would have a decent nest-egg before he died. And he'd be within 15 minutes' fly of New York all the time.

The cost of living began going up 'way back in my grandmother's time—1908 or something like that—and still a lot of those city dopes couldn't take a hint—went on putting good money into railroads with two rails.

However, it's no use ridiculing the wife's folks. All I say is that I won't visit their foolish urban den any more. Why, the old man makes noises when he talks, as if the soundless speaker had never been invented. And he wanted me to shave with a safety razor, when one could see at a glance that my vacuum puller had given me a bald face for life.

Then when I asked the butler to call up Aunt Jennie's spirit in the other world on the spook telephone, Paula's mother informed me that they didn't talk with the dead, because it seemed uncanny to their old-fashioned minds. Wouldn't that crumple you up?

But, of course, they're poor. I don't suppose the old man's got a million to his name. So I'll have to forgive him for running the sewing machine and wash wringer with an electric battery instead of connecting the house with Halley's comet power, which runs everything on the farm, except Paula.

Yes, I forgive them, but never again for me! Hey, Gus, switch the weather regulator for rain. I see by the long distance camera that the onions in the northeast corner of the seventy-third story are a bit dry. No, you can fill the New York order with the fourteen-year-old eggs; I doubt if the thirteens are ripe enough for the lay trade. And shift the Burbank gate in the twenty-third level; we'll raise pickles on the strawberry vines this year.—Puck.

Nothing Certain.

"Base ball excites me more than any drama."

"Me, too. We know that the hero is going to come out all right in the last act; but we don't know that the home team is going to win in the ninth inning."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

HELPFUL WORDS.

From a Denison Citizen.

Is your back lame and painful? Does it ache especially after exertion?

Is there a soreness in the kidney region?

These symptoms indicate weak kidneys;

There is danger in delay.

Weak kidneys fast grow weaker.

Give your trouble prompt attention.

Doan's Kidney Pills act quickly.

They strengthen weak kidneys.

Read this Denison testimony.

Peter Brinckmann, 214 W. Wall St., Denison, Iowa, says: "Doan's Kidney Pills have been used in our family, being procured from the Lambert Drug Co., and have given immediate relief from backache and other symptoms of kidney complaint. We know that Doan's Kidney Pills are very effective in curing troubles of this kind and we never hesitate to recommend them when the opportunity occurs."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

THE DEATH DICE.

A Murder Case in Which They Returned a Just Verdict.

The German emperor some time ago presented to the Hohenollern museum the "death dice" with which one of his ancestors decided a difficult case in the seventeenth century. The history of these dice is generally given as follows:

A young girl had been murdered. Suspicion fell upon two young soldiers, Ralph and Alfred, who were suitors for her hand. They both denied their guilt, and even torture failed to extract a confession from either.

Then Elector Frederick William decided to cut the knot by means of the dice box. The two soldiers should throw for their lives and the loser should be executed as the murderer. The event was celebrated with great solemnity. Ralph had the first chance and threw sixes, the highest possible number. The dice box was then given to Alfred. He fell on his knees and prayed. Then he rose to his feet and threw the dice with such force that one of them was broken. The whole one showed six, the broken one also gave six on the larger portion and the fragment split off showed one. This was a total of thirteen, one beyond Ralph's throw. The audience held its breath in amazement.

"God has spoken!" cried the prince. Ralph, appalled by what he regarded as a sign from heaven, confessed his guilt and was sentenced to death.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Got His Reply.

A funny man indulged in a practical joke recently. He put an advertisement in a paper for a wife and requested each candidate to inclose her carte de visite. It was a foolish thing to do, but one of the candidates served him out very well by sending the following letter: "Sir—I do not inclose my carte, for, though there is some authority for putting a cart before a horse, I know of none for putting one before an ass."

EVERY ONE PLEASED!

The Well Known OCUList & AURIST



Dr. A. H. Weber Of Des Moines, Will be at Hotel Denison Thursday, August 25,

To cure the diseases of the EYE, EAR, NOSE & THROAT

With mild medicines. No medicines used in the eye that will injure the sight. All treatment painless.

Cross Eyes Straightened in two minutes without pain.

Cataract Cured Glasses Fitted to correct all sights and guaranteed.

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CATARRH Cured by a New Method

Examination Free! Come

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We have a complete set of abstract books of Crawford County Lands and Lots, and make abstracts of title.

We solicit your account on a reciprocal basis. We make five published reports of our condition annually to the Comptroller of Currency and are examined by the National Bank examiner twice each year.

Dr. B. A. Stockdale

The Noted Specialist of Des Moines, Iowa, will visit Denison at Hotel Denison, Wednesday, Aug. 24

From 2.30 m. to 6 p. m.

Chronic Diseases 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.

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

Utica Building Des Moines, Iowa

CAPITAL, \$100,000 DEPOSITS, \$700,000

Crawford County State Bank, Denison, Iowa.

Incorporated under the laws of Iowa, giving best security to depositors, as each shareholder is held not only for amount of stock, but his personal property is held for a like amount also. State Banks are under control of State Auditor, who can examine them at will and published statements are according to his findings, thus depositors have more security than their confidence in the bank's officers. Capital stock cannot be used for outside speculation or investment. The Crawford County State Bank is the best incorporated banking institution in the county.

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Best for Threshing

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