

VIEW AWARDS CONTEST PRIZES

(Continued from Page One.)

subscribing anew for the paper. In fact, The Review can afford to feel kindly toward everybody, as it always does.

CONTESTANTS THANK PUBLIC.

The Young Ladies of The Review Voting Contest Much Pleased and Thank the Public.

It being impossible for me to see you personally, I take this means to express my sincere thanks to the kind friends who made it possible for me to win the second prize piano in The Review's contest. ANNA BUESING.

I take this means to thank my many friends who so kindly assisted me in securing the diamond ring given me by The Review Publishing company in the contest just closed.

LIZZIE ROLLINS ROBERTSON.

Through the columns of The Review I wish to express my sincere thanks to my friends and neighbors who so generously assisted me in winning the first prize in The Review popular voting contest. MISS LIZZIE HOPPER.

I desire to thank all those who assisted me in the Review contest. Their kindness will never be forgotten. MARY GRIFFIN.

THE DAILY CAPITAL UNTIL 1912 FOR \$2.00

The Des Moines Capital can be secured from now until January 1, 1912 for \$2.00. This gives new subscribers the balance of the year free. This is their annual Bargain Period offer. The Capital is published six days a week. It stops when its time is out. It publishes no liquor advertising. It will cover the big events of the year 1911 in a thorough manner. Its market reports are unequalled for accuracy and detail. Its leadership for the upbuilding of Iowa is beyond price to the people of the state. Good roads, better seed corn and improved conditions on the farms, more inter-urbans, better schools and colleges, and publicity of Iowa's superior virtues are important effects. Let us send in your subscription. 51-1tpd

When the story of a girl's engagement gets out, she says: "I just knew papa would go and blab it."—Atchison Globe.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Monday, Dec. 19, 1910. Charles C. Tripp and wife to N. F. Stilson—Lot 9, block 3, Arion, Iowa. Con. \$120.00.

Tuesday, Dec. 20, 1910. Jane Anne Nash and husband to Nellie Evens and Estella Dedrick—N 1/2 NE 1/4 32-82-41. Con. \$1.00.

Willie Jepsen, widower, to Henry Hohn—Und. 1-3 int. in lot 1, and W 1/2 2, block 22, Schleswig, Iowa. Subdiv. of Blocks 21, 22, 23 and S 1/2 18-19. Con. \$766.66.

Peter I. Christiansen and wife to James P. Jones—W 1/2 NE 1/4 and S 6.95 acres of lot 1, sub-div. SE 1/4, NW 1/4 14-82-41. Con. \$7310.00.

James Jones and Isabel C. his wife, to Peter I. Christiansen—Lot 10 of alteration of lots 10, 11 and 12, block 135, Denison, Iowa. Con. \$6310.00.

Wednesday, Dec. 21, 1910. J. S. Watson and wife to Karel Siegel—Lots 11, 12, 13 and S 1/2 of 14, block 32, Vail, Iowa. Con. \$2800.00.

Thursday, Dec. 22, 1910. Lucia L. Fitch and husband to Michael Siechta—Lots 8 and 9, block 9, Vail, Iowa. Con. \$2000.00.

James B. Dakin and wife to James McKim and wife—Lot 9, block 4, W. T. L. Co. 1st Ad. Deloit, Iowa. Con. \$125.00.

Henry N. Snell and wife to James McKim and wife—Lot 8, block 4, W. T. L. Co. 1st Ad. Deloit, Iowa. Con. \$125.00.

Wommes F. Christiansen and wife to Johannes F. Holst—E 1/2 SE 1/4, ex. 1 a. in SE cor., 14-84-40. Con. \$6715.00.

Friday, Dec. 23, 1910. Charles F. Cassaday and wife and Leon M. Cassaday and wife to J. W. Miller, Jr.—Lots 7 and 8, block 3, sub-div. of Grace Park, Denison, Iowa. Con. \$1000.00.

Charles F. Cassaday and wife and Leon M. Cassaday and wife to Nicoleline VonDohlen—Lot 4, sub-div. of block 3, sub-div. of Grace Park, Denison, Iowa. Con. \$500.00.

John Hagland, unmarried, to Hulda Larson—Lot 9, block 6, Kiron, Ia. Con. \$300.00.

Alfred Tellgren and wife to Lars Anderson—Lot 9, block 12, W. T. L. Co. 1st Ad. Kiron, Iowa. Con. \$1450.

Saturday, Dec. 24, 1910. C. W. Ellison and wife to C. L. Voss—Lot 11, block 149, Denison, Iowa. Con. \$1.00.

An unfortunate love affair is more disastrous for a woman than a business failure for a man.—Atchison Globe.

ELDER BLOOM.

(By Martha McCulloch-Williams.) You say elder bloom is sickish sweet? I love it—it minds me so of things—things, maybe, I had better forget.

It's hard loving and losing just through pure pride. If I had known—but at twenty you think everything of your own way. John said I was twenty only by the book—the big Bible, where all our ages were set down. He would have it, outside of that, I was just about seven. But he thought I was old enough to marry him.

Somebody else thought so, too—Allen Waite, the squire's lame son. We had gone to school together, all three—John had always helped Allen on and off his pony and in class it had often come my way to make things a little easier for him. A good lad he was, in spite of being so sadly spoiled.

It hurt his people terrible to have their only child a cripple. He had been born straight and lusty as anybody's child—it was a fever that gave him the withered leg and twisted foot. Except for them, he was fine and well made, with a face like a picture. But, some way, when I looked at him, John's face always came between—a good, ugly, honest face, with the kindest brown eyes to light it.

I loved John all the way up from spelling books—yet he never cared for me, except as a little lonesome girl, until I was rising nineteen. All at once it came to him that he could not live without me. He told me so right away—if joy ever killed I should not be living now. But here came in the foolishness—I tormented myself wondering if he had not sensed how I loved him and had come to me out of pity? So I hung back.

He was patient enough with me—too patient for our good—until Allen Waite began haunting me, and saying everywhere I was the beauty of the country.

It was truth, though all along until I was full grown I'd been called almost ugly, a tearing tomboy, all trowsy and freckled, who cared no more for frocks than to have them whole and clean, and had rather play hop-scotch and ride races bareback on the colts than sit and sew patchwork, or make puddings or darn stockings.

Aunt Jane had changed all that—she was my mother's sister, and let me see she cared to have me look the lady. My stepmother had not cared—nobody had until Aunt Jane came. She made me pretty dresses, and brushed my hair till it was like spun gold, and took off my freckles with buttermilk and kept me in gloves till my hands were baby soft. She was to blame for the boys both loving me. But they never held it against her—and certainly I don't. It's right down pitiful to think of a girl growing up and never knowing what it is to play the great game. Love is the great game. I had my fill of it that summer twenty years back.

In the early June the elders all flowered, the richest, heaviest bloom I ever saw on them. And there were such clumps of them all up and down our lane, with wild roses in between and wild buckwheat climbing and tangling everywhere. I loved to walk there, stopping whiles to bury my face in the elder bloom. I never liked to pick the clusters—it seemed a sort of sacrilege. The moon full as they were in prime and John walked with me through its shining. He lived a little way off, and came almost every night. The lane was our refuge. Aunt Jane had gone away for a while and my stepmother never opened the best room for anybody short of the minister.

She didn't mean to be unkind—it was only that she loved to know and hear all anybody said. She could see us walking the lane length in the moonshine, else she would never have let me go.

She was all for Allen, thinking so much of money as she did. He came in the day time—evenings his father wanted him to stay and talk over cases with him.

Allen had read law, but never meant to practice, being sensitive as to showing himself. He had asked me to marry him the week after John proposed. Partly from vanity, partly to make John prize me more, I let him dangle on after me, telling him to wait—I didn't know what I would say to him in the end.

That wasn't a story—I loved John so. I went in fear and trembling. It seemed to me beyond hope that I ever could be his wife—and if I couldn't—well, certainly I couldn't live along with my stepmother. It was her house—father had left me only his bit of money. She had said: "You're welcome to stay until you marry," fully expecting the time to be short.

That night of the full moon the world was all silver, the elder flowers more than silver—pearl. Wild spice pinks in the garden. Heaven itself cannot be sweeter than was the air, and the dew was so heavy it showed in beads over everything and plashed down big drops whenever the

mocking birds stirred. Three of them sang at once up and down the lane—they had nests in the hedgerows and sang to their mates. Never was there such another night. Now I love to think of it—for years the memory was like fire.

Midway the lane we heard somebody riding in the far end of it—riding hard. There was a little rise before the end. As we looked we saw Allen come spurring over it, bareheaded and stooping in his saddle. He was upon us all in a whiff, and saying fretfully: "What are you doing here, Lynette? Come back with me to your mother!"

He said it with authority. John stepped before him, caught his bridle rein and said, before I could answer him:

"Lynette will stay here as long as she likes—with the man she is going to marry!"

"Liar!" Allen cried, scrambling down. In spite of the withered leg he had the strength of a bull.

He caught John in a bear hug, foaming out curses. John only smiled. With a shake of the shoulders he wrenched free, half flung Allen from him, but caught and steadied him, and holding him upright turned to face me.

"Choose betwixt us, little girl," he said. "I thought you had chosen me. Remember, I shall never ask you again."

"Lynette! Lynette! My God! I love you so!" Allen cried hoarsely.

I hid my eyes. I wanted to do right—to be honest and true—but John had said he would never ask again—he must be mighty sure of me. And poor Allen! How could I flout him with a happy rival? I wheeled about, calling to them over my shoulder:

"I shan't marry anybody—until I please."

No; that's not the end. John went away next week; next year I married Allen—on his deathbed. He said I'd made him mighty happy. Myself? Oh, it hardly matters about women.

But—last week I got a letter—next week John is coming for me. I shall give the Waite fortune to charity—my only true love has enough for us both.

There is a lot of little gossip in every town, but the real big stories are seldom known.—Atchison Globe.

When Atchison people become reminiscient now they talk about the last time they had a glass of keg beer.—Atchison Globe.

There is a sort of aristocracy to a girl of 14 or 15; when a girl of this age goes out to deliver milk, she looks like a rich girl giving milk to a poor family.—Atchison Globe.

A man gave a reporter an item today intended to be startling; he says a clerk in a dry goods store chews tobacco while on duty. We refuse to print the item unless the clerk is a girl. A girl clerk in a dry goods store chewing tobacco while at work would be a fairly good item.—Atchison Globe.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who was always trying to bet a can of oysters?—Atchison Globe.

It is probable that every woman has been kissed against her will, but only a few will tell about it.—Atchison Globe.

Women talk more about a man who marries three times than they talk about a man who does not marry at all. Atchison Globe.

"I never eat olives except when I steal them in a grocery store, and I never read Puck except in a barber shop."—Parson Twine.

Wives frequently talk of the gilded cages in which they live, but we notice they look frequently at the cattle bone and bird seed with which their cages are provided, before leaving them. Atchison Globe.

An Atchison man is wearing a wig. No one dares mention it to him; when he meets anyone, he looks angry, as tho ready to say: "You have noticed my wig. Mention it if you dare." Women don't feel that way about it. When they put on false hair, they talk about it to everyone, and discuss the different styles of wearing false hair. But a man with false hair on his head is mad about it all the time, and ready to fight anyone who dares mention it. Atchison Globe.

You are conceited of course, but for heaven's sake don't show it. People are easily disgusted, but nothing disgusts them so quickly as conceit.—Atchison Globe.

At Pierce Junction there is a little restaurant. A traveler says that one day he called there, and tried to get something to eat. The proprietor was out of nearly everything. "I have had a big rush," the proprietor said; "in the last three hours. I have sold two pies."—Atchison Globe.

MERCHANT'S HOTEL

Dinner--January 1, 1911

Table listing menu items for dinner at Merchant's Hotel on January 1, 1911. Items include Lettuce, Queen Olives, Bisque of Corn with Crotons, Catfish Matre D'Hotel, Boiled Ham with Chili Sauce, Prime Ribs of Beef with Brown Gravy, Roast Turkey with Oyster Dressing, Cranberry Sauce, Baked Goose with Currant Jelly, Pineapple Sherbert, Fruit Salad with Whipped Cream, Mashed Potatoes, Steamed Potatoes, Creamed Peas with Mushrooms, String Beans, Spinach with Hard Boiled Eggs, Apple Pie, Mince Pie, Pumpkin Pie, Cream Cheese, English Plum Pudding, Hard Sauce, Brandy Sauce, Fruit Cake, White Cake, Tea, Coffee, Milk.

Public Sale.

Having decided to move to South Dakota, I will sell at public auction on my place known as the Sprecker farm, in section 6, Denison township, 3 1/2 miles west of Denison and 1 mile south of Six Mile House, on

TUESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1911, commencing at 10 o'clock a. m., the following described property, to-wit:

10 head of horses, consisting of 1 span of gray horses, four and five years old, weight 3200; 1 span black geldings, ten years old, weight 2600; 1 gray mare, weight 1400; gray gelding, weight 1400; brown gelding, 10 years old, weight 1300; black gelding, coming 2 years old, weight 1000; gray gelding, 13 years old, weight 1400; black mare, 9 years old, weight 1000.

86 head of cattle, consisting of 12 cows, 6 fresh, balance fresh in spring; 4 two-year-old heifers; 5 two-year-old steers; 21 calves; 19 fat steers; 25 fat heifers.

22 head of hogs and 3 geese. Machinery—2 Plano binders, McCormick binder, 2 lumber wagons, top buggy, 3 16-inch stubble plows, Rock Island riding plow, 3 section harrow, 4 section harrow, 4 cultivators, 2 disc corn plows, Rock Island hay loader, self dump hay rake, corn weeder, 4-ft. wooden tank, feed mill with two sets rings, 4 sets harness, new set single harness, ten tons clover hay, 4-hole corn sheller with power, Moline riding plow, table, heating stove, washing machine, churn, cream separator and other articles.

Terms: All sums of \$10 and under, cash. On all sums over that amount a credit of one year's time will be given on approved notes bearing 8 per cent interest.

HANS SOENNICHSEN. McAhren & Malone, Auctioneers. Sears McHenry, Clerk. 52-2t

It's a rare man who can loaf, and not become a nuisance.—Atchison Globe.

An Atchison man who has a shiftless wife says the only thing she has ever had ready since he married her is an excuse.—Atchison Globe.

Don't be jealous of anyone who works in the same shop with you; jump out and do so much work that he will be jealous of you.—Atchison Globe.

Whenever we do a thing we should not do, we feel sneaking about it; and a sneaking feeling is the most uncomfortable feeling in the world.—Atchison Globe.

A lazy man takes great satisfaction in saying: "Well, the Bible says: 'Consider the lilies of the field. They toil not, neither do they spin.'"—Atchison Globe.

The price quotations on alienated affections are usually a good deal above par value.—Atchison Globe.

There ought to be a law punishing the man who sells you a scheme which will not work out as he promised.—Atchison Globe.

When a man tells about how rich another man is, he also exaggerates how poor he used to be, to make the story better.—Atchison Globe.

It sometimes happens that the slouch is as proud of his slovenly appearance as the fob is of his glad rags. And the pride of the slouch is about the worst variety.—Atchison Globe.

Charley Poehler is a popular man. Know why? Because he lets people alone; he lets more people alone than any other citizen in Atchison.—Atchison Globe.

We gather from the magazines, which always do their Christmas printing early that about the usual number of men are going to get safety razors and suspenders this year.

An Atchison man's kin in New York is so rich that he'd rather not have presents than go to the trouble of saying thank you.—Atchison Globe.

The average letter of recommendation doesn't mean much. The man who writes it usually does so in order to get rid of the man who asked for it.—Atchison Globe.

A useful man (or woman) is seldom a "faithful correspondent."

DR. A. H. WEBER

of Des Moines, Iowa The Eye and Ear Doctor Who Cures



Will be at Hotel Denison, Thursday, Jan. 12

To Cure the diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat with Mild Medicines

No medicines used in the eyes that injure the sight. All treatments painless. Examinations free.

Cross eyes straightened. Cataract cured. Glasses perfectly fitted to correct all sights and guaranteed. Head-aches cured by glasses. Granulated lids, watery eyes and ingrowing lashes cured. Catarrh cured by a new method. The doctor will be glad to have all former patients call. Examinations free. Do not miss this opportunity.

Chas. Broadway Rouss, the great New York merchant, who died recently, had offered the sum of One Million Dollars (\$1,000,000) to have his eye sight restored. He was afflicted with optic nerve disease and neglected the warnings of the early symptoms of his eye trouble. No eye trouble is very bad at first but then is the best time to have it cured. If Charles Broadway Rouss had taken prompt treatment on the first appearance of eye disturbances his eyesight would have been saved. Optic nerve trouble is curable when treated in time. Dr. Weber has cured many cases of optic nerve disease, granulated lids and watery eyes.

NOTICE OF PROBATE OF WILL.

State of Iowa, Crawford County.—In Probate. In the District Court of Iowa, in and for Crawford County.—Notice of the reading and probate of will. To Whom It May Concern: You and each of you are hereby notified to appear at the court house in Denison, Crawford county, Iowa, on the 24th day of January, 1911, at 2 o'clock p. m., to then and there attend the probate of an instrument in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of J. B. Romans late of said county, deceased, at which time and place you will appear and show cause, if any you know, why said will should not be admitted to probate. In testimony whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed the seal of the District Court this 10th day of December, 1910. FRANK FAUL, Clerk.

To Our Friends and Patrons....

With the Holiday spirit uppermost in our minds we take this occasion for expressing our appreciation of the courtesies which our patrons have extended us during the past eight or nine months, and promising all a still better, and greater Men's store in Clothing and Furnishing goods for the coming year.

We wish you all a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Kemming Clothing Co.