

THEIR HOUSE PLANS

"Well, Uncle Jim has built quite a mansion, hasn't he?" said Knowles, as he and his young wife walked away from the new home of their prosperous relative. "I wish, Maud, there was some hope of my ever building you a house like that."

"It's nice of you to think of it, Arthur, but if we were erecting a house I shouldn't want it to be exactly like your Uncle Jim's."

"You wouldn't! Why not?" asked Knowles, who felt a good deal of family pride in his uncle's new dwelling. "You seemed to admire everything when Uncle Jim was showing us through it."

"Well, I did like almost everything, but I couldn't stand those stairs, going right up between two walls the way they do."

"Why, I thought that was very neat. If I were building I should certainly wish to copy that feature."

"I suppose, Arthur," said Maud, frigidly, "that if you were building you would consult my taste to some extent at least?"

"Yes, of course, dear. But I'm sure you'd like those stairs after you got used to them. You see, there's no room wasted. That's what I like about Uncle Jim's house—every inch of space counts."

"I never should like those stairs. I dislike anything that looks the least cramped or contracted in a house. I shall want broad stairs, with a spacious landing and polished mahogany rail coming down into a wide and lofty hall."

"And I suppose you'll want me to put on a swallow-tail coat every night for a seven o'clock dinner. Well, my dear girl, I'll tell you now that there'll be nothing doing in full dress for yours truly, and that I never want my dinner a minute later than 6:30. Just time enough to wash up a bit when I get home from the office before I sit down to a square meal is all I want. No frills for little Arthur, thank you."

"I should think you'd like to dress like a gentleman and dine at a correct hour," said Maud in a hurt tone.

"Well, who's to say that a man can't be a gentleman in a business suit? And as to dining at the correct hour, I think the correct hour is when one is hungry and dinner is ready. I tell you, Maud, people get just as unbalanced over good form as they do over any other craze."

"Do you mean to imply, Arthur, that I am unbalanced?"

"Why, no, of course not. Let's see, we were talking about Uncle Jim's house. You certainly must admit that the dining room and kitchen are large enough. There's nothing cramped about those rooms."

"The kitchen is entirely too big. Some of it should have been partitioned off into a butler's pantry. Fancy having as elegant a house as that with no butler's pantry!"

"Well, there's no butler, either. I suppose Uncle Jim could not see why he should provide an apartment for an unknown quantity. I think having the kitchen and dining room adjoin is a very good arrangement. You're sure to get your food hot then. If there's anything I hate it is lukewarm meals."

"Men never think of anything but what they have to eat."

"I suppose if we were only as ethereal as women we could all live on chocolates and afternoon tea and it wouldn't be necessary to build kitchens and dining rooms."

"How silly you are, Arthur! Really, you are the most unreasonable person to argue with I ever knew."

"Then why argue with me?"

"You began the argument yourself by insisting upon having stairs like Uncle Jim's in our house, and I don't think it a bit nice of you to plan something that you know I don't like."

Knowles glanced quizzically at his wife's girlish profile, for she had turned her face away from him. Then he slipped his arm through hers and said: "There, now, Maud, don't you care. I'll throw those plans of mine away and you can make all the next set for our—for our dream house."

"You are silly, Arthur—a silly old dear." Maud laughed a little tremulously as she spoke.

Weighing a Ship's Cargo.

An ingenious new invention for weighing a ship's cargo is that known as the porhydrometer. It was devised by Signor Emilia de Dorenzi, an Italian engineer, and the results it records are said to be accurate within 1-1,000th per cent. It works on the well-known Archimedeon principle that a floating body displaces its own weight of water. The apparatus consists of a float or aerometer, cylindrical in form; this is placed in a chamber of the vessel which communicates with the water outside. As the ship is loaded and sinks, so the water rises in the chamber. The float being fixed, a larger portion becomes immersed in the water, and its apparent weight lessened. By a simple arrangement of levers this apparent loss of weight of the float is registered, and the weight of the cargo is thus indicated.

Rough on Him.

Sapleigh—I've just bought a blank book to write my thoughts in.

Miss Keen—You've certainly selected the right sort of book, Mr. Sapleigh.

TOLD OF GALLIFFET

ANECDOTES OF "ENFANT TERRIBLE" OF FRENCH ARMY.

Once Ate a Wineglass on a Wager—How He Attempted to Lead a Cavalry Charge Down a Steep Embankment.

There is hardly a Paris paper which does not every few days print a story about the late Marquis General de Galliffet, who crowned an adventurous career by accepting the portfolio of war in the "Cabinet of Republican Defense" only to find himself face to face with M. Millerand, the socialist minister of commerce, whose father Galliffet had once ordered to be shot. That was during the Commune.

"I forgive you," said the son cordially.

"I had no idea he was such a bad father," remarked the Marquis dryly, refusing to take the proffered hand.

A volume of Galliffetiana has been compiled by M. Louis Thomas. Some of the stories told of and by the cavalry officer, who was an 'enfant terrible' all his long life, are new. Here is a bit of Galliffet's:

"One evening, when I was quite a young officer, I bet that I would eat a wineglass, stem and all, and I did. I took some time about it, but I ate it. My mouth was bleeding when I had done, but I went to bed all right. At 3 in the morning I woke up in fearful pain. I tried to think what I had eaten, and then I remembered. It was the wineglass, of course. I proceeded to kick myself. 'Galliffet,' I said, 'you're an ass. You were going to die for your country, and now you are going to die in your bed, because of a driveling and disgusting bet.' While I cursed myself the pain stopped. I turned around, went to sleep and woke up fresh and fit in the morning, and thought no more about the wineglass."

Some say that the pluck which Galliffet certainly had came from a good digestion, which he certainly seems to have had also. Here is a military anecdote of him:

"During some maneuvers he was watching a charge of cavalry under his orders. Suddenly the leading squadron stopped dead. Galliffet roared, 'Send me the colonel!' and he galloped up.

"Now, colonel, what's wrong?"

"We came upon a road at the bottom of an embankment too steep to ride down, sir."

"Nonsense, sir! You are not fit for your job. I will lead the charge. You go to the tail of the squadron."

"Galliffet took the command, galloped to the road and rolled down the embankment with his horse. Lying on his back with a sprained muscle in his leg he shouted to his men to stop, adding, 'Send me the colonel.' The colonel came up from the tail of the squadron. 'Colonel, you were right; I am a blank fool. You may take the command of your regiment again.'"

Toward the end of his life, when in a bad temper, Galliffet insisted on calling himself a played-out old idiot. Journalists would try to interview him, and he generally showed them the door with a voluble speech.

"No, sir, every one knows I am an old fool. If I were to talk to you everybody would say, 'What does that blank blank dotard Galliffet want to be talking for? Who wants to know what the decrepit old sinner thinks?' And you, my dear sir, what would people say about you? That you were the blindest ass in the press to ask the opinion of a senile idiot like Galliffet about anything. Now, I don't want people to call you an ass. That is why I won't tell you anything. Good day!"

To London by Airship.

Getting into their heavy padded jackets they stepped out, and leaning over the rail, looked downward. It was about seven o'clock, and the air was as clear as crystal. So far below that it looked like a half-tone picture spread on an open page was a city, vast in its extent, with its great buildings and spires showing above the average level and the river threading through.

Like the vapor of the breath on a frosty day, smoke was beginning to rise in lazy exhalations. And the eye could follow the frail thread of the river out through the misty distance to the waters of the sea.

"London," said the professor. "We'll give them a little entertainment, and they can't accuse us of lack of appreciation of the city, because we just took a look and went away. We'll stay quiet awhile, and give them something to talk about."—Top-Notch Magazine.

Plucking Asparagus.

They were very young and very happy and very foolish and very newly wed.

And they kept a kitchen garden.

"Angelina, darling," said the youthful husband, "as I was passing through the garden I saw some asparagus ready for cooking. Perhaps you'd like to go and gather the first fruit of the season yourself?"

She would love to, but she wasn't expert in horticulture and didn't want to "let on." If she went alone she might commit some egregious blunder.

"I tell you what, Edwin," exclaimed the girl wife enthusiastically, "we'll go out together. You shall pluck it and I will hold the ladder."

HAD A RUN FOR HER MONEY

Young Woman in Washington Had an Exciting Race to Recapture \$10 Bill From a Small Dog.

Cajoling a little dog to surrender a \$10 note is responsible for the nervous upset of a young woman.

"My name is nobody's business," she exclaimed when it was all over, "but thank goodness I have my money back."

She was willing to tell how it came about, and to vouchsafe that she was employed as a telephone girl in an apartment house, but this was the boundary of her confidence.

Emerging from the library she encountered the small dog, which had shaken its muzzle or had been slighted in the distribution. It grabbed her skirt with a guttural exclamation, and tugged right vigorously. At first the girl was amused. Then she worried.

As a matter of fact the skirt was frail and flimsy. It was, moreover, only a makeshift. She was preparing to take a belated vacation at Atlantic City and was saving her most attractive apparel for the Boardwalk.

The dog held firm. The girl trotted along, keeping pace, lest the fabric give way, to her great public humiliation. She begged and pleaded, but her voice seemed only to spur her tormentor to greater speed.

Suddenly occurred the idea of a counter temptation. She leaned forward, offering her handbag. The dog released his grip. At the same time the handbag flew open and out popped a \$10 note. The beast seized it and continued his flight, the girl in screaming pursuit.

Down the street fled the pair, the girl coaxing the dog to stop. Rounding it up at a fence she got down on hands and knees to persuade the animal to yield up the treasure. When finally came the chance to pounce she thrust her hand half way down the dog's throat to make sure that he retained no vital pieces of her precious note. She got it all.—Washington Star.

The Brain and the Intellect.

Many persons believe that there exists a distinct relationship between the size of the brain and intellectual capacity. There are certainly facts which run counter to this view. One salient example is that of the French statesman, Leon Gambetta, whose brain weighed only 42 ounces. On the other hand, the heaviest brain on record is that of a London newsboy, whose brain weighed 84 ounces. In spite of the fact that he is stated to have been inclined to idocy. A brain weighing 82 ounces once belonged to a Scandinavian peasant, of whose intellectual status it may be said that "previous to the age of 70 he never showed signs of any extraordinary intelligence." A female Indian dwarf had a brain which weighed no less than 77 ounces, a trifle heavier than the brain of Tourgenoff, the celebrated Russian novelist.

The average weight of the human brain has been variously put at from 52 to 58 ounces, and an analysis of the brain weights of 60 intellectual men works out at an average of 63 ounces, which is not much superior to the average. Evidently quantity of brain substance is of less importance than quality in respect to the possession of intellectual qualities of a high order.

Underfoot.

The activity of New York's millions may be read in other ways than in the figures of traffic statistics, says the Press of that city. The metal protection of the steps of the elevated at every station from the Battery to the Bronx has been worn quite smooth. On the right side, going up, where the foot strikes the step with the momentum of climbing, the metal is a well defined hollow.

Along Fourteenth street the tramp of millions has bested time in the conquest of granite. Here the stone pavement has become so smooth that a careless pedestrian might easily come to grief.

At the Grand Central station the wooden steps of the temporary structure have become foot-beaten into hollows like the grooves in front of the ticket seller's windows of the "L."

Abandoned Bride at Altar.

A mining village in Mid Lanark, Scotland, has been the scene of a somewhat painful incident. A marriage had been arranged between a prepossessing young woman, and a miner, who resides in a neighboring parish. The wedding feast had been spread, the best maid and groomsman were on the spot, and the guests, in wedding attire, had all arrived, some having journeyed all the way from Renfrewshire. The nonappearance of the bridegroom at the hour fixed for the ceremony, however, gave rise to a feeling of anxiety, which gave place to consternation when a messenger arrived to state that the bride's quondam sweetheart had changed his mind, and abandoned the idea of marriage.

Made Him Ridiculous.

Joseph Letter, in an interview on his yacht Chantecler, said, with a smile:

"Please quote me accurately. In an interview, you know, the slightest inaccuracy can make a man ridiculous. It is like the Frenchman, who thought he had a very fair knowledge of English, nevertheless, said to a father: 'Aha! Your son, he resemble you. A chip off the old blockhead, hein!'"

OVERCOATS

We want to close 49 Overcoats, and will make prices to do so.

- Lot No. 1, Boy's Automobile sizes 11, 14, sale price **\$1.50**
- Lot No. 2, Boy's black Kersey, velvet collar, Sizes 15 to 20, Sale Price **\$3.00**
- Lot No. 3, Men's Fancy Kersey, velvet collar, Sizes 36, 37, 38, Sale Price **\$3.50**
- Lot No. 4, Men's assorted Kerseys, Sizes 35 to 42, Sale Price **\$5.00**
- Lot No. 5, Men's black heavy overcoats, with velvet collar, Sale Price **\$7.50**
- Lot No. 6, Men's fancy Pres-collar overcoats, sizes 35 to 39, worth \$18.50, **\$11.00**

Call Early and Get Your Choice.

Kemming Clothing Co.

Since work was commenced last fall upon the preparation of a history of Crawford county, two of the men who were active in the founding of this town and county have passed away. Hon. H. C. Laub died in December and on yesterday morning "Uncle Morris" McHenry, the pioneer surveyor and friend of all of us, was found dead in his bed. It is indeed time that this history be written. There are today not more than a half dozen remaining of those who saw the birth of this county. Already the task of the historian is difficult and in a short time it will be wholly impossible to gather at first hand the details of a history of which we should all be proud. It is the hope of the editor of the history to preserve for future generations the work of these pioneers; to tell something of the hardships through which they passed and the determination they showed to build up in this western wilderness a strong and enduring civilization. More than ever the writer is impressed with the responsibility which is his to do justice to these men and to hand down to their children and to their children's children a reliable account of those early days. The death of "Uncle Morris" McHenry will bring sorrow to the hearts of every inhabitant of Crawford county. He was a gentle, mild-mannered man, kindness and geniality showed in his every feature. He died comparatively poor in this world's goods, but he died rich in the treasures of affection, rich in his faith in the future, and rich in the record of a well spent life. In his home, in his church, in his daily intercourse with his fellow men he was well high ideal. The heart of Crawford county mourns the loss of a friend.

The Evening Fire.

The bright, sweet days of porch life are fast going. It has come time again when the evening gathers to start up the furnace or the grate. The change is not what the heart longs for, and yet there is a joy in watching the dancing flame drive the coolness out of the air that covers the walls of the room with a soft, gray tint. And then, when the lamp is lit and one takes up a favorite book, and reads and reads, while he stretches out his legs toward the cheery flame, he quite forgets the dear old porch as he mingles with another set of angels quite as bright and fair. It is one of the happy experiences of life, when the first cool evening comes, and you pull down your curtains, light the fire, and roll back at will among your best and sweetest thoughts. It is a great contrast with a day's "rattle" out in the cold world.

Public Sale.

The undersigned having decided to move to Denison, will offer for sale on his place in Paradise township, 2½ miles north of Arion and 5½ miles southwest of Denison, on MONDAY, JANUARY 30, 1911, commencing at 10 o'clock a. m., the following described property:

15 Head of Horses—Span bay mares 4 and 8 years old, weight 3000; span black mares, 8 years old, weight 2400, with foal; span 4 year old, weight 2300; span grays, 3 years old, weight 2000; 2 geldings, 12 years old, weight 2500; bay mare 8 years old, weight 1400; dark brown gelding, 9 years old, weight 1300; bay gelding, 15 years old, weight 1100; colt coming 1 year old.

40 Head of Cattle—20 good milch cows, some are fresh, others will come in soon; 4 2-year old heifers; 16 calves and 20 brood sows; 10 dozen chickens.

Machinery—2 lumber wagons, two wagons with hay racks, wagon with hay stacker, two self binders, two corn planters, 250 rods wire, Superior drill, two pulverizers, 2 3-section harrows, two disc corn plows, 4 cultivators, 3 stubble plows, seeder with grass seed attachment, McCormick mower, hay rake, hay loader, manure spreader, hand corn sheller, 3 feed troughs, two tanks, two-seated carriage, spring wagon, carry-all carriage, hay tedder, cream separator, two pair bob sleds, fanning mill, 4 sets harness, 4 sets fly nets, 3000 to 4000 bushels corn in crib, some household goods and many other articles.

FREE LUNCH AT NOON.

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

JOHN STENDER.

Fritz Reinking, Auct.

O. M. Criswell, Clerk.

Road Notice.

The trustees of Denison township will receive bids for the road work of Denison township for year 1911. Bids to be for part north and west of the C. & N. W. railway or for part south and east of C. & N. W. railway, or for all of said township. Bids to be for man alone and for man and team. Bids to be accompanied by a bond for \$500, and all must be filed with the clerk before 12 o'clock noon, Saturday, January 28, 1911. Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

IRA C. GILLMORE,

Township Clerk.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

At Denison, Iowa, at the close of business on the 7th day of January 1911, as required by the Comptroller of the Currency.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	\$620,918 41
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	16,871 16
United States Bonds to secure circulation	100,000 00
Bonds, Securities, etc.	10,943 41
Bank Building, furniture and fixtures	15,000 00
Due from Approved Reserve Agents	43,844 44
Checks and other cash items	3,070 87
Notes of other National Banks	1,000 00
Specie	34,413 25
Legal Tender Notes	4,400 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)	5,000 00
Total	\$855,679 96

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	\$100,000 00
Surplus fund	25,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	1,805 64
National Bank Notes outstanding	98,097 50
Individual Deposits subject to check	236,556 89
Demand certificates of Deposits	38,619 68
Time Certificates of Deposits	356,600 65
Total	\$855,679 96

STATE OF IOWA, 1888.

COUNTY OF CRAWFORD, 1888.

I, Sears McHenry, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true and correct to the best of my knowledge and belief.

SEARS MCHENRY, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of January, 1911. E. W. PIERCE, Notary Public.

Correct Attest:

GEORGE MCHENRY, L. SEEMAN, M. H. MCHENRY, Directors

Notice of First Meeting of Creditors.

In the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of Iowa.

In the Matter of William M. Hill, Bankrupt—In Bankruptcy.

To the creditors of William M. Hill, of Manilla, in the County of Crawford and district aforesaid, a bankrupt.

Notice is hereby given on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1911, the said William M. Hill was duly adjudicated bankrupt; and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at my office in Council Bluffs, Iowa, on the 28th day of February, A. D. 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m., at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt, and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

W. S. MAYNE, Referee in Bankruptcy.

Daily Inter Ocean and Review one year for only **\$3.50**

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