

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Sleepy Time Story About Two Mischievous Forest Folks.

A FRIEND IN TIME OF NEED.

Remarkable Bravery of a Little Feathered Biped in Behalf of His Four Legged Playmate—Building Sand Forts on the Beach.

Tonight I am going to tell you a story that I am sure will interest you, said Uncle Ben to Polly Ann and Little Ned. It is about a

A BEAR AND A CROW.

"If you wish some of your favorite blackberry pies, Bobby, you must go to the field and gather berries," said Mrs. Bear one morning.

A little later Bobby Bear left home, a new tin pail over his arm and his mother's old pink sunbonnet on his head. He looked cautiously about to see if any one he knew was watching.

"Don't you dare take off that bonnet, Bobby," warned his mother. "The day is very hot, and you might get a sunstroke. If that naughty Jimmy Crow laughs or says anything to you, just don't pay any attention to him."

Now, although Mrs. Bear did not know it, Jimmy Crow was perched out of sight on a nearby tree, and he heard every word she said.

Before long Bobby was hard at work among the blackberry bushes.

Unknown to Bobby, Jimmy Crow had followed him, and his sharp eyes spied something that Bobby would have missed, even had he not been hampered by the sunbonnet. Just ahead of the little bear boy lay a snake, small but poisonous, which had been disturbed by Bobby's presence, and was in a very nasty temper. Its tail switched angrily, and the darting fangs were ready to strike at the first chance.

"Look out, Bobby! Look out!" cried Jimmy; but, mindful of his mother's words, Bobby paid no attention. "He's only trying to tease me," thought Bobby, and he advanced a step further. Then he heard a rustle among the day lilies and the hiss of the snake. The little bear boy dropped his pail and started to run, but the brambles caught his thick fur and held him prisoner. He screamed in fright and struggled frantically to tear himself loose, but the thorns only gripped him the tighter.

The snake was almost upon him when something flashed from above like a streak of lightning, disappeared among the leaves, and next moment emerged in triumph. It was brave Jimmy Crow, grasping the snake firmly back of the neck, close to the head, so that it was powerless to strike. Jimmy flew to the brook and dropped the enemy into the deepest pool, then hurried back to help Bobby.

It was some time before the little bear boy was untangled, and it took still longer to fill the overturned pail. Then the pair started happily for Bobby's home.

When Mrs. Bear heard the story of her boy's danger and rescue she forgot all about the scolding that was waiting for Jimmy Crow. Instead, she insisted that he stay for supper, and when Jimmy finally said, "Good night," he carried home with him a beautiful blackberry pie all his own.

Why Dogs Turn Around.

The habit of dogs turning around several times before lying down is said to be one of the wild traits of this animal's prehistoric ancestors, who did so to make a bed in the grasses and leaves. Foxes and wolves have the same habit when lying down in the open where there is no grass.

The Industrious Bee.

Busy, busy little bee, Work all day industriously, Gathering honey drop by drop From each nodding clover top.

Golden beams of sunny light Gladly kiss you in your flight; Golden treasure store for me—Sunny, sunny little bee.

A Fort in the Sand.

Down near the beach at Southampton, N. Y., lives little Charlie Smith. There with his playmates he spends many pleasant hours. Here you see



Photo by American Press Association.

him behind his sand fort looking through a port made of a discarded life buoy, probably thrown away from a yacht. He is in deep earnest, as his broomstick gun clearly proves.

What Brought Her Home

By ETHEL HOLMES

John Cook had been married ten years, during which time, except the first few months after the wedding, he had never been away from his wife for more than a few days at a time. But after ten years' living together there came a brief separation. They had not been able to go to the country during the summers, for John's income would not admit of an outing. But all of a sudden his business changed, and when August came around it was decided that Mrs. Cook and the children had better spend a few weeks in some rural district where there was pure air. John could not leave his business, which was increasing every day, so he packed them off without him.

Mrs. Cook had exacted a promise from her husband that he would write every day. The first day after her departure he kept his promise. He wrote the following brief letter:

Dear Ellen—I hope you and the children arrived safely. It's very hot here, but I presume you are enjoying in cool breezes. I dined in a hurry last night at a restaurant and went back to the office, where I remained till 11 o'clock. I am obliged to work nights in order to keep up with the rush, so you see that I haven't much time to spend writing any letters that don't pertain to business. Ta ta. Kiss Tommy and Nellie for their affectionate father.

"That," said Mrs. Cook, "looks as if he were very busy and that the children are the only ones who can draw from him any expression of affection."

The next day Mrs. Cook looked for another letter from her husband, hoping that it would be signed "your affectionate husband" instead of "the children's affectionate father." But to her surprise no letter came, nor did she receive one the day following or the next or the next. It was not till a week after the arrival of the first letter that another came. This one was as overflowing with affection as the first was devoid of it. Its beginning was as follows:

Dearest Nell—it is three days since I have seen your dear face or kissed your sweet lips. It seems three years, no, not years, ages. If ever I get back to you I will never consent to be separated from you again. Last night I wrote you two pages, which, I presume, you have by this time received and digested. Yours written yesterday is here, and I have read it a dozen times already. I woke up in the middle of the night and got up to read it again.

Mrs. Cook had read thus far when she stopped and shuddered. What did this remarkable burst of affection mean? The newspapers had noted that the thermometer in the city had hovered around 98 degrees, and the humidity varied between 90 and 100 degrees. There had been many cases of sunstroke, and several persons had been made insane by the heat. Could it be that her husband had been thus affected?

The letter trembled in her hands as she read on. Skimming over a lot more of this "incoherent nonsense," as she called it, the letter closed:

With a million kisses, your own true love, JACK.

What caused the greatest fear in Mrs. Cook's breast was the fact that there was not a word about the children. In this epistle there was surely no reason to be jealous of them. But if he had forgotten them his delirium must surely be terrible. What should she do—telegraph him to ask if he had been sunstruck? That, of course, would be absurd. She might inquire of others, but when she came to think over her husband's intimate friends she remembered every one of them was out of town. Besides supposing there was nothing the matter with John or suppose she wilted at the thought—that he had written another woman while writing his wife and got the letters in the wrong envelope? No. Whatever she did she must keep the matter from the world. There was but one thing for her to do—go home.

In an hour after this decision she had left her children in care of the landlady and taken a train. She arrived in the city before dark and drove directly to her house. She found the front door unfastened and entered. The table was set for dinner for one in the dining room. She ran upstairs and saw her husband in his bedroom tying his cravat before a mirror. He turned and looked at her in astonishment.

"Great heavens! What brought you home? Anything the matter with the children?"

Mrs. Cook, by this time convinced that the letter she had received had been written to another woman than herself, drew it from her bag and handed it to her husband. He looked at it, and a singular, shamefaced expression appeared on his countenance.

"Who is the woman?" cried Mrs. John.

"My dear, did this bring you home?"

"It did."

"Thank heaven!"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, I was so crowded with business that I have no time to write. I found in your desk a bundle of my old letters to you, written when we were first married. I thought I'd make them do while you were away."

It was now Mrs. Cook's turn to look shamefaced.

"Do you mean," she faltered, "that you ever wrote that—that kind of a letter to me?"

"Loads of them. And got the same kind from you."

"Oh, John, I was afraid!"

"Afraid of what?"

"That you had been made mad by the heat."

A FORGOTTEN GREAT MAN.

General Timothy Ruggles and What He Might Have Been.

How many readers have ever heard the name of General Timothy Ruggles? Probably very few indeed, and yet it was believed in his own day—that was the era of our Revolution—that had General Ruggles remained true to the patriot cause he would have had at least as good a chance as Washington to be chosen the commander of the colonial armies.

He was a natural leader in the civil and military affairs of the colonies. He was president of the stamp act congress, which assembled in New York city in 1765, and at that very time he was chief justice of the court of common pleas of Worcester county, Mass., having been promoted from the bar, where he had one worthy rival, James Otis.

General Ruggles was also the chief military figure of the northern colonies. He served four years in the French and Indian war and rose to the rank of brigadier general. He was a colonel at Crown Point and second in command at the battle of Lake George. He commanded a brigade in Lord Amherst's expedition against Montreal.

He was famous for his daring and skill, especially in the command of Indian troops, and for his ability as a drill master. The very men who fought at Lexington and Bunker Hill had been trained by Ruggles on northern fields.

In the events of that stormy period Ruggles remained a patriot up to the actual signing of the stamp act congress. At the end of the third day's deliberations, when the protest to his majesty George III. had been drawn up, he refused to sign and, laying down his gavel of office, left the hall. That was one of the dramatic events of the period, and for it he was reprimanded by the general court of Massachusetts.

Ruggles was several times mobbed on his way home to Hardwick, Mass., where he had a great estate, but he was not a man to be frightened by demonstrations of that sort. His faithfulness to the crown was soon rewarded with his appointment as a member of the king's mandamus council. When Boston was taken by the colonists in 1776 he decided to leave Massachusetts, and he received a grant of 10,000 acres of the best land in Nova Scotia. He removed to that colony and started a model farm on the site of what is now the town of Wilmot. He lived to the ripe old age of eighty-four.—Youth's Companion.

Anesthetic For the Teeth Wanted.

There is no local anesthetic that will penetrate dentine, which forms the principal part of a tooth. That is why dentists hurt teeth so much when drilling holes in them for fillings or when grinding them down for gold crowns. Any one who will invent something that can be put on a tooth to render it insensible for ten minutes without injuring it has a fortune awaiting him.

Cocaine and novocaine, which are used as local anesthetics in other parts of the body, have no effect upon the teeth, as they cannot penetrate the hard tissue of which these are composed.—New York World.

A Carlyle Snub.

Carlyle had an inveterate hatred for Darwinism, which he described as the "gorilla damnification of humanity." Leonard Huxley in his life of his father recalls an incident that happened shortly before Carlyle's death. "My father," he writes, "saw him walking slowly and alone down the opposite side of the street and, touched by his solitary appearance, crossed over and spoke to him. The old man looked at him and, merely remarking, 'You're Huxley, aren't you, the man that says we are all descended from the monkeys?' went on his way."

Canning Hints.

In boiling or stewing fruits the sugar should always be added after the fruit is taken from the fire. If added during the cooking more sugar is needed.

Baked apples are among the most wholesome and most digestible of food products. Children and invalids are seldom harmed by them, even when other fruits might not agree.

Apples are more than 84 per cent water. Watermelon—rightly named—contains more than 92 per cent of water. Berries should always be washed before being hulled to prevent washing away of considerable fruit juice.

The quickest way to peel peaches and plums is to immerse them quickly in boiling hot water, when the skin can be removed very easily. If done quickly this process will not soften the fruit.

Pound for pound figs are more nourishing than bread. There is no good reason why we do not eat of its eat twice as many figs as we do.

Terms Used in Crocheting.

Ch means chain; ch st, chain stitch; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet (thread over once); tr c, treble crochet (thread over twice); dt r, double treble crochet (thread over three times); l c, long crochet; r p, roll p; roll p; st, slip stitch; l, loop; k st, knot stitch; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

MRS. A. J. DREXEL.
She Gets a Receiver For Husband's Yacht Earnings.



TWO FARMS FOR SALE To Close An Estate

200 acres 3 miles north of Deloit, and 4 miles south of Kiron. Known as the "O. Wright farm," fair improvements, splendid laying land in good shape, plenty of good water. On main road from Deloit to Kiron. The other farm is 120 acres, 1 1/2 miles east of Deloit on Vall road, fair improvements, 40 acres good timber, 80 acres work land. Well watered and sheltered. Both farms are money makers and will prove good investments. For terms and information call on

J. P. Jones
ADMINISTRATOR
Denison, - Iowa

Statement of the Condition OF The Crawford Co. State Bank

organized under the laws of Iowa, located at Denison, County of Crawford, at the close of business on the 12th day of September, 1916, made to the Auditor of State.

ASSETS	
Amount of bills, bonds and other evidence of debt discounted or purchased, actually owned by this bank	821,244.58
Gold in vault	10,260.00
Silver in vault	2,919.30
Legal tender, national bank notes and subsidiary coin	14,266.99
Drafts, checks and other cash items not dishonored	64.39
Total	27,510.68
Amount subject to be drawn on deposit with solvent banks	50,620.21
Overdrafts	17,088.39
Value of real estate	17,500.00
Value of personal property	8,000.00
Total	\$ 941,963.86

LIABILITIES	
Amount of capital stock	\$ 100,000.00
Amount of deposits subject to check	297,783.38
Amount of demand deposits	38,039.76
Amount of time deposits	441,287.71
Amount of deposits	48,702.88
Amount deposited by banks	12,645.27
Total deposits	838,439.00
Other profits after deducting expenses	3,524.86
Total liabilities	\$ 941,963.86

State of Iowa, Crawford County, ss. We, L. Cornwell, President, and M. E. Jones, Cashier, of bank above named do solemnly swear that the foregoing statement is full, true and correct, to the best of our knowledge and belief, and that the assets therein set forth are bona fide the property of said bank in its corporate capacity, and that no part of the same has been loaned or advanced to said bank for the purpose of being exhibited as a portion of its assets.

L. CORNWELL, President.
M. E. JONES, Cashier.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence by L. Cornwell, President and M. E. Jones, Cashier, this 15th day of September, 1916.
E. B. STEPHENS,
Notary Public in and for Crawford County.

Attested by: J. P. Conner, T. J. Garrison, R. E. Note, Directors.

Classified.

Was there ever a better example of the witty and concise form of expression than the answer of the grim man who when asked about the character of a neighbor sentimentally replied: "Mister, I don't know very much about him, but my impression is he'd make a first class stranger."—Exchange.

July and the President. July has been a fatal month for presidents of the United States. Six of them have died in that month.

Something Decidedly NEW

Perfume
Toilet Water
Talcum Powder
Face Powder

WILL BE FOUND AT
SCHLUMBERGER'S
Pharmacy
Over 30 Years
in Denison

NELS PETERSON

CONTRACTOR AND
BUILDER

Large or Small Jobs Given
the Same Careful
Attention.

Shop Work One Of My Specialties

All Work Guaranteed

PHONE 1156

222 North Pine St. Denison, Iowa

34-44

All our politicians firmly declare yielding an eight hours day to the that they will never be bluffed into scrubwoman.

Report of the Condition of the First National Bank At Denison, in the State of Iowa, at the close of business on September 12, 1916

RESOURCES	
Loans and discounts	889,933.87
Overdrafts	2,266.07
U. S. bonds deposited to secure circulation	100,000.00
Bonds other than U. S. bonds, pledged to secure postal savings deposits	\$ 8,000.00
Securities other than U. S. bonds (not including stocks) owned unpledged	19,279.81
Total bonds, securities, etc.	27,279.81
Subscription to stock of federal reserve bank	3,750.00
Banking house	15,000.00
Due from Federal Reserve Bank	22,410.00
Due from approved reserve agents in New York, Chicago and St. Louis	21,150.26
Due from approved reserve agents in other cities	2,619.57
Due from banks and bankers	3,137.84
Outside checks and other cash items	1,500.37
Fractional currency, nickels and cents	242.07
Notes of other national banks	1,742.44
Legal tender notes	35,967.95
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer	7,000.00
Total	1,138,257.79
LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$100,000.00
Surplus fund	25,000.00
Undivided profits	12,846.76
Circulating notes outstanding	98,997.50
Net amount due to banks and bankers	10,328.57
Deposits due as follows:	248,880.38
Individual deposits subject to check	91,385.76
Certificates of deposit due in less than 30 days	723.63
Postal savings deposits	340,990.37
Certificates of deposit due on or after 30 days	540,329.46
Other time deposits	8,765.12
Total time deposits	549,094.58
Total	1,138,257.78

State of Iowa, County of Crawford, ss. I, Sears McHenry, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
SEARS McHENRY, Cashier.
Correct—Attest: W. A. McHENRY, GEORGE McHENRY, L. SEEMANN, Directors.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 20th day of September, 1916.
E. W. PIERCE, Notary Public.

Farm at Auction

Will Sell at Auction September 25, 1916, Forty Acres of the Finest Land in Iowa. Half Mile West of Defiance

Defiance is on Main Line of C. M. & St. P. Ry.

Defiance has excellent schools, good markets, and is all in a very flourishing town. This place carries very unusual improvements, such as a very good eleven room house, facing east on a beautiful sloping lawn, an elegant orchard of all varieties of fruits. This orchard is enclosed on the roadsides by beautiful evergreen trees. The half mile drive into Defiance is almost level and shaded most of the way by trees on either side of the road. The soil is in the highest possible state of cultivation.

At last when the hour struck for the discovery of Iowa. It was like the unveiling of a lovely picture—a great undulating green sea, enameled with flowers, not parched by drought like regions of the west. Not sodden and swampy like the rain soaked forests to the east. Not stony and sterile like regions further south. Not in the regions of fagacious summers of the north—but just in the right place. In the heart of the Empire of corn, the realm of wheat, the kingdom of the paddock, the pasture, the meadow, and the good brown earth, where winter is cold enough to rest and revivify the soil. And summer warm enough and long enough to flood the world with produce. Can any state beat Iowa? Can any county beat Shelby county? Can any Forty acres in Shelby county beat this Forty?

Terms: \$1,000 per day of sale, \$4,000 March 1, 1917, Balance on or before five years from March 1, 1917 at 5 1-2 per cent interest. Possession Jan. 1, 1917

Harm Hulsebus

N. G. Kraschel, Auctioneer