



BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

To Invalid and Wounded SOLDIERS!

The undersigned at the request of many Invalid Soldiers, has qualified and been admitted to practice in the Interior Department, and all the bureaus thereof and is now Ready to Prosecute Claims, for those that may be entitled to PENSION and BOUNTY.

A. BARR,

has moved his Paint Shop over John Mills' Carriage Shop, and is ready to do all work in the line of

Buggy, Carriage and Wagon PAINTING

at reasonable figures to suit the times. All work guaranteed to be of the best. Call and get prices before going else.

A. BARR,

CITY Bus Line

FOREMAN & TALBOT, PROP'S.

Orders for Passengers or baggage left at Train's Hotel, Davis House or Foreman & Talbot's Market will receive prompt attention.

CATARRH
Ely's Cream Balm
Cures the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sore, Restores the Sensitivity of Taste and Smell.

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THINGS NEW AND OLD.

The Old, on Wisdom still, is better than the New. Friends—the old Wine, old Hocks, old Days—With age do ripen into better things.

THE DEVIL'S SLIDE.

Travelers over the line of the Union Pacific railroad are no doubt familiar with the curious rock formations in Echo and Weber canyons, just after the road enters the territory of Utah. It would seem that here nature had made her play ground, and out of pure sport had fashioned the rocks into all sorts of fantastic and grotesque shapes. But few, if any, are familiar with the legend which throws the glamour of the supernatural over the quaintly shaped crag and gives them their mysterious and suggestive names.

I left the train at the little Mormon village of Pelted, just beyond the canyon, and securing horse and a guide, I prepared to spend a few days trying the trout fishing for which the Weber canyons have a reputation. Pedro, my guide, was a half-breed Mexican, of the Sancho Panza type, full of Indian laziness, Mexican superstition and a true Spanish love for the marvelous. He had been brought up in an old monastery, and far from the City of Mexico, and was full of tales of the hairy brags who braved the terrors of the wilderness, in order to convert the Indians, and who, if the stories be true, used to lassoo them when milder persuasion failed.

We jogged along pleasantly enough until we were well within the canyon, and I selected a grassy spot on the river bank to pitch our camp for the night. Then Pedro began to show signs of uneasiness.

"Senor, I like not this place," he said finally, as he fumbled at the cords which bound the luggage on the pack mule. "What is the matter with this place? I queried, as I took note of the pool and eddies in the river and made a mental calculation as to the best place to commence my fishing the next day.

"It is strange, senor, the rocks are works of witchery, and the story is not pleasant to think of."

"Well," I answered carelessly, as I saw a big trout which looked to be over a foot long as it flashed in the sunlight, jump from a pool directly in front of me, "I guess nobody will hurt you; we will build a big fire and it will keep the animals away, and the Indians are all peaceable."

"It is not the Indians nor the bears I fear, senor; it is the devil."

"Phew, the devil does not want you yet a while," I answered, laughing, and Pedro submissively began to arrange the camp and prepare supper. I unpacked my trout rods with care, and started myself selecting flies and rigging my tackle for the sport I anticipated on the morrow. I went west so far as to whip the pool out of which I had seen the trout jump, but it was too late in the day, or his trout was stolen, and I had my labor for my pains.

After we had finished our supper we lay on opposite sides of the camp fire, I smoking my pipe and Pedro consuming villainous quantities of black pig tobacco wrapped in the coarsest straw paper, and thinking—albeit I was of low will the natural appearance of the canyon gave color to Pedro's superstitious notions. The moon was struggling through a mass of fleecy cloud which did not hide its entry, but the light tremble as it shot out bright and clear through the open spaces, and they seemed to move with a sort of rhythmic sway, to advance in the moonlight and glow, then recede into the shadows. The night rustled through the stunted pine and sage brush and moaned most unaccountably among the mysterious fissures and crevices of the rocks. The river rippled along peacefully enough past our camp, but the roar of the cataract, where, a half mile lower, it dashed through the rock river Devil's Gate, made a dull monotone broken by the sharp rattle of the cyclone or the cry of a small bird frightened by the rattle of the trail.

Pedro drew closer to me, and pointing to two parallel walls of rock about thirty feet apart, rising to a height of about twenty feet and extending from the top to the bottom of the mountain, he whispered in an awestruck voice: "The Devil's Slide, senor."

Then pointing to a huge moonlit, shaped like an Indian club, on the opposite hill, he added:

"This is the Devil's War Club," and he crossed himself so vigorously and muttered so many strange prayers in a mixture of bad Spanish and worse Latin, that I am certain that any reasonable fiend would have fled in terror at his incomprehensible antics.

His evident terror was beginning to make me nervous with sympathy, and I knew that the best way to restore his mental equilibrium was to interest him in some subject not connected with our monetary surroundings. I tried in vain to turn the conversation upon hunting and fishing. At last in desperation, thinking that the sound of his own voice might reassure him and that in the interest of his story he would forget his position, I allowed him to tell me the legend which the sham of some of Pedro's inaccuracies of speech, ran as follows:

In the year 1777, when the people of the eastern part of America were fighting for independence, the Spaniards had already settled on the Pacific coast and founded several missions. The fathers, with that devotion and fortitude which has characterized the priesthood in all ages, had concentrated far inland and made many converts among the savages in the interior as early as 1725.

Among the most zealous and successful was Father Pietro del Torre, a man of great piety and also of great general compassion as one could wish. In the fall of 1777 Father Pietro had crossed the Sierras and was preaching and baptizing among the Indians of Nevada and Utah. He had passed the small pine-clad of the Humboldt region and the Great Salt Lake, and late one evening was walking in Weber canyon, when he came to a wall of rock which barred his passage. He did not, however, to push on, and after laboriously climbing the hill he pursued his way along the top. Soon he observed a gentleman dressed as a Spanish cavalier of the day coming toward him. Father Pietro was a little surprised to see a white man so far from civilization and in truth, he was not sorry, for being, as we have said, of a social disposition, he felt the lack of company sorely.

Thereupon, when they met Father Pietro smiled pleasantly and remarked:

"A lonely walk you are having, my son."

"It is, reverend father, but is it not like lonely for you, who travel day after day unattended?"

"Very lonely," answered Father Pietro, with a sigh. Then brightening up, he added: "Let us sup together; a crust with a pleasant companion is better than a feast in solitude."

"You are right," responded the stranger. "I myself can speak knowledge of the misery of solitude. I am the proprietor of large furnaces, and I came here in search of fuel. I became separated from my party, and for the last two days I have been wandering around in this vicinity; luckily, I am indebted to a friendly hand for food." As he concluded he sat down beside a large stone and motioned Father Pietro to take a seat opposite. He did so, drawing from his pocket a flask of brandy and a small tin of pepper, and proposed to commence the supper with a health to the priest. Nothing loth, Father Pietro substituted the fresh bread and spirits for his own hard earned and water. As he did so the stranger remarked in a playful tone:

"For food for a traveler, holy father: I marvel that your brethren do not furnish you with better!"

Father Pietro sighed. It was poor food, the onions and black bread. And what though the brethren at the Mission Dolores were poor, still they were rich in the mother country, and men who worked as he did elsewhere would be rich. As the brandy rose to his brain the demon of discontent rose in his heart.

"Bread without meat is but dry crust,"

and the stranger, and extending his hand beneath the table, he drew up a pair of plump partridges, smoking hot, as from a grill. Father Pietro was surprised at first, but the brandy had given him a feeling of recklessness entirely unknown to his sober nature. So he ate and joked with his strange entertainer, and was in no way surprised when he drew a couple of bottles of wine and some delicious fruit from the same strange larval. After much general conversation, in the course of which the stranger had expressed a high admiration for Father Pietro's meal and learning, he said, carelessly:

"You are well acquainted with this part of the country, I presume, reverend father."

"I have traveled through several years' work the prompt answer.

"How would you like to leave the priesthood and become my agent? The work is easy, the pay is liberal, and you will be provided with a warm home after you have done. For, by my faith, it pains me to my heart to see a man of your talents and learning working for a beggary monastery, half clothed and worn out. Come with me and this will all change."

"I do not leave the priesthood," answered Father Pietro, sturdily.

"Then die," cried the stranger, in a rage, and grasping his staff he for a moment suddenly rose in size until he was over fifty feet high, hawking the terrible club over the priest's head and roared:

"Will you work for me?"

"Never!"

The club was poised for a blow. As it came down Father Pietro raised his crucifix and prayed. The club fell powerless, and the devil, losing all power to harm one holding the crucifix, slid down the mountain, the two walls of rock rising on each side as he went. As he reached the bottom he thrust his club into the hill opposite, rushed down the canyon and thereupon that pass in the rocks which is known as "The Devil's Gate."

Pedro paused.

"What became of Father Pietro?" I inquired.

"He at last found his way back to the Mission Dolores, where he spent the remainder of his life in fasting and praying as a penance for having held communication with the devil."

"Well, Pedro, do you believe that yarn?" was my next question.

"Si, senor; it was told me by a holy priest, who said that in the same manner was the devil accustomed to tempt us to this day—first by flattery, then by bribes, and finally by threats. And, senor, I know that to be true. Moreover, does not the slide, the club and the gate attest to its truth?"

It was useless to argue with such a simple faith, so I crawled into my blanket and went to sleep.

The next morning his stately majesty seemed to have got into the fish, for on my part could make them rise to the fly. So, to the intense delight of Pedro, we packed up our camp traps and left the place of which he had such a horror, which, even in the bright sunlight, seemed a most appropriate spot for the devil to choose an interview.

—Allan Fox.

The Haste to Be Rich.

But now one word to the young man who is making haste to be rich. Not one out of ten thousand who give up the race to this race ever reach the goal. We have seen that the goal itself is a grand delusion, but, as you will not see that truth, perhaps the temptations chase against you in the race may turn you to a more certain course. Your competitors are legion, and they have no bowels of mercy. They carry sharp daggers and you use them skillfully. The race becomes a game of heartless trickery, and your competitors will credit no sympathy. You cannot stop a moment to rest, or you'll be trodden under foot. Plot and counterplot will keep you busy day and night until your brain reels and your physical faculties fail. Your hair becomes prematurely white, your limbs totter, your food has no relish, your disposition grows sour, you are nervous with expectation or fear.

Altogether you are a very miserable creature, made so by your own willfulness. With mind and body thus weighed down, the thoughts that all is done for a questionable advantage and also by questionable means, will haunt you in spite of yourself, and add a moral sting to the intellectual and physical decay.

When we say this to the young man who is bewitched by the siren, either through belief in his response, or else he is sure that his is an exceptional case, and that he is to be wise enough to avoid the mistakes and calamities that have wrecked so many before him. It is the hope of the infatuated gambler who puts down his money in spite of the staring facts of the gambling table. If America is to be ruined it will be by materialism, the accumulation of individual wealth and the mad chase for such accumulation. It is that which will dry up human sympathies, divert the mind from high and healthy thought, degrade art and science and literature, destroy family life, poison the fountain of society, sanction immorality and make the nation a seething caldron of selfishness and unrest.—Dr. Crosby in the Forum.

Enlarged.

by the addition of four columns, and the columns lengthened two inches, and

Improved.

by the addition of a large amount of Reading Matter, containing

Special Features

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NO ONE SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT,

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NO CURE NO PAY!

A Fair and Square Offer to Invalids to try The New Method Treatment.

By which our success in curing chronic diseases and deformities has been so full, that we will now guarantee to treat bad or repeated incurable cases, for a stipulated term, until cured, and in case of failure to refund all the money paid under such written guarantee.

It will cost you nothing to receive this offer, as consultation is at the office or by letter if desired. It is a guarantee, not a promise, unless he has confidence enough in his skill to guarantee a cure. No matter what the nature or date of your disease, may be, call or write or come, giving age, sex, complexion and location of disease, and send the amount of postage on the NEW METHOD CURE BOOK.

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

Notwithstanding the many improvements and added features, the price remains the same, and no one can plead that they do not get the full amount of their investment when such a paper as the JOURNAL can be obtained for only

NEIGHBORHOOD NOTES.

Greatest Gatherings. Farmers are having. The crop in general is light.

Wool is lively. Three buyers in town last week.

E. J. Byrne has returned to the Grand Rapids College.

Mr. Torrence Malone started for Colorado last week where she has relatives.

Clund Shank of Courtland, stayed over night with Ernest Lester last Friday.

The yield of strawberries and cherries is above the average. Early cherries are ripe, while strawberries are not gone.

About 40 persons attended the strawberry and ice cream social held with Mrs. R. Cook Friday evening.

Mrs. Wm. Lesiter is at Grand Rapids receiving medical treatment. She has not been as well of late.

Rev. G. R. Doby gave an extra good sermon on Christian Culture, at Ashley church July 1.

Mr. P. McCanley found eight sheep dead while preparing for shearing. John Rodgers lost six sheep from the same cause—raggots.

We are informed the number of colts lost this season counts up to 23 in this immediate vicinity. Big loss for our farmers.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thurber, a daughter.

Alton Atoms.

Mrs. Henry, of Omaha, Neb., is visiting at J. L. Coverts.

O. McMahon has moved to Lowell.

Mrs. Wiley was at home and stayed a week from the Asylum, where she has been at work for quite a while.

Orrin Sayles is repairing his barn, raising it, putting a wall under it and siding it over. It will look like new when finished.

Mr. and Mrs. George Converse's baby aged three months was buried at the Alton cemetery last Monday afternoon.

George Dobson, of Clare, Co., visited at Z. H. Covert's last Monday and Tuesday.

Christian Blaser has returned from Switzerland, bringing with him a young lady, Miss Kate White, to whom he was lately married.

So. Boston F. Assoc.

All wide awake for the Business Men's picnic. Not money enough in the price of farm produce to allow a farmer to be very expensive in his celebration this year.

Haying is in order this week.

We hear complaint about insects in wheat in Kent Co. Not enough here to attract their attention.

E. Annay affirms that he picked a strawberry from D. H. English's patch which measured 6 1/2 inches in circumference. This is simply for a starter.

The potato bug is monarch of all he surveys in some localities we judge.

Miss Eloise Towl was elected Secy. of the M. E. S. school last Sunday.

School closes in district No. 1 & 2 this week.

COULD NOT KEEP

Shop without them. I consider your Sulphur Bitters a remarkable blood purifier. I know of several people whose cases were considered hopeless, that have been entirely cured by your medicine. The sale of Sulphur Bitters is so large here that I could not keep shop without them.

E. S. YATES, Pharmacist, 90 Essex street, Lawrence, Mass.

FREE CONSULTATION.

DR. A. B. SPINNEY,

Medical Superintendent of the Ypsilanti Sanitarium for the purpose of accommodating his many friends and patients that cannot visit or consult him at the Sanitarium, has opened an Office at the point named below and will be there on that day, from 8 A. M. until 10 P. M. The doctor has been twenty eight years in practice—thirteen years in general practice, and fifteen years in the study and treatment of all forms of Chronic Diseases. The last two years has had charge first of Alma and now Ypsilanti Sanitarium. Having secured an able assistant, he is enabled to get away from the Sanitarium for a few days at a time. If you have Catarrh, Throat, Lung, Eye, Ear, Liver, Stomach, Kidney or Nervous Diseases, improve this opportunity for a careful examination. If you can be treated at home he will do so, if not, he will tell you what it will cost and how long it will take at the Sanitarium. GLASSES fitted in all cases needing them. Special attention given to Rectal, Uterine and Private Diseases.

IF YOU would enjoy your dinner and are prevented by Dyspepsia use Achlor's Dyppepsia Tablets. They are a positive cure for Dyppepsia, Indigestion, Flatulency and Constipation. We guarantee them. 25 and 50 cents.

SULPHUR BITTERS

The Best and Purest Medicine EVER MADE.

Revitalize the Human from your skin and smooth. These Tablets purify the blood, and can be used in all cases of chronic diseases, such as Rheumatism, Dropsy, Indigestion, and all forms of Chronic Diseases.

Send 1 Cent stamps to A. F. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published!

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GRAND RAPIDS, NEW RATHBUN HOUSE, FIRST MONDAY OF EACH MONTH.

William Aldrich Tateum

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

940 New Houseman Block.

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J. L. HUDSON.

The Cheapest Store in Lowell.

Dry Goods at Less than First Cost.

50 Pieces of All Wool Dress Goods, 50 AT TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A YARD.

All the Best Indigo Blue prints Six Cents a Yard.

All the Best Shirting Cambrics at Five Cents a Yard.

Everything Goes at One-Quarter Off.

Something for the Ladies!

We will give with every purchase, commencing Saturday, July 7th, your choice of a large stock of Domestic Patterns. The patterns are all new.

AND EVERY LADY CAN HAVE ONE.

J. L. HUDSON.

IT'S RED HOT!

Not the weather, but the

Competition on Agricultural Implements!

AND

KELLEY WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD.

Any one with the cash can buy any implement of me AT EXACTLY THE COST PRICE OF THE ARTICLE, laid on the platform, and I will convince any buyer that this is the truth or I will give him the article.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY!

I Keep a Full Assortment of the Oliver Chilled, South Bend and Wiard Plows—the best made.