

INDEPENDENT BUT NOT NEUTRAL.

VOL. XV, NO. 48.

LOWELL, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1908.

ELEVEN FULL PAGES

PAY YOUR BILLS

with Checks and you will never have to pay the second time.

EVERY check that you give has to be endorsed by the person receiving it before he can get the money and when the checks are returned to you, you have the best kind of a receipt and one that cannot be disputed. Your money is always safe when deposited in the bank and is as convenient to use as though you carried it with you.

THE STATE BANK LOWELL CITY MICH.

Money Saved by Buying of Oliver.

Goods Service **RIGHT** Prices Everyth'g

Here are just a few of the many up-to-date and complete lines we handle:

- | | | |
|-------------------|------------------|--------------------|
| Watches | Clocks | Jewelry |
| Sterling Silver | Plated Ware | Cut Glass |
| Fancy China | Dinner Ware | Glass Ware |
| Stationery | Pocket Books | Fountain Pens |
| Fountain Pen Inks | Phonographs | Phonograph Records |
| Eastman Kodaks | Film Pack Kodaks | Kodak Supplies |
| Carving Sets | Eye Glasses | Spectacles |

A. D. OLIVER

Practical Optician. Eyes Accurately Fitted. Repairs of all kinds.

Don't Bake

this hot weather. Buy Smith's Potato Bread and other good things to eat and keep your house cool.

Our Ice Cream is the finest that can be produced. Your orders will have careful attention and prompt delivery.

Smith's Bakery.

NOT WHO CHEAP BUT HOW GOOD.

That is our idea in catering to the grocery trade and we think it is correct. Certainly people should be particular about their food, its quality and cleanliness FIRST. To buy good stuff cheap is all right—we can satisfy you there; but cheap stuff—the cheap that "goes with nasty"—excuse us.

Timely Special A complete assortment of Dahlia bulbs, all colors and varieties. Now is the time to set them.

Get it at

"If you **VanDyke's** It's Good."

WANTED

I want a Negative of Every Person in this Community past 70 years of age. Come right along and get one of my best Cabinet Size Photos FREE any time this month.

The Old Stand **F R Rhodes** Lowell, Michigan

BASE BALL SEASON

Opens May 26th. Another Game for Saturday May 30.



Base ball season opens in Lowell Tuesday, May 26, at 2.30 p. m., home team vs. Manhattans of Grand Rapids. On Saturday, May 30, at 4 p. m., after the close of Memorial day exercises there will be a game with the Commercial Travelers, said to be the third best amateur team in Grand Rapids. All the players are expected to be here for this game and some good sport is expected. Admission for both games—gents 15c ladies and children 10c.

MURPHY-BRIGGS WED

Lowell Young Lady Won by Harry Briggs of St. Joseph.

From the Benton Harbor News-Palladium we learn of the marriage of Louise, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Murphy of Lowell, as follows:

A marriage, known only to a very few intimate friends, and intended to be kept a secret for a few days longer, has just been reported, and will be interesting to the many friends of the contracting parties. On Sunday, April 20, Miss Louise Murphy, of Lowell, Mich., and Mr. Harry Briggs of St. Joseph were united in marriage by the Rev. Fr. M. G. Esper in the Catholic church of St. Joseph. Harry Murphy, city clerk of St. Joseph, and Miss Louise Nackerman, a teacher in Morton school, were the attendants. The intention was to make the announcement at the close of the school term next week, but the secret has leaked out. Benton Harbor has lost a valuable teacher, while St. Joseph gains a charming matron. For the past four years Miss Murphy has been one of the most efficient teachers that Benton Harbor has had, and her resignation is keenly felt by the board of education, her fellow workers, parents and pupils. Best wishes extended to her are tinged with regret that her place will have to be filled with another when school opens in the fall. Apart from her school work, Miss Murphy's charming personality has gained for her many friends in this city, who are pleased to learn that her new home is to be so near. Mr. Briggs has been assistant cashier with the Union Banking company of St. Joseph for the past four years. He is a young man of sterling qualities. Mr. and Mrs. Briggs will make their home in St. Joseph after a two week's wedding trip. They will board during the summer, during the building of their new home, which will be completed in September.

WOODCOCK-LEWIS MARRIAGE.

Charles B. Woodcock and Miss Eva A. Lewis, daughter of Mrs. A. J. Lewis of Lowell, were united in marriage Thursday afternoon May 14 at three o'clock, at the home of the bride's cousins Mr. and Mrs. Frank VanFleet at Number 10 Stoddard avenue, Grand Rapids. Rev. Charles Nease performed the ceremony, in the presence of a number of the immediate relatives and friends. The bride was gowned in white and the groom wore dark blue.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodcock have the best wishes of their many friends in Lowell where they have both lived. They will be at home after June first at 89 Stoddard avenue, Grand Rapids.

We are Ready for Business.

Owing to the numerous inquiries as to whether we could do refinishing of old furniture, we would like to make this announcement.

"We Can Finish anything in the line of **Old Furniture** and make it look like new and we can also finish **Interior Woodwork** and make it look a great deal better than new."

If you are interested phone No. 164 and we will call and give you estimates.

Remember that that we do all kinds of turning.

Lowell Furniture Co.

SATURDAY RACE MEET

Lively Matinee on for May 23 at Recreation Park Lowell.

The Board of Trade committee on sports and special days announces a race matinee at Recreation park for Saturday, May 23, at 2 p. m. with two events.

For the first event the following entries are announced:

Marion W., owned by Geo. Buell & Co., Lowell;

Silverfall, owned by W. S. Dollaway, Lowell;

Equitena, owned by Norton, Saranac;

Little Mission, owned by Chas. Watters, Lowell;

Best two in three, half-mile heats.

For the second event, five-eighths mile, these are announced.

Golden Seal, owned by Delos Watters, Lowell;

Max, owned by Geo. Buell & Co., Lowell;

Pat the Piper, owned by Post, Saranac;

Jill Jolae, owned by P. Dickson, Lowell;

Swallowtail, owned by Snyder, Grand Rapids.

Races called at 2 p. m., sharp Fred Malcom, starting judge. Admission—gentlemen 15c, ladies 10c.

By Order Com

CHOKED TO DEATH

Michael Hogan of Grattan Strangled by Piece of Beef Steak.

Michael Hogan of Grattan was strangled to death in Grand Rapids Tuesday evening by a piece of beef steak. Mesdames James Hefferan, John Tobin and Frank Flanagan are daughters of deceased.

The Grand Rapids Press gives the following account of the accident:

Ravenously hungry, Hogan arrived from Lowell early in the evening and went to the Palace restaurant, where he ordered a beefsteak supper. The meat was served to him and, cutting off a piece far too large to masticate, he placed it in his mouth, following it with a large helping of potatoes. Manager McKensie cautioned Hogan to refrain from eating too fast, but the warning was too late. A moment later Hogan fell from the stool to the floor.

The police ambulance was sent for. Hogan was placed in the vehicle and the run for the hospital began. The man died while Patrolman Van Dine was striving to relieve him. Coroner Hilliker was called and removed the piece of steak from the throat of the dead man. It was preserved by the official to answer any question that might be raised regarding the man's death.

Hogan was identified by papers found in his pocket. He was dressed in the garb of a laboring man and apparently was about sixty-five years of age. An effort to communicate with his relatives was made by the coroner.

DEATH OF FORMER LOWELL RESIDENT.

Bela C. Needham died very suddenly at his home at 553 Horton ave. Grand Rapids, Monday evening at the age of 66 years.

He had worked all day as usual. On reaching home at night he ate a hearty supper and being exhausted from his day's work retired early. When Mrs. Needham went to the room at 6 o'clock she found him dead. His death was caused by an acute attack of indigestion.

Funeral services will be held at the Baptist church in this village at two o'clock this afternoon, conducted by Rev. W. D. Ogg with the assistance of Rev. E. P. Knight, and burial will be made in Oak wood cemetery.

Mr. Needham was a resident of this village for many years. About three years ago he sold his pleasant home and removed to Grand Rapids where he has since resided. He leaves a wife, two daughters, Mrs. Jennie Moore of Eagle and Mrs. Flora Ribble of Big Rapids, two brothers, George and James P., one sister Mrs. John W. Ballard of Alto and numerous other relatives besides a host of friends in this village.

Extra Special DOMESTIC BARGAINS

at the Low Priced Store. We Offer Bleached Muslin standard brands.

- Fruit of the Loom 12c value 8c
- Lonsdale 12c " 8c
- Hope 10c " 7c
- Puritan Unbleached 7c value 5c

RICHARDSONS' SILK THREAD

- 50 yard spool4c
- 100 yard spool.....8c
- Coat's Cotton Thread.....4c

Marks Ruben
The Lowest in Price

STATIONERY

Next Saturday May 23 is the last day to buy the large \$1 size of

Rexall Sarsaparilla Tonic for 48c.

Don't miss this opportunity if you need something to purify the blood, supply materials for body and brain and strengthen your nerve force. If you have that languid, listless, "what's the use" feeling try a bottle of this Spring Tonic on our guarantee to benefit or money back.

Those Wall Paper Bargains

are on every day at our store. We have always been the leaders in this section for wall paper and we're going to continue. Don't lose sight of the fact that we sell you a better quality of paper at a less price than any store in Western Michigan.

D. G. LOOK'S

Drug & Wall Paper Store.

Paints, Varnishes, Mouldings, Etc.

D. G. LOOK

Phonographs and Talking Machines

sold on easy payments at same price as if cash is paid. Our line is the

Edison, Columbia and Victor.

One Thousand Records to select from.

R. D. Stocking
Lowell Mich.

Going to Paint?

A correct selection of the paint to be used is of the utmost importance. Many people make the mistake of simply considering first cost—they think only of the price per gallon. This results in the selection of a low priced, short-lived adulterated paint.

The use of such mixtures upon buildings is a waste of time and labor. This is important, as the cost of applying paint is about twice the value of the paint itself. Furthermore, the "cheap" adulterated paint makes such an unfavorable foundation for future coats that you will always regret having used it.

B. P. S. Paint, on the other hand, costs no more to apply than "cheap" paint (in fact costs less), and it not only beautifies your home, but it protects it from the elements, thus lengthening the life of the building.

Scott Hard're Co.



IN TIMES OF PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR.

In other words place your orders for next Winter's coal now. Have the goods on hand and then if there's a strike in the mines or on the railroads you can smile and smile again and "Let the heathen rage." You save money, worry and possibly much trouble by ordering your coal early. In the meantime of course we will deliver the "little dabs" to please out.

EARL HUNTER.

Phone 127 In my new office.

WOOD AND COAL

FROM CITY TO FARM

"Ye who listen with credulity to the whisperings of fancy, who pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope, who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow,—attend to the history of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia."

By ERNEST McGAFFEY

Author of "Poems of Gun and Rod," "Outdoors," "Poems of the Town," Etc.

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

The Rural Swain

"Zekal crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru' the window,
An' thar sot Hildy all alone
'Til no one nigh to hinder."

Cupid works overtime in the country. A hard-worked little god he is indeed in the rural districts. If it be true or false that it is "love that makes the world go round," it is certainly a fact that the main world for the boy between 17 and 21 in the farm lands, is that delectable land of Heart's Desire, bounded on the east, west, north and south by the vision of his "best girl," and festooned by dreams of various circuses, band concerts, dances, Sunday school gatherings, "fish fries," picnics, barbecues, and buggy rides.

To see a boy emerge from the chrysalis stage of 16 or thereabouts, into the full-grown butterfly of 17 or 18, is something marvelous to behold, and instructive to contemplate. The transformation is invariably accomplished by means of a red-wheeled buggy. This really marks the time when he strikes off the shackles of boyhood and emerges into the fierce white light of country society. He becomes at once a target for the side-splitting witticisms of the country editor with his: "Jake Beaver seems to be driving out pretty regular towards the Osgood farm now, Sunday nights. Hey! Jake! When shall we send our congratulations?" This makes "Jake" feel as though he had drawn a capital prize at some grand lottery.

A boy without a buggy is absolutely not in the "running" at all. A great deal of "sparking" is done while on the road to the various entertainments, and Cupid in the country would be especially appropriate with wings, for the boys usually drive at break-neck pace, just to scare the girls and impress their sweethearts with their prowess as drivers. A boy who is driving "the old man's rig, feels about as important as if he was wearing his elder brother's old clothes, and every one knew it. But with a new buggy, with a heavy near-fur robe for winter, and a fancy blanket for summer, and a new buggy whip, and a "steppy" nag to leave the dust in "the other fellow's" face, the rural swain is in his element, and on the top wave of delight.

We saw a great deal of the evolution of the rustic cavalier at the farm. Saturdays and Sundays especially were his busy days, and the road in front of the house was scalloped with the print of his buggy wheels. You may be sure that the question of dress was a most particular point with him, and to save time and be strictly en regale, he always wore "patent leather" shoes. Soft hats were the style, black in the fall and winter, and light in the summer and spring. Some of the boys were prone to silk mufflers and elaborate ties, and were really gotten up regardless.

As is usual in such cases, there is always some one boy who is known as "the best dressed fellow in the township," and he is especially careful to live up to the reputation, even if it takes nearly all he can earn to appear with the latest novelties in dress. Some of the boys were variously the best dancers, the best boxers, the best swimmers, skaters, etc., but the most important member of society in the community, the "Ward McAllister" of the district, was the boy who was the best dancer and "caller-off" at the dances, for he could make or unmake either a boy or a girl who wanted to shine at these assemblies.

A curious feature of the "courting" which was carried on, was the gatherings of the young boys and girls who played games among themselves, but who did not dance. These embryo society events would often be attended by eager crowds of as many as 20 or 40 couples, most of them girls and boys of about 14 to 16, and they always went home early, and it was as if Cupid were merely making tentative arrangements for more serious affairs. Sometimes at these little "parties," as they were called, there would be an attempt to have a quadrille or two before the party broke up, some of the more ambitious of the girls wanting to try their wings before "budding" out at the regulation dances.

Then after a year or more you would see some of the boys and girls who attended these "parties" at dances, and you would know that nevermore would they be seen with the youngsters, but that they had fairly entered the arena of society, and were now escorted by the boys who owned their own buggies, and who were preparing to enter the doubtful state of matrimony in the immediate future.

Boys and girls marry early on the farms. A great many of them are married, the boys at 21, the girls at 18 or younger. A good many are married, boys before they are 20, girls at 16. This makes for early grandparentage, and extensive families. Courtship, therefore, is confined to a period of from two to three years, to five at the furthest. A year's courtship is a fairly long time and marriage and giving in marriage occupies

but a brief space, all things considered, in a rural community.

When the starting and faring circus advertisements first made their appearance on the dingy bill-boards in the neighboring towns, there was immediately great excitement in the community, and much talk about who was going with who, and what the girls were going to wear. There was quite as much heart-burning among the girls as there would be at any fancy-dress ball at Newport, and the amount of crisp sarcasm indulged in by the girls was as usual in such cases made and provided. If the boys were short of money, there was the usual scramble to get some, and any chance to get out and do a little extra work was always snapped up in a hurry.

Circuses were always a long ways off, at some one of the larger towns, but such an event drew on the neighborhoods for 30 miles around. Those who went from the smaller towns usually could go by rail, but the main body of the circus goers went in buggies.

As we had seen a tiger or two in our time, these events did not excite us beyond our control, but we rather longed to see, I imagine, by our staying away from where "the monarch of the jungle" and the corrugated-hid rhinoceros disported themselves, and the bareback riders contorted. A long line of buggies, with a joyous anticipatory couple in each vehicle would pass the house in the early dawn, and if we happen to be up, we would be greeted always with "ain't you going to the circus?" A "liberal spender" among the swains was sure to make a bit, as it was supposed a "line" could be gotten on his liberality as a husband in that way. Red lemonade, peanuts, taffy, the concert after the show, dinner, the "flying dutchman," the side-shows, the fortune tellers—well, there were several ways in which the "nimble shilling" could be induced to change hands, and along about midnight the rigs would come trooping back, an occasional yell from some jolly Lohario notifying us of the passing of a home-bound couple.

The "band concerts" were always given at the towns where they boasted of a town band; and they were attended by the boys and girls for miles around. Those in our section were held invariably on Saturday nights. The band gathered at a little plank pavilion on one side of the public square opposite the courthouse, and there discoursed sweet music from about eight to ten p. m. The rural swains came in great droves, buggy-laden, and from all points of the county. They bought the girls supper at the hotels or restaurants, ice cream at the drug stores, and lemonade, peanuts and popcorn wherever these necessities could be found. There was visiting among the various neighborhoods, and a pernicious amount of reckless driving about at racing speed around the dusty streets and corners of the town.

Sometimes a boy who had been bitten with a desire to be "a bad man" would get into an argument with the police force, one in number, and be escorted to the town jail, there to ruminate until the next Monday morning, but usually there was very little trouble at the concerts. The music was the best they had, and if you did not like it, you could go home. We attended at least one "band concert" that I remember. The music was of the "catch-as-catch-can" order, Queensbury rules, classic holds barred, and every fellow for himself until the finale, when they were all supposed to unite for the end of the piece.

At the country dances the swains appeared in full force, dancing until daybreak, and with their best "bibs and tuckers." The dances were the most important of all rural functions, and by the time a fellow began to take a girl regularly to these events, there was no doubt but that he had been "hooked, played and landed," and that there was something shortly to be heard of in the matrimonial line. And yet, as everywhere, the course of true love went awry, and we would see some one of the boys driving swiftly past with a new girl on the seat beside him, and the girl he used to drive with appearing in public with another cavalier, and by these "presents" we knew that the silken cord had been loosed, and that Cupid had received another "back set."

The "fish fries" were where old and young congregated, but the boys and girls never missed these exciting occasions. They were usually held in some grove near a river or lake, and the men went early to catch enough fish to supply the dinner for all. The women brought huge baskets loaded down with everything possible in the way of good things to eat, and sometimes an organ would be brought along, a platform built, and to the music of fiddle and organ a dance would wind up the entertainment.

All boats in the vicinity would be pressed into service, and the woods would ring with the good times the folks were having. Impromptu swings would be installed, and the shrieks of the girls who were being hoisted heav-

enward shook the leaves in the branches above.

"Oh! George, tell them to stop. This was the cry of Marlar. But the louder she hollered. The harder they pushed.

And the swing went a little bit higher." "Fish fries" broke up about dark, and the grind of the wheels on the gravelly spots and the shouts of the returning couples soon died away along the road.

Barbecues were rather infrequent affairs, sometimes occurring when a noted political speaker was to make an address. They were held usually at the county fair grounds, or out in the woods somewhere, and whole beeves, sheep and hogs were roasted, and literally tons of eatables consumed. There was always something to spend money over, and while the boys and girls seldom enthused over the oratory, they did over the good things to eat. Picnics were also infrequent happenings.

The buggy ride is at present the piece de resistance of country courtship. It takes the couple away from the prying eyes of little "Bub" and "Sis," and it usually loosens the tongue of many a bashful swain. There is something for a boy's hands to do, and his feet are under cover. The awkwardness of hanging on to a chair and trying to think of something to say is gotten rid of, and the motion of the flying buggy cheers, but does not inebriate him. He is therefore more at an advantage, as to carrying on a conversation, and many a proposal is jolted out on a buggy-ride which otherwise might remain unspoken.

The fashion mainly in our neighborhood was for the girls to go bare-headed on these drives, and Sunday afternoon and evening the dull reverberation of wheels along the road, and the distant rumble over near-by bridges, told that Cupid's cohorts were bestirring themselves. In the winter time there was of course the shifting from buggies to sleighs and cutters, and even the old-time bobsleds, when parties went out. Skating parties were also popular, and at all seasons they held the dances.

"Bridge whist," needless to say, was unknown. "Progressive euchre" an unknown quantity. "Receptions" there were none, and as for "tea-pouring" or any such lack-a-daisical performances, they were unheard of. Cupid depended mostly on the red-wheeled buggies and the country dances, and his success justified his selections. Of course the time-honored institution of "sparking" was not done away with. This interesting process, however, is mostly confined to Sunday nights, and may be, and usually is protracted until around Monday morning early, say close to one o'clock a. m. Sunday nights the lights in many a farm house shone out over the fields, and inside the houses the various couples talked over their dances, and parties, their neighborhood topics and matters of local interest, and scanned the family album, and gossiped and bantered one another.

And here, too, Cupid appeared behind the scenes, and matrimonially inclined, wove the webs of mutual trust and confidence between the couples, and aided in unfolding the mystery of his divine art. Outside the stars gleamed, and the trees waved by still fields. Inside, perhaps the organ sounded softly, or a fire glowed in an old-fashioned fireplace or in a more modern stove.

After the "old folks" went to bed and there was nothing to disturb the quiet of indoors but the monotone of the two responding voices, Cupid be took himself to other times and spaces, confident that his spell was already progressing bravely.

In the country papers the "correspondents" from the various quarters of the township regularly reported all these different courting "bees," and the usual jokes were leveled at the swain when the paper made its appearance. Indeed, he would be somewhat disappointed if he thought that his comings and goings were to pass unrecorded, and generally had a report ready for the greetings which he may be sure will follow his appearance in public.

And how quickly marriage follows on in the country! And be sure that whoever are invited to the wedding, all the country round knows of it. And the thoughtful groom, knowing the custom of the country, provides himself with various boxes of cigars, and the newly-made bride cooks plentiful quantities of toothsome viands, and together they sit down in their darkened home, awaiting with pleased expectancy the arrival of the band of neighbors intent on "shivareeing" them.

With a fearsome blast from shot-guns, dinner-horns, sleigh-bells, cow-horns, dinner-bells, cow-bells, etc., and a terrific din made by beating a suspended circular saw with a sledge-hammer, the entertainment opens, and the "reluctant" couple are finally driven to open the doors and welcome "all hands." Cigars are passed around, and pies, sandwiches, doughnuts, cakes and other eatables disappear as if by magic, there is a great deal of hand-shaking and hearty good wishes from all assembled, to the bride and groom, and at last, with a parting salute from all artillery and noise-producing instruments, the serenaders file out and fade in the surrounding darkness.

And then the happy couple come out and sit on the porch and discuss those matters and things over which no one has special interests but themselves, and the katy-dids strike up while the stars shine down in an entirely friendly and disinterested manner, having seen these things before.

As usual, Cupid has won again.
ERNEST McGAFFEY.

PASSING OF THE SALOON

By REV. A. C. DIXON, D. D.,
Pastor of the Chicago Ave. (Moody's) Church, Chicago.



I have studied conditions in the south, where the saloon is being swept away by a cyclone of ballots. The explanation is easy.

1. It is the revolt of knowledge against ignorance. The evil effects of alcohol have been taught in home, school, Sunday school and church till the new generation of voters are convinced that it ought to be banished from the earth.

"It is the growth of manhood," said a leader in the movement.

2. It is the revolt of home love against the home destroyer. The southern people love their homes and they have determined that the destroyer shall be destroyed.

3. It is the revolt of liberty lovers against the slavery of their fellows. "A Liberty League" pleads for the perpetuity of the saloon, which makes more slaves than any other institution on earth. Drunkards are slaves of appetite, and 100,000 of them are killed every year by their cruel master. Liberty to fill coffers by selling what enslaves manhood and womanhood is as un-American as it is un-Christian, and the people are waking up to the fact.

4. It is the revolt of humanity against barbarity. The saloon is the mother and fosterer of lunacy, idiocy, pauperism and crime. It is not humane but rather barbarous to legalize and protect the cause of these great evils. The highest civilization seeks to prevent, so that cure shall not be needed.

5. It is the revolt of Bible and church lovers against Bible and church haters. The champion blasphemer of Chicago, who evidently hates the Bible and the church, is also the champion of the saloon. Though he asserts that he does not believe in the historic existence of Jesus, he draws his little argument from his turning water into wine and informs us that Jesus commanded his followers to use intoxicating wine in the Lord's Supper. In this he shows his usual capacity for ignorance. He ought to know that the contents of the sacramental cup are nowhere called wine, but the "fruit of the vine," and alcohol is not a fruit of the vine, but the rotten fruit of a process of decomposition which takes place after the juice has been removed from the vine. He ought also to know that fermented wine was never used in the Passover feast, for every Jew was required to remove from his house all leaven in solids or liquids. He ought also to know that the unfermented juice of the grape was the beverage of kings as is seen by the fact that the butter pressed the grapes into Pharaoh's cup. (Gen. 40:11.)

6. It is the revolt of business sagacity against the illusion that the saloon helps business. Asheville, N. C., voted the saloon out last October, and the only business embarrassed, I am informed, is jailkeeping and chain-gang overseeing.

7. It is the revolt of patriotism against lawlessness. The plea that "prohibition does not prohibit" is proving a boomerang to the liquor traffic, for the people are beginning to see that it really means "we will not obey law." The ruler of this country does not live in the White House or a governor's mansion, or sit in a wig and gown on the judge's bench. The sovereign that rules president, governor, judge and mayor is LAW, and a conspiracy against the enforcement of law is beginning to be seen in its true light as treason against the life of our American ruler. The state of Georgia, through its representatives in the legislature, drove the saloon out, and the city of Atlanta has not been discussing whether it will obey the law of the state. Atlanta has had enough of secession, and her patriotic citizens believe in state sovereignty over the city.

But let us remember that the great mission of Christ and the church is to the individual, and we would lead drunkard, moderate drinker, liquor seller and liquor voter to the "Lamb of God" that taketh away the sin of the world." If all men would get right with God through Jesus Christ the great problems which perplex the public mind would soon be settled.

8. It is the revolt of the individual against the industrial system of the working people of Europe; I do not know how many in this country, I have tried to find the best and the worst; and while, as I say, the worst exists, and as bad as under any system, or as bad as in any age, I have never had to look beyond the inmates to find the cause; and in every case, so far as my observation goes, drunkenness was at the bottom of the misery and not the industrial system or the industrial conditions surrounding the men and their families.

VILLAGE OFFICERS OF LOWELL, MICH.

D. G. Look, President.
T. A. Murphy, Clerk.
Earl A. Thomas, Treasurer.
R. E. Springett, Attorney.
F. J. McMahon, Superintendent of Lighting and Power Plant.
F. N. White, Assessor.
Dr. O. C. McDannell, Health Officer.
George P. Taylor, Marshal and Street Commissioner.
Trustees—C. Berghin, J. A. Mattern, E. D. McQueen, H. A. Peckham, Weldon Smith, W. S. Winegar.

TOWNSHIP OFFICERS.

Christopher Berghin, Supervisor.
C. G. Stone, Clerk.
M. N. Henry, Treasurer.
James McPherson, Highway Commissioner.

LOWELL BOARD OF TRADE, OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS.

Officers and Directors.
F. T. King, President.
R. Van Dyke, Vice-President.
H. A. Peckham, Secretary.
A. W. Weekes, Treasurer.
Trustees—O. C. McDannell, W. S. Winegar, D. G. Look.

Standing Committees.

Market—H. J. Taylor, Chairman.
New Industries—D. G. Mange, Chairman.
Conventions—L. J. Post, Chairman.
Village Improvements—C. Townsend, Chairman.
Good Roads—C. W. Wisner, Chairman.
Sports and Special Days—M. N. Henry, Chairman.
Press—F. M. Johnson, Chairman.
Membership—M. E. Simpson, Chairman.

O. C. McDannell, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon
OFFICE IN NEGOCIE BLK., LOWELL, MICH.

M. C. Greeno, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon
OFFICE IN NEGOCIE BLK., LOWELL, MICH.

S. P. Hicks

Loans, Collections, Real Estate and Insurance
LOWELL, MICHIGAN.

Dr. E. D. McQueen

VETERINARY SURGEON
Livery, Feed and 10 cent Barn in cond. section. Also Bus and Baggage to and from all trains.

Phone 35. LOWELL, MICH.

R. E. Springett

Attorney-at-Law
General Law Practice and Insurance
Office, City State Bank Bldg.,
LOWELL, MICH.

Ola M. Johnson

Public Stenographer
and Typewriter.
With THE LEDGER. Phone 200.

Milton M. Perry

Attorney and Counselor at Law
Special attention given to Collections, Copying and sale of Real Estate. Has also qualified and been admitted to practice in the Interior Department and all the bureaus there to and is ready to prosecute claims for show that may be entitled to pension bounty.
Trinity Hall Block, LOWELL, MICH.

When It's Different.

Every one will generously share his troubles with the world, but who will divide his joys?—Life.

THE LOWELL LEDGER

LOWELL, MICHIGAN.
Established in 1881 by F. M. JOHNSON, Editor and Prop.
OLA M. JOHNSON, Local and Society Editor.
E. CULP, Foreman Advertising and Job Printing departments.
Office in Kopf Block, East Side.
Open from 7 a. m. to 5:30 p. m.
(Office, No. 200.
Residence, No. 29.

Detroit Headquarters FOR MICHIGAN PEOPLE

GRISWOLD HOUSE
AMERICAN PLAN, \$2.50 TO 3.50 PER DAY
EUROPEAN PLAN, \$1.00 TO 2.50 PER DAY
Strictly modern and updated hotel, in the very heart of the retail shopping district of Detroit, corner Griswold and Grand River Aves., only one block from Woodward Ave. Jefferson, Third and Fourth cars pass by the house. When you visit Detroit stop at the Griswold House.
POSTAL & MOREY, Props.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's New Discovery
FOR COUGHS, COLDS AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.
PRICE 50c & \$1.00. Trial Bottle Free.
GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

JOB PRINTING

Of all kinds on short notice. Good work, delivered when promised. Prices low, workmanship and quality of stock considered. We carry complete lines of standard papers. No long waits.
We have Fast Presses, Electric Power, Good Workmen and 27 Years' Experience in the Printing Business. The benefit is yours.

THE LEDGER PRINTERS

Phone 200. LOWELL, MICHIGAN
Always.
When a man asks you to listen to reason he at once begins to be unreasonable.

Pain Pills

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills
Cure Headache
Almost instantly, and leave no bad effects. They also relieve every other pain, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Pain, Sciatica, Backache, Stomach ache, Ague Pains, Pains from Injury, Bearing-down pains, Indigestion, Dizziness, Nervousness and Sleeplessness.

Pain Pills

Prevent All-Aches
By taking one or two Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills when you feel an attack coming on. You not only avoid suffering, but the weakening influence of pain upon the system. If nervous, irritable and cannot sleep, take a tablet on retiring or when you awaken. This soothing influence upon the nerves brings refreshing sleep.
25 cents, 50 cents. Your druggist to buy.

One thing about this store doesn't

change with the thermometer nor the almanac: Our standard of quality keeps steady in one place; hot or cold, July or January, we mean to sell the best goods made.

As evidence of that purpose we remind you that we are the Hart Schaffner & Marx people of this town; and we've got some very fine summer clothes of their make waiting to be used. \$18 and \$20.

Clothes of their make waiting to be used. \$18 and \$20. Clothcraft Clothes, the best medium priced men's clothes of today. \$10 to \$18, made with a factory guarantee and we're back of it too.

A. L. Coons.

From Our Point of View

The Democratic county convention at Grand Rapids Saturday was a disgraceful affair; and doubtless many of the delegates came away feeling that they never would tempt Providence in like manner again. Men of high and patriotic motives do not associate with "statesmen" of the Bill Leonard and Jack Kriedler type for light reasons. One trouble with politics today is that thousands of good men and in every other sense good citizens neglect their political duties. The inclination is perfectly natural and no honorable, self-respecting man can come in competition with the wardheelers and bum element of a great city without feeling a righteous disinclination to repeat the experience. However, the interests of the state and nation demand that decent men shall assert themselves in the deliberations of parties in caucus and convention and at the polls. General failure in this direction would be disastrous.

SOME of our business men and property owners advocate the paving of Main and Bridge streets from

the Lowell house to Hudson street and it would certainly be a great improvement upon present conditions. To substitute for our present dirty and rough road a paved street that could be flushed and kept clean as a sidewalk would be a gain worth while. Let the matter of cost be investigated; and if the enterprise can be put through without being unduly burdensome, it surely ought to be done. Then it would no longer be true as is frequently stated "The business streets of Lowell are the worst roads in the township."

From the clubwomen of New York comes the proposal of a new holiday to be known as "Mother's day," object—"The honoring of the best mother who ever lived—your own." May 10 was the day selected and it was observed by the wearing of a white carnation. The sentiment is good; but men and women, boys and girls, can best honor their mothers by living good, useful and kind lives. Without this, any observance would be a vain show and hollow mockery.

OKLAHOMA says "no" to the proposition to make the American race mulatto, and shows how to stop such damnable work. It makes the intermarriage of negroes and whites a felony punishable by a fine of not more than \$500 and from one to five years imprisonment in the penitentiary and the minister solemnizing such a marriage is equally guilty of felony. This ought to make the race diners sit up and take notice. Oklahoma has shown us some good things, but none better than this.

MR. ROOSEVELT has been a record-making president in many ways; but history may show that the calling of the recent convention of the nations great men was one of the greatest acts of his administration. More enduring good may result from this and future conventions of the same sort than from any other act or policy of Theodore Roosevelt.

ALL efforts to prevent the nomination of Taft by the Republicans and of Bryan by the Democrats seem now doomed to failure. Those men will lead the opposing forces; and the fight in each national convention will be over the nominations for vice president. It will be a great campaign and with such leaders it ought to be a clean one.

AT THE cost of considerable labor a list of the new books recently added to the district library is printed in this issue of THE LEADER. It should be preserved for reference. It is high time the public was provided with catalogs. Few are aware of the material available for reference and reading and the library is doing far less good than it might were its light not kept under a bushel.

A YOUNG man staggering off the walk on one side, into the road on the other, falling down frequently and making a disgusting display of drunkenness generally, was a sight paraded before the pupils of the Central school one afternoon last week. It was a good or bad advertisement for the saloon business—according to your point of view.

The principal difference between the Democratic county convention at Hoppertown and that at Grand Rapids was that at the latter the disturbance was made by delegates from Plug Ugly alley, Ward Heeler

avenue and Saloon and Boodle streets of the city.

CHAIRMAN BROWN of the Democratic county convention tried Czar Reed and Joe Cannon tactics, with disastrous results.

WHEN I HAVE TIME

WHEN I have time, so many things I'll do
To make life happier and more fair,
For those whose lives are crowded now
with care;
I'll help to lift them from their low despair.
When I have time.

When I have time the friend I love so well
I shall know no more the many toiling days,
I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always,
And cheer her heart with words of sweetest praise.
When I have time.

When you have time, the friend you hold so dear
May be beyond the reach of all your sweet intent;
May never know that you so kindly meant
To fill her life with sweet content.
When you have time.

Now is the time. Ah, friend no longer wait
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer
To those around whose lives are now so dear;
They may not meet you in the coming year
Now is the time.
—(McCall's Magazine for June.)

FIFTEEN YEARS OF AGONY

Will You Continue to Suffer From Catarrh in the Face of This Testimony?

"I suffered for fifteen years with catarrhal troubles so bad that I had to leave the sea. I could not lie down at night to sleep, on account of the constant catarrhal drooping. I went to two different hospitals for treatment, but without any lasting benefit. I was constantly raising yellow and green phlegm, and the trouble was so unbearable and nauseating that I was ashamed to go out in company. I have used only two bottles of Hyomei, and have been cured by the remedy. It has made full and complete recovery."—Captain Willney.

Hyomei is a dry, healing, antiseptic air, extracted from the Eucalyptus groves of Australia. It is a pleasure to use Hyomei; because you do not take it into the stomach; you simply breathe in this germ-killing air, and relief is immediate, and complete recovery comes in a few days. Hyomei outfit, including an inhaler that will last a lifetime, costs \$1.00. If it does not cure your catarrh, asthma, bronchitis, coughs or colds, M. N. Henry will give you your money back.

OUR COUNTRY COUSINS

Hugh Slater closed his school in the Shafer district in Paris township May 15 and is at home on the farm at present.

Miss Maude Thompson and friend Martin Vanderjagt visited the former's grandmother in this village Sunday afternoon.

Dr. J. A. Clark and family have moved from Chicago to New Mexico. Raymond Rubrecht of Milwaukee visited his parents in this village over Sunday May 10.

Miss Cassie Clark of Ada is with her mother Mrs. Helen Clark this week who is still caring for her sister Mrs. E. R. Johnson.

Orlow Tillyer is a guest of the Coe brothers.

The Ladies' Aid society meets at the church this Thursday a. m.

Dr. Hutchinson of Grand Rapids met in counsel with Dr. Breece Sunday in the case of Mrs. E. R. Johnson who is rapidly falling.

Born—in Valley City, May 10, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lillie, a daughter.

B. F. Whitmore who has been conducting a drug store in this village the past four years has closed out and purchased a drug store business at Cannonsburg;

Rare Investment Opportunity

Here at Home With People You know.

The stockholders of the Lowell Specialty Company, having increased their capital stock to \$75,000 offer to the people of Lowell and vicinity one of the best opportunities for investing money. The new stock has nearly all been sold but a small block will be offered to the people of Lowell and vicinity with the company's guarantee attached to repurchase the stock at par at any time within sixty days after written request is made.

This Stock is Now Ready for Issue

and can be obtained from the President, Secretary or Treasurer of the Company. It is payable on or before September 1, 1908, but will draw 6 per cent per annum for time paid before that date. Only a limited amount of this stock will be issued and those wishing to take advantage of this rare opportunity should

Act at Once. Don't Be too Late.

This stock has always paid 6 per cent and better, is non-assessable and the prospects of the company are better than ever before. You are offered a safe and sure investment with people you know. Take it now.

Board of Directors:

President, JOHN S. BERGIN,
Secretary, J. B. NICHOLSON,
Treasurer, R. B. LOVELAND,

D. G. LOOK,
W. A. WATTS,
F. W. HINYAN,

CHRIS. BERGIN,
G. G. TOWNSLEY,
C. L. CARL.

Lowell, Mich., May 7, 1908.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Whitford of Crosby visited the latter's brother R. J. Slater and family one day recently.

Valued Same as Gold.

B. G. Stewart, a merchant of Cedar View, Miss., says: "I tell my customers when they buy a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills they get the worth of that much gold in weight. It afflicted with constipation, malaria or biliousness." Sold under guarantee at D. G. Look's drug store. 25c.

LOGAN.

W. H. Seese and gang of men are building a barn at Dotton this week.

Miss Ida Livingston of Freepert visited at the home of Charles Hooper and her uncle Noah Thomas the past week.

Mrs. H. W. Seese and Mrs. N. Ford spent Thursday at the home of the former's brother John Brighton at Zion Hill.

Married at the home of the bride's parents May 14, Wm. Mishler and Mattie Roush both of this place. They have the best wishes of their many friends.

George Ford spent Wednesday at the home of his brother Robert Ford at South Lowell.

Most of the eighth grade pupils of the Logan school took the examination held at North Bowne last week.

Special meetings were held at the Old Mennonite church Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Kelley and daughter visited friends at Freepert Sunday.

A Californian's Luck.

"The luckiest day of my life was when I bought a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve," writes Charles E. Budahn, of Tracy, California. "Two 25c. boxes cured me of an annoying case of itching piles, which had troubled me for years and that yielded to no other treatment." Sold under guarantee at D. G. Look's drug store.

VERGENNES STATION.

Jas. Scott, wife and sister of Remus gave several evening entertainments at the Keech hall.

We had the worst storm last Sunday evening that was ever known here. Rain and hail fell until a person couldn't see across the street. Lightning struck a maple tree and set it a-fire on the farm of Mr. McAndrews. He had just taken his horses from that tree but a short time before it was struck.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Richmond have got moved to their new home on the Jas. Lynn farm which he purchased some time ago.

Messrs. Barr and Pant finished C. Blosser's fence here last Wednesday and went to Stephen Rennell's.

Mr. Quillan Sr., who is 94 years old walked 12 miles Tuesday to visit old friends and neighbors.

Mrs. Asa Jakeway and daughter Saddle of Moseley were callers at Ringville Saturday.

Mrs. Ray Cave is housekeeper for W. H. Keech.

The World's Best Climate

Is not entirely free from disease, on the high elevations fevers prevail, while on the lower levels malaria is encountered to a greater or less extent, according to altitude. To overcome climate affections, lassitude, malaria, jaundice, biliousness, fever and ague, and general debility, the most effective remedy is Electric Bitters, the great alterative and blood purifier; the antidote for every form of bodily weakness, nervousness, and insomnia. Sold under guarantee at D. G. Look's drug store. Price 50c.

MORSE LAKE.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Klahn and two children spent Sunday with their parents Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Hill.

Miss Lillian Skelding of Grand Rapids spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Skelding.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Yelter and son of Freepert are visiting at the homes of their parents Messrs. Yelter and Clark.

John Hartley Jr., spent Saturday and Sunday with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Hartley.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Winks drove to Wayland Monday to visit relatives.

Frank Clark and family spent Sunday with Walter Blakeslee and family.

Lewis McDiarmid has moved his family into the tenant house of George Lewis.

Charles Winks had the misfortune to have a sheep killed by lightning Monday night.

Mrs. Nina Hartley and daughter Winnie called on Mrs. Charles Blakeslee Tuesday.

Miss Letha Blakeslee was the guest of her cousin Miss Letha Blakeslee several days last week.

Miss Mary Menzies of Lowell was the guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Duell recently.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Duell took in the excursion to Reed's Lake and John Ball park Sunday.

Children's day exercises will be observed at the West Lowell M. E. church Sunday June 2. Everyone invited to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Clark spent Sunday with their parents Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell at Lowell.

Ideal theater, complete change Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays New piano.

LOWELL WEEKLY MARKET REPORT.

Corrected May 21, 1908.

Wheat 60 lb.....	\$ 98
Middlings per ton.....	30 00
Corn Meal per ton.....	30 00
Oats.....	53
Corn.....	70
Rye.....	72
Buckwheat.....	75
Corn and oats per ton.....	\$11 00
Brn per ton.....	30 00
Flour.....	2 00
Blackwheat flour.....	3 00
Baled hay.....	13
Eggs.....	73
Butter lb.....	18
Lard.....	10
Beans (hand-picked busis).....	2 25
Potatoes.....	50
Timothy.....	2 00—2 50
Clover seed per bu.....	14 50
Beef live per cwt.....	3 00—4 50
Beef dressed.....	7 50—9 00
Veal dressed.....	6 00—6 50
Sheep live.....	4 00—5 00
Lamb live.....	7 00—7 50
Calves live.....	4 00—4 50
Pork live.....	5 25
Pork dressed.....	7 00—7 25
Fowls dressed.....	11—12
Hides.....	04½

Prepare For Warm Weather.

Gasoline Stoves and Refrigerators at bottom prices.

EDLEMAN'S HARDWARE.

Shirt Waists and Shirt Waist Suits.

We have the largest and best line of ready-to-wear summer suits ever shown in Lowell.

Do not forget that we carry a full line of Children's WASH Dresses and rompers. Prices 50c to \$1.50. Buy them early while our stock is complete.

Come to us for your Delineator. We carry the Buttrick Patterns in stock.

E. R. Collar, - PAIRALL



Underwear

The change is made. Winter goods are now on the ledge and the Summer kind in the shelf.

I Can Show You

a nice quality natural color 25c. A better grade black and cream 50c. Summer-weight wool at 50c and \$1 Union Suits at \$1 to \$2 and \$3.

I am showing the best line of Spring and Summer goods I ever put in stock, including the sleeveless shirts and knee length drawers.

Ask to see the new ones.

Mart Simpson
Lowell.

The Modesty of Women

Naturally makes them shrink from the delicate questions, the obnoxious examinations, and unpleasant local treatments, which some physicians consider essential in the treatment of diseases of women. Yet, if help can be had, it is better to submit to this ordeal than let the disease grow and spread. The trouble is that so often the woman undergoes all the annoyance and shame for nothing. Thousands of women who have been cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription write in appreciation of the cure which dispenses with the examinations and local treatments. There is no other medicine so sure and safe for delicate women as "Favorite Prescription." It cures debilitating drains, irregularity and female weakness. It always helps. It almost always cures. It is strictly non-alcoholic, non-secret, all its ingredients being printed on its bottle-wrapper; contains no deleterious or habit-forming drugs, and every native medicinal root entering into its composition has the full endorsement of those most eminent in the several schools of medical practice. Some of these numerous and strongest of professional endorsements of its ingredients, will be found in a pamphlet mailed free on request, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y. These professional endorsements should have far more weight than any amount of the ordinary lay, or non-professional testimonials.

The most intelligent women now-a-days insist on knowing what they take as medicine instead of opening their mouths like a lot of young birds and gulping down whatever is offered them. "Favorite Prescription" is of known composition. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 21 cent stamps for paper-covered, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound. It is sent by mail, free of charge by letter. All such communications are held sacredly confidential.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorate and regulate stomach, liver and bowels.

Railroad Trains Leaving Lowell.

PERE MARQUETTE.
For Saginaw: 7:50 a. m., 5:55, p. m.
For Grand Rapids: *10:43, a. m., *3:50 p. m., 8:45, p. m.
For Belding: 10 a. m., For Freeport 3:50 p. m.
*Connect at Elmdale for Detroit GRAND TRUNK.
Time Table in Effect April 25, 1908
East bound: 6:37 a. m., 7:38 a. m., *9:35 a. m., 2:57 p. m., 7:16, p. m.*
West bound: 9:58 a. m., *12:15, p. m., 5:12 p. m., 8:35 p. m., 8:55 p. m.*
A. O. Heydlauff, Agent.

TREES

Peach, Apple, Plum, Pear, Vines, Shrubs, etc.

Full assortment of best up-to-date varieties.

N. P. Husted & Co.

HOFFMAN & SON

PLUMBERS & CONTRACTORS

Modern bath room outfits a specialty. We install Hot Water and Steam Plants, Range Boilers, Sinks, Closets and Well Pumps, Hydrants, and connect with city water mains, also make sewer connections. We have 30 years of experience and guarantee our work. Call and see us before going elsewhere. One door south of Lowell State Bank, Lowell Mich.

ALL KINDS OF REPAIR WORK.

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialty.

G. G. TOWSLEY, M. D.
Office over McCarty's store Lowell, Mich.

When in Need of FANCY GROCERIES

Telephone No. 89
Flynn & Nerreter.

Dr. J. P. Draper, V. S.

Treats all diseases of Horses and other Domestic animals.
Calls promptly attended to day or night.
Office at Residence, Jones House second north of old Lowell Hotel. Phone-144

Harley Maynard

PLUMBING
and all work in connection with City Water System.

Phone 182

The KING of DIAMONDS.

By Louis Tracy,
Author of "Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," Etc.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, By EDWARD J. CLODE.

Synopsis
CHAPTER I—At Johnson's Mews, a slum in London, Phillip Anson, a well reared boy of about fifteen, loses his mother, the only relative, so far as he knows, that he has in the world. He finds a package of letters, many of them from a Sir Phillip Morland, refusing aid to Mrs. Anson. Mrs. Anson was a Miss Morland and was thought by her relatives to have married beneath her station. II—During a great storm Phillip saves a little girl, addressed as Elif, from being crushed by a carriage. In his squalid apartments Phillip, sick of the outlook and discouraged, is about to hang himself when a huge meteor falls into the courtyard. Phillip, sympathetic and imaginative, regards it as a message from his mother in heaven. III—With some fragments of the meteor Phillip goes to a jeweler. He is told that they are diamonds and is referred to Isaacstein & Co., London's largest dealers in diamonds. IV—Isaacstein is astounded by the gems Phillip shows him and has the boy arrested. V—Isaacstein explains in court that the gems are doubtless of recent meteoric origin.

CHAPTER 5 (continued)

After a tumbling journey through unseemly streets he emerged into another walled-in courtyard. He was led through more corridors and told to "skip lively" up a winding staircase. At the top he came out into a big room, with a well-like space in front of him, filled with a huge table, around which sat several gentlemen, among them Mr. Isaacstein, while on an elevated platform beyond was an elderly man, who wore eyeglasses and who wrote something in a book without looking up when Phillip's name was called out.

A police inspector, whom Phillip had not seen before, made a short statement and was followed by the constable who effected the arrest. His story was brief and correct, and then the inspector stated that Mr. Wilson of Grant & Sons, Ludgate Circus, would be called at the next hearing, as he—the inspector—would ask for a remand to enable inquiries to be made. Meanwhile Mr. Isaacstein of Hatton Garden had made it convenient to attend that day and would be pleased to give evidence if his worship desired to hear him.

"Certainly," said Mr. Abingdon, the magistrate. "This seems to be a somewhat peculiar case, and I will be glad if Mr. Isaacstein can throw any light upon it."

But Mr. Isaacstein could not do any such thing. He wound up a succinct account of Phillip's visit and utterances by declaring that there was no collection of meteoric diamonds known to him from which such a remarkable set of stones could be stolen.

This emphatic statement impressed the magistrate.

"Let me see them," he said. The parcel was handed up to him, and he examined its contents with obvious interest.

"Are you quite sure of their meteoric origin, Mr. Isaacstein?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Can you form any estimate of their probable value?"

"About £50,000."

The reply startled the magistrate, and it sent a thrill through the court.

"Really! So much!" Mr. Abingdon was almost scared.

"If, after cutting, they turn out as well as I expect, that is a moderate estimate of their worth."

"I take it, from what you say, that meteoric diamonds are rare?"

Isaacstein closed his throat with a premonitory cough and bunched up his shoulders. A slight wobble was steadied by his stumpy hands on the rail of the witness box. He was really the greatest living authority on the subject, and he knew it.

"It is a common delusion among diamond miners that diamonds fall from the skies in meteoric showers," he said. "There is some sort of foundation for this mistaken view, as the stones are found in volcanic pipes or columns of diamantiferous material, and the crude idea is that gigantic meteors fell and plowed these deep holes, distributing diamonds in all directions as they passed. But the so-called pipes are really the vents of extinct volcanoes. Ignorant people do not realize that the chemical composition of the earth does not differ greatly from that of the bodies which surround it in space, so that the same process of manufacture under high temperature and at great pressure which creates a diamond in a meteor has equal powers here. In a word, what has happened in the outer universe has also happened at Kimberley. Iron acts as the solvent during the period of creation, so to speak. Then in the lapse of ages it oxidizes by the action of air or water and the diamonds remain."

The magistrate nodded.

"There are particles of a mineral that looks like iron among these stones?" he said.

The question gave Isaacstein time to draw a fresh supply of breath. Sure of his audience now, he proceeded more slowly.

"That is a certain proof of a meteoric source. A striking confirmation of the fact is supplied by a district in Arizona. Here, on a plain five miles in diameter, are scattered thousands of

ed to the unwashed, whose palates dried and tongues swelled at the notion.

CHAPTER VI.

PHILIP knew that a fresh ordeal was at hand. How could he preserve his secret, how hope to prevail against the majesty of the British law as personified by the serene authority of the man whose penetrating glance now rested on him? His was a dour and stubborn nature, though hardly molded as yet in rigid lines. He threw back his head and tightened his lips. He would cling to his anonymity to the bitter end, no matter what the cost. But he would not lie. Never again would he condescend to adopt a subterfuge.

"Phillip Morland," began the magistrate.

"My name is not Phillip Morland," interrupted the boy.

"Then what is your name?"

"I will not tell you, sir. I mean no disrespect, but the fact that I am treated as a criminal merely because I wish to dispose of my property warns me of what I may expect if I state publicly who I am and where I live."

For the first time the magistrate heard the correct and well modulated flow of Phillip's speech. If anything, it made more dense the mist through which he was trying to grope his way.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean that if I state who I am I will be robbed and swindled by all with whom I come in contact. I have starved, I have been beaten for trying to earn a living. I was struck last night for saving a girl's life. I was arrested and dragged through the streets handcuffed this morning because I went openly to a dealer to sell a portion—sell some of my diamonds. I will take no more risks. You may imprison me, but you cannot force me to speak. If you are a fair man you will give me back my diamonds and let me go free."

This outburst fairly electrified the court. Phillip could not have adopted a more disconcerting tone were he the governor of the Bank of England charged with passing a counterfeit half crown. The magistrate was as surprised as any.

"I do not wish to argue with you," he said quietly, "nor do I expect you to commit yourself in any way, but you must surely see that for a poverty stricken boy to be found in possession of gems of great marketable value is a circumstance that demands inquiry, however honest and—er—well bred you may be."

"The only witness against me has said that the diamonds could not have been stolen," cried Phillip, now thoroughly aroused and ready for any war of wits.

"Quite true. The inference is that you have discovered a meteoric deposit of diamonds."

"I have. Some—not all—are before you."

A tremor shook the court. Isaacstein swallowed something, and his head sank more deeply below his shoulders.

"Then I take it that you will not inform me of the locality of this deposit?"

"Yes."

"And you think that by disclosing your name and address you will reveal that locality?"

Phillip grew red.

"Is it fair," he said, with a curious leanness in his tone, "that a man of your age should use his position and knowledge to try to trip a boy who is brought before you on a false charge?"

It was the magistrate's turn to look slightly confused. There was some asperity in his reply.

"I am not endeavoring to trip you, but rather to help you to free yourself from a difficult position. However, do I understand that you refuse to answer my questions?"

"I do!" The young voice rang through the building with amazing fierceness.

Mr. Abingdon bent over the big book in front of him and scribbled something.

"Remanded for a week," he muttered.

"Downstairs," growled the court jailer, and Phillip disappeared from sight. The magistrate was left gazing at the packet of diamonds, and he called Isaacstein, the clerk of the court and two police inspectors into his private office for a consultation.

Meanwhile London was placarded with Phillip's adventures that Saturday evening. Contents bills howled in their blackest and biggest type, news vendors howled themselves hoarse over this latest sensation, journalistic ferrets combined theory and imagination in the effort to spin out more "copy," Scotland Yard set its keenest detectives at work to reveal the secret of Phillip's identity, while Isaacstein, acting on the magistrate's instructions, wrote to every possible source of information in the effort to obtain some clew as to recent meteoric showers.

No one thought of connecting the great storm with the "diamond mystery." Meteors usually fall from a clear sky and are in no way affected by atmospheric disturbances, their normal habitat being far beyond the influence of the earth's envelope of air.

And so the "hunt for the meteor" commenced and was kept up with zest for many days. "Have you found it?" became the stock question of the humorist and might be addressed with impunity to any stranger, particularly if the stranger were a nice looking girl. No one answered "What?" because of the weird replies that were forthcoming.

The police failed utterly in their efforts to discover Phillip's identity or residence. Johnson's Mews, Mile End road, might as well be in Timbuctu for all the relation it bore to Ludgate Hill or Hatton Garden. An East End policeman might have recognized Phillip had he seen him, but the official description of his clothing and personal appearance applied to thousands of hobbleshoyas in every district in London.

Two persons among the 6,000,000 of the metropolis alone possessed the knowledge that would have led the inquirers along the right track. The doctor who attended Mrs. Anson in her last illness, had he read the newspaper comment on the boy's speech and mannerisms, might have seen the coincidence supplied by the Christian name and thus been led to make some further investigation. But his hands were full of trouble of his own account. A dispenser mixed a prescription wrongly and dosed a patient with half an ounce of arsenic instead of half an ounce of cream of tartar. The subsequent inquest gave the doctor enough to do, and the first paper he had leisure to peruse contained a bare reference to the "diamond mystery" as revealing no further developments. He passed the paragraph unread.

The remaining uncertain element centered in old O'Brien, the pensioner. Now it chanced that the treasury had discovered that by a clerical mistake in a warrant the old man had been drawing twopenny a day in excess of his rightful pension for thirty-three years. Some humorist in Whitehall thereupon sent him a demand for £103 and 15 shillings, and the member of the Whitechapel division was compelled to adopt stern tactics in the house before the matter was adjusted, and O'Brien was allowed to receive the reduced quarterly stipend then due. During that awful crisis the poor old fellow hardly ate or slept. Even when it had ended the notion remained firmly fixed in his mind that the "murderin' government had robbed him of a hundred golden sovereigns an' more."

As for newspapers, the only item he read during many days was the question addressed by his "mimber" to the chancellor of the exchequer and the brief reply thereto, both of which were fixed beforehand by mutual arrangement.

In one instance the name given and afterward repudiated by the boy did attract some attention. On the Monday following the remand a lady sat at breakfast in a select West End hotel and languidly perused the record of the case until her eye caught the words "Phillip Morland." Then her air of delicate hauteur vanished, and she left her breakfast untouched until, with hawklike curving of neck and nervous clutching of hands, she had read every line of the police court romance. She was a tall, thin, aristocratic looking woman, with eyes set too closely together, a curved nose like the beak of a bird of prey and hands covered with a leathery skin suggesting talons. Her attire and pose were elegant, but she did not seem to be a pleasant sort of person. Her lips parted in a vinegary smile as she read. She evidently did not believe one word of the newspaper report in so far as the diamonds were concerned.

"A vulgar swindle!" she murmured to herself. "How is it possible for a police magistrate to be taken in in such a manner? I suppose Isaacstein knows more about it than appears on the surface. But how came the boy to give that name? It is sufficiently uncommon to be remarkable. How stupid it was of Julie to mislay my dressing case! It would be really interesting to know what has become of those people, and now I may have to leave town before I can find out."

How much further her disjointed comments might have gone it is impossible to say, but at that moment a French maid entered the room and gazed inquiringly around the various small tables with which it was filled. At last she found the lady, who was breakfasting alone, and sped swiftly toward her.

"I am so glad, milady," she said, speaking in French. "The bag has found itself at the police station. The cabman brought it there, and, if you please, milady, as the value was given as £8, he claimed a reward of £1."

"Which you will pay yourself. You lost the bag," was the curt reply. "Where is it?"

The maid's value was somewhat fearful as she answered:

"In milady's room. I paid the sovereign."

Her ladyship rose and glided gracefully toward the door, followed by the maid, who whispered to a French waiter—bowing most deferentially to the guest as he held the door open—that her mistress was a cat. He confided his own opinion that her ladyship was a holy pig, and the two passed along a corridor.

Lady Morland hastily tore open the recovered dressing case and consulted an address book.

"Oh, here it is!" she cried triumphantly. "No. 3 Johnson's Mews, Mile End road, E. What a horrid smelling place. However, Messrs. Sharpe & Smith will now be able to obtain some definite intelligence for me. Julie! My carriage in ten minutes."

It happened that during the afternoon a dapper little clerk descended from an omnibus in the neighborhood of Johnson's Mews and began his inquiries, as all Londoners do, by consulting a policeman. Certain facts were forthcoming.

"A Mrs. Anson, a widow, who lived in Johnson's Mews? Yes, I think a woman of that name died a few weeks ago. I remember seeing a funeral leave the mews. I don't know anything about the boy. Sometimes when I pass through there at night I have seen a light in the house. However, here it is. Let's have a look at it."

(To be continued)

Eggs for hatching from thoroughbred Buff Plymouth Rocks.

Have a few to spare at \$1.00 per setting. Exhibition mating at \$2.00 per setting.

D. G. Mango, Lowell, Mich.

Mi-o-na Means Stomach Comfort.

Its of Special Value to Many Here in Lowell.

A notable discovery and one than appeals especially to many people in Lowell is the combination of stomach help in the Mi-o-na treatment. This preparation works wonders in case of indigestion or weak stomach.

It acts directly upon the walls of the stomach and bowels, strengthening and stimulating them so that they readily take care of the food that is eaten without distress or suffering.

No positive are the good effects following the use of Mi-o-na that the remedy is sold by M. N. Henry under an absolute guarantee to refund the money if it fails to cure. A 50 cent box of Mi-o-na will do the good the stomach needs which is simply to make it do its own work.

EXCURSION

VIA PERE MARQUETTE

SUNDAY, MAY 31

TO Saginaw or Bay City

Train will leave Lowell at 8:05 a. m. Returning, leave Bay City at 6:00 p. m. Saginaw at 6:30 p. m.

Round Trip Fares

To Alma.....\$1.30
To Saginaw or Bay City \$1.75
To Greenville......55

SPLENDID BARGAIN

in 80-ACRE FARM

12 miles from Grand Rapids. Fair Buildings, Good Soil, Beautiful Situation, Fine View.

Twenty three acres meadow, 5 wheat, 10 acres oats in fine condition, 5 acres timber, 4 acres orchard.

Also good team, harness and tools, 2 cows, 25 chickens, 10 acres corn ground.

All For \$4,000.

Address H. B. Sinclair, R. R. 45, Ada Mich. Citizens' phone Cascade.

Residence 1 mile south, 2 miles east Cascade village.

The Gratiot Dental Parlors

129 Monroe St. Grand Rapids is the only Dental Office in the state where real Painless Dentistry is done at a moderate price.

\$5 for a fully warranted set of teeth with a written Guarantee.

50c for best silver fillings any size. 25c for Painless extracting.

Our office is the largest and cleanest in the state. We have two ladies in attendance.

Come in the morning and go home in the evening with your new teeth or the old ones all fixed up.

Examination free; we tell you to the Penny what your work will cost before you owe us anything. We do not want your dollar unless we can give you a Dollars worth.

Dr. Frederick Oslus, Genl. Mgr., 129 Monroe St. Ch. Phone 959



NEW LIBRARY BOOKS

List of New Books Recently Received at Lowell School Library.

- Under the Crust Thomas N. Page
The Shepherd of the Hills Harold B. Wright
The Old Peabody Kate D. Wiggin
The Story of My Childhood Clara Barton
Fighting Chance Robt. W. Chambers
Half a Rogue Harold McGrath
The Port of Missing Men Merideth Nicholson
The Lion and the Mouse Chas. DeW. Arthur Hornblow
The Conquest of Canada Booth Tarkington
New Chronicles of Rebecca
The Scarlet Car Richard H. Davis
Eben Holden's Last Day A Fishin' Irving Bacheller
Aunt Jane of Kentucky Eliza Calvert Hall
The Transfiguration of Miss Phillura Florence Klugey
That Printer of Udell's Harold B. Wright
A Horse's Tale Mark Twain
The Dawn of a Tomorrow Frances H. Burnett
Rose of the River Kate D. Wiggin
Leonard and Gertrude Pestalozzi
Kipling's Poems Robert H. Schautler
Harper's Electricity Book for Boys Joseph H. Adams
A Music Lover Henry Vanduyke
Myths of Greece and Rome H. A. Guerber
Lincoln at Gettysburg Clark E. Carr
The Appreciation of Literature George E. Woodbury
Allee Same Francis A. Matthews
Betty Baird Anna H. Welkel
Betty Baird's Ventures Anna H. Welkel
The Next Door Morelands Emily W. Lewis
Patty in Paris Carolyn Wells
Six Girls and the Tea Room Marian A. Taggart
The Spirit of the School Ralph Barbour
The Second Violin Grace Richmond
Child's Religion in Song and Story Georgia Chamberlin Mary H. Kern
Child's Garden of Verses Robert L. Stevenson
Teddy Bears Ada Louise Suttton
True to his Home Hezekiah Butterworth
The Story the Keg told W. Murray
Sunnyside Tad Phillip Michels
Captain June Alice H. Rice
Able Ann George M. Martin
Hymns Every Child Should Know Dolores Bacon
Our Little French Cousin Mary H. Wade
Our Little Philippine Cousin Mary H. Wade
Our Little Turkish Cousin Mary H. Wade
Southern Stories Retold from St. Nicholas
Western Stories Retold from St. Nicholas
Stories of the Great Lakes Retold from St. Nicholas
A West Point Yearling Capt. Paul B. Malone
Quicksilver Sue Laura E. Richards
Betty Wales Junior Margaret Warde
Betty Wales Senior Margaret Warde
The Minute Boys of South Carolina James Otis
Ten Indian Hunters Mary H. Wade
The Forest Messenger Edward Ellis
The Mountain Star " "
Queen of the Clouds " "
The Great Cattle Trail " "
Path in the Ravine " "
The Young Ranchers " "
Shod with Silence " "
Phantom of the River " "
In the Days of the Pioneers " "
Four Boys in the Land of Cotton Everett T. Tomlinson
Four Boys in the Yellowstone Everett T. Tomlinson
Camping on the St. Lawrence Everett T. Tomlinson
My Friend Jim Frank T. Merrill
Nick in the Woods Robert M. Bird
Dynamo and Electric Motors Paul N. Hasluck
Mistakes in Teaching Jas. L. Hughes
A Reader in Physical Geography Richard E. Dodge
Elementary Physical Geography Ralph S. Tarr
Commercial Law Salter S. Clark
Familiar Flowers of Field and Garden F. Schuyler Matthews
Business Law Thomas R. White
Minerals and how to Study Them Edward S. Dana
The Teaching of Chemistry and Physics Alex. Smith Edwin H. Hall
Our Northern Shrubs Harriet Keeler
Mushrooms George Atkinson
After College What? For Girls Helen E. Starrett
The Self Made Man in American Life Grover Cleveland
Loving My Neighbor J. R. Miller
General Physics Charles Hastings
Principles of Physics Frederick Bench
Outlines of Lessons in Physics 2 vols. Alfred Daniell
A Reader in Botany 2 vols. Jane H. Newell
Experimental Science 2 vols. George M. Hopkins
Latin English Dictionary John T. White
German English Dictionary G. J. Adler
Aspects of the Earth N. S. Shaler
Earth Sculpture James Gekke
Philosophy of Teaching Arnold Tompkins
Talks about Law E. P. Dole
Man and the Glacial Period G. Frederick Wright
Life of Whittier W. Sloane Kennedy
Life of Longfellow " "
Electrical Instrument Making for Amateurs S. R. Botton
Getting on in the World Wm. Matthews
Volcanoes John W. Judd
Beginnings with the Microscope Walter P. Manton
Hand Book of Field Botany Walter P. Manton
Whirlwinds, Cyclones and Tornadoes Wm. Morris Davis
Securing and Retaining Attention James L. Hughes
Chemistry in Daily Life Dr. Lassar Cohen
The Story of a Busy Life. Recollections of Mrs. George A. Paul J. R. Miller
The Earth and Man Arnold Guyot
Talks on Teaching Francis W. Parke

MUST HAVE BEEN THERE

Did the Hoppertown Gazette Man Attend Democratic County Convention.

Roy K. Moulton, the Hoppertown Gazette man, in the Grand Rapids Press furnishes a county convention article that sounds familiar to those who witnessed the row at the Democratic county convention last Saturday. For lack of a better account we quote the Hoppertown article in full.

The Democratic county convention was held last Saturday afternoon in the roller skatin' rink back of the Huttel Hoppertown and this man's town hadn't seen so much excitement since Grandma Whipple returned from West Hickeyville three years ago with a new set of false teeth. Hank Tumms of Hoppertown and Silas Peavey of Peavey Junction both wanted to be delegate at large to the national convention and that caused so much trouble that Constable Ezra Hand had to be called in several times to preserve order, but Ezra said he didn't see any to preserve.

After Rufus Hardscrabble of Hardscrabble township had been elected chairman Uncle Ezra Harkins of this town rose and said:

"Mr. chairman and gentlemen of the convention—

"Where are the gentlemen?" demanded Amos Briggs in a loud tone of voice, "I don't see any."

"Set down," roared the seven delegates from Peavey Junction in unison, having been thoroughly rehearsed by their chairman.

"I am about to make a motion," screamed Uncle Ezra menacingly. "No you're not," yelled Hank Tumms rising and shaking his fist, "You only think you are."

"This convention ain't Democratic," screamed Uncle Ezra. "There is too much boss rule here."

"Not by a darn sight. The gentleman from Hoppertown is out of order," said the chairman.

"They're all out of order," yelled the delegation from Peavey Junction. "I've been a Democrat for forty years," continued Uncle Ezra.

"And a dum poor one at that," returned the chairman.

During this pleasant byplay Grandpa Bibbins rose to a point of order nine times, but the chairman couldn't see the point.

"There are three delegations here from West Hickeyville," exploded Abijah Tanner of Proutys Corners vehemently.

"What of it?" demanded the chair.

"What of it?" repeated Big, as his celluloid collar began to creak. "I'll tell you what of it—

"You're a liar," interrupted Hank Tumms. "You won't tell anything."

"The point is well taken and the objection is sustained," declared the chair. "We will now proceed to the next order of business."

"No we won't," cried Delegate Tanner. "By hok y, you won't work no Joe Cannon business here."

"Hurrar. Give it to him Big," yelled the Proutys Corners delegation.

"Set down," hollered the Peavey Junction delegation.

"Order, order!" screamed the chairman, pounding on the table with a neckyoke. "Who in tunket is runnin' this convention, anyhow?"

"You ain't," replied Grandpa Bibbins. "I rise to a point of order."

"Officer arrest that man," cried the chair, pointing at Grandpa with the neckyoke.

"He dasent," yelled Grandpa defiantly. "He owes me four dollars."

"Officer, do your duty," demanded the chairman.

"All right," responded Constable Hand and he went over and paid Grandpa the four dollars.

"Get a new copper," demanded the chairman.

"You're a liar," yelled some one in the back part of the hall.

"Who said that?" asked the chairman, grabbing the neckyoke and starting to get down from the platform.

"I did, Rufe," hollered William Tibbitts. "And if you come back here with that neckyoke there will be a lot of folks walking slow after you day arter tomorrow."

"I move the previous question," yelled a Proutys Corners delegate with a bald head, as the chairman reluctantly climbed back onto the platform.

"Which one?" demanded the chair.

"The questions have all been too dummed previous, in my opinion."

"Your opinion?" snorted Grandpa Bibbins. "What in the name of Julius Caesar does your opinion amount to? You ain't the whole convention. During my sixty years in the party I have never—

"Set down," yelled the Peavey Junction delegation.

"Sand the track, Grandpa, you're slippin'," said Hank Tumms.

"Whiskers," hollered the Proutys Corners delegation.

"You're a nature faker," yelled Grandpa at the chairman, trembling with rage.

"Listen at him quoting Roosevelt and still he says he is a Democrat," said the chairman.

"Put him out," hollered Hod Peters of Hoppertown.

"All in favor say 'aye,'" said the chairman.

"Aye," yelled everybody but Grandpa.

"All opposed say 'no'."

"No," yelled everybody again, in cluding Grandpa.

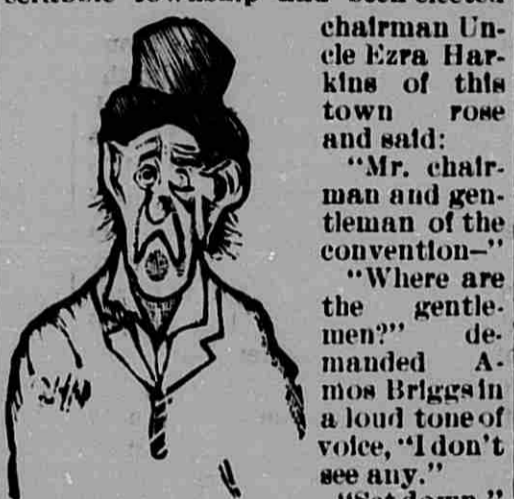
"I move we consider," said Hank Tumms.

"I move an amendment to the reconsideration," said Amos Briggs.

"I move the amendment be laid on the table," said Hi Huggins.

"I move we adjourn," said William Tibbitts.

"Tibbitts ain't a delegate," yelled Hank Tumms.



A Delegate from Peavey Junction.

"I'm just as good a Democrat as you be, darn ye," replied Tibbitts. "No you ain't," replied Hank. "You voted for local option."

"No man kin say that and live," hollered Tibbitts, as he climbed over the chairs toward Hank.

After ten minutes Constable Hand succeeded in prying them apart with a crowbar. In the meantime the West Hickeyville and Peavey Junction delegations had got together and had busted up three dozen foldin' chairs and added thirteen black eyes to the decorations.

"We will now listen to the report of the committee on resolutions," declared the chairman pounding on the table with the neckyoke so hard that one of the iron hooks on the end flew off and hit Grandpa Bibbins in the eye.

"I rise to a point of order," screamed Grandpa. "This is gettin' to be a regular burlesque show. In all of my seventy years in the party, I never—

"Can't somebody make old whiskers keep still, asked a Peavey Junction man.

"You're a liar," yelled Hank Tumms.

"You're another," yelled the Peavey Junction man.

"All in favor of me, foller me and we will hold a rump convention," hollered Hank Tumms.

And they done it.

Roy K. Moulton.



Miss Clara Priest arrived here Sunday morning from Alberta, Canada, to visit her sister Mrs. Harley Mullen.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Rolf of Grand Rapids came Sunday morning for a short visit with the former's parents Mr. and Mrs. Alva Rolf.

School began again Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hesche and children of Seeley Corners were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Green Sunday.

Wm. Mullen Jr. was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Mullen at Lowell Saturday and Sunday.

Miss J. B. Easterday is visiting her daughter Mrs. Clarence Wheaton in North Lowell this week.

VERGENNES.

Born—in Vergennes, Monday, May 11, to Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Clemens, a daughter.

Mrs. Melville McPherson and two children are visiting the former's parents at Atwood, Antrim county.

Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Odell, Mr. and Mrs. John Krum, Miss Anna Peters and Miss Jessie O'Harrow were in Grand Rapids Saturday, the gentlemen attending the Democratic convention.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Bailey and Mr. and Mrs. Phil Dickson attended the wedding of the ladies' brother John Gott in Grand Rapids last Thursday evening.

Mrs. Allen Bennett is on the sick list.

Mrs. Don Collar is ill.

Otis Bailey was in Grand Rapids Friday.

MEKLEY CORNERS.

Mrs. George Batey formerly of this place has been spending the past week with Mrs. Jas. Green.

Ella Shilton of Grand Rapids is visiting her cousin Ethel Shilton.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ingersoll and Mr. and Mrs. Ray Cornell of Lowell spent Sunday with Loren Lewis and family.

Willie Hesche and wife visited Charley McIntyre's family Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Cowles of Traverse City are making an extended visit with the latter's parents Mr. and Mrs. Levi Burras.

Mrs. L. J. Tidd and little son Victor spent Saturday night and Sunday with the former's parents Mr. and Mrs. Orville Reynolds.

We are glad to hear our correspondent from Cascade is able to be back in her own home again.

Over-Work Weakens Your Kidneys.

Unhealthy Kidneys Make Impure Blood.

All the blood in your body passes through your kidneys once every three minutes.

The kidneys are your blood purifiers. They filter out the waste or impurities in the blood.

If they are sick or out of order, they fail to do their work.

Pains, aches and rheumatism come from excess of uric acid in the blood, due to neglected kidney trouble.

Kidney trouble causes quick or unsteady heart beats, and makes one feel as though they had heart trouble, because the heart is overworking in pumping thick, kidney-poisoned blood through veins and arteries.

It used to be considered that only urinary troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all constitutional diseases have their beginning in kidney trouble.

If you are sick you can make no mistake by first doctoring your kidneys. The mild and extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmor's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases and is sold on its merits by all druggists at fifty percent and one-dollar prices.

You may have a sample bottle by mail. Home of Swamp-Root, free, also pamphlet telling you how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. Mention this paper when writing Dr. Kilmor & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmor's Swamp-Root, and the ad dress Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

Without Alcohol

- A Strong Tonic Without Alcohol
- A Body Builder Without Alcohol
- A Blood Purifier Without Alcohol
- A Great Alterative Without Alcohol
- A Doctor's Medicine Without Alcohol
- Ayer's Sarsaparilla Without Alcohol

We publish our formulas
We banish alcohol
from our medicines
We urge you to
consult your
doctor

Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They act directly on the liver, make more bile secreted. This is why they are so valuable in constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick-headache. Ask your doctor if he knows a better laxative pill.

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. Orville Reynolds spent Tuesday of last week with her daughter Mrs. Gabe Onan in West Lowell.

ADA.

Graduating exercises will be held in the Baptist church Friday evening May 22.

Rev. J. G. Wilson of Cascade gave the baccalaureate sermon last Sunday evening at the Congregational church.

Mr. E. Winters, mail carrier on route 4, drives a fine new horse.

Mrs. Ralph Standard and two sons of Grand Rapids are visiting relatives and friends here.

A. B. Fox made a business trip to Kalamazoo Monday.

The roads are in a very bad condition between Grand Rapids and here on account of so much rain; people are going on the train in preference to driving.

Cards are out announcing the Bennett and Cramton wedding for June 10.

Miss Florence Keeler is visiting here, not Miss Winifred.

Sleepy Hollow—BOWNE.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Lott of Elm Dale spent Sunday with the latter's father John Porritt.

Peter Bergy lost a valuable horse last week.

Miss Olive Murphy of Lowell spent a few days last week with Eleanor Porritt.

Miss Sadie McCullough returned last week for her summer vacation, after closing a successful year of school in Barry county.

John Lynch was at Lowell Friday.

Mrs. H. A. Johnson spent Friday with Mrs. J. W. Porritt.

Mrs. Charles Livingston had the misfortune to dislocate her shoulder last week but at this writing is steadily improving.

Will Watts who has been ill with inflammatory rheumatism for a number of weeks is convalescing.

LOWELL DISTRICT NO. 2.

Mrs. Eunice Richmond is visiting her daughter Mrs. Walter Rogers.

Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Shear and Mrs. R. H. McCaul of Lowell were Sunday guests of W. Washburn and family.

Leon and Elsie Rogers of Saranac visited in this vicinity Wednesday and Thursday and attended the party at the home of S. Alexander.

Miss Sarah June Engle was the guest of her grandparents Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Little at Lowell from Wednesday until Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Atwater of Lowell spent Sunday with Mrs. J. C. Andrews.

Mrs. Frank Ernst is improving her house with a new roof and new cement walk.

Ely McNaughton of Middleville called on his cousin Mrs. Eugene Engle Sunday. He was accompanied by Miss Claire Little and Ora McCall of Lowell.

Daniel Erb of Grand Rapids visited his nephew Oliver Simpson and family over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Simpson Sr. are spending two weeks with relatives at Lake Odesa.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Alexander gave a party last Wednesday evening in honor of the 16th birthday anniversary of Sammie Dodgson. Cards and dancing furnished amusement for a happy crowd until the wee small hours when they left wishing Sammie many happy returns.

FRATT LAKE—SOUTH BOSTON.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Draper and daughter Marion spent Sunday with Mrs. Draper's parents Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Andrews at Lowell and attended the M. E. church.

Mr. and Mrs. Ruben Lee and daughter Glennie visited at Lowell Sunday.

Geo. Elliott spent Sunday with his sister Mrs. Matley at Pontiac.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. English were among a company of 25 who helped Mrs. Geo. Kilmor celebrate her birthday Sunday. A cousin Mrs. Gladys Bennett and two daughters of Stanton are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Kilmor.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Young of Lowell spent Sunday at their farm here.

Mrs. Mariah Gunnison suffered from a paralytic stroke last week and is gradually growing weaker.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Thurlby received news of the death of a friend Fin. Strong of Grand Rapids last week.

Mrs. Jennie Draper and daughter Marion visited Mr. and Mrs. H. Draper at Freeport Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Freeman are spending part of the week with their daughter Mrs. Mae Minty and family at Lansing.

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Lind and children were Sunday guests of Mr. Lind's mother Mrs. Sweet in South Lowell.

The families of Fred, Bert and Loyal Lewis spent Sunday at Lowell with their mother and sisters.

RECORDS.

Miss Letha Blakeslee of Lowell Center spent a few days last week with her friend Miss Esther Clark.

Miss Mattie Patterson visited over Sunday with her uncle R. E. McCormick at Ionia.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Percy Gregory.

Miss Verie Wood is visiting relatives in Grand Rapids.

Maynard Bowen of Howell is the guest of D. A. Wood and family.

Miss Kitty Jacobs who has been spending the winter with Mrs. J. McLeod returned to her home at Hart Sunday evening.

Mrs. J. McCord received news Tuesday morning of the arrival of a little granddaughter at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Richmond in Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. Heman Vanderstolp and two children of Morse Lakesport Sunday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Clark.

Miss Maggie Pattison of Grand Rapids is visiting her brother Fred and family this week.

A. D. Morford and wife of Battle Creek visited the former's sister Mrs. Richtmyer last week and returned to their home Tuesday.

Robert Johnson was in Augusta on business Saturday.

Mrs. James Brew is ill with pneumonia at the home of Mrs. R. F. Benton.

Willie Watts is slowly recovering from his recent attack of rheumatism.

Mrs. Lester Godfrey and daughter Velma visited the former's mother at Caledonia Center Sunday.

J. S. Thomas and wife visited their daughter Minnie Cement and family Sunday.

Mrs. Edna Johnson visited at the home of John Studt Sunday.

Mrs. Chas. Livingston fell Tuesday of last week and as a result is suffering with a dislocated shoulder.

Mrs. Corwin Porritt is ill with grip.

W. Alexander has moved to the Godfrey farm now owned by Mrs. Hubbel of Saranac.

Mrs. Fred Wiggler will entertain the Bowne Ladies' Aid society Wednesday May 27 at an afternoon meeting.

Young man! Take the young lady for a ride in one of those fine carriages F. B. McKay & Co., are selling so cheap.

DELAVAL

CREAM Separators

First—Always Best—Cheapest For Thirty Years

The World's Standard

As much better than other separators as other separators are better than gravity creamers.

F. B. MCKAY & CO.

Local Agents.

Do You Think For Yourself?

Or, Do You Open Your Mouth Like a Young Bird and Gulp Down Whatever Food or Medicine May be Offered You?

If you are an intelligent, thinking woman, in need of relief from weakness, nervousness, pain and suffering, then it means much to you that there is one tried and true, honest medicine of KNOWN COMPOSITION, sold by druggists for the cure of woman's ills.

The makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for the cure of weak, nervous, run-down, over-worked, debilitated, pain-racked women, knowing this medicine to be made up of ingredients, every one of which has the strongest possible indorsement of the leading and standard authorities of the several schools of medical practice, are not afraid to print, as they do, the list of ingredients, of which it is composed, in plain English, on every bottle-wrapper.

The formula of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will bear the most critical examination of medical experts, for it contains no alcohol, so injurious to delicate women even in small quantities when long continued. Neither does it contain any narcotics, or other harmful, or habit-forming drugs and no agent enters into it that is not highly recommended by the most advanced and leading medical teachers and authorities of their several schools of practice. These authorities recommend the ingredients of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for the cure of exactly the same ailments for which this world-famed medicine is advised by its manufacturers.

No other medicine for woman's ills has any such professional endorsement as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has received, in the unqualified recommendation of each of the several ingredients by some of the leading medical men of all the schools of practice. Is such an endorsement not worthy of your consideration? It certainly is entitled to far more weight than any number of non-professional or lay testimonials.

A booklet of ingredients, with numerous authoritative professional endorsements by the leading medical authorities of this country, will be mailed free to any one sending name and address with request for same. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a scientific medicine, carefully devised by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate system. It is made of native American medicinal roots and is perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the female system.

As a powerful invigorating tonic "Favorite Prescription" imparts strength to the whole system and to the organs distinctly feminine in particular. For over-worked, "worn-out," run-down, debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," house-keepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, whether the disease affects the nasal passages, the throat, larynx, bronchia, stomach (as catarrhal dyspepsia), bowels (as mucous diarrhea), bladder, uterus or other pelvic organs. Even in the chronic or ulcerative stages of these affections, it is often successful in affecting cures.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a most potent alterative, or blood-purifier, and tonic, or invigorator, and acts especially favorably in a curative way upon all the mucous lining surfaces, as of the nasal passages, throat, bronchial tubes, stomach, bowels and bladder, curing a large per cent. of catarrhal cases. When the disease affects the nasal passages, the throat, larynx, bronchia, stomach (as catarrhal dyspepsia), bowels (as mucous diarrhea), bladder, uterus or other pelvic organs. Even in the chronic or ulcerative stages of these affections, it is often successful in affecting cures.

Friday, May 22nd.

ANNUAL

Saturday, May 30th.

MAY SALES

To-morrow marks the opening of a mammoth sale of summer wearables. Here is a sale no woman can afford to miss, needs for the summer months are many and great and we are certainly justified in anticipating a week of record-breaking sales.

Always the Best at the Price.



Wooltex Coats at May Sale Prices

The Growing popularity of Princess, jumper and other styles of one-piece dresses, in silk, wool and other light weight goods makes a separate jacket a necessity.

\$3 values	May Sale price	\$2.48
5	"	3.98
6.50	"	4.98
9.50	"	6.95
10.00	"	7.95

Wooltex Styles
COATS
FOR WELL DRESSED WOMEN

J. C. C. Corsets Made in Batiste for Spring and Summer Wear

The Dixie—a 50c Model May sale price 39c. The Peerless—a \$1 model. May sale price 79c. The LaMode an extra long hip model. \$1 value. May sale price 79c. The De Luxe made of coutil, an excellent model for stout people, regular \$1.50 value. May sale price \$1.10. The Front Lace, a \$2.00 model. May sale price \$1.69.



Extra Special May Sale Bargains

6c Wash Lawns

in light and dark colorings Beautiful patterns, all new goods. May Sale Price..... **4³/₄c**

Women's Vests

bleached, narrow ribbed, fancy lace trimmed neck and armholes, an excellent 10c value. May Sale Price..... **7c**

18c French Lawn

31 inches wide, a beautiful piece. May Sale price **13c**

Nice Sheer Egyptian Lawn

45 inches wide, very desirable for shirt waists, thin summer dresses and etc., regular 25c qualities. May Sale Price..... **18c**

Unbleached Table Damask

good weight, fine quality, 72 inches wide, regular 65 cent value. May Sale price..... **42c**

50c Bleached Table Damask

58 inches wide, good fine quality. May Sale price..... **39c**

16 In. Cotton Toweling

has an exact appearance of linen cloth and gives most satisfactory service. May Sale price..... **3¹/₂c**

A Bed Spread Bargain

Pure white crochet spread made in the latest Marseilles pattern, size 72x84, this is the largest Spread on the market at the price. Regular price 98c. May Sale price..... **79c**

72x90 Cotton Sheets

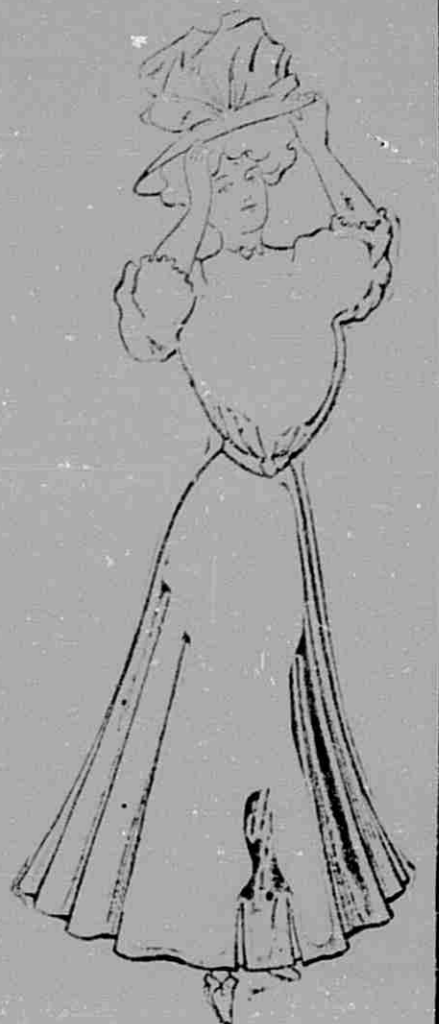
Extra heavy, large size, seamless, an excellent quality muslin regular 75c value. May Sale price..... **62c**

May Sale of Stylish New Skirts

FOUR WONDERFULLY GOOD VALUES OFFERED FOR OUR MAY SALE.

Read these carefully, every one a genuine bargain. No. 1—A full plaited model made of French Chiffon Panama in black, blue and brown, has one 3¹/₂ inch band trimming around the bottom, a regular \$5.50 model. May sale price \$3.98. No. 2—Skirt made of French Panama in black and colors, is a full plaited model, has panel effect in front and is trimmed with three 2 inch bands, regular \$6.50 value. May sale price \$4.98.

No. 3—A full plaited model made of fine quality worsted Panama in black and blue is trimmed with two narrow and one wide band of silk taffeta, regular \$8.50 value. May sale price \$6.85. No. 4—A plaited model of French Voile trimmed with one wide fold and two narrow bands of silk taffeta. Regular \$10.00 value. May sale price \$7.95.



Ladies' Muslin Skirts

Skirts made of fine quality muslin, bouce formed with one wide panel of pintucks above a ruffle of eyelot embroidery, has a wide dust ruffle, regular \$1.00 value. May sale price 70c.



\$1.50 Values	May Sale Price	\$1.19
2.00	"	1.48
2.50	"	1.98
3.50	"	2.88
4.50	"	3.98

White Waists

A complete line made in nice sheer materials each neatly trimmed in the latest fashion.

Values up to	75c	May Sale Price	39c
"	"	"	79c
"	1.50	"	98c
"	2.00	"	\$1.48
"	4.50	"	2.98

\$5.00 Silk waists \$3.95.

Muslin Night Gowns

Ladies' Muslin Night Gowns made of good quality muslin, V neck, yoke formed of cluney lace insertion, cluney lace frill around the neck, regular 90c value. May sale price 62c. \$1.00 Gowns May Sale Price \$.79

1.50	"	"	1.19
2.00	"	"	1.48
2.50	"	"	1.98



New Spring Wash Goods

The selection we are showing both in variety of style and cloths, has never been equaled hereabouts, all the latest Wash Goods novelties of the season, which we are offering at prices which will appeal to all who are economically inclined.

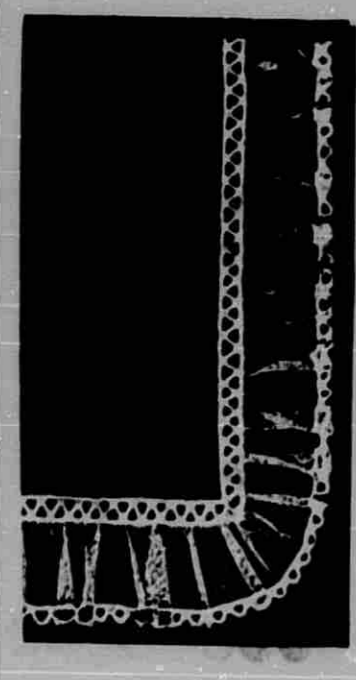
8c	Wash Goods	May Sale Price	6c.
10c	"	"	7 ¹ / ₂ c.
12 ¹ / ₂ c	"	"	9c.
15c	"	"	11c.
20c	"	"	15c.
25c	"	"	18c.

May Sale of Lace Curtains.

An exceptionally Complete Stock of Lace Curtains, All Marked at Attractively Low Prices. The selection is larger and better than ever before and the values are unexcelled anywhere.

\$1.50 Values	May Sale Price	\$.99
.75	"	1.20
2.00	"	1.38
2.50	"	1.75
3.00	"	1.98
3.50	"	2.48
4.50	"	3.48

1.25 Ruffled Curtains made of Barred Muslin. May Sale Price 89c.



The Best
in
Dry Goods

MARSH RUBEN

The Lowest
in
Price

SERIAL STORY

SEFFY

A ROMANCE OF A PENNSYLVANIA FARM

By JOHN LUTHER LONG
Illustrations by Don Wilson

(Copyright, 1926, by Doble-Merrill Co.)

SYNOPSIS.

The crowning desire in the life of old Baumgartner, a Pennsylvania German, is to obtain the property of the beautiful meadow which lies just between Baumgartner's property and the railroad station. The property in question was inherited by Sarah Pressel, very pretty and athletic young girl, and belonged solely to her. But old Baumgartner had longed for it so many years and he longed to purchase it from Sarah's father so many times that the property became known as "Baumgartner's yearn." At the village gatherings on the porch of the store old Baumgartner always declared that the property would some day be his. At length Baumgartner came to realize that his only hope of obtaining the property would be through the marriage of his son Sphenajah to Sarah Pressel. In a mock auction, Seffy, is Sphenajah P. Baumgartner, Jr., is popularly known as Seffy, is called off by his father to Sarah for \$1.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

In short, by the magic of brilliant color and natural grace she narrowly escaped being extremely handsome—in the way of a sun-burned peach, or a maiden's bluish apple. And even if you should think she were not handsome, you would admit that there was an indescribable rustic charm about her. She was like the aroma of the hay-fields, or the woods, or a field of fancies, or dandelions.

The girl, laughing, surrendered the money, and the old man, taking an arm of each, marched them peremptorily away.

"Come to the house and get his clothes. Eberysing goes in—stovepipe hat, butterfly necktie, diamond pin, tooth-brush, hair oil, razor and soap." They had got far enough around the corner to be out of sight of the store during this gallery, and the old man shoved Seffy and the girl in front of him, linked their arms, and retreated to the rear.

"What Sphenajah P. Baumgartner, Senior, hath lined together, let nobody put athunder, begoshens!" he announced.

The proceeding appeared to be painful to Seffy, but not to Sally. She frankly accepted the situation and promptly put into action its opportunities for coquetry. She begged him, first, with consummate aplomb, to aid her in adjusting her parcels more securely, insisting upon carrying them herself, and it would be impossible to describe adequately her allures. The electrical touches, half-caress, half-flirtation; the confidential whisperings, so that the wily old man in the rear might not hear; the surges up against him; the recoveries—only to surge again—these would require a mechanic's contrivance which reports not only speech but action—and even this might easily fail, so subtle was it all.

"Seff—Seffy, I thought it was his old watch he was auctioning off. I wanted it for—for—a nest-egg! Aha-ha-ha! You must excuse me."

"You wouldn't 'a' bid at all if it weren't me, I reckon," said Seffy.

"Yes, I would," declared the coquette. "I'd rather have you than any nest-egg in the whole world—any two of 'em!"—and when he did not take his chance—"if they were made of gold!"

But then she spoiled it. "It's worse fellows than you, Seffy!" The touch of coquetry was, but too apparent.

"And better," said Seffy, with a snip in his throat. "I know I ain't no good with girls—and I don't care!"

"Yes!" she assented wickedly. "There are better ones."

"Sam Pritz!"

Sally looked away, smiled, and was silent.

"Sally Seffy!" she finally said.

"If he does stink of salt mackerel, and 'most always drunk!" Seffy went on bitterly. "He's nothing but a mackerel-stopper!"

Sally began to drift further away and to sing. Calling Pritz names was of no consequence—except it kept Seffy from making love to her while he was doing it—which seemed foolish to Sally. The old man came up and brought them together again.

"Oach! go long and make love some more. I like to see it. I expect I am an old fool, but I like to see it—'t's like of times—yaz, and if you don't look out there, Seffy, I'll take a hand myself—yassir! go long!"

He drew them very close together, each looking the other way. Indeed he held them there for a moment, roughly.

Seffy stole a glance at Sally. He wanted to see how she was taking his father's odiously intimate suggestion. But it happened that Sally wanted to see how he was taking it. She laughed with the frankest of joy as their eyes met.

"Seffy—I do—like you," said the coquette. "And you ought to know it, you imp!"

Now this was immensely stimulating to the bashful Seffy.

"Seff—I don't believe you. Or you wouldn't waste your time so—about Sam Pritz!"

"Er—Sally—where you going to tonight?" Seffy meant to prove himself.

And Sally answered, with a little fright at the sudden aggressiveness she had procured.

"Nowheres that I know of."

"Well—may I set up with you?" The pea-green sunbonnet could not conceal the amazement and then the radiance which shot into Sally's face.

"Set—up—with—me!"

"Yes!" said Seffy, almost savagely. "That's what I said."

"Oh, I—I guess so! Yes! of course!" she answered variously, and rushed off home.

"You know I own you," she laughed back, as if she had not been sufficiently explicit. "I paid for you! Your pappy's got the money! I'll expect my property to-night."

"Yas!" shouted the happy old man, "and begoshens! it's a reg'lar bargain! Ain't it, Seffy? You her property—real estate, hereditaments and tenements." And even Seffy was drawn into the joyous laughing conceit of it! Had he not just done the bravest thing of his small life?

"Yes!" he cried after the fascinating Sally. "For sure and certain, to-night!"

"It's a bargain!" she cried.

"For better or worse, richer or poorer, up an' down, in an' out, chasseez right and left! Aha-ha-ha! Aha-ha-ha! But, Seffy,—and the happy father turned to the happy son and hugged him, "don't you efer forgit that she's a feather-head and got a bright red temper like her daddy! And they both work mighty bad together sometimes. When you get her

at the right place onct—well, nail her down—hand and feet—so she can't git away. When she gits mad her little brain evaporates, and if she had a knife she'd go round stabbing her best friends—that's the only thing that safes her—yaz, and us!—no knife. If she had a knife it would be funerals following her all the time."

II.

What Have Feelings Got to Do With Cow-Pasture?

They advanced together now, Seffy's father whistling some tune that was never heard before on earth, and with his arm in that of his son, they watched Sally bounding away. Once more, as she leaped a fence, she looked laughingly back. The old man whistled wildly out of tune. Seffy waved a hand.

"Now you shouting, Seffy! Shout agin'!"

"I didn't say a word!"

"Well—it ain't too late! Go on!"

Now Seffy understood and laughed with his father.

"Nice gal, Seff—Seffy!"

"Yes!" admitted Seffy with reserve.

"Healthy?"

Seffy agreed to this, also.

"No doctor bills!" his father amplified.

Seffy said nothing.

"Entire orphan?"

"She's got a granny!"

"Yas," chuckled the old man at the way his son was drifting into the situation—thinking about granny—"but Sally owns the farm!"

"Eh!" said Seffy, whatever did might mean.

"And Sally's the boss!"

Silence.

"And granny won't object to any one Sally marries, anyhow—she dasent! She'd git behind!"

"Who said anything about marry-ing?"

Seffy was speciously savage now—as any successful wooer might be.

"Nobody but me, sark you!" said the old man with equally specious meekness. "Look now she ken jump a six-foot fence, like a three-year filly! She's a nice gal, Seffy,—and the farms fine together—her pasture-field and our corn field. And she's kissing her hand backwards! At me or you, Seffy?"

Seffy said he didn't know. And he did not return the kiss—though he yearned to.

"Well, I bet a dollar that the first initial of his last name is Sphenajah P. Baumgartner, Junior!"

terminated face. For it must be explained that the stovepipe hat, in that day and that country, was dedicated only to the most momentous social occasions and that, consequently, gentlemen wore it to go courting.

"Yes!" declared Seffy again.

"Bring forth stovepipe."

The stovepipe, the stovepipe—chanted Seffy's frivolous father in the way of the Anvil Chorus.

"And my butterfly necktie with—"

"Wiss the diamond on?" whispered his father.

They laughed in confidence of their secret. Seffy, the successful wooer, was thawing out again. The diamond was not a diamond at all—the brew who sold it to Seffy had confessed as much. But he also swore that if it were kept in perfect polish no one but a diamond merchant could tell the difference. Therefore, there being no diamond merchant anywhere near, and the jewel being always immaculate, Seffy presented it as a diamond and had risen perceptibly in the opinion of the village.

"And—and—and—Seff—Seffy, what you goin' to do?"

"Do?"

Seffy had been absorbed in what he was going to wear.

"Yas—yaz—that's the most important." He encircled Seffy's waist and gently squeezed it. "Oh, of course! Hah! But what yit?"

I regret to say that Seffy did not understand.

"Seffy," he said impressively, "you haf' tol' me what you goin' to wear. It ain't much. The weather's yit pooty cool'nights. But I ken stand it if you ken—Gosh knows about Sally! Now, what you goin' to do—that's the conurtrum I ast you!"

Seffy did not exactly know. He had never hoped to practise the thing—in that sublimely militant phase.

"What do you think?"

"Well, Seff—plow straight to her heart. I wish I had your chance. I'd show you a other-guess kind a setting-up—yassir! Make your mouth water and your head swim, begoshens! Why, that Sally's just like a young stubble-field; goth to be worked constant, and plowed deep, and manured heavy, and mobby drained wiss blind ditches, and crops changed constant, and kep' ago-ing thataway—constant—constant—so's the weeds can't git in her. Then you ken put her in wheat after a while and git your money back."

This drastic metaphor had its effect. Seffy began to understand. He said so.

"Now look here, Seffy," his father went on more softly, "when you git to this—and this—and this,"—he went through his pantomime again, and it included a progressive caressing to the kissing point—"well, chust when you bese comfortable—hah?—mehby on one cheer, what I know—it's so long sense I done it myself—chust you bese comfortable, ast her—chust ast her—aham!—what she'll take for the pasture-field! She owns you bese and she can't use bese you and the pasture. A bird in the hand is worth several in another feller's—not so?"

But Seffy only stopped and stared at his father. This, again, he did not understand.

"You know well enough I got no money to buy no pasture-field," said he.

"Gosh-a-mighty!" said the old man joyfully, making as if he would strike Seffy with his huge fist—a thing he often did. "And ain't got nossing to trade!"

"Nothing except the mare!" said the boy.

"Say—ain't you got no feelings, you dillot?"

"Oh—!" said Seffy. And then: "But what's feelings got to do with cow-pasture?"

"Oach! No wonder he wants to be an angel, and wiss the angels stand—holding rings in his hands and on his head! He's too good for this wile world. He'd finger shifering on the brink and fear to launch away all his durn life—if some one didn't push him in. So here goes!"

This was spoken to the skies, apparently, but now he turned to his son again.

"Look a-yere, you young dummer ast, feelings is the same to gals like Sally, as money is to you and me. You ken buy potatoes wiss 'em. Do you understand?"

Seffy said that he did, now.

"Well, then, I tried to buy that pasture-field a sousand times—"

Seffy started.

"Yas, that's a little bit a lie—mehby a dozen times. And at last Sally's daddy said he'd lick me if I efer said pasture-field ag'in, and I said it ag'in, and he licked me! He was a big man—and red-headed yit, like Sally. Now, look a-yere—you ken git that pasture-field wissout money and wissout price—except you 'dam' feelings which ain't no other use. Sally won't lick you—if she is bigger—don't be a-skeered. You got tons of feelin's you ain't got no other use for—don't waste 'em—they're good green money, and we'll git efen wiss Sally's daddy for licking me yit—and somesing on the side! Huh!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Simple Enough.

"Why does the farm boy beat the city boy so often?"

"That's easy."

"Let's have the answer."

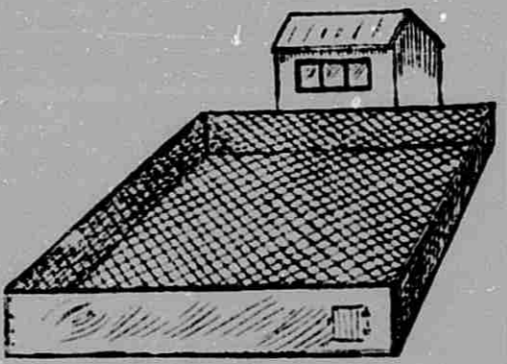
"The little red schoolhouse offers a better curriculum than does the little red theater com'que."—Washington Herald.

POULTRY AND BEES

A GOOD COOP.

Provided with a Runway, It Gives Old Mother Hen a Chance for Exercise.

The run is the important feature of this coop. The box part may be of almost any style. The one illustrated was made of a common packing case with one end removed, the slanting roof board nailed at the top, glass inserted in the front. A plain box with a hole cut in front and roofing paper



Coop and Covered Run.

on top protected with a coat of paint, will answer quite well and can be made in a few minutes on emergency.

The run is made of boards from an old tree box, such as are received from nurseries, says Farm and Home. The sides are one foot high, and the top covered with netting. A run of this kind is perfectly tight and will hold in the chickens or keep any pests from entering. It is very durable, lasting many seasons if stored during the winter, and it does not require much space in storage. It may be of any length, corresponding to the old box boards available. It is well to make a door at one end of the run when it is desired to allow the chickens wider range, but this may be dispensed with and the run propped up when the chickens are to be let out.

DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

The Kind Which Are Best for the Little Chicks.

About the best drinking fountains are those that are especially made for that purpose and are for sale on the market. But a homemade fountain will do as well, though it perhaps will cost about as much in the end. The principle used in the construction of the purchased fountain can be used in making a home-made fountain.

The main principle involved is the one that prevents water from running out of a jug that is inverted in a pan except while the orifice of the jug is exposed to the air. As soon as the water runs out enough so that the surface of the water rises above the orifice the water stops running. As the chicks drink the water in the pan the surface of the water is lowered enough to let out just a little more of the water in the jug. In this way it is possible to fill a large jug, barrel, hogshead, or any other air-tight vessel with water and have it supply itself to the fowls automatically.

The principle is one that has been long used and is capable of extensive elaboration. However, there are many people on farms that have never availed themselves of this convenience, but day by day carry water to the various broods of chicks as well as to the mature fowls. In the case of broods of chicks it is very convenient to avert water bottles in small dishes and thus supply pure water for several days at a time.

STRONG YOUNG CHICKS.

They Come from Only Strong, Vigorous Stock.

To get good, strong chicks, we must breed from nothing but strong, vigorous stock. The male bird should be a fully matured cock or cockerel, bred from vigorous stock. All breeders should be free from vermin and be fed on good, wholesome food. This is the first step in getting the eggs to produce good chicks.

For the little chicks provide clean, dry quarters, well ventilated and free from lice, explains Farm and Home. Dust the hens with a good lice powder, and if any of your chicks seem droopy, look for head lice. A few drops of oil and hard is a good cure. Keep pure, fresh water constantly before them and provide a place to get under which protects them from the hot sun. Clean the drinking vessels every morning. Some may say this is too much bother, but if you want to clean up a good profit, you must not be afraid to soil a 50-cent pair of overalls.

Do not overfeed. I feed the baby chicks from four to six times a day. The first feed is not sooner than 36 hours after hatching, and I have waited four days before feeding. First feed consists of clean grit and stale bread soaked in milk. If this cannot be had I feed a good prepared chick feed.

ITEMS.

The poultry house should always be dry. Build the hen house so that rats cannot get under it. Give the fowls all the dust they want to burrow in and it will help keep down the lice.

Do not buy fowls without making sure that they are not from flocks in which disease is prevalent.

No orchard, alfalfa or cotton field should be more than two miles from an apiary, and a shorter distance would be of advantage.

IT PAYS TO BREED THE BEST.

Why Farmers Should Raise Standard Poultry.

Notwithstanding the great advancement made in the breeding of standard poultry throughout the United States, the farmer is but a small percent of the class of persons which has taken up this work. Why this is I cannot say, but records show that the largest proportion of the prize winning birds exhibited in the majority of poultry shows are raised in cities and villages. The farmer, as a rule, contributes a very small number of the high-class birds that are now being raised in this country.

The growth of the industry is largely due to persons residing in the cities. Professional men, business men and wage earners seem to form the poultry associations that hold the exhibitions and it is the birds raised on the small lots that occupy the coops in the show room, with an occasional exhibitor from the farm. Now it always seems strange to me, says the editor of the American Poultry Journal, that the American farmer is so slow to grasp the opportunity that confronts him in the raising of standard poultry. He has long been converted to the idea that a razor-back hog is unprofitable; that nothing but standard bred sheep and cattle are worth devoting much time to, but still he insists that common barnyard fowls are good enough and that "there is no money in chickens, anyway." I wonder if this kind of a farmer ever realized that poultry is now one of the largest industries in the country. I wonder if he knows that in dollars and cents the poultry business exceeds that of wheat. Still he is content and takes no interest in a branch of farming that would pay him the best of anything on his farm.

If his argument, that it pays to raise standard bred hogs and sheep and cattle holds good, does it not follow that poultry, with the same care, will prove equally as profitable? Why does he pick out one branch of live stock and say that common stock is good enough, and then turn around and say that the other branches are profitable if blooded stock is raised? I never could understand it, but I am still a firm believer that the time will come when farmers will become educated to the fact that a progressive farmer will give his poultry the same care and attention that he devotes to other branches of his farm. It will pay, and the sooner he finds it out the sooner he will reap his share of the profits.

A BEE LADDER.

Contrivance Which Proves Most Convenient During Swarming Time.

As a convenience in living swarms which cluster eight to ten feet above the ground I use a ladder, a diagram of which is shown herewith, says a writer in Bee Culture.

This ladder can be set under the cluster with the legs spread to suit, the hive set on the platform at the top of the ladder, the bees shaken



Step-Ladder for Swarming Time.

down on the hive with cover off; and when the bees are almost all in, or when one wishes to carry the hive to its permanent stand, he can spread the legs of the ladder so as to lower the platform and allow him to lift the hive off easily. The platform remains level, no matter how much the legs are spread. The ladder can be folded up just like an ordinary step-ladder. The legs are sawed out of 2x6-inch stuff, 3 1/2 inches wide at one end and 2 1/2 at the other. A season's use of this ladder has proved it to be a great convenience.

COOP FOR LITTLE CHICKS.

Easily and Quickly Made—Can Be Packed Away When Not in Use.

This is a very light and cheap chicken coop that is easily made and is very convenient. Make two frames and hinge them together as shown, and cover them with waterproof building paper. Two triangular frames are used for the front and back. The front frame is slatted across and the back frame is covered with paper. Both triangular frames are fastened to the main coop with staples and hooks. These coops may be folded together and packed away in little space.

A Fallacy About Geese.

Geese do not poison land, but if turned on worn-out pastures will often eat the grass so close it may fail. Stock will, therefore, prefer better pasture. Geese will, in time, improve a pasture, if not obliged to eat too closely.

TEMPERANCE NOTES

BLIGHT ON THE INNOCENTS.

Drink Will Not Let Alone Those Who Let It Alone.

A ministerial friend, who has been at the head of a state orphans' home for years, has given me, as a Christian worker, an insight into the blessed work which that part of that state is doing for the helpless and hapless humanity which we call "orphan children." I was met at the station by my friend, the superintendent, and was driven to the orphans' home of the state of New Hampshire. There are several large buildings, most of them comparatively new. There are ample grounds, sloping from these buildings in all directions. This piece of real estate was long known as the Webster farm—where Daniel Webster lived and wrought in his young manhood. The state has procured this fine old estate and turned it into an orphans' home. The inmates are constantly increasing. Building after building has been erected for dormitories, schoolrooms, and the like, that this large and interesting charity may be amply accommodated.

It is a delightful sight, appealing to the heart of any friend of childhood that greets and rejoices the visitor, as he passes from room to room, with increasing interest. The nursery is filled with "babies" under three years—poor little girls and boys! That one has lost father and mother by some fell disease. Another is the deserted child of inebriate parents; another has been given outright to the home by those whose love for offspring has strangely failed. And so on to the end of the infantile list. What a comfortable home for them here; what loving care is seen as they are tucked away in their snow-white cribs, under snow-white linen! This is what obtains under a Christian dispensation.

The larger children are equally well cared for. In both dining hall and schoolroom everything conspires to teach neatness and studiousness. Their tidy and plump appearance appeal to us.

Occasionally, as in other groups of children, there come manifestations of originality, and curious and amusing expressions worth repeating and remembering.

One day some visitor told the older children about the "Webster boys" (Daniel and Ezekiel), who had lived on that same farm. On a certain time their father caught a woodchuck, and he asked the boys what he should do with it—kill it or let it go. Ezekiel put in his plea that it should be killed. It was trampling and destroying the grass, and deserved to die. It then came Daniel's turn, and he pleaded for the animal's life. It had a right to live, and had done nothing its Creator had not designed it should do. When Daniel closed, his father, who acted as judge, was in tears, and forthwith announced his decision, that the woodchuck should be set at liberty. And so it was, much to Ezekiel's disgust.

A few days afterward, one of the girls (possibly six years of age) was found searching the big Bible in the schoolroom. When asked what she was looking for, she replied: "I am looking for that woodchuck story. I've looked all through Ezekiel and now I'm looking through Daniel." It is safe to say that she did not find it, much to her disappointment, doubtless.

We inquired of the superintendent what proportion of these children came to the home through the agency of strong drink and kindred vices, says O. W. Scott, in Home Herald, and he replied: "About one-half of them." So again we may insist that it is not true that, "if you let drink alone it will let you alone." These children had let drink alone, but drink had, nevertheless, not let them alone. Drink had brought them to poverty and an orphans' home.

DEADLY DRINK.

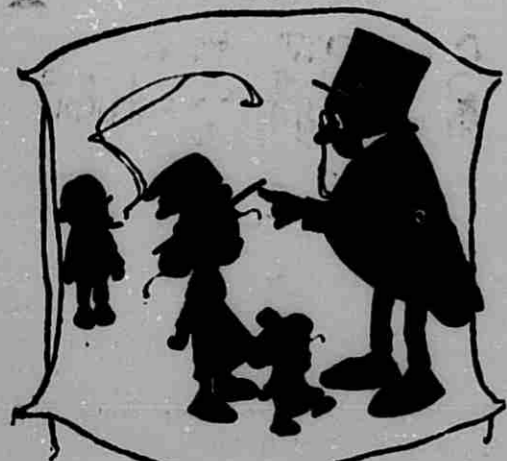


"At Last It Biteth Like a Serpent and Stingeth Like an Adder."

Profit from Perseverance.

A letter from Massachusetts tells a story of perseverance in preaching the gospel which should help every minister inclined to be discouraged with his work. A converted Italian was sent to a town where there were 2,000 of his countrymen, to preach to them the evangelical doctrine. He was there six months before he got a single person to come hear him. Finally, one Sunday, while waiting in the hall, a drunken Italian staggered in and fell down. He was the first congregation. The minister took the intoxicated man home, and on the next Sunday this man came and brought his brother-in-law. From this beginning the congregation has grown to 150, 120 of whom are men. Most preachers would have considered the situation hopeless after having gone a second Sunday without an audience.

HER PROTECTOR.



"Here, nurse! Who's that young chap that's always following you around? I he a beau of yours?"

"Oh, no, sir. Dat's Jimmie Hawkshaw, de detective. I hires him to protect me from kidnappers an' things!"

His Elusive Memory.

Employer—William, did that man who called to see me while I was out leave his name?

Shaggy-Haired Office Boy—Yes, sir; his name is—is—well, the last part of it is "shaw."

Employer—What's the first part of it?

Office Boy (making a strenuous effort to recall it)—Well, sir, it's either Grim, or Hawk, or Hen, or Brad, or Fan, or Ker, or Rick, but to save my bloom'n' life, Mr. Townsend, I can't remember which.

And the Moon Man Laughed.

They were jogging along the old road and cupid was so busy that the young man dropped the lines either side of the runabout. It was then that the wise old nag turned lazily around.

"What are you looking at?" queried the owl by the roadside.

"I am reading between the lines," laughed the old nag as she gave a horse laugh and showed her long yellow teeth.

The Way It's Said.

"These are the bridal rooms," announced the bellboy to the blushing young couple.

"O, what a sweet suite!" exclaimed the bride.

"I don't know anything about that," said the bellboy, "but the head clerk says he hopes the suit suits."

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *W. D. Hoagland* in Use For Over 30 Years.

Immense Pig Iron Production. In the last eight years the three great iron countries have produced 10,300,000 tons of pig iron, of which over half has come out of the United States.

The General Demand

of the Well-Informed of the World has always been for a simple, pleasant and efficient liquid laxative remedy of known value; a laxative which physicians could sanction for family use because its component parts are known to them to be wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, acceptable to the system and gentle, yet prompt, in action.

In supplying that demand with its excellent combination of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, the California Fig Syrup Co. proceeds along ethical lines and relies on the merits of the laxative for its remarkable success.

That is one of many reasons why Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is given the preference by the Well-Informed. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle.

Paxtine TOILET ANTISEPTIC

Keeps the breath, teeth, mouth and body antiseptically clean and free from unhealthy germ-life and disagreeable odors, which water, soap and tooth preparations alone cannot do. A germicidal, disinfecting and deodorizing toilet requisite of exceptional economy, invaluable for inflamed eyes, throat and nasal and urinate catarrh. At drug and toilet stores, 50 cents, or by mail postpaid.



Large Trial Sample WITH "HEALTH AND BEAUTY" BOOK SENT FREE THE PAXTON TOILET CO., Boston, Mass.

INSURE YOUR HEALTH AND COMFORT on stormy days by wearing a SLICKER



THE LADY OF THE ROSES

By F. HARRIS DEANS

A startlingly white fence corralled a mass of greenery. Rose trees, investigation proved it. Red and white roses; their perfume scented the air.

The traveler paused and, leaning on the little white gate, eyed them thoughtfully. From so many one would never be missed, or if missed, regretted. He gazed around, not stealthily, yet undoubtedly searchingly.

He opened the gate and entered; buccaneers may have worn such a look as he. Few gardeners but would quail. Around a clump of bushes he strode.

"Oh!" cried the girl. Startled, she dropped a handful of roses, which fell, red and white, on the gravel-path.

She was clad in muslin, a material which, however unsuitable from a horticultural point of view, was artistically incomparable.

From beneath a sheltering sun-hat her eyes gleamed with... annoyance... inquiry? She straightened herself from her stooping posture and brushed a curl from off her brow.

The intruder dropped quickly on one knee. Her look of incipient alarm faded as she observed that he gathered together the roses which lay scattered at her feet. Yet one might have thought this latter action was in the nature of an after-thought—an excuse for an impulsive movement.

He rose to his feet and with a courtly gesture restored her spoil. Almost she accepted it as a gift. She retreated a step—an act which aroused him to an appreciation of his intrusion.

"Madam," he murmured, bowing low—that her age was but 20 summers was no reason for employing the vocabulary of a shopwalker—"Madam," he said accordingly, "dare I apologize?"

She gave permission with an inclination of her head.

"Where there is no regret," he reflected, however, "there can be no apology."

"An expression of regret," she suggested, "would be but polite." Albeit she was not insistent, leaving the point for his consideration.

"Polite!" he protested. She gave to his accompanying glance a meaning which brought a deeper tinge of pink to her cheek.

"Desirable then," she amended coolly enough. With her head on one side she awaited his judgment.

"I crave," said he, bowing to her wish, "your pardon; little as I regret having given you cause for displeasure."

She cast a questioning glance at him.

"For the reason," he explained, "that had I not offended I should not have been permitted to—apologize."

She bowed—a bow inferring an acceptance both of the apology and the compliment.

"You came," she hazarded, with an indiciary sweep of the arm, "for roses?"

He was forced to admit the truth of the accusation.

"Had I but suspected your presence," he pleaded, "I should not have come—for roses."

Red and white roses; their perfume scented the air.

"Nevertheless," she insisted, "you came for roses."

He watched her movement anxiously. From a neighboring bush she plucked a red rose. With her head on one side she considered it for an instant. Then with the air of one making a concession she added to this a white rose.

She glanced from the roses to him, and caught his eye fixed upon her. With a gesture hovering between embarrassment and intimacy she professed them.

They hinted at the inevitable, and reluctantly he accepted both.

A desire is never satisfied; achievement is but a dam which diverts its course. Therefore he lingered.

"I am seeking words," he responded to her raised eyebrows, "wherewith to thank you."

"They are unnecessary," she said, as her eyes fell before his glance.

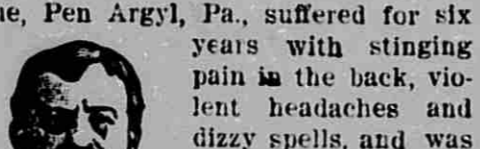
Slowly she moved towards the gate, a rustling among the bushes hastening her progress.

At a bench by the gate she paused, and fumbled while at her gown.

FOUND THE CAUSE.

After Six Years of Misery and Wrong Treatment.

John A. Enders, of Robertson Avenue, Pen Argy, Pa., suffered for six years with stinging pain in the back, violent headaches and dizzy spells, and was assured by a specialist that his kidneys were all right, though the secretions showed a reddish, brick-dust sediment. Not satisfied, Mr. Enders started using Doan's Kidney Pills.



"The kidneys began to act more regularly," he says, "and in a short time I passed a few gravel stones. I felt better right away and since then have had no kidney trouble."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

STOPPED TO SALUTE HOGS.

One Man at Least Grateful to the Source of His Wealth.

"The Interpreter" in the American Magazine says of a respectful father he once knew:

"Isn't it time we took off our hats and thanked this pleasant land for the good things it has done for us by going on patiently covering up our blunders, rectifying our mistakes, and responding cheerfully to our every intelligent effort?"

"I knew a man out west who had the right idea about it. His father had made a great fortune in the pork packing business. The heir was not puffed up by his millions. Long after he had grown accustomed to the money and might reasonably be expected to look down on butchers, if in walking in the country with his children they saw a drove of hogs on the road, he would make his little boys stand at attention and take off their hats. 'I want them to respect the sources of wealth,' he said."

Too Strong.

"The traveler in Ireland" will do well," recently remarked an attaché to our embassy at London, "when he engages a jaunting car to make sure of the step to which, in mounting, he must trust his weight. The carman does not help him to mount."

"I am afraid that step is loose," an American once said to the driver he had engaged.

"The man took hold of the step and shook it. 'Ah! sure,' said he, 'it's too strong. It is. What are ye afraid of?'"

"As he was talking, the thing came off in his hand.

"This mishap did not, however, embarrass the Irishman, for, with the sunniest of smiles, he turned to his fare saying:

"Shure, now, I've saved yer honor from a broken leg!"—Harper's Weekly.

Wheels.

He was a great inventor. "The thing I am working at now, he began, stroking his thin beard with a thinner hand, "will be a boon to every family and will startle the whole world. In fact, it will put the alarm clock trust out of business. The idea is simply specially prepared tablets that help you get up in the morning. For instance, if you want to arise at five you take five tablets; if you want to get up at six take six tablets; and so on."

"But how will it affect the alarm clock trust?"

"Why, these tablets will cause a ringing in the ears at exactly the hour desired."

But the little crowd could wait to hear no more and hurriedly disbanded. —Harper's Weekly.

Before Ananias.

Adam had just finished naming the animals.

"Wait till I start on the fish," he exclaimed, gleefully.

Thus we learn he was preparing to tell some whoopers even before the fall.

Woman Owner of Large Ranch.

Lady Ernestine Hunt, eldest daughter of the marquis of Albesbury, owns and operates a horse ranch at Calgary, Alberta, on a stretch of land nearly 10,000 acres in extent.

FIT THE GROCER

Wife Made the Suggestion.

A grocer has excellent opportunity to know the effects of special foods on his customers. —A Cleveland grocer has a long list of customers that have been helped in health by leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee.

He says, regarding his own experience: "Two years ago I had been drinking coffee, and must say that I was almost wrecked in my nerves."

"Particularly in the morning I was so irritable and upset that I could hardly wait until the coffee was served, and then I had no appetite for breakfast, and did not feel like attending to my store duties."

"One day my wife suggested that inasmuch as I was selling so much Postum there must be some merit in it and suggested that we try it. I took home a package and she prepared it according to directions. The result was a very happy one. My nervousness gradually disappeared, and today I am all right. I would advise everyone afflicted in any way with nervousness or stomach troubles, to leave off coffee and use Postum Food Coffee."

"There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

HELP WANTED SIGNS ON MANY FARMS.

Existing Conditions Can Be Easily Remedied—Where the Fault Lies.

It is unfortunately true that on almost every farm where the owner is too busy with other matters to devote much time and attention to them, there are chickens, horses, cows, hogs and sheep constantly showing signs that they need help.

Very frequently it happens that when we overlook an apparently common ailment there soon develops a serious trouble which oftentimes results in the death of the chicken or animal. Instances of this kind are of altogether too frequent occurrence and they sometimes result in the spread of the disease to other fowls and animals before it can be checked.

Whoever keeps poultry or live stock ought to be thoroughly informed as to the diseases and weaknesses of chickens, horses, cows, sheep and hogs so as to be able to determine at a glance the nature of any trouble that may develop. It isn't necessary to be a scientist or an expert scholar to get this knowledge.

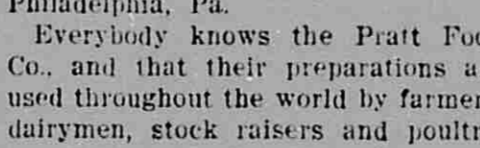
Happily, it is now possible to obtain free of charge the very best books on these various subjects. We refer to Pratts New Poultry Book, Pratts New Sheep Book, Pratts New Horse Book, Pratts New Hog Book and Pratts New Cattle Book. Any one of these books will be sent free of charge to interested parties by sending a postal to the Pratt Food Co., Department R, Philadelphia, Pa.

Everybody knows the Pratt Food Co. and that their preparations are used throughout the world by farmers, dairymen, stock raisers and poultrymen.

Pratts Animal Regulator is the favorite with all owners of horses, cows, sheep and hogs, because it improves the animals' digestion, regulates their bowels and tones up their systems, and gives them new life and spirits. Thousands of users say it is the greatest preventive of animal disease known.

Likewise, Pratts Poultry Regulator is the first and last choice of all poultrymen who want strong, healthy, profitable fowls, the kind that lay eggs regularly. We advise our readers to send for these new books mentioned above, without delay.

INTERMITTENTLY.



"Tourist—What are you jumping up like that for, me good man?"

"Howling Dervish—Yeow! Dog of an unbeliever, I'm elevating my mind."

SEVERE HEMORRHOIDS

Sores, and Itching Eczema—Doctor Thought an Operation Necessary—Cuticura's Efficacy Proven.

"I am now 30 years old, and three years ago I was taken with an attack of piles (hemorrhoids), bleeding and protruding. The doctor said the only help for me was to go to a hospital and be operated on. I tried several remedies for months but did not get much help. During these three years, sores appeared which changed to a terrible itching eczema. Then I began to use Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills, injecting a quantity of Cuticura Ointment with a Cuticura Suppository Syringe. It took a month of this treatment to get me in a fairly healthy state and then I treated myself once a day for three months and, after that, once or twice a week. The treatments I tried took a lot of money, and it is fortunate that I used Cuticura. J. H. Henderson, Hopkinton, N. Y., Apr. 26, 1907."

De Organ's Busted. In a little church in Maryland, not far from Washington, the motive power for the organ comes from the strong arm of an industrious Irishman.

During a recent service there the choir got into trouble and, to cap the climax, during the confusion that ensued, the organ suddenly stopped.

The situation was not greatly relieved when there came floating out into the auditorium a hoarse whisper: "Sing, all ye! Sing like the devil! De organ's busted."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

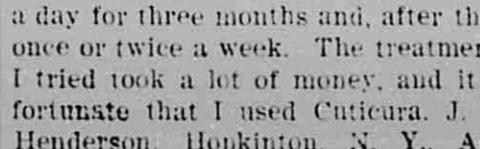
Suggestive. Towne—There was a spelling-bee down at our church the other night. The pastor gave out the words. Did you hear about it?

Brown—No; was it interesting?

Towne—Rather. The first three words he gave out were "increase," "pastor," "salary."—Stray Stories.

Rally Cries. "So you couldn't hear much of what the speaker said?"

"No. His delivery was all right, but between the yells of 'louder' and 'order' he didn't have much chance."—Kansas City Times.



MARVIN'S CASCARA CHOCOLATE TABLETS. THE GREAT CONSTIPATION CURE. SAMPLES FREE. MARVIN'S CHOCOLATE CO., 1231st Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.

WIDOWS' under NEW LAW obtain PENSIONS by JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES. \$3.00 SHOES AT ALL PRICES, FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY. MEN, BOYS, WOMEN, MISSES AND CHILDREN. W. L. Douglas makes and sells more shoes than any other manufacturer in the world, because they hold their shape better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other shoes in the world to-day.

W. L. Douglas's \$4 and \$5 Gilt Edge Shoes Cannot Be Equalled At Any Price. W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on bottom. Take No Substitute. Sold by the best shoe dealers everywhere. Shoes mailed free to any address. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Color your goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.

MARK TWAIN ON MONEY.

Humorist Points Out What He Considers Some Wrong Conceptions.

Mark Twain said that the financial panic has caused a wrong idea of the use and value of money.

"The spendthrift says that money, being round, was made to roll. The miser says that, being flat, it was made to stack up. Both are wrong."

"Strangely wrong, too, in their ideas about money are the veteran Australian gold diggers. These simple old fellows, though worth perhaps a half million or more, live in the simple dug-outs and shanties of their lean early days."

"Once, lecturing, I landed at an Australian port. There was no porter in sight to carry my luggage. Seeing a rough-looking old fellow leaning against a post with his hands in his pockets, I beckoned to him and said: 'See here, if you carry these bags up to the hotel I'll give you half a crown.'"

"The man scowled at me. He took three or four gold sovereigns from his pocket, threw them into the sea, scowled at me again, and walked away without a word."

If an Advertisement Convinces You, Stay Convinced.

When you read in this newspaper the advertisement of a manufacturer who has paid for the space used to convince you that it is to your interest to buy his goods, and you go to a dealer where such articles are usually handled for sale, do not let the dealer or any one of his clerks sell you something else which he claims is "just as good." If an advertisement convinced you, it was because of the element of truth which it contained.

INSIST ON GETTING WHAT YOU ASK FOR.

The Objects of Her Feelings. "Patrick" gushed the amorous Widow O'Leary, "Give long—anted 't' confoss 't' ye 't' state iv ye feelin's toward ye, an' new O! must tell ye that O! love ivry hair iv yr head!"

"Thin, if ye do," replied the adamantine Patrick, who has just come from the barber's. "O'll tell ye, Mrs. O'Leary, that were ye in Casey's barber shop around th' corner, ye'd find Casey sweepin' th' objects iv yr feelin's into his dustpan at th' present moment."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

WALDO L. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known W. L. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him. W. L. CHENEY & CO., Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Only Long Sleeves Now. Mistress—Here is a nice dress for you, Martha.

Maid—Thank ye, ma'am, but I can't take it, really.

Mistress—You foolish girl, of course you can take it, I insist.

Maid—No, really, I can't, ma'am. It's got them old-fashioned short sleeves.

It Cures While You Walk. Allen's Foot-Powder is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callous, and swollen, itching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Put on before dressing. Address: Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

French Sculptor Complimented. M. Rollin, the celebrated sculptor, has been asked to put on his fingers for the new regatta at the Luxembourg palace.

Garfield Tea is of particular benefit to those subject to rheumatism and gout. It purifies the blood, cleanses the system, and eradicates disease. Drink before retiring.

Think all you speak, but speak not all you think. Thoughts are your own; your words are so no more.—Delany.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough. 25c a bottle.

A lazy man will not work himself so long as he can work others.

Garfield Tea is of particular benefit to those subject to rheumatism and gout. It purifies the blood, cleanses the system, and eradicates disease. Drink before retiring.

Think all you speak, but speak not all you think. Thoughts are your own; your words are so no more.—Delany.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough. 25c a bottle.

A lazy man will not work himself so long as he can work others.

Garfield Tea is of particular benefit to those subject to rheumatism and gout. It purifies the blood, cleanses the system, and eradicates disease. Drink before retiring.

Think all you speak, but speak not all you think. Thoughts are your own; your words are so no more.—Delany.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough. 25c a bottle.

A lazy man will not work himself so long as he can work others.

Garfield Tea is of particular benefit to those subject to rheumatism and gout. It purifies the blood, cleanses the system, and eradicates disease. Drink before retiring.

Think all you speak, but speak not all you think. Thoughts are your own; your words are so no more.—Delany.

HOUSE WORK



Thousands of American women in our homes are daily sacrificing their lives to duty.

In order to keep the home neat and pretty, the children well dressed and tidy, women overdo. A female weakness or displacement is often brought on and they suffer in silence, drifting along from bad to worse, knowing well that they ought to have help to overcome the pains and aches which daily make life a burden.

It is to these faithful women that LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND comes as a boon and a blessing, as it did to Mrs. F. Ellsworth, of Mayville, N. Y., and to Mrs. W. P. Boyd, of Beaver Falls, Pa., who say:

"I was not able to do my own work, owing to the female trouble from which I suffered. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me wonderfully, and I am so well that I can do as big a day's work as I ever did. I wish every sick woman would try it."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN. For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulcers, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

SICK HEADACHE. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Dis-eases from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heavy Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Headache, Stomach-ache, Biliousness, and all Disorders of the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. Beware of cheap imitations. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

160 ACRES Western FREE. Some of the choicest grain-producing lands in Saskatchewan and Alberta may now be acquired on these most beautiful and prosperous sections under the

What a Settler Can Secure in WESTERN CANADA. 160 Acres Grain-Growing Land FREE. 20 to 40 Bushels Wheat to the Acre. 40 to 80 Bushels Oats to the Acre. 25 to 50 Bushels Barley to the Acre. Timber for Fencing and Building FREE. Good Laws with Low Taxation. Splendid Railroad Facilities and Low Rates. Schools and Churches Convenient. Satisfactory Markets for all Productions. Good Climate and Perfect Health. Chances for Profitable Investment.

Revised Homestead Regulations. Entry fee in each case is \$10.00. For pamphlet, send Best West. part of any of our territories, first time to receive and write to us only \$4. M. V. McINNIS, 6 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Michigan; or C. A. LAUBIE, South St. Warr., Mich.

Special Offer. We are well known chemists. For \$100 we will furnish all the material and labor for the manufacture of a first-class safe. We will guarantee the safe to be fire-proof for 24 hours. Write for our circular. We suggest all other ways of saving money.

ADAM & JONES, Dept. R, Cincinnati, O.

W. N. U. DETROIT, NO. 21, 1908.

GRAND RAPIDS
MICHIGAN

Bought at 50c on the Dollar

Having purchased the Bazar Stock formerly owned by Geo. Cain in the King block at 50c on the dollar I will be ready to open for public inspection

Monday, May 25, 1908

All goods will go below actual cost price and the stock consists of Dry Goods, Clothing, Notions, Groceries, Crockery, Books, etc., etc. Everything marked in plain figures and Money Saving Prices. You can find everything you need here. Come in and look around.

Phin Smith Lowell, Mich.

HEARD ABOUT TOWN

May sale prices, Marks Ruben.
C. M. Edelmann was in Howell on business Monday.
Miss Minnie Meek spent Sunday at her home at Sparta.
Mrs. Ella Monks was home from Belding over Sunday.
Mrs. W. T. Byrne of Belding vicinity was in town Monday.
H. A. Frazier has just recovered from a two weeks' illness.
Hooker Pioneer society's annual picnic will be held June 10, 1908.
Floyd Oliver was in Grand Rapids on business Friday and Saturday.
Born—in Lowell, Tuesday, May 12, to Mr. and Mrs. Will Wood, a daughter.
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Billinger of Elmdale spent Sunday with Lowell friends.
Miss Cella Lewis has been spending several days with her sister in Grand Rapids.
Miss Fannie Lee is caring for her mother at the home of Mrs. R. Vaughan.
Mrs. D. C. Macham and Mrs. Edwin Pottruff left Tuesday for a trip to Hillsdale.
W. A. Watts and family have moved to their summer cottage Fair View for the season.
Mrs. T. W. Gougherty of Bowne visited her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Murphy Saturday.
Mrs. W. Hutchison and son Llewellyn of Portland spent Sunday with Mrs. W. B. Gardner.
Art Hill was home from Grand Ledge over Sunday. His aunt Mrs. S. R. Hall accompanied him.
Mrs. S. A. Clark of Mt. Pleasant came Monday to spend the summer with Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Smith.
Miss Pearl Keene spent Friday and Saturday in Grand Rapids and attended "Japanese Cherry Blossoms".
Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Murphy attended the play "Japanese Cherry Blossoms" in Grand Rapids Friday evening.
Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Fuller of Greenville visited their sons Roy and Harold Fuller last Wednesday and Thursday.
Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Beebe and daughter Esther of Greenville spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Denny.
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Draper and daughter Marlon of Pratt Lake spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Andrews.
Miss Ola Johnson is spending a few days with friends in Detroit and attending the Michigan Woman's Press meeting.
Dr. and Mrs. G. G. Towles have been spending two days in Ann Arbor, attending the state medical convention.
Miss Irene Murphy and Mr. and Mrs. Thos. McCarthy of Grand Rapids visited Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Murphy over Sunday.
Misses Louise and Eva Barkley of Boston township visited Mrs. E. C. Crawford and family and Mrs. Will Pullen Sunday.
Miss Lila Lawrence was home from Greenville to spend Saturday and Sunday, accompanied by Miss Helen Winter also of Greenville.
Died—at the residence of L. J. Hunter in Keene May 12, Charlie, fifteen-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Cook of Boston township.
Mrs. Frank Clark and Mrs. Albert Graham of Mt. Pleasant have been visiting Mrs. R. VanDyke and other friends this week. Mrs. Clark remains for a week or two.
Mrs. Hattie A. Barrett after spending three weeks in Lowell left Monday for Edmore where she and her daughter Miss Ruby Barrett have purchased a home.
Sunday visitors at the home of Albert Osborn were Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Doty of Cascade and daughter Gladys of Grand Rapids, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Watterson and children and John Seeley of McCord.
Mrs. Lewis Andrews and Mrs. Chas. Wolf entertained about eighteen children at the home of the latter Saturday afternoon in honor of the tenth birthday anniversary of their little sister Ruth Gibson.
Mr. and Mrs. Albert C. Emmons of Rockford have purchased the James Murphy farm and home and have come this week to take possession. Mrs. Murphy has rented the Lewis house near the Congregational church for her home.
Mrs. Hayes Roll recently gave a surprise party in honor of her little daughter Hazel's seventh birthday anniversary. Twenty of the child's little friends were present, games were played and refreshments served.
The ice season has opened. Prices range from \$1.50 to \$1.75 per month according to size of refrigerator. Phone orders to Kalward and Northhook, phone 125.
May sale prices, Marks Ruben.

If You Want [to Know What] Smartly Dressed Men are Wearing, See Our Display Windows.

These will show you how clothes look ready to wear and at such moderate prices as have made our store the headquarters of the man of average means who wants to be sure that he is getting the right kind of clothes. When you see smartly dressed men on the street the chances are that they are wearing SINCERITY CLOTHES, bought of us, but we prefer to point to our windows as an indication of the correct styles. We guarantee the best of satisfactory quality, workmanship and right prices. XTRA GOOD Clothes for boys, another of our specials and at reduced prices this week.

Extra Special For Saturday
For this one day only the following prices on boys' knee Pants. Any \$1 Pants for 75c. Any 75c Pants for 50c. Any 50c pants for 38c.

HARVEY J. TAYLOR
Successor to M. Ruben
The Sincerity Clothes Shop, Lowell, Mich

Your Idle Money Will Earn 3 per cent Interest if deposited in the Savings Department of this Bank.

If you would be the most successful you should make your money work too. It is a common saying that "money not earning interest is losing money."
Set aside what money you will not need in your business at this time and deposit it with this bank. It will be here when you do need it and working for you mean time.
Interest credited semi-annually.

The Lowell State Bank
LOWELL, MICH.

LOWELL LADIES' LINEN SPECIAL

is a new Box Papeterie manufactured expressly for us Put up in large attractive boxes holding twice the usual quantity of both paper and envelopes. Your choice of six beautiful colored cover designs. (Drawn by AFox.) Wrapped in white parchment with a gold seal. The stock is a first class linen lawn of medium weight, smooth finish. A practical package for your own use or suitable gift for a friend.
Price 35c. Sold only by

M. N. HENRY
the Modern Druggist and Stationer.

Last Call on Seeds.

We purchased the finest line of seeds that money could buy and our assortment both bulk and and package is complete with the choicest varieties.
Everything for the Vegetable and Flower Garden. Choice seed, field corn and potatoes.

Mc CARTY BROS.

May sale prices, Marks Ruben.
Miss Abbie Rednor of Grand Rapids spent Sunday with Misses Mary and Florence Scott.
Great things in the garden are those hand wheel cultivators sold by F. B. McKay & Co.
Chauncey Townsend is making some modern improvements to his house, including large new windows and doors.
Get Home-Coming envelopes of the business men for your private correspondence until August. If
Agricultural implements of every description at F. B. McKay & Co's.
May sale prices, Marks Ruben.
W. S. Winegar has the knobblest line of wall paper in town. Let him prove it.
After June 1 this firm will run on a strictly cash basis.
Andrews & Braisted
List of unclaimed letters at Lowell post office for week ending May 18, 1908: Ray E. King, Alvin Ladd, Selden F. White, Theresa Benjamin.
There will be a dance in the opera house tonight. Good music.
R. VanDyke is enjoying a weeks' outing and fishing with the Pere Marquette fishing club near Nirvana. Seed corn at the Lowell seed stor

Complies with the pure food laws of every state

CALUMET BAKING POWDER

HEALTH Calumet is made of the finest materials possible to select, and makes light, easily digested Bread, Biscuits or Pastry; therefore, it is recommended by leading physicians and chemists.
ECONOMY In using Calumet you are always assured of a good baking; therefore, there is no waste of material or time. Calumet is put up in airtight cans; it will keep longer than any other Baking Powder on the market and has more raising power.



CALUMET is so carefully and scientifically prepared that the neutralization of the ingredients is absolutely perfect. Therefore, Calumet leaves no Rochella Salts or Alum in the food. It is chemically correct.
\$1,000.00 given for any substance injurious to health found in Calumet

Dr. White, dentist, 'phone 151.
Anything you want in wall paper at W. S. Winegar's.
Miss Myrtle Taylor visited friends in Grand Rapids over Sunday.
Studebaker buggies and wagons—a carload just in at Nash's.
Roy Fuller visited relatives at Greenville over Sunday.
Born—in South Lowell, May 13, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ford, a daughter.
Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Bristol of Ada visited Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Mitchell Sunday.
Mrs. N. A. Grinnell of Benton Harbor is visiting her aunt Mrs. Nellie Beadle.
Mr. and Mrs. Will Ross have rented the Albert Mount house formerly occupied by Mrs. C. M. Higby.
Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Lee of South Boston spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Chambers.
Mr. and Mrs. K. S. Rickert and children of Vergennes visited Mr. and Mrs. N. V. Warner Sunday.
Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Springett and little sons leave Saturday for a two weeks' visit at Jackson and Almont.
R. L. Jones of Lincoln, Ill., has been spending a two weeks' vacation with relatives and old friends in Lowell.
Born—in Detroit, to Mr. and Mrs. Marlon McCabe, a six-pound daughter. Mrs. McCabe was formerly Ida Cooper.
May sale prices, Marks Ruben.

Oh! I Dread New Shoes.

How many women do you hear say this? There is no need to dread new shoes if you buy this one. Buy this shoe and you buy a tonic for your feet.

- | | |
|-------------|-------------|
| Looks Well | No Nails |
| Fits Well | No Tacks |
| Wears Well | Or Wax |
| and | to Mar Your |
| Price Right | Comfort |



These shoes are flexible and require very little breaking in. If you once wear a pair of these shoes you will want no others. ASK TO SEE THEM. We are prepared to show them. You will find our stock of Shoes and Oxfords complete.

A. J. HOWK & SON
Forty Years of Selling Good Shoes.

IN House Cleaning

Complete the job by using **Silver Cream** for your Silverware. It will make it the easiest part of the whole job, and you'll thank us for telling you. Large jar 25c.

