

THE TOWNS AROUND.

RYEGATE. Mrs. Emily G. Miller and her friend, Mrs. Jackson, visited St. Johnsbury the 6th. Mrs. L. P. Leach of St. Johnsbury spent two days at her father's W. T. McLain's, last week. There was a large attendance at the meeting of the L. M. S. last Thursday which met by invitation with Mrs. J. H. Nelson who furnished a bountiful tea. George Gebbie was in Greensboro Wednesday to attend a family reunion. Mrs. W. F. Eastman of North Haven-hill, with her friend, Miss Wright, visited her sister, Mrs. Maude Lowe, Tuesday last week. Miss Ethel Morrison visited friends at the Corner last week and has gone this week to attend a two weeks' session of summer school of Plymouth, N. H. Fred L. Gibson and family returned to Lyme Tuesday after a few days' visit here. Prof. Lewis Mander and son Lewis Jr., of Providence, R. I., are visiting at G. C. Mander's. Mr. and Mrs. J. R. W. Beattie and Miss Mary Beattie spent last Friday in Littleton, visiting their brother, Dr. Beattie. Mrs. E. E. Symes took her little son Wendell to Burlington last week for medical treatment. There was a small attendance at the auction of the W. F. Gibson real estate Monday. The farm was purchased by Mrs. W. T. McLain and the village residence by Miss Carma Gibson.

Only a Mask. Many are being benefited by the summer vacation as they should be. Now, notwithstanding much outdoor life, they are little if any stronger than they were. The tan on their faces is darker and makes them look healthier, but it is only a mask. They are still nervous, easily tired, upset by trifles, and they do not eat nor sleep well. What they need is what tones the nerves, perfects digestion, creates appetite, and makes sleep refreshing, and that is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Pupils and teachers generally will find the chief purpose of the vacation best subserved by this great medicine which, as we know, "builds up the whole system."

PEACHAM. The Rev. J. K. Williams was called to West Rutland last Saturday to attend a funeral and the pulpit was supplied Sunday morning by Rev. Henry Shaw, who is visiting his brother, Richard Shaw of South Peacham. The afternoon service at four o'clock was a union service conducted by Rev. Mr. Wedgeworth. Interesting papers were read by Miss Flora Clark, Mrs. Francis Patridge, Ellsworth Johnson, Charles Hutchinson, Mrs. Renwick Wilson and Mrs. Robert Esden. The choir rendered excellent music. Rev. P. B. Fisk is expected to occupy the pulpit of the Congregational church next Sunday. Many visitors are in town for "Old Home Week," among whom are Mrs. Jeffers, Miss Marsh and Miss Maud Bailey at Mrs. Clara Bailey's, Mr. and Mrs. Hazen Morse at Mr. Wm. Morse's, Mr. Leonard Renfrew and family at Mrs. E. R. Renfrew's, B. Way and family, Ellsworth Johnson and family, Miss Mary Martin, Howard Hebblethwaite, Mr. and Mrs. Taisey, Fred Stoddard, Charles Clark and others. Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Kenerson of Barnet, and Mrs. Lewis Bigelow and daughter of Everett, Mass., spent Sunday at Paul Ferguson's. Men with teams were at work last week grading the ground in front of the Congregational church and putting in the new curbing. This is a great improvement in the looks of the place. The Academy hall has been newly papered and otherwise repaired. Miss Brooks of New Haven is boarding at Paul Ferguson's.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refer the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature on every box. 25 cents.

WEST WATERFORD. Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Carpenter and relatives went Thursday to the Franconia Mountains. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Cutting from St. Johnsbury visited their parents Friday and Saturday. They and Stimson Cutting and family attended Mrs. Augustus Cutting's funeral at West Concord.

Zinc and Grinding Make. Devote Lead and Zinc Paint wear twice as long as lead and oil mixed by hand.

PASSUMPSC. Prof. Geo. N. Morse and his mother of Worcester, Mass., have been spending a week with Rev. M. Meacham's family. Prof. Morse is a very successful teacher of piano and pipe organ. He played the organ at the church in this place last Sunday morning and evening, to the great delight of all who heard him. The Christian Endeavor Society held a social at the vestry Monday evening, which was well attended and much enjoyed. Prof. Morse assisted in the program with an organ solo, Mr. Thyn of Boston, gave a description of his journey from Boston to Galveston, and there was singing by the young girls. Miss Bessie Wright sang "The Holy City" in a highly acceptable manner. She has a very sweet voice and sings with excellent taste. Ice cream and cake were served after the program. Mrs. Fred Meacham of New York city, is spending a short time with his parents in this place. Mr. and Mrs. Hill of Plainfield, Ohio, are visiting at their son's, Ed. Hill, in this place. The annual picnic of the Baptist Sunday School will be held, weather permitting, Thursday, Aug. 22, at Lakeside Park, Harvey's Pond, West Barnet. All friends of the school are invited.

SUTTON. At ten o'clock Friday morning the Bean farm, two miles from the village on the road to Lyndonville, will be sold at auction. The real estate consists of 21 acres of land, two dwellings, barn, blacksmith and carriage shops. There is a good dam and water power. The contents, consisting of cider press, lumber, iron, hay and wood will also be sold. [Additional items on page 6.]

London fever hospitals can accommodate 6,000 patients.

DANVILLE.

D. B. Plumer, proprietor of the Waumbek at Jefferson, and son have been spending a few days at Thurber's. The new arrivals at Thurber's are Mrs. M. B. Hale of Chicago, Mrs. M. Decker and Miss S. D. Decker of New York and S. Walters of New York. The doctors recently removed a needle that had in some way become imbedded in the side of little Georgie Morse, but which fortunately has never given him any trouble. Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Kittredge and daughter have been visiting friends here. There will be a picnic of the Dole family and a celebration of the 100th anniversary of the settlement of the farm now owned by W. F. Dole at W. F. Dole's on Friday. Miss Lilla Fisher of Washington, D. C., is visiting at S. D. Morse's. Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hopkins of Boston are visiting at S. N. Ingalls'. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Senter, now of Manchester, N. H., and former residents of Danville, are visiting at O. V. Hale's. Mr. and Mrs. George Greenbank of Buckland, Conn., are visiting friends. Edward Morse of Paterson, N. J., is visiting at S. D. Morse's. Sam McKensie is home from Boston in quite poor health. William Wallace of Framingham, Mass., is visiting friends. Mrs. William French of Boston is stopping with Mrs. John Sias. The Laurels go to Marshfield Thursday to play ball with the Marshfield nine. Mr. and Mrs. William Brier are home from a carriage drive to Lancaster and Berlin. Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Bachelier of Fairbairn, Minnesota, and Charles Bachelier of Newport are stopping at the Elm House. Mr. Bachelier was a former resident of Danville. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Churchill of Barton Landing and daughter Eva have been visiting at C. S. Dole's. Mrs. Alice Blanchard of Boston is visiting her sister, Mrs. Ida Babbitt. Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Pletcher of Somerville, Mass., Miss L. M. Richards and Miss Edith Stiles of Somerville, Julius Swiss and Miss Carrie Swiss of New Haven, Conn., Dr. Ernest Palmer of Brooklyn and J. S. Cameron of Salt Lake City, Utah, are among the late arrivals at the Elm House.

WEST CONCORD. Rev. Dr. Durfee of Burlington gave an interesting address at the Universalist church Sunday morning in the interests of the Anti-Saloon League. During Thursday's storm lightning struck Miss Nancy Grout's house and struck the chimney. It also struck Clyde Crowell's house but did little damage in either case. Mrs. James H. George and two daughters of East Harwick, were in town last week, visiting her brother, C. D. Hill. A bear was seen last Friday, in L. W. Hastings' pasture up on his farm, by the Lavature children, who were out berrying. The animal was sitting up watching them. Walter Douglas is improving the roads these days. Mrs. A. S. Chase of Kitton Glen, N. Y., is home for a few days. S. A. Jones and family and A. J. Giffin and family are camping at the Jones cottage, Greensboro. C. B. Simpson and family are at Lyndonville camp grounds. Mrs. C. H. Kenaston returned this week to South Framingham. F. H. Ingalls, has decided to move back from Lexington, Mass., and will repair the house, bringing running water, a much needed improvement. Myra and Anna Townsend were in town over Sunday. Mrs. O. H. Jenness, and Roxa Holden are in Northfield this week. Nellie Ash has gone to New London, N. H., to work in a hotel.

NORTH DANVILLE. Miss Effie Waldron of Burlington is spending her vacation with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. J. D. Waldron. Mrs. Ransom Hayes and little daughter of South Stratford are visiting Mrs. Hayes' aunt, Mrs. J. D. Waldron. George H. Stanton has been very ill with erysipelas for the past week, but is now on the gain we are glad to say. H. N. Clark and wife of South Cabot visited relatives in this place the first of the week. Mrs. F. R. Palmer and son, Ray, and Mrs. Heath started for the Pan-American exposition Monday afternoon. The Misses Lillian and Jessie Sanborn are spending the week with friends in Morrisville. George H. Massey and wife of West Derby were called here a few days since by the serious illness of his mother. John M. Puffer of St. Johnsbury and Miss Lillian, daughter of Peter Gadapee, of this place, were married at the home of her brother, Will Gadapee, Saturday, Rev. J. D. Waldron performing the ceremony. The little daughter of Charles Gilfillan of St. Johnsbury is quite ill with typhoid fever at B. G. Yarnum's. Christian Andersen and wife of Boston are visiting his sister, Mrs. O. H. Stevens.

WEST CONCORD. (From an occasional correspondent.) Ned D. Ripley and Bert R. Spencer of St. Johnsbury, and Emmett Hill were at Miles Pond Saturday and returned with a fine catch of black bass. Abial Cheney and sisters, Mrs. R. S. Brigham and Mrs. R. B. Ripley, will attend the "old home" celebration at Lower Waterford today. C. E. Dudley, Albert Douglass, Will Douglass, John Gero and others, left Saturday night by team for Lake Umbagog for a ten days fishing trip. Loren E. Smith, who recently returned from the Philippines, where he saw service in Co. D. 26th U. S. V., has enlisted in Co. D. at St. Johnsbury. Ice melts at 32 degrees, water boils at 212, lead melts at 594, and the heat of a common coal fire is 1,140. There were 5,151 constables in Scotland in 1900, or one to every 847 persons.

LYNDON. A School Reunion. The ladies who attended Lyndon Academy in the years from 1870 to 1875 have planned a delightful reunion to take place today as a picnic, and the place chosen, Mr. Ide's woods, is one held dear in the memory of those who lived here as children, for there they often gathered in early spring to enjoy a Vermont "sugaring off," or in the summer months for a picnic or a ramble after wild flowers. The invitations include also the residents of the village in the years referred to and the plan seems to meet with warm approbation as many answers from distant parties indicate. Mrs. C. D. Wilcomb and Mrs. G. P. Ide (Fannie and Emma Morgan) have been active in forwarding the arrangements and an occasion of unusual interest is anticipated. A list of those present from a distance will be given next week with a full account of the proceedings. On Tuesday, Mrs. Geo. P. Ide entertained at dinner such of her former schoolmates as have already arrived. A Lyndon Industry at Buffalo. The last of the week Our Husband's Manufacturing Company will place at the Pan-American Exposition a suitable exhibit of their line of goods, among which is a life size mounted cat in the act of using their patent feeder which was invented by I. H. Hall Jr. Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Hall Jr. go to Buffalo this week and also Mr. Carter their traveling salesman who will remain several weeks in charge of the exhibit. Miss Eva Hall has recently returned from a week's visit to Newport and Barton Landing. Mrs. John Coucher, and her three children went to Rever Beach, last Wednesday to stay a few weeks. Wells Quimby was at Willoughby last Saturday and Sunday. Murray Sweet went to Hardwick on business last week. Edward Collins and Mr. Carter went to Greensboro last week on a business trip and stopped long enough to catch a few trout. Mr. Ackers has returned to Boston after spending a week at I. H. Hall's. Mr. Smith, bookkeeper and general manager for Wilder and Co., has been spending some time at the mill in Victory and stopping at I. H. Hall's. He returned to Boston last Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bowker of St. Johnsbury and Mrs. Addie Chase Hopkinson of Springfield, Mass., began to observe "old home week" last Sunday by attending the Congregational church in this place as in days gone by. They were cordially welcomed by old friends. Miss Florence Billings returned to her home in Morrisville last Saturday accompanied by Miss Glen Leach, who goes to spend a few weeks with relatives and acquaintances. Roy Wilcomb returned to his work at Brandon at the same time. Miss Rose Brown has been appointed collector for the Anti-Saloon League, for this place. Mrs. C. D. Wilcomb is putting in new sills and otherwise repairing her barn. Park Bennett is doing the work. Leon Pierce of East St. Johnsbury, has been at his uncle James Leonard's a few days. Mr. Blodgett, a railroad man formerly of Stratford, N. H., has moved into Mary Knapp's tenement. Rev. Mr. McLaughlin goes away for his vacation August 26th to be gone three weeks. Mrs. May Bradshaw has returned from a four weeks' visit to Hardwick. Charles and Willis Bradshaw have been laying at West Concord for several weeks. The many friends of Miss Anna Thompson will be glad to learn that though very ill with typhoid fever her symptoms the past two or three days have been more favorable and with good care and skillful treatment recovery seems likely. Will Mattocks and Charles Hubbard of Seneca, N. Y., are expected home the last of this week to spend their vacations.

WATERFORD. An "Old Home Week" Reunion. The first day of "Old Home Week," Monday, Aug. 12, will be remembered as a pleasant reunion by the relatives of Milo E. Ladd, wife and mother, who met at their home, Rock Rock farm, the home of the late Orange S. Ladd, in Waterford. The relatives present were Mary Ladd Adams and family from Modesto, Cal., Hattie Ladd Weeks and son from St. Johnsbury, Mrs. Helen Stockwell from West Concord, J. R. Stockwell and family from Chelsea, Mass., May Stockwell Child and two sons from Grinnell, Iowa. Many pleasant reminiscences of old times helped to make it an occasion long to be remembered.

A Child's Quaint Reply. A Sunday school teacher in Carthage, Ill., has a class of little girls, and it is her custom to tell them each Sunday of some little incident that has happened in the week and request the children to quote a verse of scripture to illustrate the story. In this way she hopes to impress the usefulness of Biblical knowledge upon the little ones. Recently she told her class of a cruel boy who would catch cats and cut their tails off. "Now, can any little girl tell me of an appropriate verse?" she asked. There was a pause for a few moments, when one little girl arose and in a solemn voice said: "What God has joined together let no man put asunder."

Scotch Thrift. The city council of Auckland placed a price on the head of every rat in the city, and a grocer's boy became a perfect Nimrod and slew about 30. At the risk of contracting the plague he carried his dead along, obtained the scalp money and came back jubilant to his master and told him how much he had made. The master cast upon him an eye of Aberdeen gray, and then remarked quietly, "Weel, weel, ye'll just ken the rats is mine, not yours."—Sydney Bulletin.

The Dictionary. If you want to be really interested, read the dictionary. It will tell you how very badly other people spell our language and, incidentally, what a tiny cupful of words we each dip out of its ocean.—Minneapolis Times.

The average age of English people is 26, of Irish 27½ and of French 22½.

Chalk Wonders.

Few people know what a wonderful object a bit of chalk is when examined under a microscope. Take your knife blade and scrape off a little of the loose powder, catch it on a clean glass slide and place this on the stage of a good table microscope. Use a quarter inch objective lens and illuminate the field with a cone of light from the concave side of the reflector. The powder will be seen to consist of a confused mass of beautiful tiny shells, many of them of the most curious form. A better way, however, is to rub down a portion of chalk with an old toothbrush in a tumbler half filled with water. If you desire to prepare several slides, rub on about a teaspoonful of the powder. Shake the tumbler briskly, allow the sediment to settle for a moment and then carefully pour off the milky looking water. Repeat this until the water remains clear, and you will then have left in the bottom only perfect shells or large parts of shells. Take up a small pinch of this deposit and spread it carefully over the center of a glass slide. Dry over a lamp and, if you wish to preserve the slide for future use, mount it in Canada balsam, pressing out the bubbles of air beneath the cover glass.

A Certain Duke and an Uncertain Boy.

A certain duke, while driving from the station to the park on his estate to inspect a company of artillery, observed a ragged urchin keeping pace with the carriage at his side. His grace, being struck with the cleanliness of the lad, asked him where he was going. The lad replied: "To the park to see the duke and so-gers." The duke, feeling interested, stopped his carriage and opened the door to the lad, saying he could ride to the park with him. The delighted lad, being in ignorance of whom he was, kept his grace interested with quaint remarks till the park gates were reached. As the carriage entered it was saluted by the company and guards, whereupon his grace said to the lad: "Now, can you show me where the duke is?" The lad eyed his person all over, then, looking at the duke, replied quite seriously: "Well, I dunno, mister, but it's either you or me!"—Spare Moments.

Dug Mud, Not Holes.

"There used to be a famous character in our part of the world named Frank O'Connor," said a Cincinnati man, "and the stories of his doings and sayings still form a large part of the staple anecdotes of the country which he used to permeate. "One of his stock expressions has passed from local to national use. If any one did a particularly clever thing or said anything that especially struck him, O'Connor would say, 'That shows almost human intelligence,' and now when far and near I hear that expression used it conjures up memories of my genial old friend. "Up in Ontario on a time ill fortune compelled O'Connor to accept a job on a farm, where a friend one day found him, the sweat pouring off his brow and a spade in his hand. 'Hello, Frank!' he unkindly called. 'Are you doing very well digging out postholes?' 'I'm not,' was the tart response of O'Connor, who was nothing if not literal. 'I'm digging out mud and leaving the holes!'"

He Wasn't Deported.

Shortly after the Chinese exclusion act was passed the secretary of state received a letter from Pennsylvania, signed by a Chinaman. The writer said that he had been interested in this legislation and that he fell within the conditions of this act. He had come to this country under false pretenses, and hence he should be deported immediately. The request was so strange that the secretary of state ordered an investigation. The agent reported a few days later that the Chinaman's statement about the way in which he entered this country was correct and that he should be deported. There was just one drawback to this programme, however. The Chinaman had been convicted of murder and sentenced to life imprisonment.

Extremes in Iceland.

In Iceland nature seems to have deserted all her ordinary operations and to have worked only in combining the most terrific extremes which her powers can command. Nor is she yet silent. After the lapse of ages the fire of the volcano still bursts out among the regions of eternal snow, and the impetuous thundering of the geysers continues to disturb the stillness of the surrounding solitude.

A Gate Covered With Shoes.

The principal gateway at Allahabad is thickly studded with horseshoes of every size and make. There are hundreds of them nailed all over the great gates, doubtless the offering of many a wayfarer who has long since finished his earthly pilgrimage. The sacred gates of Somnath, in the fort of Agra, are similarly adorned.

How He Knows.

Fogg says that he has noticed that women never wear veils to protect their complexions or to make their wrinkles less assertive. They invariably wear them to keep their hair in place. He knows, because he has always been told so.—Boston Transcript.

If people want to talk about you.

It is easy for them to invent a story. The point is not to enjoy talking about people.—Athenion Globe.

A Chinese plow is a light affair, made of a crooked stick, with a steel point fastened to it and is pulled by a water buffalo.

Huldj Ann's Birthday Party.

A story for the Children. It was Huldj Ann's eleventh birthday, and she had a secret. She was dreadfully afraid Aunt Jane would find out about it—the secret, I mean. She was sure the birthday would never be thought of. The little girl's father and mother were dead, and she had lived with her spinster aunt for nearly a year. She thought Aunt Jane didn't care whether she had a good time or not, but possibly she was mistaken. She had slipped out of the kitchen now on the sly, for fear she would be told to sew patchwork or do a "stent" on the hateful stocking she was knitting. She had other plans. She was looking anxiously down the road that led to the village. It wasn't long before she saw what she was looking for. "They're coming!" she said excitedly. She had been half afraid they wouldn't come and the other half afraid that they would. And now there they were. She made sure that no one was watching before she ran to meet them—or it—for it was her party that she was expecting. That was Huldj Ann's secret. She was to have a party, and Aunt Jane didn't know the first thing about it! It wasn't a very big party, to be sure—only Hattie Larkin and her little sister Fannie and the Foster twins. Hattie was a sedate miss of 12, with blue eyes and flaxen braids. Little Fannie was bluer eyed, and her hair was flaxen and hung in ringlets over her chubby neck. Fannie always reminded Huldj Ann of an angel, though, of course, she had never seen one. The Foster sisters, Kate and Lizzie, were rosy cheeked, black eyed damsels of 10, with closely cropped brown heads. They (the twins) were not in the least angelic. "I'm most afraid we're too early," remarked Hattie, with a sidelong glance at Huldj Ann's brown calico dress and sunbonnet. The four visitors wore spick and span light prints so stiffly starched that they fairly crackled when their wearers moved. Huldj Ann noticed the glance and blushed. "No, you ain't a mite too early," she replied. "I didn't dress up. I—thought p'raps we might dig in the sand heap." The visitors looked at their clean gowns and at each other. "I didn't s'pose folks dug in sand heaps at parties," spoke up Lizzie Foster. "I s'posed they played games in the house." "There are different kinds of parties," said Huldj Ann with dignity. You see, she hadn't planned for a house party. "Let's sit down under the big elm and rest a spell," she went on. How she did wish she knew what to do next! To tell the truth, she had never been to a party in all her life. "I don't fink thith party ith much fun," lisped little Fannie after the girls had been sitting in awkward silence for a few moments. "The party hasn't begun yet," answered Huldj Ann, nearly distracted between her desire that her friends should have a jolly time and her fear lest they should be espied by Aunt Jane's sharp eyes. Then she laughed in relief as she caught sight of the hired man driving out to the barn with a swing hayrack. She jumped up and swung her sunbonnet. "Joel," she called, we want to go. Come along, girls," she added to her companions; "the party's going to begin." Joel gazed naturally waited for the children and tossed them into the big wagon as though they had been so many bundles of feathers. He climbed in last of all and cracked the whip, and away they went, the rack bumping and thumping over humps and strays stones, while the little folks laughed and shouted with delight. Such fun they had when the hayfield was reached, rolling in the hay, jumping into haycocks and once in awhile making believe work by raking a window. "It's just a lovely party," the village children declared when, warm and tired, they sat down to rest in the shadow of the stone wall. "I s'pose there'll be 'freshments when we get back to the house?" said Kate Foster. "I—s'pose so," stammered Huldj Ann. "But I've got some luncheon here," she hastened to say, producing a tin pail which she had managed to smuggle into the wagon from some secret hiding place. "It ain't much," she apologized, raising the lid and displaying half a dozen cookies with nickered edges, a few pieces of cake and gingerbread and a sorry looking quarter of a pie. As Huldj Ann had been saving up this spread from her lunches of the past week, it could not be expected to have a very fresh appearance. But th' "party" was too hungry to be over-particular, and soon there wasn't a crumb left. "The next thing on the programme," announced Huldj Ann, "is to go up Chapman lane and pick blackberries. I know where they're thicker 'n spatters." The visitors seemed to be a little doubtful about this expedition. "There might be snakes," objected Hattie. "Why, I go up there most ev'ry day, and I never saw a snake there in all my life," declared Huldj Ann, who wasn't one of the timid kind. The promise of a feast of berries was tempting, so finally the little company climbed over the wall and, crossing the main road, wandered into the shady lane. It must be owned that they didn't have a very good time here. Perhaps it was because they were tired, or possibly they were the least bit hungry in spite of the luncheon. Besides, the blackberries were not as plenty as the strawberries. Kate tore her dress on a blackberry bush, and a had tempered bee stung Huldj Ann. But what troubled the latter most was that, although it was growing late in the afternoon, the party showed no signs of peacefully

disbanding.

present elections for the councils general. These elections, which are conducted on party lines, indicate gains of seats for the republicans and losses for the remnant of the monarchists of various stamps. The tendency toward strong organization of national and patriotic feeling is on the gain in all European and American countries. Social philosophers may regard it as a reaction, but it is certainly a step in the world's evolution to which the people feel themselves irresistibly impelled. It is evident that France has forever turned her back on monarchical institutions. All the talk of Bonapartist or Bourbon restoration appears to be the mere nonsense in the light of the fact that the republicans have chosen about four-fifths of all these local councilors and all shades of opposition only the remaining fifth. Republican governments may be short lived and weak in France, but it is plain that the people have no hankering for any "strong government" of the old monarchical sort.

Toilet Paper.

A job lot. Three packages for 16 Cents. FIELD & ROWELL.

AUCTION

Saturday, August 10, 7.45. Republican Block. A lot of wagons of all kinds. Lot of Towels, Handkerchiefs, Beds and Bedding, Mattress and Pillows, Rugs, Chairs, Lounges, etc., etc. Have for sale a Lady's Saddle, a good one. Real estate for sale. Call and see. W. H. PRESTON, Auctioneer.

The Improved Empire

HAS REACHED PERFECTION. I do not see where one thing can be made better. For easy turning, easy washing and durability it has no equal, and after seeing other good machines used, I look upon this separator with still greater pride. D. C. GAGE, Agt.

ONE-HALF COST.

What I advertise, I always perform. Do you know of anything to the contrary? Example: \$1,000.00 Fire Insurance in the residential part of the village, will cost in any Stock Company \$100.00 for 5 years. I can place this same insurance in a first class Mass. Mutual Co. that has been in business for 73 years, and that has a good surplus of nearly half a million dollars, for this exact sum, and on the experience of many years will return you \$5.00 at the end of the term in a cash dividend. Is this worth saving or not? A one year policy will return 20 per cent, and a three years 30 per cent on the exact stock rates. Investigate and be convinced that what I say, I stand ready to prove. CHAS. S. HASTINGS, Agt. Over Post Office.

SALE OF

Infants' Bonnets

... AT ... E. L. HUNT & CO'S.

It is late for us to have so many 'Infants' Bonnets on hand, but just the season to wear them. We want to close them out and for that reason make extra strong inducements for you to BUY OF US NOW.

MUSLIN BONNETS.

1 Lot was 15 cents, now marked 9 cents. " " 25 and 35c, " " 19 " " " 45 and 50c, " " 39 " " " 75 and 87c, " " 50 " " " 1.00 and 1.25 " " 75 " " " 1.50 and 1.62 " " \$1.25

Muslin and Tamoshanter Hats.

1 Lot was 35 cents, now marked 22 cents. " " 62 " " " 42 " " " \$1.25 " " " 87 "

GIRLS' HATS.

Handsome Muslin Hats, were 75 and 87c, now 50c. Tam Hats, - - were 50c, - - now 38c. Nothing reserved. Everyone goes. E. L. HUNT & CO.