

CHARLES D. HORN, Department Editor.

By DUNCAN H. SMITH.

THE FEATHERED POPULATION.

Backward in most every way as has been the present spring, it is evident to these folks who occasionally commune with nature that in regard to the feathered population this season is at least up to if now not ahead of the average.

And in this connection it might not be out of place to add that the colorings to be seen by glancing at the fields and woods is truly beautiful.

Geo. Jackson of Dunlap was doing business in town Saturday.

Lydia Winters was a caller at the E. M. Roberts home Friday.

The Arion Band played at the Decoration day services at Dow City Thursday.

Earl Mackey came home sick Friday night from Sioux City and is under the doctor's care.

Mrs. Geo. Harvey and a friend drove over from Buck Grove Wednesday to do some shopping.

Mrs. T. M. Gibbons was visiting a few days at the home of A. A. Conrad last week. They live at Manning.

Geo. Kearnes and wife took the Milwaukee here Wednesday for Westfield to attend the silver wedding of a sister.

Mrs. W. A. Mattock and son Floyd of Mechanicville, came Wednesday for a protracted visit with relatives at Arion and vicinity.

Rev. Grigsby preached two very good sermons Sunday. We predict a good future for this young man. His earnestness will win.

Aaron Robshow, of Dunlap was a business visitor in Arion Saturday. He drove up to meet Geo. Kearnes and wife on the Milwaukee.

Adolph Beno of Council Bluffs was at the Arion Store Thursday and Friday helping invoice the hardware stock which was sold to O. W. Nelson.

Mrs. J. H. Bramhall of Des Moines came Wednesday to visit for a season with her parents Thos. Rae and wife. She was accompanied by the children.

We noticed in last week's issue a typographical error which materially changed the sense of the article, in the item where the flour order received was given at 25 sacks it should have been 2500.

The Friday Club was entertained Mrs. Van Meter last week. The popularity of Mrs. Van Meter was shown by the large attendance. Although enjoyed a pleasant time although a rainy day.

Mrs. W. A. Mattock and her mother Mrs. Michel left Saturday and Mrs. R. O. Clark and F. B. Michel left Sunday morning to attend the funeral of an uncle at Jefferson, which was held Sunday afternoon.

James Tranter of Washington township was an Arion business caller Saturday. He brought a pair of young mules of D. J. Butler. He now has fifteen head and looking for more, he says he thinks there will be war soon and he wants to supply the mules.

Frank Downs was doing business in Arion Monday.

Mr. Petersen of Buck Grove was an Arion caller Monday.

Dr. Wright of Denison was a business caller in Arion Saturday.

A. B. Raukin and family spent Decoration day at Woodbine with friends.

G. M. Campbell of Omaha assisting at the Black Loam Journal office this week.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Andy Simpson a girl of the regulation weight, last week.

Helen Bell met her sister from Sioux City, at the Milwaukee depot Saturday night.

A. A. Culver and Chas Aney were Sunday visitors in Dunlap, attracted by the ball game.

Mrs. Geo. Rankin of Popillion, Neb., came Saturday to visit with her son and family A. B. Rankin.

Mrs. S. C. Warren of Wilton Junction will arrive this week for a two weeks visit with her daughter Mrs. M. B. Nelson.

Doctor and Mrs. Coon and baby spent Sunday with Grandma and Grandpa Coon, much to the joy of Helen who thinks their is nothing like the baby.

F. A. Marr of Wilton Junction, came Sunday morning for a business inspection of his large farm west of town. He left Monday for Woodbine and Omaha on his way home.

Mrs. W. B. Evans of Arion left Saturday for an extended visit in the East, taking in the Jamestown exposition, also visiting a number of relatives of the Evans family.

A. A. Conrad has sold his hardware department to O. W. Nelson and will increase his other lines to take the place of the hardware. Mr. Conrad is a very enterprising merchant and by adding to his already good stocks of dry goods, groceries, queensware, and mens furnishing, will make his store worth while visiting. He will make a special effort in the men's furnishings line.

All stomach troubles are quickly relieved by taking a little Kodol after each meal. Kodol goes directly to the seat of the trouble, strengthens the digestive organs, supplies the natural digestive juices and digests what you eat. It is simple, clean, pure, harmless remedy. Don't neglect your stomach. Take little Kodol after each meal and see how good it makes you feel. Money back if it fails. Sold by Lamborn Drug Co.

Arion Mercantile Co. announce that they will remodel the inside of their store room, taking out the centers shelving, and using tables instead. The firm will make special effort by increased stocks in the lines they carry, so that Arion will have a store far superior to anything of the kind in towns much larger than Arion. Their connection with the John Beno Co., of Council Bluffs and Marshall Field and Co. of Chicago, placing them in a position, to buy very low and sell accordingly. Arion may well be proud of her merchants and their stores.

It is with sadness of heart we are called upon to record the death of one of our young farmer friends W. R. Holcomb, who died Friday May 31st at his home one mile south of Arion. He was born in Shelby county, where he grew to young manhood, on October 1, 1878, making him twenty-eight years, seven months and twenty-nine days old. He was married March 26, 1905 to Miss Bessie Cross, who with their little baby boy he leaves to mourn his loss, besides father, mother, brothers and one sister. Interment was at Gallands Grove Sunday.

He has been under the doctor's care for over a year, having an ulcerated tooth which developed into an affection of the jaw bone. He went to Chicago about three weeks ago for an operation, which resulted in blood poison and caused his death.

It is unusually sad when a young life so full of promise is taken away, and we can only commend the sorrowing ones to the care of the all wise father who doth all things well.

Hoped He Wouldn't Grow.

A well known member of parliament was addressing an agricultural meeting in the south of England and in the course of his remarks expressed the opinion that farmers do not sufficiently vary their crops and make a mistake in always sowing wheat.

One of the audience opposed to him in politics asked him what crops he would recommend.

"Everything in turn," he replied. "Well," said his interlocutor, "if swedes don't come up, what then?" "Sow mustard," said the M. P.

"And if mustard doesn't come up, what then?" And so he went on through a whole list of crops until, the M. P.'s patience being exhausted, he put an end to his questioning amid roars of laughter by saying:

"Oh, sow yourself, and I hope you won't come up."

Circumstantial Evidence.

Chick Bruce was a famous Adirondack guide, who accompanied Grover Cleveland on one or two of his hunting trips in those mountains. Chick left Mr. Cleveland sitting on a log one morning while he went out to drive down a deer should he chance to find one. When he came back he saw his distinguished employer still sitting on the log, but with the muzzle of his gun pointing directly at the presidential chest.

"Here," shouted Chick, "quit that dog eat ye! Suppose that gun had gone off and you had killed yourself, what would have happened to me? Darn ye, everybody knows I'm a Republican!"—Saturday Evening Post.

A Large Order.

The proprietor of a certain restaurant "leased" the reverse side of his bill of fare to a carriage manufacturer, who prints advertisements thereon. The other day a customer, in a great hurry, ran into the restaurant, sat at a table and was handed a bill wrong side up by the hurried waiter. The customer put on his pince-nez, curled his mustache with his left hand and shouted in a voice of thunder: "Bring me a fly, a laudau, two victorias and a dogcart. Got any funeral cars?" The waiter fled.—London Graphic.

Judgment Reversed.

Schoolteacher—I am sorry to complain, but Johnnie Jones has been very impertinent. Principal—You must be more patient, Miss Howard. Teach the children to respect you as they do me, and we shall have fewer complaints. What did he say? Schoolteacher—He said you were the skinniest old maid alive!—Brooklyn Life.

The Disadvantages of Schools.

"Why have you taken your son out of school without asking permission?" Father (a grocer)—But they were ruling him. I wish to bring him up to carry on my business, and they were teaching him that there are sixteen ounces in a pound.—Motto Pu Ridere.

A Nice Present.

It is said of a champion mean man that the only present he ever made to his wife was on the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding, when he gave her four yards of cotton cloth with which to make him a shirt.

Logical Result.

Teacher—What happens when a person's temperature goes down as far as it can go? Tommy—Then he has cold feet.

The great man knows nothing of its greatest men.—Van Artevelde.

O Fortune, what a jade you are to distribute your favors at haphazard as you do!—Le Sage.

R. T. VAN METRE, M. D. Physician and Surgeon, Arion, Iowa.

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UP IN THE AIR.

If this ballooning fad keeps on increasing every day, the sky will soon be full of cars. Each in the other's way. And it will be as dangerous to take an evening sail as now it is to walk abroad along the auto's trail.

When lovers loaf along the sky and sit and softly spoon far from the madding, jeering crowd up in their new balloon. Some rubberneck will come along and as he hears them say: "Ah, there! I saw you holding hands! It's time to break away."

And when the father hitches up his family flying cart and loads in all the little ones and cuts the rope to start the pleasures of the lofty ride will hardly be a cinch. For searchers will come swooping down and miss them by an inch.

And all the people up in Mars and Mister in the moon will think they see a rival in some large and gay balloon. If this ballooning fad keeps up, the fellows who are worth the price of one inflated bag will all get off the earth.

Making Them Interesting.

"The trouble with schoolbooks," said the kicker, "is that they deal in such impractical things that one never meets in everyday life."

"Why don't you write one yourself?" asked his weary friend. "I am going to as soon as I have time, and you will see that the children will enjoy studying it. Now, suppose instead of the dry arithmetic examples we have something like this touching everyday life:

"If a man who hasn't had anything to eat for three days receives a dime from a friend to get a square meal and tips the waiter a quarter, how far will it be from the town pump to 3 o'clock provided the day is cloudy?" "I suppose the answer is that it looks like rain tonight because father has rheumatism in his wooden leg."

Making It Easy.



"Do you find your studies in law school difficult?" "No; it is mere child's play." "But I thought Blackstone was rather hard to understand." "What has Blackstone got to do with it? I intend to try my cases with the unwritten law."

To Help Him Be Good. The next steel chief may be cut in his pay to something like fifty per cent. If he hasn't the money, he won't get so funny. Or mix in so much devilment.

Mean. "He has a mighty mean way of saving money." "Indeed! What is it?" "He extravagantly praises his wife for her frugality and her economy."

Vacant Space. "There's plenty of room at the top." "So I have noticed—in lots of people's heads."

You Bet! It is know-how that does it. You bet your sweet life: It's knock-out and butt-in That win in the strife.

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Even a hpre is a wonderfully interesting creature when he knows something that is to your advantage.

A truthful person sometimes makes the hit of his life by silently remaining full of the truth.

Too many schemes rhyme with dreams to be at all profitable.

Too many women carry their minds under their husbands' hats.

When a man gets into a painful situation, he hates to accept it, but sometimes he has to or take a job.

The Down and Out club is sometimes an adjunct to the Don't Worry club.

The mongrel is the dog that yelps the loudest when caught and gets away the slickest.

Having a pull may not be aristocratic, but it certainly tends toward the plutocratic.

If working were as easy as quitting, the products of labor would be stacked high enough to shut out the sunshine.

Ability to dodge an automobile is a sign that you aren't a plutocrat.

We could be happier perhaps if we could have the voice box of our conscience amputated.

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Souvenirs of a Criminal Career: a bedroom papered with the flags of all nations is occupied by an artist who has a hankering for oddities. Every nationality under the sun is represented by the colors on the walls, and the effect upon a person when first entering the room is somewhat dazzling. "Those flags," said the artist, "represent a career of crime which has extended over the entire world. In fact, I am an international thief. When I toured Africa, Asia, Europe and Australia some years ago with two other fellow artists we each boasted of our ability in 'pinching' towels from the hotels in which we stopped. The fellow who got the lowest number was to pay the passage of the other two back to this country. I came in first by managing to collect 207 towels, many of which came from world famous hotels. When I got them home I immediately turned them into flags with my water colors, and they make good souvenirs of my criminal career."—Philadelphia Record.

ago. Blegnt mentions it, and Grand d'Aussay in his 'Histoire de la Vie Privee des Francais' describes it in detail. An old vice, a dead vice—for the French found that tea smoking racked the nerves—how very, very foolish you girls are to have revived it."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Orphans. Two of the young friends of Bishop Wilberforce of Oxford gave the authorities of the university so much trouble that they won the nicknames of Hophal and Phinehas. One day, says T. H. S. Escott in "Society in the Country House," they were lounging about the hall at Cuddesdon palace, singing the Lutheran refrain, "The devil is dead," when the bishop suddenly appeared. He walked very gently up to them and in his most caressing manner, placing one hand on each head, said in a consolatory tone: "Alas, poor orphans!"

Two Hundred Species of Roses. There are 200 species of roses in existence, though perhaps not more than fifty clearly defined families. Of these families only two are of American birth. There are thousands of varieties, however, and of these our enterprising rose growers have contributed by far the largest proportion. The eagerly sought black rose is still unproduced, though a New York florist has a dark red one which in some lights has the appearance of black velvet.—Kansas City Journal.

Instinct in Plants. Climbing plants have two opposing methods of describing spiral growth. The plants that turn to the right in the northern hemisphere reverse this trend in the southern hemisphere, and therefore, for the sake of consistency, it may be preferable to describe the two kinds of spiral tendency as respectively "clockwise" and "counter clockwise," which latter can be shortened to "counterswise." The honeysuckle and the hop turn "clockwise," while the convolvulus and the scarlet runner bean twine "counterswise." Experiments made by growing scarlet runner beans in opaque cylinders, to discover whether the deviation of the twist was innate or merely from the direction of the light, disclosed the fact that the plant possesses an inclination resembling the instinct of animals, of proceeding in a given direction, and resents any attempt to force it otherwise.

Made Him Hop. Hiram Hardapple—What made Grandpap Wheately jump ten feet and forget his rheumatics when the circus parade passed? Was he afraid of the elephants? Zeke Crawford—No. He heard the steam calloppo and thought it was one of those automobiles with the new-fangled whistles.—Chicago News.

Human Nature. "Why are guests so habitually discontented?" asked the landlord. "They're not really discontented," answered the clerk. "They merely want to convey a favorable impression about what they are used to at home."—Washington Star.

The Hymn He Didn't Want. A young man who was to be married in church to a Miss Way, after a courtship of four years, privately requested the choir not to open the service by singing, "This is the Way I long have sought."

Swedenborg in Ruffles and Wig. Swedenborg was a great deal in London, where he was known and admired and had several good friends, but his small knowledge of English and the impediment in his speech precluded him from any real intimacy. His slight figure, with its fine features and hazel eyes, was well known in the neighborhood of Coldbath fields, where he lodged, and he was often seen stopping to talk to the children, for whom he used to carry sweetmeats. He was always dressed in an old fashioned suit with lace ruffles and wore a full bottomed wig, carrying a sword and a gold headed cane. On Christmas eve, 1771, he had a stroke of apoplexy, and on March 29, 1772, the day he had foretold, he died at the house which he had himself named.—Occult Review.

His Last Chance. "Did you ever notice," said Mrs. N. Peck, "that about half the pictures in the photographers' windows are of bridal couples? I wonder why they always rush off to the photographer as soon as the knot is tied." "I guess the husband is responsible for it," said Mr. Peck. "He realizes that it is about his last chance to ever look pleasant."

Three Sick Men. It is a curious fact that three of the men who did most to revolutionize the world had always bad health. These were St. Paul; Julius Caesar and Marat, the real originator of the French revolution.

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