

VAIL ITEMS.

The Vail Park Opening June 18, 1908.

Vail people are making arrangements to have one of the largest celebrations ever held in Vail in honor of the opening of the park. Years ago the Iowa Railroad Land company donated to the town of Vail several acres of land, to be used for a park. In due time trees were planted, gravel walks were made and quite an outlay of money was spent to insure Vail having a park. For the last six or seven years very little was done in the way of improvements of the grounds, but this spring the people of Vail woke up to the fact that the trees had grown large enough to make good shade and all they lacked was to be trimmed and shaped up and the brush removed and they went to work and did the work up in good shape.

The Commercial club of Vail took it in hand and called the ladies of the town to help them and June the eighteenth was fixed as the date to celebrate. A fine band stand was built, seats and tables are being placed in convenient places and city water will be furnished free and everything indicates a big time. Everything in the way of amusements and music will be free. Refreshments will be served for a small fee. Everyone is invited. The committee on transportation expect to make arrangements with the railroad to run excursion trains on that day, at one fare for the round trip. Come and we will try and please you.

- The following is the program:
- Sports at 4 p. m.
 - Foot race, boys under 12 years of age.
 - Three legged race, little girls under 12 years of age.
 - Young ladies rose contest.
 - Married ladies pinning tail on cat.
 - Young men hat trimming.
 - Girls over 12 years of age, pie eating contest.
 - Married men, shooting contest.
 - Prizes awarded to winners of each contest.

Program at 7 p. m.

Music—M. W. A. Band.
 Song—Glee Club.
 Address—Hon. Maurice O'Conner.
 Selection—M. W. A. Band.
 Song—Glee Club.
 Recitation—Miss Grace Dieter.
 Song—Glee Club.
 Music—M. W. A. Band.
 Leighton Wright came down from Denison Sunday and spent the day with friends.

Born to Delos Maar and wife Saturday, May 30, 1908, a son.
 Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Hoffman were called to Carroll Monday by the death of Mrs. Hoffman's aunt, Mrs. Boothwell, who died at the hospital there. The funeral took place at Odebolt, Mrs. Hoffman attended the funeral.
 Mrs. Chas. Sutor and children spent a couple of days last week in Dunlap with relatives.
 Mrs. Will Watson and children spent last week in Carroll with relatives.
 Levi Hoffman spent a couple of days last week in Cedar Rapids.
 Mr. Pat McCarthy and Miss Cecilia spent Saturday and Sunday in Aredia at the M. Maher home.
 John Vennink was up from West Side Monday.
 Mr. George Haskins of Palo, Kansas, is visiting his cousins, the Dieter brothers, here for the past two weeks.
 C. F. Kehr of Manilla, was a business caller here last Monday.
 Leo Fitzsimmons of South Omaha, came last week for a visit with relatives.
 Miss Ruth Taggart of Wall Lake, is visiting here with her sister, Mrs. Guhne.
 Ed M. Sheridan of Des Moines, spent Sunday here with his many friends.
 Mrs. Wm. Haas and children are spending this week at Dunlap with her parents.
 Joe Cranny was a business visitor at Arcadia Friday.
 Mrs. Chas. Brockelsby is visiting her parents in Nebraska.
 Waldo Kahler of Denison, was here on business last Monday.
 Dr. Waltser and wife of Waterloo, Ia., were guests at the L. E. Molseed home one day last week.
 Mrs. Pete Ludwig visited friends at Gray a couple of days last week.
 A. J. Barrow and family were Denison visitors Saturday.
 Miss Grace and Adrian Mitchell visited their grandma in Denison last week.
 W. S. Moore of Manilla, was on our streets one day last week.
 Mrs. G. E. Dingman and children are visiting relatives in South Dakota for the last couple of weeks.
 Mrs. Guhne and children returned Monday from their visit at Wall Lake.
 Mrs. B. Mitchell and son, Eddie, were in Denison Friday.
 Lawrence Servoss of Denison, came Sunday for a short stay.
 Mr. and Mrs. John Champlin are rejoicing over the arrival of a little son, born to them last Friday morning, June 5, 1908.

Maurice O'Conner spent a part of last week at Des Moines on business.

Mrs. Wm. Rhodenbaugh of Denison, was visiting friends in the vicinity of Vail last week.

Miss B. McNertney of Manilla, spent Sunday here with friends.

The F. F. Ratchford family expect to leave for Lake View this week for a couple of months' outing.

Mr. C. Payne came from his ranch in Dakota Saturday night.

Will Wilroth drove down from Denison Thursday on business.

Father Farrelly of Denison, attended the closing exercises of St. Anne's academy here last Friday night.

Miss Maude Payne returned home from Colorado Sunday, where she has been for the past year teaching school.

Mrs. F. Lewis of Carroll, is spending the week at the parental John Knowles home here.

John Molseed returned to his home at Centerville, S. D., after a week spent here with relatives.

Mr. Frank Hawley of Milford township, returned from Chicago Tuesday morning where he had been with a load of fat cattle. Mr. Hawley escaped a serious injury by a small margin. When near Clinton, Ia. the train he was riding on was stopped so suddenly that the window light in the caboose was broken and a piece of flying glass struck Mr. Hawley on the bridge of the nose and severed an artery, which the doctor had considerable difficulty in saving Mr. Hawley from bleeding to death. He was taken from the freight train and hurried to Chicago on a fast train and the head physician for the Northwestern road fixed Mr. Hawley up in good shape and he came home happy as a school boy. Mr. Hawley says the Northwestern people did all they could for him, under the circumstances, treated him well and gave him a substantial check to pay for his time and trouble.

Miss Rose Barrett of Santa Monica, Cal., is visiting her sister, Mrs. P. Dean and family for the past week.

High McCombs was a county seat visitor Monday.

E. T. Ryan spent three or four days in Omaha last week.

John Molony returned from S. D. Saturday and says he is well pleased with S. D. and purchased 240 acres of land in Lyman county while there.

Mrs. Mike McGrath sent a part of last week at Grand Junction, visiting her aunt, Mrs. Long.

Mrs. W. F. Mitchell and Miss Mollie Mitchell took the Mitchell twins, Roy and Ray, to Denison Monday to visit their many relatives in that city.

Wm. Farrelly made a business trip to Arcadia Monday.

Lock McCarthy of West Side, was in Vail Monday, on his way to Denison on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fitzsimmons spent Monday in Denison with Tom Fitzpatrick and family.

Miss Lottie Vennink went to West Side Monday evening to visit her brother and family.

COLLEGE NOTES.

F. M. Essex of the class of 1904, now principal of schools in Henderson, called at the college last week.

Miss Clinton's sister from Ute visited her sister at the Dormitory over Sunday.

On Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. VanNess gave the senior class a reception which was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Prof. Nichols, who is visiting in town, called at the college Friday forenoon.

On Tuesday of last week our contestants went to Le Mars to the Northwestern Iowa Oratorical contest. There were eight contestants. Our representatives were Messrs Glenn Ainsworth and Earl Hoffman. The boys made a good showing but did not succeed in bringing home either of the prizes. Mr. Hoffman secured second place in delivery.



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SUNNY MONDAY LAUNDRY SOAP

Cleaner Clothes Longer Wear Less Labor Greater Economy



Saves labor, time, clothes, money. Can you think of any better arguments for a laundry soap?

The Boys -- Denison.

Tombs of the Patriarchs.

No spot in all Palestine is so jealously guarded as the haram or sacred area built above the cave where, according to tradition, lie buried the bodies of Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebecca, Jacob and Leah. This haram is inclosed within a double wall, an outer one of Arab workmanship, dating from the fourteenth century, and an inner very massive one with many buttresses, which competent authorities ascribe to the days of the Herods. No Christian or Jew is, except by very special permission, allowed within these walls. The most of the "unbelievers" may ordinarily do is to ascend from the street to the seventh step on one of the staircases between the walls. At a spot near the stair is a stone with a hole in it, down which, it is said, a long Bedouin lance can be thrust its whole length without reaching any obstruction. This, the Jews believe, reaches to the sacred cave itself, and in its neighborhood they assemble every Friday to mourn and pray, as they do before the wall of that other haram—the temple area—in Jerusalem.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Proving His Honesty.

"You say you have confidence in the plaintiff, Mr. Smith?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "State to the court, if you please, what caused this confidence."
 "Why, you see, sir, there's allers reports 'bout eatin' house men, and I used to think—"
 "Never mind what you thought. Tell us what you know."
 "Well, sir, one day I goes down to Cookin's shop and sez to the waiter, 'Walter, sez I, 'give's a weal pie.' Well, just then Mr. Cooken comes up, and sez he: 'How do Mr. Smith? What ye going to have?'
 "'Weal pie,' says I. 'Good,' says he; 'I'll have one tu'. So he sets down an' eats one of his own weal pies right afore me."
 "Did that cause your confidence in him?"
 "Yes, indeed, sir; when an eatin' house keeper sets down afore his customers an' deliberately eats one of his own weal pies no man can refuse to feel confidence. It shows him to be an honest man!—London Scraps.

The Irresponsible Child.

Small Boy (noticing the Phi Beta Kappa key hanging from the minister's watch chain)—Did you find it again, or is this another?
 Minister—Why, my little man, what do you mean? I never lost it.
 Small Boy—Oh, mister said you had lost the charm you had when you were young.—Judge.

A Philosopher in a Cyclone.

"I believe in optimism," said the cheerful citizen, "but there is a limit even to that. I saw a man the other day whose house had been carried away by cyclone, and he was the most cheerful citizen in town. 'Why,' I said, 'I thought you had lost your house?'
 "I did lose it," he replied, "but that was nobody in it but me at the time, an' 'thar wuz no hair o' my head hurt. The cyclone lifted the house high, all but the ground floor where I was sleepin' peaceful in my bed, an' I hain't never seen nor heard o' that house since."—London Scraps.



AGATHA FIRST.

fire insurance on it an' wuzn't able to put up a lightnin' rod, an' ef the wind hadn't took it away who knows but lightnin' would 'a' bit it, an' I've got the rheumatism so had I couldn't run in case o' fire."—Atlanta Constitution.

CAN YOU PICK

The Real? Agatha

The girl with twenty millions

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25 Styles of Light Driving Harness.

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FOR SALE BY

Stewart Lumber Co., Denison, Iowa.

The Mood Of a Maid.

By CECILY ALLEN.

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The girl leaned forward after scanning the road in both directions and touched the chauffeur's arm. The great crimson car came to a panting, deliberate standstill.

The girl did not wait for the chauffeur to help her, but sprang lightly to the road and vanished into the woodland on the right. The chauffeur turned the car as if his thoughts were concentrated on the necessity of making the smallest possible turn in time of safety, in order to be prepared in time of emergency. And then the great crimson car shot back in the direction from whence it had come.

Safely screened by the underbrush, the girl found a clearing in the woodland and sat down on a moss grown log. Deftly she unwound the swathings of chiffon from her hat, baring a face delicate and sensitive as the anemones opening at her feet.

She drew off her gloves and felt of the velvety moss on the old log, then stooped to gather flowers. Finally, with the blossoms forgotten in her lap, she leaned forward, her elbows on her knees, her chin propped in the palms of her hands, watching the woodland life around her.

Chipmunks and squirrels scampered along the edge of the clearing. Where the sun shone upon a tangle of fern and jack in the pulpit two robins perched pertly on dry twigs and discussed the troubles of May moving day. From the shadows of the wood beyond came the persistent hammering of a woodpecker.

Beyond the screen of underbrush automobiles and smart turnouts spun on toward the race track, where the world of fashion was foregathering. An hour passed, and then at the distant wall of a peculiar siren whistle the girl sprang to her feet, dropped her lapful of flowers and ran to the roadside.

Bearing down upon her was a crimson car, twin of the one which had dropped her so unceremoniously an hour earlier.

But the resemblance stopped with the car. The chauffeur in the first car had worn a spick span uniform in tan color from the tips of his highly polished boots to the crown of his heavy red cap. The man in this car wore a disreputable looking storm coat of English cloth, a shabby visor cap and a pair of goggles which had certainly seen more prosperous days.

He was scorching along at a fine pace. But the girl calmly stepped to the edge of the road and waved a detaining hand—a bare hand at that. The machine slowed down, and the man made preparations to descend, as became one hailed by a maiden in distress. But again the girl raised a detaining hand.

"My car met with an accident. I thought perhaps—I am very anxious to reach Dalton this afternoon. Perhaps you were going that way. Would you give me a lift?"

She looked up eagerly into his startled face. Then the man coughed discreetly, swallowed a smile and sprang from the machine.

"I was—or thought I was—going to the races, but I am sure it will be much more pleasant at—er—was it Dalton you said?"

The man's accent was English. The admiration in his eyes was the sort that knows no nationality. The girl flushed beneath it and sprang into the car before the astonished man could assist her.

For a few minutes the car ran on in silence. Then the girl spoke abruptly. "Let us take this crossroad. There is a mile farther we will strike the old Dalton turnpike. There we will not meet!"

"I understand," he interrupted gravely. And the great car swerved into the crossroad, running through a stretch of woodland.

Again the girl seemed plunged in thought. But at last the man remarked a bit lamely:

from any of the men I have ever met?"

She paused, and the man at her side studied her with grave eyes.

"Now, there was Bessie Stewart—she married Jack Coghlan. They'd gone to kindergarten and dancing school together. And then she'd gone to all his college 'proms' and the same cotillions. Why, it was just like marrying some one who had lived in your own family always.

"And now they're bored to death with each other. They had a honeymoon at Monte Carlo, where they had been the year before on the Borden-Jones yacht, and they came back to the same old round of teas and dinners and dances. There was no romance in that."

"The man shook his head.

"But Harriet, one of our parlor maids, married a miner way out west. She met him by answering an advertisement in a matrimonial paper. He came east after her, and she wrote Marie that they were awfully happy. He had never beaten her once."

"The man hung back his head and laughed, and the girl laughed with him. Then suddenly she clutched his sleeve.

"You've passed the Dalton turnpike, and I must be at Stoneywold for lunch."

"We are not going to Dalton," said the man calmly. "I've been out this way before. Just two miles beyond we will cross the state line."

"But why? Oh, I must go on to Stoneywold."

The man ignored the remark.

"And across the state line, I understand, there is no need of a license."

"Oh!" said the girl very softly, and the great car stopped beneath the arch of freshly leaved trees.

He flung aside his heavy driving gloves and took the delicate, sensitive face of the girl between his hands.

"Will you, dearest?"

Her eyes stopped dancing and turned wondrous tender.

"Oh, I hoped you'd understand, but I did not dream!"

"Will you, dearest?" persisted the man.

She lowered her long lashes over the eyes into which he tried so hard to gaze. Later she murmured from the shelter of his arms: "But I want to tell you the truth, Lester. I never loved you till just this minute. And I had made up my mind that if you did not understand I would just—"

He threw on the power.

"Let us get across the line quick before you change your mind again."

Hiram Manning, justice of the peace in the 13th district, plucked at his beard and regarded the couple doubtfully.

"But I like t' oblige you, but this ain't no Gretna Green, an'—well, I don't mind tellin' you that the girl looks under age."

"But I am not," protested the girl. "I am twenty."

"Not castin' no reflections, ma'am, but I'd like some proof!"

The girl and the man looked at each other; then the girl's troubled glance traveled to the table, and a smile brightened her face.

"Isn't that proof enough that my family are willing?"

She held the paper toward the justice with the face of a girl peering straight from the printed page.

The justice looked from the picture to the girl, and his face alternately flushed and paled.

"Gosh all hemlocks, you're Banker Claffin's girl, and he—he's!"

"Yes," said the girl, her eyes dancing. "He is Lord Gramaton. But, indeed, he's very nice in spite of the fact," she added as Justice of the Peace Manning continued to stare incredulously at the man's slim figure in its disreputable motoring apparel.

"You wait a bit. I'll be right back," said the justice, with sudden accession of spirit, and he started for the door.

The girl and man sprang after him.

"You are not going to telephone—to town—to those wretched reporters. Please, please, let us be married quite alone, with just some of your family for witnesses," cried the girl.

"Yes," added the man nervously. "We've just run away from all that sort of thing—piffle, don't you know. Please let us get away quietly. Don't telephone, I beg of you."

"Telephone nothin'," exclaimed the justice heartily. "I'm just goin' to put on my Sunday suit. Never expect to marry a millionaire's girl and a lord again in my time."



AGATHA THIRD.