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Special Shoe Sale!

All new goods, but you all know that odds and ends in shoes means old stock in a very short time, so don't buy until you get our prices.



You can buy the famous JENNESS' MILLER dress shoes. They fit the feet as regular price \$3.50, for this sale

\$3.15

Big Cut in Ladies' Tan Shoes!

Former price \$2.50 to \$4.00.

This sale only \$2.00

Grassfield Bros.

WE FIT THE FEET. MANCHESTER, IOWA.

Our Business Directory.

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Don't Neglect Writing Home.

Boys, young men, young women, who are away from home, write to your parents. Write to them often. Tell them about your plans, your life, your disappointments, your successes, all about your affairs. Neglect it, and the day will come when their death will cut you off from the opportunity.

If you've a gray-haired mother in the old home far away, Sit down and write the letter as you put off day by day. Don't wait until her tired steps Reach Heaven's pearly gate, But show her that you think of her Before it is too late.

If you're a tender message, Or a loving word to say, Don't wait till you forget it, But whisper it today. Who knows what bitter memories May haunt you if you wait? So make your loved one happy Before it is too late.

We live but in the present, The future is unknown; Tomorrow is a mystery, Today is all our own. The chance that fortune lends us May vanish while we wait, So spend your life's rich treasure Before it is too late.

The tender words unspoken, The letters never sent, The long forgotten messages, The wealth of love unspent— For these some hearts are breaking, For these some loved one wait; So show them that you care for them Before it is too late.

—Rural Visitor, Fremont, N. C.

Rice Growing in South West Louisiana.

A Safe Road to Fortune. Dedicated to the Iowa Colony by S. L. Cary, President.

The safety of a crop is the largest factor in success. Very few of us as yet realize the many safe guards that irrigation throws around growing crops. Today one half the growing crops are menaced by drought. Irrigation is a safe remedy. The average loss annually reaches way up in the millions.

The loss by insects, bugs, worms and grasshoppers reaches hundreds of millions more. We have the same safe remedy in double irrigation.

Fires from prairies, from engines, from any and all sources cause the loss of millions more. Water will save wherever you have the suitable conditions, wells and level clay soil. Indeed the conditions are all met in the rice lands.

Ordinarily people were satisfied with a rainfall of sixty inches (five feet) each year and well they might be were it evenly distributed. But that is seldom the case, for instance, May and June have averaged a little over six inches each for thirty years, but this year May gave 35-100 of an inch and June about one inch, or a shortage of over ten inches. This loss might easily ruin the growing crop.

The remedy is also found in artificial irrigation. Again experience has shown that there is a time in the life of every crop when irrigation would double its yield. Most of us have found that regularity of production is a very important factor in success.

A small average crop assured each year, like a small monthly stipend or allowance is more desirable than "large expectations" of uncertain gains. Double irrigation gives double security for all growing crops and makes the game of making a living at which all have to play almost a certainty.

Rice growing in Southwest Louisiana has double irrigation (natural and artificial). The rainfall is as well distributed as in any other agricultural belt as evidenced by the fact that a general failure of crops has not happened in one hundred years, and now one hundred canals and five hundred irrigating wells are battling successfully the worst drought in the history of the country, and expect to save the most valuable crop ever made. Irrigation is the best fertilizer and adds fifty per cent. to the value of a crop.

Recently the renter paid 33.33 per cent for water, today the canals charge 20 per cent, and the wells give water to the owner at the actual cost; probably 10 per cent. of the crop. Prof. W. O. Stubbs, in charge of Louisiana's three experimental agricultural stations, said recently that "Southwestern Louisiana had made more improvement and more money the past five years than any similar belt in the United States, and he might have added that all this has been brought about by the introduction of modern methods and machinery with double irrigation into the one crop—rice—by immigration from the northwest, these people found the hook or sickle the only harvester; the walking beam—the threshing; the mortar and pestle the common rice cleaner for table use. Only a short time ago, comparatively, the invention of labor saving machinery, or any change in the established order of things was considered sacrilege; even true liberty is of recent date. The invention of labor saving machinery is the child of labor. The mother can't go back on her own child; and we of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries have found in those things, said to belong to God, the most valuable things in the lives of men.

The coal, the oil and gas hidden in the bowels of the earth are the motive power of commerce—gold, silver and copper the life of trade, steam and electricity that move the world and carry man (his trade) and his thoughts to the ends of the world. Most of these and many other things of infinite value

have been evolved by man in the past century from the hidden mysteries where man was said to be forbidden to tread. But we are not sleeping on our laurels, having distanced all competitors. Our success has opened up new fields. Out of a possible 1,400 varieties of rice, we have tried possibly a dozen. Our patron saint, Hon. Henry Wilson, United States Commissioner of Agriculture, has commissioned one of our ablest professors to go around the world in search of the best varieties of seed rice, and any useful knowledge of this most valuable crop.

"Eternal vigilance, the price of liberty" is also the price of success. The experimental stages in modern rice growing have each and all been tried "so as by fire." The importation of fresh seed will doubtless be full of danger. We imported circular with peach trees and the cottony cushion scale with the orange tree, and the Carolina weevil with the Carolina seed rice. All experiments are full of danger and dollars.

Our success, bought by labor, has been great. Has only just begun and is to be far exceeded in the near future. We can set no limit to progress in this commercial era. Rice is the king of the cereals in its history, its wider distribution, its better adaptation as food for man and beast. Its cultivation takes less from the soil, and its use gives more to man; and its growing is more profitable than the growing of any other cereal.

It's the hardest, will stand more abuse, more drought, more storms, and has absolutely no waste. Its hulls to burn, its bran and polish for stock and starch, its straw for coarse feed and paper, its roots for brushes.

Then if 100 canals and 500 irrigating wells being a success, what shall we call it with 500 canals and 5,000 wells sure to come in the near future.

The history of modern rice growing is the history of the "Iowa Colony." A party of old men, of limited means, in search of homesteads in A. D. 1834, soon followed by their families and neighbors, they put their machinery and labor into the rice crop and made it what it is today.

A very important factor in this progress has been the Southern Pacific Company and the resident Acadian settlers. The J. B. Watkins' company, Dusen Bros., Rev. Cline of Lake Charles, Rev. Ellis, of Roanoke, and A. D. McFarland, of Jennings, with many others have been the wheel horses of progress pushing leaders in the road to success.

The Dairy that Doesn't Pay. (By J. L. Irwin.) First, the writer wishes to state that the unsuccessful dairyman's name was not Jones, and to say to any of his acquaintances or neighbors that if this article is them, it isn't the writer's fault. But to the story: Jones is a tolerable successful farmer. He has good crops, and having three big boys could put out and tend a large acreage. He has been reasonably successful with hogs, turning off several hundred dollars worth each year. But in the dairy he was always a failure. He didn't believe it paid the farmer anyhow, and if it were not for raising the calves for the feed lot, he would get out of the business. He had tried it for twenty-five years and never got anything out of it either when patronizing the cheese factory, the creamery or making farm butter.

He never had any particular type of cow. To him a cow was a cow. He liked a good milk cow, one that would stand still and give a good udder. He had owned several fine cows in his day, but got a chance to dispose of them at good prices—and well, it didn't pay to keep anything when he was offered what it was worth and a little besides. Now two years ago he sold a fine young cow to neighbor Harris. Got \$80 for her. He thought Harris was a fool, but guess he knew what he was about, for last year he got \$50 and a fine calf out of her and will doubtless do better this year. Harris, though, is fixed for making money out of cows. Has pastures, lots and stables.

He never thought much about the best feed for a dairy cow. He had read a lot about the balanced ration, but that was too lighted for a common farmer. He fed what the cattle would eat, trusting to the animal to eat the right quantities for milk production. Besides, he believed every farm should furnish its own feed, and he was right. He would be forced to buy stuff to fill out the rations and this would add to the expenses. Now, if it was necessary for him to buy feed for his cows, he would sell the last hoof.

These were some of the views of Jones. His practice was worse, if possible, than his views. He, as he intimated, invariably sold a good cow as soon as he accidentally got one. If anyone came to buy a cow, of course they would take the best and were willing to pay the few extra dollars he would put on the price, not so much that he prized her higher than the rest, as that he could get the added amount. To him a good cow was one that was fat and sleek rather than any milking qualities she might have. And this method of caring for them would have ruined the best of cows.

There wasn't a person about the farm who did not detest the job of milking. In the summer time, as the boys did the heaviest of the work in the fields, the work of milking fell to Jones himself. Jones has a temper, by a nervous cow in fly time and not get over excited. It was a standing joke (?) among the boys that Dad had a new farm in a good cow was one that was fat and sleek rather than any milking qualities she might have. And this method of caring for them would have ruined the best of cows.

When Irving Forward took the story of how he held his old cow when Sir Henry Irving happened to be absent in the "Lyons Mail" it was a touching scene between the two men. (played by Irving and his daughter, Miss Diller.) Diller (Mr. Ben Webster) is a perfectly silent witness.

One night Sir Henry, instead of making his long speech, appeared in traveling tones to Mr. Webster: "Speak to her, Diller; speak to her!" Diller was dumfounded. There was an awful

terror of the other cows. "This awful happened before the first cow was half milked and Jones was too mad and the cows too nervous to do their duty afterwards. The result was a cutting down of the supply of milk. In the morning time it was little better for there was the trouble to see who would do the milking. Jones would not and the boys were left to fight it out among them. Thus the milkers were invariably cross and ill natured.

Summer or winter there was never any regularity about feeding or milking. It usually took the boys a couple of hours to settle who should milk. Sometimes it was settled good naturedly, oftener not. Sometimes it came very near a scrap in which the weaker would have the job forced up on him. Any time after breakfast in the morning and between five and eight o'clock at night was milking time on the Jones' farm. On 10 or 15 stormy days the milking was sometimes missed entirely. No cow thus treated would do herself half justice.

They were not protected from storms or cold wind, they were forced to drink through low, never curried or cleaned and were left to rot with other stock. Jones' dairy did not pay. In fact if he had kept a strict account, he would have found that it would have paid much better to have limited his cattle business to raising calves, and let the cows do this.—Farmers Tribune.

BOLTON'S LAST YEAR.

The Way He Spent It Preparing For His Death. "Billy Bolton, the Lansingburg brewer, was a very rich man and one with a host of friends," said an up state man to the New York Sun. "His brewery in Lansingburg was a profitable concern, and he practically owned about all the saloons in that town.

"One day after a consultation his physicians told him that he had Bright's disease and that he surely would not live more than a year. Billy took their word for it and made up his mind to make the fur fly while life was left. He had never traveled much, and so he decided to go around the world.

"He took with him a congenial friend and plenty of money, and away they went. They left a trail of fire and ash through all the capitals of Europe and the queer and strange places of Asia and Africa. After nine months they came back, and Bolton brought with him the most marvelous collection of souvenirs and presents that any man not a professional collector ever brought back to his country. The duties amounted to \$3,000.

"Arrived in Lansingburg, Billy hired the town hall, sent his packing boxes filled with these oriental and European treasures up to the hall and had them all taken out and put on exhibition as though for a church fair. Upon each article he marked the name of some friend whom he wished to remember with a gift. There were hundreds in this category, but Billy had presents for them all.

"On the day appointed for the presentation he invited his army of friends to the town hall. To each he turned over the present selected for him, and the queer and strange places of the milking fellow townsmen the hall was stripped of its beautiful things.

"When the last present had been placed in the hands of its recipient, Billy went back to his home and lay down to rest. The next year his physicians' prophecy came true, and he died. When he was buried, the minister said that any man ever had."

THE SHOTE WAS THERE. Why One Old Farmer Thinks He Would Make a Good Detective. "Guess I wouldn't have much trouble getting on the 'tective staff in Detroit if I wanted to make a profession" and the old farmer kicked a log in the open fireplace so that he could see his neighbors better. They were assembled to hear him tell all about it.

"When I missed that shote outen the pen, next mornin' it jst came ter me sudden as lightning that it had been stole by that there George Washington Pepperville what had been workin' fur me. He knowed the dog, so it wouldn't bother him none, and he was the powerfullest man fur fresh pork I ever see. So I goes in ter see him and tells the head man of the 'tective, and he puts a couple of fellers on the job, and they reports that they was no shote about Pepperville's shanty, and they was no case agin' him. I loved I might be dovin' the wrong track, but I kum home here and sot up over a stack, and I was to Pepperville's acre sunup.

"Wash, I says, 'why didn't you keep that hog when you had him? Wasn't he fat 'nough yit ter sell you?' "Who you talkin' to, you mutterd. 'I'll hab de law on you, you make me my am' trouble 'bout dat hawg.' "Now, Wash, says I, 'don't git your dander up. That there shote kum home in the night and went ter squall in ter git in ter the pen. I put er Rastus on the scent, and he handed me right here."

"Dog gone dat Rastus," he shouted, "I'll flay dat dog alive!" "And he sprung ter the middle of the room and tipped up the floor, and there was the shote. Wash would have jumped on me, but I jst kivered him with that ole muzzle loadin pistol of mine and tole him ter go gentlelike.

"Well, sir, he begged and whined so I let him off, him argevin' ter tole the pig home in a bag and ter chop wood fur me three days fur my trouble." Detroit Free Press.

The Rehearsed Wedding. The wedding was upon the whole, an artistic success. The bride particularly evinced unmistakable talent. She trembled with all the technical accuracy of an aspen leaf and the emotional intensity of a startled fawn. Her trembling hands were irreproachable. If she cast down her eyes with the fact of amateurish gawkiness, the fact is easily attributable to her inexperience, this being her first wedding, rather than to an essentially defective method. She was fairly well supported.

The Oldgrace rose from his knees too soon and had to be knocked down by the prompter, but otherwise the minor parts were carried out creditably.—Detroit Journal.

Abel Lincoln. Of all the great men I have known Lincoln is the one who has left upon me the impression of a sterling son of God. Strive forward, undimmed, not loving the work he had to do, but finding it with a bold and true heart; mild whenever he had a chance, stern as iron when the public well required it, following a bee line to the goal which duty set before him. I can still feel the grip of his massive hand and the searching look of his kindly eye, I remember that when Lord Lyons, who was a bachelor, went to communicate the news of the marriage of the Prince of Wales to his mother-in-law, the queen's letter in his hand and said, "Well, Lord Lyons, all I can say is, 'Go and do that likewise.'"—Sir Edward Malet's "Shifting Scenes."

What Puzzles Young America. It is a puzzle to the modern youth how so many old fellows managed to get along in the world without the knowledge of things in general possessed by the modern youth.—Boston Transcript.

THE GENUINE HERRICK.

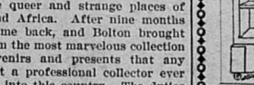
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Only one person in 15 has perfect eyes, the largest percentage of defects prevailing among fair haired people. Short sight is more common in town than among country folk, and of all people the Germans have the largest proportion of shortsighted persons.

The crystalline lens of the eye is the one portion of the human body which continues to increase with the attainment of maturity. The smallest interval of sound can be better distinguished with one ear than with both. The nails of two fingers never grow with the same rapidity, that of the middle finger growing the fastest, while that of the thumb grows the slowest.

In 54 cases out of 100 the left leg is shorter than the right. The bones of an average human male skeleton weigh 20 pounds, those of a woman are six pounds lighter. That unruly member, the tongue of a woman, is also smaller than that of a man, given a man and a woman of equal size and weight. It may be appalling to reflect, but it is nevertheless true, that the muscles of the human jaw exert a force of over 600 pounds.

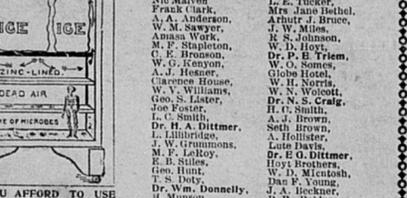
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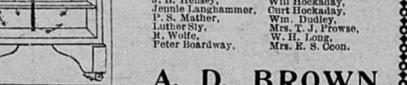
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