

Tri-Weekly Courier.

BY THE COURIER PRINTING CO.

Founded August 8, 1848.

Member of the Lee Newspaper Syndicate.

A. W. LEE, Publisher

J. S. F. POWELL, Publisher

J. K. DOUGHERTY, Managing Editor

Daily Courier, 1 year, by mail, \$3.00

Tri-Weekly Courier, 1 year, \$1.50

Office: 117-119 East Second Street

Telephone, Bell (editorial or business office) No. 44.

New telephone, business office 44;

new telephone, editorial office 167.

Address: The Courier Printing Company, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Entered as second class matter

October 17, 1905, at the postoffice at Ottumwa, Iowa, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

THAT WAS SOME SUMMER.

A Philadelphia paper has gone through its files and the old almanacs with such good advantage that it now is able to assure us that the spring of 1910 is a model compared to some seasons of the past.

There was a frost in every month of the year. January and February were mild; March was blustering and raw; at the end of April snow fell abundantly and the brooks were ice-impounded in winter.

In May the wondering buds and young plants were nipped ere they were aware; the corn crop was annihilated by an ice sheet that melted to the thickness of half an inch.

In June snow fell three inches deep in New York and Massachusetts and the destruction of growing things begun in May, was disastrously completed.

On the fifth of July ice as thick as window glass was a common phenomenon in Pennsylvania, and in August there was ice half an inch thick.

Pennsylvania farmers were compelled to pay \$3 and \$5 a bushel for corn for the next spring's planting.

Winter seemed to set in during the latter fortnight of September; from that time forward ice and snow were at no time lacking.

After reading about the eccentricities of old 1816, the 1910 sample of weather doesn't look so bad.

THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE.

The sweet girl graduate has not attracted the attention she deserves this spring because the date of her arrival conflicted somewhat with the primary election, which seems to monopolize attention just now.

After the polls close tonight the S. G. G. will come into her own and neither religion, politics, nor any of the other of the world's activities will be able to crowd her from the limelight.

Therefore, as she will be with us soon, a poetic outburst from the Chicago Evening Post, dedicated to the sweet girl graduate, is reasonable, even if it does give evidence of the use of poetic license.

The poet says: The sweet girl graduate now stands with her grave essay in her hands, and after she has made her bow she tells exactly why and how the world should be revamped entire to mold it to our heart's desire.

She has been toiling late of nights to draft this little bill of rights, and to find cures for all the ills which give the nation grievous chills, and which upset each helpful plan which would insure the peace of man.

Her brow is high, her waist is slim, her dress is neat in fit and trim, and when she waves her white white hand in a brave gesture of command, we realize that now at last we'll drop the shackles of the past.

For here we see is one to take the helm of state and swiftly make our country run as smooth and true as every country ought to do, so we sit back in deep content and let her follow out her bent.

And will she bravely rally forth by east and west and west and south and north and sound her ringing clarion call to you and me and one and all, and rouse us to our country's needs and spur us on to noble deeds.

Not much, my meek and gentle friend, seat thou yon senior at the end? That fellow with the young mustache and necktie like an awful crash? That youngster lean and lank and slim? Well, next week she'll elope with him!

FITCH ON "MOTHER'S DAY."

George Fitch, the Peoria humorist, who gained quite a following in Iowa before the magazine made a belated discovery of his merits, believes that wearing a white carnation once a year for mother is about the "thinnest sentiment" that has yet been invented.

If we are to have a "Mother's Day" says Mr. Fitch, let's make it worth while, and he suggests that the program for next year be something along these lines:

7 a. m.—Grand salute. Get up and prepare breakfast for mother.

8 a. m.—Tell mother during breakfast what a blessing to the world she has been.

10 a. m.—Go down town and buy mother a fine new dress.

11 a. m.—Send a box of carnations up to mother.

3 p. m.—Take mother out riding.

5 p. m.—Exhibit an annual pass on the water wagon to mother.

6 p. m.—Take mother out to dinner.

7 p. m.—Chop kindling, clean the basement, weed the flower garden and black the kitchen stove for mother.

8 p. m.—Take mother to the theatre.

11 p. m.—Kiss mother good night and tell her you wish "Mother's Day" come every week. She will agree with you.

One judge in Chicago has ruled that giving a bribe is a crime. Another has held that the state courts have jurisdiction to try a man charged with giving a bribe to the state.

Having determined these matters there is no reason why we shouldn't soon be advised as to whether Lee O'Neill Brown (Democrat), bribed Charles White (Democrat), to vote for William Lorimer (Republican), for United States senator. The decks are cleared now for the trial of the Browns case in the courts and it might be pointed out to the Illinois state's attorneys that better results are secured by conducting criminal cases in the courts than in the newspapers.

THE EVENING STORY

BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

By Stacy E. Baker.

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Annie Hartwell, behind the curtain of her chamber, saw the strange young man deliberately pull up his checkered pants and throw them away. All this happened in the dim light of the waning moon.

At breakfast the next morning she stared curiously at her mother's guest. Her anger was gone. She merely wondered at the mania possessing the youth.

Folwell was good looking. He did not look like a monomaniac. He seemed unusually well balanced, and thoroughly posted. His gray eyes were frank to a point of positive candor, and they did not belie him.

The youthful, well proportioned frame of Folwell was calculated to appeal to any normal-minded maid. Annie had been quite won to this visitor from the city.

Over now, after having caught him in the very act of vandalism, she merely wondered at the motive. Had one of her local admirers attempted this sacrilege he would have been properly grilled at the first opportunity and banished.

Felix Folwell was an entire stranger to the Hartwells. He had come to them in their dainty Fairview home with letters of introduction from mutual friends in the city, and he had consequently been accorded all the privileges of an old acquaintance.

The brow of Annie wrinkled into a thoughtful frown as she reviewed the events of the several days that this youth had been with them. Reflectively, she eyed the ravished pansy bed.

"Do I intrude?" the girl turned calm eyes to the questioner.

"Not at all. I am in somewhat of a quandary. Perhaps you can assist me. As you see, some person, or animal, has ruthlessly destroyed my flower bed. I am inclined to think it the former. See the footprints."

Annie would have liked to see the expression on the man's face as he bent above the ruined plot.

"Beastly joke," he ejaculated at last, and raised his frank eyes to meet her own. "I'm sure I can't understand."

"Nor I," came from the girl, but she wondered greatly that she still felt no anger against this youth. The subject was dropped.

Felix Folwell seemed to have no mission in the town. His introductory letters intimated that he was a young man of fortune, and that this country trip to Griggsville was a small town—was advised by a physician who had decreed quiet for the young man.

Folwell looked the very antithesis of a man who suffered. Annie, with suspicion concealed behind the calm of her eyes, noted this.

"Did you sleep well last evening?" she probed some time after the pansy dialogue was over.

The visitor favored her with a keen, almost analytical glance. "Pretty well," he answered smoothly. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing."

That night, by the light of the moon, the girl watched the silent witness of most peculiar maneuver on the part of the New Yorker.

Her eyes were focused on a great lilac bush when it suddenly crashed heavily to the ground. Startled, she stared at its destroyer, Folwell, who was now disclosed with a spade in his hand on the other side of the fallen shrub.

As she gazed, the guest shouldered his implement and marched serenely away.

Annie Harwell was angry—terribly, furiously angry. The perfect contour of her face was distorted by the mad tumult of suppressed feelings. She felt that she could not wait until morning to tell this man what she thought of him.

But in the morning she did nothing of the kind, for the explanation of this man's strange behavior had suddenly come to her. Mr. Folwell—how simple, and how surprising that she had not thought of it sooner—was a somnambulist, a sleep walker. She did not attempt to define the feeling of relief that came to her with the thought.

Annie, at the breakfast table, cast a compassionate glance across at the visitor. Doubtless the youth was on the very verge of a nervous breakdown. She reproached herself for having been suspicious of him.

On this day the youth vanished from the house and did not reappear until evening. Annie had no chance to talk with him. The house seemed strangely lonely and deserted during the absence of their guest.

Folwell at last returned, hot, tired and dusty. He offered no excuse for having absented himself without explaining to his hostess that he would not return to lunch—and none was demanded.

That night Annie again took up her vigil behind the curtains of her boudoir. Presently, through the murk of the dim night, she discovered the guest strolling leisurely up and down the lawn.

Annie Hartwell, prepared for just this, had not dozed. Hurriedly she tripped out through the French window into the night, flinging a gauzy scarf about her as she did so. She joined the youth. Somewhere she had read that sleep walkers were always unconscious of others in their immediate proximity, and also that it was not safe to wake them.

The youth quickly proved the fallacy of the former bit of Annie's knowledge. "Wh—why," he gasped, suddenly turning as the girl joined him. "I didn't hear you, Miss Hartwell."

Annie, thrown out of the rut of her carefully-thought-out plan, decided to humor the somnambulist. "There, there," she soothed much as she would have talked to a baby. "Don't pay any attention to me at all, Mr. Folwell. Just pretend that I am not here."

"But that is impossible, Annie," declared the youth, using the girl's given name for the first time.

CLEVER AUNT CLARA.

BY TEMPLE BAILEY.

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When Dorothea's aunt came to make her long promised visit, she was surprised to find Dorothea washing dishes.

"Why don't you let the other girls do it?" she demanded.

Dorothea, hesitating to condemn her stepsisters, said that they did not like to ruin their finger nails.

"What about your finger nails?" Aunt Clara asked.

Dorothea took two red, rough little hands out of the steaming water. "They are ruined anyhow," she said.

"Well, now I am here," her aunt decided, "you are not going to wash the dishes. I'll hire a maid and you are going around with me. We'll see everything that is worth seeing."

Dorothea shook her head. "I'm afraid they won't like it," she said. "My stepmother thinks that a maid makes more work."

That night Aunt Clara broached the subject of more help. She was not sure that she liked her brother's new wife, but she meant to be pleasant to her and her two daughters. She simply stated that she wanted to see a great deal of Dorothea and that it would be best, therefore, to get some one to do the work.

Aunt Clara was rich and it seemed best not to cross her, so the maid was secured and Dorothea was free.

The first thing that Aunt Clara did was to take her to the shops. She fitted her out with everything in the way of pretty summer clothes. There was an exquisite white embroidered gown, which cost so much that Dorothea gasped.

"Oh! Aunt Clara, you are a perfect fairy godmother!"

"Why I think you need a fairy godmother," Aunt Clara said. "I wish I could help you to find the prince."

Dorothea flushed. "There was a prince, but he rode away."

"Why did he go?"

Dorothea shook her head. "I am not sure, but I think they told him I was too young to marry."

"Humph!" was all the answer Aunt Clara made.

That night, however, she asked some questions of the stepmother and her daughters. They admitted that there had been a young man, but that he was poor and Dorothea was young, and besides they needed her at home.

Aunt Clara went up to her room and wrote a letter. She was a wise old woman, and she knew that love was better than riches. Besides, she had plenty of money, and if Dorothea wished to marry a poor prince she should have him.

It was a week before the answer came, and in the meantime Aunt Clara spoke of the big lawn party that she intended to give. The house was too small, she argued, to hold many guests, but a temporary refreshment tent could be put up on the lawn, and as money can do everything, the place could be transformed for the occasion.

She told Dorothea to wear the embroidered white gown. She had a fancy, too, that her niece should wear white satin slippers, although they did not seem appropriate for an outdoor party.

"I had some business here," he stammered.

Later, he and Aunt Clara had a long talk. "I am poor and feel as if I ought not to ask her," he said, "but I love her dearly."

With Aunt Clara's encouragement, however, the little romance was consummated that night, and, having done her good work, the old lady left for home.

After her departure things went back into the old routine. Dorothea, again washed the dishes, and it seemed to her as the summer waned and winter came on, that she and Jack were growing farther apart. There was nothing left of the romance of the summer days when Aunt Clara had visited them except the little white satin slippers which Dorothea kept on the top of her dresser as a reminder of the day when Jack had asked her to marry him.

"At last," things came to a climax. "I am poor," Jack declared; "everybody says so."

"Who is everybody?"

It developed that the stepsisters had been making trouble. They had put into Jack's mind doubts that should not have existed. And there was no fairy godmother to straighten things out.

One night Dorothea sat in the kitchen alone. Every one else had gone to the theater. She had finished her work and was resting for a moment in the quiet place before she began a letter to Jack.

Suddenly she heard a step on the walk, the knob of the door rattled, and as she ran to open it, some one stepped in quickly. It was Aunt Clara.

"Tell me what has happened?" she said. "I have just had a despairing letter from Jack and he says you don't love him."

CELEBRATION.

BY TEMPLE BAILEY.

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The mail carrier of this place enjoyed a vacation from his duties Monday, it being Decoration day.

High Point.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendall of Ottumwa have been spending a few days at the parental home south of town.

Mr. Emma Purnoy was a business caller in the city Saturday.

Edward and Leo Love were entertained over Sunday at the home of their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Buedell.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Riggs were at their farm here last week. They have been at Excelsior Springs, Mo., where they have been for Mr. Riggs' health. He is improving slowly.

Rev. Alvah Huff preached at Ormanville Sunday and was taken ill enroute home and became unconscious shortly after arriving at his home in Drakeville. He is critically ill.

Mrs. Minerva Hunt is seriously ill at her home.

Mrs. Hannah Skinner is seriously ill.

Last Monday Mrs. Fannie Gephart of Ottumwa and Miss Virginia Baum and Mrs. Tude Thomas of this place were entertained by Mrs. J. E. Hollingsworth and her daughter Pearl.

Miss Edna Berry and her cousin, Martha Berry were out Sunday at the E. S. Berry home, returning Monday evening.

Mrs. G. M. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. M. K. Leonard and daughter Bertha and son Willie were entertained at M. C. Leonard's Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Helmick and family were visitors at the Harrison Houk home Sunday.

Mrs. J. T. Wood spent last week in Ottumwa visiting her children.

The graduation exercises of the 8th grade were held in the high school room Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock. The following program was given:

Musical—7th and 8th grades. Class history—Francis Sanner. Music—7th and 8th grades. Reading—Prudence Talmage. Music, Hunter's Song. "Napoleon's Last Charge"—Marion Tome. Reading—"Patsy"—Lulu Worrell. Reading—"Susans Quilt"—Ollie Beasore. Song—Glee club. Address—H. E. Dike. Song—7th and 8th grades. Presentation of diplomas—Supt. Emma Nye.

There were fourteen in the class. Mrs. Joe Roberts and son James are visiting relatives in Hedrick this week.

Mrs. B. Simmons and daughter Julia are visiting Mrs. Simmons' daughter Mrs. Wm. Judges in Albia.

Those reported sick are Geo. Dotts, Chas. Johnson, Mrs. McNeese and daughter Fern.

Miss Carpenter, assistant principal of the high school left for her home in Michigan.

Carl Mayer of Oskaloosa came down to attend the commencement exercises.

Miss Lett Worrell entertained the senior class at a six o'clock dinner. The following were present: Alfred Eicher, Frank Gallagher, Jennie Shields, Pearl Fields, Jennie Anderson, Bernice Shinn, Vina Saville, Hazel Waugaman and Letta Worrell.

Frank Moore was a business caller at the John Ross home Wednesday evening.

Those who attended the show in Ottumwa Wednesday were John Ross, Jack Allison, and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Allison.

Hazel and David Ross of Kirkville visited Mrs. W. J. Brown Saturday.

Mrs. Cranbitt and daughter were callers in Eddyville Saturday.

James O'Neil was a caller in Eddyville Saturday.

The play entitled Tony the convict, given by the Oskaloosa college in the city hall at Kirkville was greatly enjoyed by those present.

Isaac Cook and W. J. Brown were callers at the John Ross home Sunday.

Mrs. Dave Steele was a business caller in Ottumwa recently.

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GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of The Kind You Have Always Bought In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 NUNDA STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Mrs. Kosman visited with Mrs. Vandel recently.

Mrs. Elisha Howk has returned home from Ottumwa after a pleasant visit with relatives.

Mrs. L. Buedell spent Saturday in Ottumwa.

Mrs. and Mrs. Monroe Marts spent Monday in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ross of Pleasant Home spent Monday at the parental Forsythe home.

Mr. and Mrs. Neice Tennyson spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lames.

Mrs. Marts is spending a few days with his son, James Marts, of Ottumwa.

Mr. Dickson of Pleasant Home was a business caller in the city Monday.

Mrs. Levi Purnoy visited with Mrs. Zeb Smith recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Vanfossen and son, Milan, attended the circus in Ottumwa last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Alpha Burton and family spent Sunday with E. M. Burton and family.

Mrs. William Wiseman of Bloomfield visited Mrs. E. P. Law Friday.

Edith and Mary Brumley returned home from Ottumwa Wednesday evening, where they have been spending several days with their brother, Clyde Brumley and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Barnes of Bloomfield visited relatives and friends here over Sunday, returning home Monday morning.