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Absolutely Pure.

The Mound City Horse-Shoe Paint is made as Pure as it is possible to make a paint. It contains nothing but Pure White Lead, Pure Zinc, Pure Linseed Oil and the colors necessary to produce different tints. It will go

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IT IS the policy of this bank to confine its business to this immediate vicinity. In following this course, the bank not only enhances its own stability, but promotes the highest interests of the community.

Dover State Bank ^{Dove,} Missouri.

LAWN SOCIAL

The Ladies of the

Christian Church

AT DOVER

Will give a Lawn Social at the home of Mrs. Wm. A. Redd on Saturday night.

JULY 20TH

ADMISSION 25c

CHILDREN 15c

It is a Satisfying thing that you may have plenty of Hot water in quick time without heating the whole house nominal cost.

thought that with a Gas Water Heater you may have plenty of Hot water in quick time without heating the whole house nominal cost.

Cook With Gas
See the Gas Company for Special Inducements

CHICAGO & ALTON RY.

TIME TABLE

(In effect June 9, 1907.)

EAST BOUND	
No. 14—Daily, Missouri State Express for Peoria, Bloomington and St. Louis.....	10:19 a m
No. 22—Daily, St. Louis Flyer.....	11:33 a m
No. 10—Daily "The Hummer" for Chicago.....	8:29 p m
No. 24—Daily, Chicago Night Express.....	10:47 p m
No. 24—Daily "The Early Bird" for St. Louis.....	10:47 p m
No. 116—Way freight.....	12:35 p m

WEST BOUND	
No. 23—Daily, "The Early Bird," for Kansas City.....	6:03 a m
No. 7—Daily "The Hummer" for Kansas City.....	6:55 a m
No. 21—Daily Kansas City Flyer.....	4:13 p m
No. 117—Way freight.....	10:55 p m

S. A. VERMILLION,

Pass. and T'k't Agent, C. & A. R. R. Higginsville, Mo.

Yes We Work!

Don't forget us when you want the best granitoid steps and walks, concrete walls, foundations and footings. We make the best and treat you white. (WE LOVE WORK.)
phone 325 JOHN I. ASHURST, Contractor.

FADS OF WOMEN SMOKERS

According to London Newspaper, Cigarettes Are Designed for the Hour with Nicotine.

The latest decree, that every item in a woman's toilet must harmonize in coloring, has affected even the convivial cigarette, says the London Express. The new cigarette for the fair sex has no cork or gold tip, but is fitted with a tiny cylinder of taffeta silk to match the gown.

These cigarettes de luxe are enclosed in a case of brocade silk, scented with the owner's favorite perfume.

Dainty silk-covered boxes to match the cases are provided, which contain one of the new silver electric cigarette lighters.

An enterprising west end firm has created the woman's "slip-on smoking gown." "It is an extraordinary thing that although cigarette smoking has been fashionable among ladies for years nobody has suggested a smoking room toilet," the manager said to an Express representative.

"Tea gowns have been a woman's only standby, and they are hardly suitable for a smoking costume. Our slip-on smoking robes are made of colored tussore silk for the summer, and velveteen for the winter. The garment has to be put on over the head.

"The 'fireside' slippers are made of quilted satin to tone with the gown, and are tied across the instep with satin ribbons."

RIISING IN HIS PROFESSION.



Irvington Boothlette—I am going to play in the "Old Homestead" next week.

Manson Jefferfield—I am glad 'twill be quite a change from playing in a barn!

RIGHT UP AGAINST IT.

First High School Girl—I don't know what I am going to do about my essay.

Second High School Girl—What's the trouble?

First High School Girl—Oh, the teacher has given me such a mean subject.

Second High School Girl—What is it?

First High School Girl—Why, she wants me to write on "What Is the Difference Between Bridge Whist and Gambling?" and I can't seem to think of anything to say.—Somerville Journal.

NICKNAMES FOR PARENTS.

"Nicknames for parents" is one of the latest developments of the familiarity that now exists between them and their children. The censorious denounces the lack of respect and reverence shown by the rising generation for their elders. It is certainly rather startling to hear a son address his father as "George" and a mother hailed as "Peter" by her daughter. These are not "Smart Set" extravagances, but instances recently encountered in simple, solid families of the type that "has made England what it is."—London Chronicle.

HOW TO LAY A TABLE.

I think the thing that made the greatest impression on all of us at Dijon was the way one of the waiters laid the big table for dejeuner, while we were eating our seven o'clock breakfast in the half dark. He wore carpet slippers—henceforward we got used to them—and sat on his heels on the tablecloth and slowly wriggled backwards down its center as he set out the various requirements.—C. B. Fry's Magazine.

HIS IDEA OF WEALTH.

"Sam, what would you do if you had \$1,000,000?"
"Fo' de Lawd sake! I'm sho' I dunno wot I'd do ef I had a million dollars; but I know wot I'd do ef I had two dollars. I've bin waitin' two years ter git married."—Judge.

HAUNTED BY HIS VICTIMS

Fisherman Ends Life in Agony, Tortured by Ghosts of Bass He Had Caught.

Haunted by the ghosts of the innumerable bass he caught during the last 20 years, Joshua Rice died at Gove, Pa., in delirium.

Mr. Rice was one of the best-known fishermen along the river and amassed a small fortune selling his tremendous catches. One day a few seasons ago he brought home 70 pounds of bass.

He made no pretense of fishing for the sport, and freely admitted that he was a game hog. When he found a new bass hole, instead of informing other fishermen, he carefully kept the secret and fished the place until not a bass was left.

It is not unreasonable to say that during the last 20 years this man caught 60,000 bass, and, averaging them at 12 inches, the fish, if laid out in a line, would stretch over a distance of ten miles.

Rice had made great plans for the season. He had his patent hooks, extra rods and lines put in order, and had caught a large number of stone catfish and shiners to be used as bait.

Late Friday night the members of his family were aroused by shrieks of fear, and, entering his room, found the man beating off millions of imaginary bass that threatened him. Doctors were of no avail, and early Saturday morning he passed away in agony.—Philadelphia North American.

HOW THE NAME ORIGINATED.

A northern tourist who was riding in a leisurely way through western Georgia stopped one hot day to rest at a cottage occupied by an old colored man and wife. "Uncle," he said, fanning himself with his hat, "how much further is it to Col. Jeffrey's big plantation?"

"'Bout five miles, suh," answered the aged darky.

"Good roads?"

"Mos'ly up hill an' down, suh."

"Have you ever been at the colonel's place?"

"I wuz bawn dab, suh."

"They call it the Renfrew, don't they?"

"Yes, suh."

"How did it ever get the name of Renfrew?"

"I allers 'lowed, boss, it wuz 'cause de man who owned it befo' de wah run froo wid it in 'bout four yeahs."

SUN'S CARBON SHELL.

It has often been suggested that the brilliance of the sun's disk is due to incandescent particles of carbon, and within a few years past the presence of carbon in the sun has been demonstrated by the spectroscope.

Lately Prof. Morton, attached to the naval observatory at Washington, has shown that there is a thin layer of carbon in the lower part of the sun's atmosphere. It surrounds the solar globe like a luminous shell, and, under normal conditions, is probably not more than 500 miles above the sun's surface. But when an eruption takes place from beneath the carbon layer, like all the other constituents of the solar atmosphere, is broken up and locally dispersed by the tremendous agitation.

DAY OF AMATEUR GONE.

"The intelligent mother of to-day thinks that her daughters are better employed listening to good music than performing bad," says Mrs. George Cornwallis West. Then she tells of the head teacher of a well-known school in St. Petersburg who once asked Rubinstein how many hours a day her pupils should practice. "None," was the laconic answer. It is an age of virtuosi and mechanical instruments, the writer concludes. The day has gone by when people will listen patiently after dinner to the "Moonlight Sonata" or the "Priere d'une Vierge" as performed by the daughter of the house.

A NICE PLACE.

Comines, a little town in France, must be a nice, humane place. A custom house officer found a wretched cur in a railway van and threw it into the furnace of the engine. The S. P. C. A. prosecuted the man, but French law only punishes a man who is cruel to his own dog. The municipal council of Comines has now congratulated the custom house officer for his courage in tackling the dog, and petitioned the French prime minister to give him some reward. Nice, humane place, Comines!—Sporting Times.

FINE PLACE OF WORSHIP

Chapel at Windsor Castle, England, Remarkable for its Gorgeous Fittings.

The private chapel at Windsor castle must be gorgeous for a Protestant place of worship. The chapel is upholstered and carpeted in bright red and the organ is done in cream and gold. The high oak dado has gold beadings and the walls and ceilings are in cream tones. Boxes highly suggestive of theater boxes are raised above the level of the congregation for the use of the royal family and their guests. These boxes are oak paneled and small heraldic shields decorate them. There is a lantern roof in plain glass, but a large window looking east is filled with richly colored glass.

Bronze bas reliefs and memorial lines are let in the oak paneling of the chapel walls. One of these tablets is a group in terra cotta by Dalou showing an angel carrying an armful of babies, five in number; one of these is supposed to represent Prince John, a baby son of the king, who died when only a few hours old, and the others are four nephews of the king, who died in infancy.

The tiny gallery leading to the king's pew is famous as containing the most perfect collection of paintings by Holbein in England. There also hang pictures by Janet and Cranach, and the clock that was the wedding gift of Henry VII to Anne Boleyn on their wedding morn.

The style of the chapel is Gothic and it was planned by the prince consort more than 60 years ago from the practice room of the queen's band.

IN THE CHILD'S MIND.

Of 48 children, says Dr. Stanley Hall, 20 believed the sun, moon and stars to live, 16 thought flowers could feel and 15 that dolls would feel pain if burnt. The sky was found the chief field in which the children exercised their philosophic minds. About three-quarters of them thought the world a plain with the sky like a bowl turned over it, sometimes believing that it was of such thin texture that one could easily break through, though so large that much floor-sweeping was necessary in heaven. The sun may enter the ground when it sets, but half the children thought that at night it rolls or flies away, or is blown, or walks, or God pulls it higher up out of sight, taking it up into heaven, according to some, putting it to bed, and even taking off its clothes and putting them on again in the morning, or again, it is believed to lie under the trees at night and the angels mind it.

THOSE BLACK SPOTS.



George—Were you nervous when you kissed Miss Pettit?

Paul—I should say so. Black spots came into my eyes.

George—You don't say so? Must have had her veil on.

HAPPY THOUGHT.

Anxious Mother—You can't do any better than marry young De Scads, my dear. He is an only son and his father is very wealthy.

Pretty Daughter—But I don't love him, mamma; and, besides, his father is a widower and may marry again.

Anxious Mother—True, my dear; I never thought of that. Perhaps you had better marry his father.

NOTHING BUT LUCK.

While seated at the breakfast table a letter bearing the card of a law firm in a distant city was handed to the head of the matrimonial combine.

"Great guns!" he exclaimed, excitedly, as he perused it. "I have just fallen heir to \$500,000."

"That's good," calmly rejoined the wife of his bosom. Now we can begin to take ice."

ALWAYS BUSY.

"Now, speaking of idle gossip—"

"You're wrong."

"About what?"

"There is no idle gossip."—Washington Herald.

Dover Notes.

S. E. Vaughn finished cutting wheat Friday.

Liggon Vaughn was in Higginsville Sunday.

Henry Corbin Jr. was in Lexington Tuesday.

Dr. Kenely of St. Louis is visiting in Dover.

Dr. Kemerly of St. Louis was here last week.

Clarence Corder of Alma was here last week.

R. L. Fox had business in Lexington Tue-day.

Mrs. Charlie Neer was in Higginsville Wednesday.

Phillip Wahl had business in Higginsville Tuesday.

Eld. Henshaw had business in Lexington Wednesday.

Janette Redd had business in Waverly Wednesday.

Mrs. Blanton Vaughn shopped in Lexington Wednesday.

Mrs. E. K. Guerre of Higginsville spent Wednesday in Dover.

Miss Bess Donald visited with friends in Lexington Wednesday.

Miss Gladys Winn returned home Friday after a visit with friends.

Corene Dysart is visiting her grandparents, W. C. White and wife.

Rev. M. L. Mertins went to Oak Grove Tuesday to visit home folks.

Mrs. Mary Littlejohn spent several days with Webb Cole and family last week.

The children enjoyed a Union Sunday School picnic at the Malon farm Saturday.

Cottage prayer meeting was conducted at the home of Chas. Ray Friday evening.

Don't forget the "lawn social" tonight July 20 at the home of Mrs. Wm. A. Redd.

Miss Ella Liggett of Marshal Mo. spent last Saturday here the guest of Eld. Henshaw.

Rev. E. Frank Morris left Saturday morning to fill his appointment at Ballidvalle, Kansas.

Miss Bylie Hodges of Fairfax arrived Wednesday to spend her vacation with friends.

Miss Edith Shoemaker left Sunday evening for an extended visit with relatives in Sheldon Mo.

Mrs. Walter VanAngien of Lexington visited her sister Mrs. Evans several days this week.

Miss Lenora Carter left Wednesday for Oklahoma City, where she expects to teach music.

Mr. and Mrs. M. V. B. Oliver entertained at 6 o'clock dinner Friday, Rev. Morris and Mertins.

Miss Willie Holt Hodges of Fairfax Mo. came in last week to visit with relatives and friends.

Billy Harwood who is employed by the Singer Sewing Machine Co. a Lexington spent Sunday here.

Hub Winn and wife of Kansas City spent last Sunday here with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Winn.

Miss Mary Belle Busey of Higginsville returned home Wednesday after a three weeks visit with Mrs. M. B. Cole.

Miss Mary Tindall of Kansas City spent last week with her father, Dr. Tindall, who is having a dental office fitted up at this place.

Mrs. Huidah Moore came up last Saturday evening to make her home at present with her brother and sister Mr. and Mrs. Hockensmith.

Mrs. Neff of Mediapolis Iowa returned home Monday morning after a months visit with her daughter, Mrs. Joe Bertrand.

Little Miss Thelma McGee came in last Tuesday from Kiawa, Kan., to spend some time with his grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. McGee.

Meeting Closed.

According to all reports the Baptist meeting at Dover has been the best all around revival the town has witnessed for years. In spite of discouraging reports that placed them in a trying position, Revs. Morris and Martins worked faithfully on to a victory. One of the features that adds so much to the value of the work done is the fact that every one who professed conversion was grown to manhood and womanhood.

Sin was dealt with unmercifully and no form of it was left unscathed. Rev. E. F. Morris is surely a cosmopolitan preacher having been in almost every walk of life, from a Spanish-American War soldier boy to a commercial traveler. And he drew his illustrations from these various sources. Rev. M. Louis Mertins who is at present pastor of the church at Dover relieved Rev. Morris now and then. His preaching is the simple kind that reaches the soul of men. In his concluding sermon Sunday evening the pastor said: "I am no orator—if I was I could not reach you. Our numbers have not been great, but I know you are in earnest, else you would not have stepped out so bravely. Yours it is to redeem the religion, the morals and the politics of Dover. Do it in the strength your Creator has given you. People will try to discourage you, but, like the governor of the great old state of Mississippi, who recently stepped out for Jesus' name, stand firm for His sake and yours will be the victory."