

Lion Coffee

CROWNED KING
Edward, King of England; Alfonso, King of Spain;
Lion, King of Coffees,
Fit for any king; fit for you. Not glazed with any cheap, noxious coating; never sold in bulk.
Uniform quality and freshness are insured by the sealed package.

Baseball

Royalton defeated the local team, 10 to 0. Rasch, of the local team, witnessed the game and in the eighth inning relieved the Staples pitcher.

The St. Cloud Red Men won over F.ley Sunday, 10 to 1.

The regular St. Cloud team won over Perham twice, 7 to 1 and 12 to 7.

Brainerd beat Ashland 6 to 3, and West Superior defeated Aitkin 8 to 6 Sunday.

The local team will play the Ganymede team of Minneapolis, one of the best amateur teams of that city, next Sunday at this place.

Real Estate Transfers.

H. Haiseth to Gertrude Anderson lot 2, blk B, Miles add, city. \$258 00
J. Hontsch and wife to Mrs. M. M. Miska, land in S. 30 30. 860 00
J. A. Nichols and wife to F. C. Candler, a 160 feet lot 7, blk 18, Morrills add N P Ry to J. A. Werner, sw. sec. 21-128-30. 200 00
J. Schmolke and wife J. Glaser, s. w. and n. e. 19-42-29. 920 00
E. Bleillon and wife to Jesse Richard, a 40 feet lot 3, blk 11, Steele's add, city. 500 00
H. P. Bell and wife to A. Swanson, ne. 10-41-31. 1600 00
M. B. Clark et al to C. G. Gaking, e. n. 22-89-31. 480 00
H. M. Joslin and wife to E. A. Bowers, lots 9 and 10, blk 6, Green's 2nd, add, Royalton. 200 00
J. K. Martin and wife to Lewis Goolwin, a n. w. and n. w. ne. 9-39-81. 200 00
S. Hallett and wife to F. Escherich, s. ne and n. d. 1/2 w. and ne. 21-30-31. 1100 00
A. Kraft and wife to T. Jensen, sw. 9-41-81. 1600 00
J. H. Rhodes and wife to St. Adelbert's Congregation, e. 3 acres of w. 10 acre, n. e. sec. 17-40-32. 230 00
R. E. Strom and wife to S. J. Nelson, s. w. and n. w. 25-180-30. 1290 00
L. Coenen and wife to T. J. Monahan, lot 5 blk 32, city. 1700 00
A. Niles and wife to E. J. Sater, lots 1 and 2 and e. 5 feet, lot 3, blk B, Miles add, city. 4500 00
M. H. Foreman and wife to L. A. Matthews, w. 30 and lot 1 in S. 131-32. 1000 00

Little Falls Town

July 25—Peter Pratt is back from a hospital at Minneapolis, and he is getting along nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Lafond of Bel-Prairie spent Saturday at the home of his father, Adolph Lafond and Sunday at the home of Sam L. Lafond.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lafond, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Boudreau, Mr. and Mrs. H. Colborn, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lafond visited at the home of Mr. Sam Lafond Sunday and had a good time.

Mrs. Philip Lafond is improving very slowly and soon will be able to be out.

Sam Lafond has purchased a new horse and will have a timebreaking rig.

Charles and Cyril Tibus and wives, from Illinois are visiting at the home of Mrs. Gideon Lafond, their sister, who they had not seen for 21 years.

Arthur and Isaac Lafond are working for Mr. Hammer.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Pratt and family intend to leave for Washington the last of the week.

Guy Brabant went fishing last Sunday and caught quite a number of nice pickers.

In Dist. No. 54 the school meeting was held Saturday and they elected Mr. Brabant for school clerk in place of Joe Raymond.

Come and Go

Mrs. Kate Sullivan of New Hampton, Ia., is visiting with the family of Mat Blake.

Mrs. P. Ring is visiting in Mpls. Mrs. J. H. Anderson is at Detroit lake. Mrs. Clarence Raymond is visiting in St. Cloud.

H. W. Venners is visiting points along the L. F. & D. and Park Rapids line this week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Pantake of Parker were visiting relatives here Sunday.

Mrs. Cora Wolf has returned to Stillwater.

C. A. Weyerhaeuser and H. H. Tanner have gone to the Pacific coast for a two-weeks stay.

P. Lafond is visiting at Malta, Mont. Rev. and Mrs. Wm. Walton have gone to Manitoba.

Mrs. Emma Jarboe has gone to Detroit, Mich., to visit relatives.

Misses Mammie O'Shea and Agnes Ward visited at Brainerd Sunday.

Rev. and Mrs. F. A. Sumner are visiting friends here.

City Attorney Shaw was in Minneapolis Tuesday.

H. Snow accompanied Mrs. L. M. Hopkins, of Madison, his wife's grandmother, to Park Rapids for a visit.

F. Ther Lamothe visited the Summer School at St. Paul this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Joesting are home. S. Treby was in the Park Rapids region on business.

State Secretary G. W. Stenger of the C. O. F. was in the city Tuesday on his way home to St. Paul from a visit to Pierz.

Green Prairie

July 19—Chas. Anderson, L. Baily, Mr. Nelson, Peter Anderson and Reuben Anderson were at the Falls Saturday.

Andrew Peterson has gone to work at the mill.

Grain is looking very nice.

Jacob Jarrvie has bought a buggy.

Mrs. Gust Lund has returned.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

Fine pearl novelties at the Diamond Sign. They are the latest.

The great Wild West show appears here today.

John Vertin is entertaining several relatives from Calumet, Mich.

The carpenter tools stolen from A. T. Newman were found in a meadow near Royalton.

The mayor has called a meeting for next Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock, at the city hall, to consider the street fair proposition.

Gold so valuable an abate farmer, so abridges sinner.
STEPHEN C. VABALY.

Catechumens meet next Saturday morning at 10 o'clock.
Norwegian Lutheran services in church Sunday at 10.30.

Parochial school is resumed Monday morning. C. M. HALLANGER, Pastor.

House for sale on First street. \$75 down, balance easy terms.
STEPHEN C. VABALY.

Special terms offered on residences etc., with small down payment.
Call on JOHN VERTIN.

FOR RENT—Store building on First avenue S. E.
STEPHEN C. VABALY.

Your baby ought to have his picture taken now while we have a "album" free at NELSON'S

Lot 80x150 in old townsite \$125. One-third down.
STEPHEN C. VABALY.

Cox's Cheap Cash Store

B. B. COX, Prop.
Swanville, Minn.
General Merchandise
Dry Goods, Crockery, Lamps, Groceries, New Home Sewing Machines, Western Cottage, Farm Produce Bought and Sold.

A Mutual Friend.
Once upon a time a diplomat was walking with his close friend Deceit, who was dressed in his usual attractive manner, when he met a lady acquaintance.

"Allow me to introduce to you my friend Diplomacy," he said.

"It is not necessary," she answered. "He is a close friend of mine, whom I know by the name of 'Tact.'"

Moral.—A nettle by any other name would sting the same.—N. Y. Herald.

A rich mind will cast over the humblest home a radiance of beauty and wholesomeness which an upholsterer or a decorator can never equal. Emerson says: "There is no beautifier of complexion, form or behavior like the wish to scatter joy, and not pain, around us."—Success.

Moody's Fish Story.
Bumbling from his watch chain and skillfully mounted in gold Jim Moody of North Carolina has a unique charm. It is a black, oval shaped stone, smoothly polished.

This charm came to Mr. Moody in a unique manner. One of his constituents, Mr. H. C. Jones, once went fishing in the French Broad river for "black-bass." He got a whopping big fish, in whose stomach he found this smoothly polished stone.

"The supposition," says Mr. Moody, "is that the bass took this stone for a big bug and snapped at it. The stone remained in his stomach the remainder of his days, till my friend Jones caught him in the French Broad river."

The Itchwood Tree.
The most dangerous vegetable irritant poison is that of the itchwood tree of the Fiji islands. One drop of the sap falling on the hand is as painful as a touch of a hot iron.

One Thing and Another.
In every instance in which it has been tried at the Canadian experimental farms skim milk has produced a much finer fat in pork than resulted from the same grain ration fed without skim milk.

A large acreage of corn in South Dakota this year is reported.

Northern planters for the most part plant White Plume and Golden Self Blanching celery for summer and fall marketing, and those who make a practice of storing also plant some such variety as Giant Solid.

Mood river (Oregon) apple growers are said to use arsenite of soda application for the codling moth and to be using a greater proportion of white arsenic than in former years and without injury to foliage.

Snubbing a Would-Be K. P.
An English firm of solicitors, who recently wrote to the president of the University of Idaho offering to purchase an LL. D. degree for a young client who was thinking of entering parliament, received the following very caustic reply: "The principal whom you represent has disgraced his nationality, the bar and himself. I hope that when he attempts to enter parliament he will learn that a cad's ambitions, unless carefully limited, are unrealizable."—Y. Herald.

A Kentucky Curiosity.

Large Knob of Land That Revolves as Though Afloat Upon a Body of Oil.

On the farm of Dr. G. A. Traylor, near Bryantville, there is a most marvelous freak of nature. It consists of a peculiar knob of land about 600 feet high and three acres in extent. This knob, according to local report, situated as it is, in the heart of level territory, has always been a mystery, as no sign of vegetation of any kind has ever been known to grow thereon. For several years past there have been seen at times small streams of oil issuing from the base of the knob, and a few days ago, as the doctor was passing by, he noticed that the knob seemed to move in a rotary manner, and upon making closer investigation he found that the entire knob had separated from the earth and was slowly revolving around as though floating on a large body of water. The space between the two bodies of earth is about six inches, from which there is emitted a gurgling sound as of boiling gas.

The knob swings to and fro, and rotates slowly, but very perceptibly. Dr. Traylor thinks that there is a small ocean of oil underneath the knob which is floating it, but many people are of the opinion that it is a young earthquake getting ready for action.

HE KEPT ON SWIMMING.

Remarkable Pluck of a New York Sewer Man in a Desperate Situation.

The other day in New York a man named Boyle had an experience that it is better to read about than go through. He was working at a man-hole, when the ladder gave way. He fell into the sewer and was carried for more than a mile underground in a torrent of water that ran like a mill race, in absolute darkness and deluged with mud and slime and all manner of filth. He was dashed against brick walls, well-nigh overwhelmed with dirt that was emptied over him from side sewers, and finally he was pitched into the East river and was fished out by a bargeman. Boyle's own account of the matter is interesting, and the chief fact is that he never gave up, says Woman's Home Companion. "I kept a-swimming," was his succinct way of putting it, and even when he found himself in the middle of the East river, half unconscious, he "kept a-swimming." One must confess to a good deal of admiration for a man who, under such circumstances, in about as hopeless a condition as a human being could possibly find himself, should still keep in the game.

POPE STUDIES MEDICINE.

The Germs of Various Diseases Closely Examined by His Holiness and His Physicians.

Consternation was displayed in the Vatican the other day when Dr. Lapponi, Pope Leo's private physician, was seen going toward his holiness' apartments with a large microscope in one hand and a case containing several vials and surgical instruments in the other. The rumor spread that the pope had suddenly become seriously ill, but soon the truth became known, says an eastern exchange. Pope Leo has long taken much interest in the progress of modern medicine, and Dr. Lapponi's object was to show him specimens of the various microbes which have been discovered during recent years and to explain to him the exact manner in which each of them affects human beings.

The germs of typhus, tuberculosis, diphtheria, anthrax and other maladies were carefully examined through the microscope by the pope, who then asked Dr. Lapponi many questions, especially as to the manner in which the germs find their way into human bodies and as to the methods which have been devised for destroying them.

LIPTON'S GREEN SALES.

Sir Thomas Had a Little Joke to Spring on Americans, But Didn't Get the Chance.

It has leaked out that Sir Thomas Lipton came to America last fall prepared to spring a huge joke on the Americans if he won the America's cup. The other day a fire occurred in the loft of a carpenter shop where some of the rigging of the Shamrock II. had been stored. In the mass of partly burned sails were some pieces of vivid green. When opened up several sails were hauled out from the wreckage, all of emerald green, says Woman's Home Companion.

Later it became known that in the event of Shamrock II. winning two of the races this green suit was to have been worn in the third and deciding race. It is also said that this green suit of sails never saw the light of day, but was bent and stretched at night while the boat lay in the Horse-shoe at Sandy Hook.

The discovery of the green sails was the cause of much mirth.

Spades Made from Horseshoes.
Chinese spades from British horseshoes sounds like an absurd statement, but the fact is that shiploads of old horseshoes leave London for China. All these come back to London in the form of spades, having been so transformed by the ingenious natives.

Fine for Poor Illumination.
At Newcastle, England, assizes Justice Ridley imposed a fine of \$50 on the court attendant for failure to have the courtroom sufficiently lighted. A threat of the same kind by Justice Lawrence at Leeds assizes led to prompt illumination.

CEMETERY LIGHTS

When I was about fourteen, my mother, whose health had been declining for some years, determined to leave the city and try country life for a change. She purchased an old estate some three miles out of the city of E. which had been over a century in one family, who parted with their old homestead because loss of property made it impossible for them to keep up former style and grandeur.

One of the conditions of the sale was that the family graveyard should not be disturbed in any way. It was a beautiful spot, about two acres in extent and about half an acre from the dwelling, just to the right, and where the windows of both stories on the right side of the house and the piazza in front would overlook it.

I never was a cowardly child, and this resting place of the dead was a favorite resort with me, and on moonlight nights I would wander for hours through its walks without one thought of fear or dread of those resting in their last sleep around me, freed from the care and turmoil of life.

When we moved to our new home, my favorite brother, who was six years my elder, was away at college and it was not till some months after that he returned home for vacation at a time when our country home presented its most charming aspect—had dressed itself in its gayest robes to welcome him, I said—and superbly beautiful were its robes of green and rainbow tints.

He had been absent so long from home that it was not until after supper and evening worship that I could carry him off to my favorite spot. He was somewhat prepared for its beauties from my rhapsodies about it in my letters, but said, as we stood on a little knoll just at the entrance and looked over it, that I had not done it justice, eloquent as I had been in its praise.

We were wandering through its walks and I was asking a thousand questions that kept him busy in answering when suddenly he stopped a moment and said, "Are you never afraid of this place?"

"No, Jamie, darling. Why should I be?" I asked.

"You come often here alone after night, Lizzie. Are you not startled sometimes?"

"No. Why do you ask?" I replied.

"Oh, nothing. Only do you see anything there peculiar in appearance?" he asked, pointing to a spot where a tall marble tablet gleamed in the moonlight.

"Nothing, Jamie, but the slab of marble."

"Let's go up there for a moment," he then said, and we turned toward the spot.

"Upon reaching it I saw nothing, but I could see that he did see something that surprised and somewhat startled him. While standing there he moved his little walking stick to and fro and after a few minutes said: 'That will do. Now let's return to the house, and I'll tell you why I ask those questions.'"

Upon reaching the top step we sat down upon the top step and looked over to the graveyard. He sat still for a few minutes and then said:

"Well, Lizzie, I have often heard and have read of what I saw tonight, but I never thought to see it myself, for I never credited it. At that grave where we stopped I saw a blue flame rise from the ground and gradually take the human form, or, rather, inside of the cloud of blue flame saw a human shape, and when we went up to it I could distinctly see the contour of the whole figure, though I could not discern features. It is startling, but it is not supernatural. If I did not know that you were a brave little girl and not frightened by shadows, I'd not tell you this, for I cannot tell you the cause more than this: Wherever there are decaying human bodies there is a gas generated that rises and assumes the human form, though indistinctly and not to be seen by every one. Now, there in the cemetery I see three of those pillars of blue flame and no doubt would see more if all parts of the place were visible from here."

I did not doubt Jamie's seriousness in what he said, and, though it puzzled me, it did not scare me, for he told me it could be accounted for by men of science, and my faith in him was too unswerving for me to doubt for a moment anything I saw him convinced of, and it did not hinder me from taking many a long walk in the lovely spot or from again spending many an hour there in pleasant reverie and castle building in Spain.

During our residence there two other persons told me they saw the same thing, one a young cousin, a delicate, gentle girl, too gentle and conscientious to equivocate and too accustomed to seeing such things to be frightened at them. The other was a man in his prime, a judge and a statesman of note, who saw it on two or three different occasions while staying at our house on visits. The first time he was standing at his bedroom window, just after his visit, and did not know that there was a burial place so close to the house. After that he saw it from the piazza and in the cemetery after dusk.

Here I give you my unvarnished tale. I wish I could give you the scientific why and wherefore. This I cannot do, though, and you must rest content in your ignorance or find them out for yourself.

A Practical Conclusion.
"Did your investigation of volcanic phenomena lead to any practical conclusion?"

"It did," answered the popular scientist.

"What was it?"

"A check from a magazine."—Washington Star.

TEACH THE USE OF GAS.

New York Women Who Instruct Their Students How to Utilize It in Their Kitchens.

One of the most beneficent movements in behalf of good housekeeping in New York city is one originated and fostered by the principal gas company there. This concern has six women, known as inspectors and teachers, who keep in contact with from 750 to 1,000 kitchens weekly, running the gas from Fifth Avenue's aristocratic establishments to the subcellar of some "kooker" east side restaurant or top floor tenement in Little Italy. Owing to a widely extended system of rental in vogue gas ranges in New York are in use in most unexpected kitchens. The teachers not only understand every plan by which all the many ranges in use may be made to do the work demanded, whether the supply of gas is big or little, but are expected to know why a range doesn't work if it is out of order, and in many cases to themselves adjust and regulate it so that it is in condition to work before leaving. Owing to the large foreign born population to whom the gas ranges are dense mysteries and to other peculiarities of the New York kitchen workers the inspector teachers are securing effects that could be reached in no other way. The work in New York has been so successful that before long a trained peripatetic gas range cooking teacher and inspector will be a necessity to every live gas company and a new line of work will be open to domestic science teachers.

TABLETS FOR HUMBLE HEROES

Memorials of Heroic Deeds of Men and Women Placed in a London Church.

A cloister has recently been built in Aldergate street in London, on the walls of which are to be placed memorials of the deeds of heroes of English men and women in humble life, says the Magazine Men of To-morrow.

Four such tablets have already been erected, the inscription on two of them reading as follows: "Walter Peart, driver, and Harry Bean, fireman, of the Windsor express, on July 18, 1898, whilst being scalded and burnt, sacrificed their lives in saving the train." "Mary Rogers, Stewardess of the Stella, March 30, 1899, self-sacrificed by giving up her life belt and voluntarily going down in the sinking ship."

Nothing can be more inspiring than this public recognition of the bravery and self-sacrifice of obscure heroes and heroines. Westminster Abbey is crowded with the tombs of England's mighty dead—her great warriors on land and sea, her poets, her statesmen, her author's. Each puts forth a slight claim to have helped mankind, and pleads to be remembered by his country; but until now there has been no public recognition of these humble heroes.

Why should not Americans follow the example of the builders of the church in Aldergate?

MASCULINE CANDY FIENDS.

One of Whom Devours 400 Pounds of Chocolate in One Summer, and Nothing Extraordinary.

This candy has become the basis of a bad habit—like tea, tobacco, alcohol or ice water—has long been admitted by medical men; that its worst victims are not women, however, is not so well known, except to the owners of candy shops, says the New York Post. The fact that one man bought and devoured 400 pounds of the richest chocolates in one summer and that this gastronomic feat was not looked upon as anything unusual by the candy clerks, will give some kind of the slavery to which the habit of candy-eating is committed. The man who consumed "confectionery" by the hundredweight is young and sound in mind and body. He generally yields to temptation immediately after luncheon—although the craving sometimes becomes unendurable at an earlier hour. He estimates that the candy he has bought for personal consumption cost him \$250 last summer. He has been an unwilling victim for years, and has frequently "sworn off"—or attempted to. The last time was for three months, and when the self-imposed embargo was raised he bought two pounds of mixed chocolates and ate them between lunch and dinner.

Electric Stimulation of Plants.
Several methods of applying electricity to hasten the growth and development of vegetation have been tested in Germany. One plan is simply to electrify the air about the growing plants by passing a current through a system of barbed wires from the points of which the electricity is discharged. Another way is to submit the seeds to a electric current before they are planted or sowed. Both of these methods are said to have given favorable results, but the best plan yet tried is that of passing a feeble current of electricity through the soil. A market gardener near Paterson, N. J., is said to have tripled the productiveness of his beds of carrots, beets and other vegetables by sending through them a current derived from the power cable of a trolley line.

Censorship of Comic Pages.
Foreign comic papers are being subjected to a strict censorship in Germany just now. A special lookout is being kept for those published in America which contain pictures considered disrespectful to the kaiser.

French Capital in China.
The amount of French capital invested in China exceeds \$100,000,000.

\$18.00 to New York City

and Atlantic City and return via Nickel Plate Road, July 17 and 31, and August 7th and 14th, return limit 12 days. Stopover at Chautauque Lake and Niagara Falls within final limit. City Ticket Office 111 Adams St. Write John V. Colahan, General Agent, Chicago, for particulars.

Two houses for sale in Mississippi Addition. Very reasonable terms. L. O. VAALY, Owner.