CHAPTER XXIV .-- (Continued.) It was pleasant to Affaon to see her wolker's quiet, respectful manners, so full reverence for that wise and dignified dd age, and the evident gratification with which Mr. Moore listened to him. She might almost have believed herself forgotten, but that every now and then the thin hand named lightly over her hair with a caressing touch which told how he loved to feel Sunny near him again. Greville kept a little aloof from them, but not a movement escaped his notice. Once Alison glanced in his direction and met a grave, touched look in his eyes, as though something moved him.

Miss Carrington presently came in to see after her charge, for such she evidenty considered the old man, and dispersed the little group. Mr. Moore must have his noonday rest, and then he would be well enough to play to them in the evening, but he had talked to them sufficiently for the present.

The rest of the morning was spent in tennia, and in the afternoon Miss Carrington joined them, and Greville and Roger rowed them to the Long Island, that Alison might revisit her old haunts, and the evening was spent at Fernleigh,

This was Greville's only idle morning; for the future he adhered steadily to his determination to work until luncheon, and as Alison resumed her old habits of painting under Aunt Diana's supervision, or playing to Mr. Moore or reading to him, Roger found himself left to his own

He took Miss Carrington's advice and fived in the open air, either lying on the lawn with a book or paddling himself lastly in a canoe, till his face was brown and ruddy with health, and he grow as light bearted as a boy.

In the alternoons and evenings the three young people were always together. Tennis and boating or drives in Greville's dog cart filled up the afternoon. When Mr. Moore was pretty well the evenings were always spent in his room sometimes he played on his violin while Allson accompanied him, or one of the young men read aloud while the ladica worked.

Phe old man always retired early, and then sometimes Greville would tempt them to a moonlight row or stroll, or Miss Carrington refused this for her self and Alison, Roger and he would pace the garden in animated conversation.

The young men had become great friends. Greville, who was a few months older than Roger, always acted as though he were younger. Roger was full of quaint drollery, and loved fun in his own way, but Greville's spirits were lighle carry him laway; he had plenty of char acter, but Roger's grave solidity and greater thoughtfulness were uncommon at his age; nevertheless Greville's garety and natural exuberance covered a depth of feeling that would have astonished people. "A man is a man for a' that, he would have said if any one had seems ed him of too much love of play; that played well in his routh was no argument malast his working well by and by Young growing things must stretch themselves," Miss Carrington used to

may in loving extenuation of her favorite. When a good woman thinks well of man there can not be much assiss with him. Miss Carrington always said Gre ville was a fine creature, and she had telerably shrewd judgment of her own.

Aunt Diana had resolved that Roger and Allson should have as much play so possible, so she not only revived her Wednesdays, but she gave a boating party and a large piculo. Hoger was a great favorite with the ladies, old and young though he could not compare in goo looks with Greville, but his honest face and courteous manners the manners bred of a perfectly kind beart-won golden spinione, but Miss Carrington, who smald not fall to notice that though he was pleasant to all the young ladies, he did not single out one as an object for any special attention, while on the contrary, Grorille was always beside Allson.

She drew her own conclusions. made no remark. She always said was like brushing the golden dust off batterfly's wing to speak of such things to young people before their time." But her heart was very full sometimes when she looked at Allson. "I will not speak to her; when the time comes, she will seek me of her own second," she thought "there are some things I can not teach her, that every woman must learn for

One evening she was sitting alone is the studio, writing a letter to her broth er-in-law, when she caught a glimpes of Allenn's white gown finshing between the shrube, and in another moment the girl came swiftly through the conservatory and stood beside her.

"Aunt Dt. I want to speak to ron." "One moment, Allie: I have just 9c shed my letter to your father. Have you may message for him?"

"Yes no oh! I can not think of best now," she said, in such a trembling relee that Miss Carrington looked up mickly, and what she saw in Allena face made her drop her pen

"Come and sit here, darling, and tell me all shoet it," and as Allson hid her harning face, drawing down Aunt Di and's hands, as though they would shield or affectually, she continued, tenderly Don't be shy over it, Allie, Of course bnew what it is Greville has been

making to you? "Ton Aunt Di." "Wall I will scold him presently se anger in Aunt Diane's eyes. "I dare ay his grandfather encouraged him; he an ant stoon thin. Well, Allie, and

me and our boy my to you?" Aunt Di. don't ask me," returned desperately, "he thinks too high am not as good as that;

my she has improved."

"Then you approve?" raising her o at last to her aunt's face. "Don't you know Greville is my boy? He is even dearer to me than you you must not be sorry to hear that. One day I will tell a sad little story about myself, how a girl's self-will and temper lost her the noblest lover a woman could

murmured Alison. mke," returned Miss Carrington, almost olemnly. "No more of this just now. If you love me, dear child, you little know how happy it makes me to know my two darlings are to be united.

"I guess who it was: I always know,"

"Really and truly happy, Aunt Di?" "Yes, surely, dearest; and this has duty." been the wish of Mr. Moore's heart. Ab. here comes Greville: he looks almost as shy over it as you do, Ailie."

But, shy or not, there was no mistaking the expression of proud happiness on the young man's face. A look passed between him and Miss Carrington, and then she held out her hand.

"Well, Greville, have you come to be acolded?" she asked, playfully. "Yes, but you would not have the heart to do it," was his reply. "Cara," with a pause on the old name, "how could I help It?" And his glance was sufficiently elo-

"Well, Greville. I think you are wor thy even of her." And now something like the glimmer of unshed tears softened the keen gray eyes. "God bless you, my boy! you have fulfilled the great wish of my beart."

There was a little more talk after this, and then Greville said, "Alison, I think we ought to go to my grandfather; this will make his very happy." And then Alison obediently rose.

There was a touching scene with the old man. "When the messenger come my boy will not be left desolate, he will bave Sunny to comfort him." And again his bands were placed on her bright hair to invoke a blessing

Roger's turn came next. He had been out all day on a fishing excursion, and on als return Greville but waylaid him. and told him the news. Alison, who was sitting at her window, trying to compose her fluttered spirits, saw them coming up the garden walk together, and a few minutes afterward there was a hasty step at her door, and Roger burst into her spandy clean and fresh. Twas set for

he took her in his arms and kissed her, even before he had uttered a word.

But it came at last. life. Of course I knew it was coming. He is a fine fellow; you are giving me just the sort of brother I wanted, and Linda; and the pair of them kept me am greatly obliged to you."

"He told you then?" a little bashfully. "Yes, he had been waiting ever so long by the river bank. It is my belief that, like King Midas, he had fleen whispering his secret to the rushes. I wish you rould have heard what he said about you. He has thoroughly convinced me that he fully appreciates you."

"I am so glad you will be friends. returned Alison, simply, quite ignoring the latter part of Roger's speech; in her modest aginion of herself, she never ceased wondering at Greville's lover-like speeches; it was dear and kind of him to my such things, she thought, but she did not deserve them.

She said as much to him one day, when their engagement was but a week old, but he turned decidedly willful. "I shall think of you foot as I like."

he said, quietly, "and I know I shall never alter my opinions. I don't care what your faults are; you are perfect in my eyes, just because you are Alison." And after this she gave up the point.

But on the evening before she left Moss-side she and Aunt Diana had one of their long talks. Greville had just left them, grumbling, in spite of an invitation to breakfast the next morning. and though he knew that he was expected at The Holms in six weeks' time, to make acquaintance with Alison's home, and to introduce himself to Mr. Merie. But Miss Carrington paid no attention to his boyish discontent; this bour belonged to to-night! Well, as Linda says, our her, she said, in a decided manner; Greville might talk to Roger, but she wanted

So while the two young men paced or and down by the river, Alison and Miss Carrington sat in the dim studio, looking out into the moonlight. There was so much that they had to my to each other

"You do not think me too hard-hearted to insist on a two years' engagement. Allie?" Miss Carrington said presently "Mr. Moore has begged me over and over again to reconsider my decision, but, indeed, I think Greville in too ronng for such a responsibility. In two years he will be five-and-twenty."

"I would not have it otherwise, Aunt Di," returned Alison, quietly, "In two mare' time, pape will be well and strong at least, Dr. Greenwood tells us soand Missie will be older: I can be spared then, and can leave home far more han-

"Is Graville content with this?" "I have talked to him, and made him

see that we are both right. Of course we shall both feel the separation a little hard, but now I have promised to spend at least two months next summer at Mossside, and he is to pay flying visits to The Holms, I think we ought to be content, and then there are the letters letters are such a pleasure."

"And in two years Allson Merle in to he Alison Moore.

"I hope so, Aunt Di." "Darling! that day will be a hapry one for me. I love you both so much, and then I shall have you near me. Think

of Fernleigh being your home." "A beautiful home," she returned "Roger will miss you the most, dear." "I hope not by that time, Aunt Di. Perhaps I ought not to speak of it: he has never given me the right to do so, but

think-I hope-Anna-may be able to comfort him for my absence. "What makes you think so, dear?" she asked, very quietly; and yet the same

thought had occurred to her.

"It is Roger's manner; it has changed so much of late. Once he need to be as friendly with Anna, but now he never fasts there, began to wonder why the into his eyes; he is always so pleased when I tall him she is coming to The Holms, and he is so nice with her, speaking so gently to fier, and anticipating all her wishes; you could not doubt what it meant if you saw them together. And she is just as sweet to him as one could wish very shy, but so simple and child-

She is a dear little thing, and I dare "Ken, indeed, even Missie owns she le metimen; not that that good. Oh, Annt Di, I have grown to

randfather's heir; in two years he might tainly 'above rubies.' There is the law of kindness in her lips; I never know

any one so perfectly gentle." "Missie is actually growing foud of her; they will be nice companions for each other when I leave home. Ob, Aunt Di, how beautifully everything has turned out. Papa is better, and Missie is growing more amiable every day; Rudel is not so rough, and Popple is the dearest little soul, and Miss Leigh is so much more

"Heaven has accepted our sacrifice, Allie," returned Aunt Diana, solemaly; "a blessing has come down on your efdropped languidly into the hammock forts in a way we never expected." "'Give and it shall be given to you one of the men of the house appeared

igain,' is the law of love." "Durling, I never loved you so much as when I sent you from me to do your

> (The End.) A POT OF PAINT.

The Master of the House Gets the Decorating Fever.

"Tip the cat out of that rocker and make yourself comfortable.' said Mrs. Weeden, hospitably, "You look kind of used up. Spring cleaning?"

Mrs. Lipscombe leaned far back and settled the dispossessed cut in her lap "So the family say." she assented, "though I think myself it's nothing fi the world but Joe's latest performance. Joe generally gets the painting fever when we women get the scrubbing fever; but seems as if this season be took it extra hard. He bought a pot of paint Saturday, and started in. First he did the window-boxes and the indiarubber tree tub; that was all right. Then he did the clothes poles. I wasn't particularly grateful when they weren't the bottom was hard sand and the half-dry for Monday wash; still, they're boughs overhead made a nice, cool an improvement. Then he did the two shade, so that walking was a pleasgarden seats, and got so interested he ure, save when great dams of driftforgot, and sat down on the one he'd wood forced us up into the tangled just done while he finished up the other. Well, those trousers were pretty far gone, and I never did like a check, anyway. If he'd stopped there but he didn't. There was some paint left, and

he was bound to use it up. "The girls planned long ago to have a party and some music as soon as the cleaning was done, and the partor to-night; and this noon Linda went in She knew how glad he was by the way to fix up. Well, she gave a kind of wild screech, followed by sounds like whooping-cough, and Bessy and I came flying to see what was wrong. Beany gave one look, and off she went whooping and gurgiing and giggling worse than so busy scolding and coaxing and slapping backs and ordering. 'Now, girls. stop!' that I didn't really take in what it was all about till just as they were beginning to quiet down. Then my eyes lit on the mantelpiece again, and, if you'll believe it, off I went, worse than either of them!

"You know those two plaster busts on the two sides of the mautel-shelf-Mozart and Beethoven, three-quarter lifesize? Well, Joseph had painted those There they perched confronting us-off again, all three of us together, gurgling and whooping and choking and weeping ilke idiota-Mozart smiling tauntily and Beethoven scowling like a thunder-cloud, and both of them bright green!"

"Emily! No!" burst out Mrs.

"Louisa! Yes!" rejoined Mrs. Lips. site feeding on parasite; and if "He means to bronze later; but when he bronzed a Milton once, the white kept showing through in thin places, so he thought this time be'd put a dark coat under. Green is all right, he says, because bronze is always streaky with green when it's real so if green should show through the bronging it would only be more natural. But they've got to dry before they can be touched or lifted; and the party's thing to do in to take it as a loke. But I was pretty tired this morning, and suppose I really did laugh myself into hysterics. It sounds silly, but if ron'd come suddenly on two pen-green im mortals---"

"I never had hysterics in my life." announced Mrs. Westen, firmly, "and I'm going to walk back with you when you go and take a peck myself."-Youth's Companion.

Badly Confused.

Lord Bramwell, says the biographer of that jurist, used to tell a story illustrating the complete paralysis which may affect the human mind at trying

One day when he was on board a Rhine steambout he noticed a lady, evidently in great distress, trying by signs to explain to the officials some matter of importance. Fancying that she was a countrywoman of his own, he asked:

"Do you speak English?" The poor lady had really lost her herd, and she could only stammer out. "Un pen"-timt is, a little.

Then Lord Bramwell continued the conversation in French, but it became evident that the lady understood scarcely a word. German and Italian gave equally bad results. Finally she muttered audibly to herself:

"How I wish I were safe at home "But surely you do speak English!" exclaimed the baron.

"I can't speak anything else," she sobbed. "That's what makes me helpless among these foreigners."

Strictly Fresh Eggs. There are summer resorts, remote from any agricultural communities, where fresh farm products are even harder to obtain than in the city. It was at such a place that the new boarder, who had eaten four or five break-

eggs were invariably served fried. "See here," he inquired one morning of the genial colored woman who waited upon him, "why do you always fry eggs here? Don't you ever boil them?" "Oh-oh, yes, sah!" responded the waiter, pleasantly. 'Of co'se yo' kin have 'em boiled, if yo' wants 'em. But yo' know, sab, yo' takes de risk !"-

New York Times. Medera Hereism.

The Victim-Help Help! I'm drown-Would-Be Hero-Courage, my brave steer thousands of the peasants' an! Just mait until I get a rope, a mooden houses, and besides ruining mring rod, a Carnegle application whole communities involve no small blank, two witnesses and a notary publices of fire.

Deer Stalking In Cuba

-- Difficulties of the Chase.

The day was warm, and I had just

for an after-luncheon siesta, when

on the plazza with his rifle and am-

munition box. Instantly I sat up.

"Where are you going?" I demanded.

"Deer stalking. The soldiers get a

deer nearly every day. "Then I am

going, too," I said. I looked away

across the railroad and beyond the

old Spanish block house toward the

young American town of Ceballos,

and there up the dusty, red road came

several khaki-clad boys from the 14th

Infantry that Uncle Sam has station-

ed here to "hold the lid down in

of palm-fibre-and a machete for

again, for the woods are a regular

jungle, a perfect net-work of tangled

vines twining from tree to tree, im-

penetrable, save as one cuts a way

through with machete, or follows an

ancient Cuban path. Parasites are

the trees, that makes, for the north-

erner, the Cuban woods so marvellous.

Here and there, royal palms thrust

grasp of the creeping vine-that ter-

rible parasite of the Cuban jungle

tree it has attacked, and throwing

out great branches, becomes itself a

Everywhere one looks he sees para

were not so beautiful and strange

would give one an uncanny feeling

But uncanniness has no place here.

The sky is so gloriously blue, and the

sunlight filters down through the dense

foliage like golden shafts of light

faint perfume of the wild orange

tramped, seeing now and then great

marses of deer tracks in the moist

vines and sky-and I, forgetting my

promise to be quiet, talked and laugh-

ed, until the snapping of twigs and

a glimpse of graylsh-fawn creatures.

bounding out of sight up a pathway.

brought me to a realization of the

But the spirit of the true huntaman

had not been absent from my com

panion. With rifle at shoulder he sent

a shot after the disappearing deer

gight in a twinkling. A second shot

rang out, and a joyful shout followed

which told me it had been a lucky

Away I went slashing madiy at the

rines that caught my skirt in their

with the machete, and flew along in

the direction of the answering shouts.

Soon I came up and found the deer

"It is small, but plump, and will be

heavy before we get home," said the

huntsman. "Do you suppose you could

I stopped my excited jumping

around to answer "certainly." but

was too eager over our success to re-

member the rough roads by which

we should be obliged to return home.

our prize, slung from a pole sup-

ported on our shoulders and crossing

a clearing. We found ourselves at

the rear of a great sugar-cane planta-

tion, and skirting this we made our

Company, of New York, have planted

the largest orange grove in the world.

Now we were on familiar ground, and

our own home, at which place, later

RUSSIAN VILLAGE FIRES.

Edict by Which a Governor Hoped

to End Loss of Life and Property.

lage conflagrations which annually de-

The present is the season of vil-

Nothing daunted, we set out with

help carry it?"

thorny grasp. Good service 1

business of the day

trees, that all along the bank hans

monarch of the forest.

wanted to get some ferns.

ders the wooden hovels inflammable as touch-wood at the end of the summer and the inevitable custom of every village that the ablebodied of both sexes spend all the hours of daylight in the fields gatherings in the barvest, it would seem that noth-

> this terrible scourge. Children and the helpless aged are locked up or locked out, as the case may be, for the entire day, and are left to shift for themselves. If one

hovel takes fire nothing can save the whole village. The zemstvos have been fighting for a generation with this danger by the rational method of assisting peasants to roof their hovels with iron instead of straw. establish fire brigades, etc., but the process is a slow one.

ing can be done to put an end to

Much amusement is being caused by an administrative attempt to deal with the evil in the good old way. The Governor of Poltava has issued a flat that any peasant leaving children without supervision shall be fined £30 (which is thrice the average amount of annual taxation, collected with so much difficulty-from an impoverished class!) or be imprisoned for three months.

Cuba." "Oh, don't go with them. Let me go. I'll be quiet," I pleaded-and The "administrative order." issued meant to be. So we started, the under the provisions of martial law. man wit' is rifle over his shoulder is typical of much that is being done and I with a jarver-a basket made by incompetent provincial governors without the sanction and too frequently without the knowledge of their Down through our young orange central organs of government. As is orchard we went to the dry bed of pointed out, if no fire occurs not one the tiny river-the river that durcase in 10,000 of children being left ing the rainy season runs flush, and alone at home will ever come to light. sometimes overflows. This made a and in any case the harvest must be splendid path through the jungle, for garnered, and can only be garnered by every ablebodied man and woman working sixteen and eighteen hours a day in the fields, which may be any thing from one mile to ten miles away from their homes.-St. Petersundergrowth on the banks. Gladly burg correspondence London Stanwe would slide down into the sand

SOCIETY BELOW STAIRS.

Hotels Have to Provide for Several Different Strata.

In the furnishing and fitting of some of the new apartments and apart these vines, and they in turn bear ment hotels several interesting feaup great masses of parasites. It is tures have been under discussion. In this, with the loads of orchids on other days, in the old class of such buildings in this ewy, a dining room for children and servants was considered sufficient for all requirements. their slender, straight boles up, up

Today in building a hotel there through the tangled mass, to the open must be a succession of dining rooms. sky beyond, wave their tuft of plumes The ladies' maids and valets of the above the confusion and riot and give guests will not dine with the help character to the scene. Great trees of the house, and the chambermalds, we passed loaded down with large according to etiquette of high life scarlet blossoms; mighty silk cotton below stairs, will not sit down with trees and forest giants in the deadly the scrub woman, and in some places will also decline to eat at the same Like a bad habit, this vine has its table as the beliboys.

The clerks, telephone girls and nubeginning in a small way. Pliable merous other members of the staff it is, but strong of fibre. At first it form another set. At some of the simply clings to the tree, but gradubotels the clerks are served in the aily it winds itself about and climbs cafe, but it has been found that and twists, until its ever tightening is better that the clerical force and pressure chokes the life out of its the housekeeper and the different victim: then with new roots that heads of departments have a dining it has all this time been sending downward it nourishes itself, until it room of their own actually blends together around the

The chauffeur still remains an indefinite proposition, says Town and Country. Until tately he has declined in private houses to be classed as servant and only last year there was protest about his wearing livery It is quite a la mode this season to register at a resort hotel "Mi and Mrs. - and chauffeur," just as it has been "maid" or "manservant" on the outgoing ships.

Another question is concerning the a thousand indistinguishable odors of size of bathtubs. Many people dewoody things fill the air, and the light in a large size tub and this was one of the great attractions of the old Windsor Hotel. The tubs, although of the old style with wood and much for reality to give place to the metal, were at least three feet deep The new porcelain tubs are shallow, or average sized person can enjoy a satisfactory bath in one. sand, but more often only trees and

GREAT TENNIS RECORD.

English Player Has Been Winning

Medals for 28 Years.

A. W. Gore, who at the age of 40 made history recently by winning the Olympic lawn tennis medals (covered court) and the all England championship, possesses a record which Baily's Magazine declares to be unparalleled

For one thing he is the oldest player ever to win the blue ribbon; for another no man has ever won the title of the champion of England twice with an interval of seven years between his two victories, and for third, no player has ever appeared in the final of the all comers' singles on six occasions.

Mr. Gore was born on January 2 1968, and as far back as 1986, when he was only 12, was winning orizes It was at the Dinard Club that he learned lawn tennis. In 1880 he won his first handicap, mixed doubles, and in 1886 secured the silver cup given as championship of the Dinard Club. Mr Gore's 1968 record is one of which any man should be justly proud. He has won the open championship of England, the covered court championship and the Olympic gold medals, doubles and singles, covered the river forced our way through the tangle to a place that looked like | court.

Logical Method of Search. It was closing time at the town library. Old Mr. Duke, who had fillway to Tree Sebas, where the Fiske ed the place of librarian for years, took down his coat and hat and with the assistance of his little daughter got them safely on. Together they following the fence bounding the grove we bore our burden until we started for the door. It was raining

reached a cross country road which hard "Wait a moment, child," said her took us through the guines grass to father, and went back into the buildon, with aching shoulder and weary ing. The girl remained, obediently. feet but the lightest of light hearts, Five minutes passed. Then ten we joyfully entered the gateway and She pushed open the door and walked rested from our labors.-Forest and in. Her father was bent over one of the card catalogues.

"What are you looking for, father?" she inquired. He put the drawer back, suddenly

abashed. "I'm getting old. Margaret," he said "I couldn't find my umbrella, and was searching for it under U in the lists."-Youth's Companion.

At the quarterly sale of ivory in London recently a total of \$5 1-2 tons was offered for cale.

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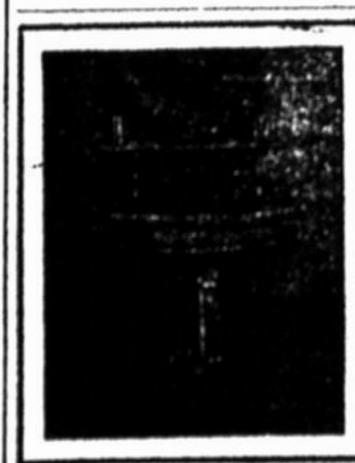
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