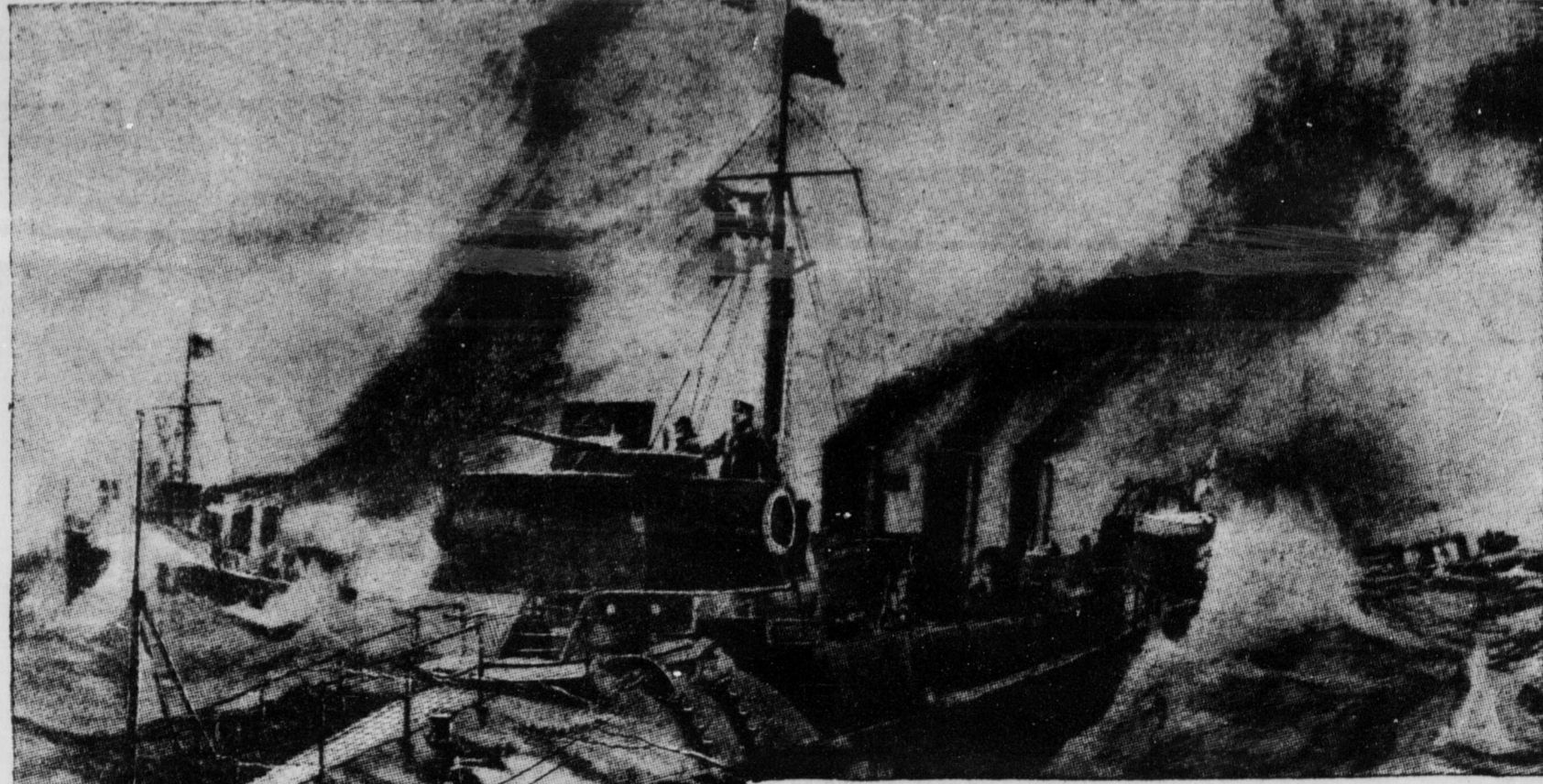


JAPANESE SHIPS ON IMPORTANT PATROL DUTY.



The Mikado's navy can work in the dark as well as in the daylight and sometimes better. It has harassed the Russians to distraction by its constant and unexpected assaults, which has caused much damage to the Port Arthur fleet.

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

Church Bells in the Country.

Solemn and sweet o'er hill and fell
I hear the call of the old church bell,
Pealing in tones so loud and clear
And telling listeners far and near
That heaven hath claims on earth today:
"Come, learn to walk in the narrow way."

Silence enfolds the field and mere,
The very ripples flow softly here;
No sound of tool on the farm is heard,
Not high in the tree top flutes a bird;
With answer brave to the bell's deep note,
On the hush of the air, its love-songs float.

Sleepers who lie in God's Ace low,
Under the daisies, under the snow,
Once as the sound of this bell made haste—
No time was theirs or theirs to waste—
The bell has a triumph-chord for them—
A joyful thought, not a requiem.

Ah, careless heart, wherever you stray,
Heed the message, nor turn away;
For ever your life like a spirit of peace
Broodeth a love that shall never cease;
Kneel in the quiet old church and seek
The presence of God for another week.

In the manifold noise of the rushing town
There is much the call of the church to
drown;
But whosoever are pasture lands,
And a thought of the church not made with
hands,
Solemn and sweet comes the bell's deep
word,
And blessed are they who its call have
heard.
—Margaret Sangster.

An Old Maid to Her Young Niece.

My dear child, you will soon be at an age when you will think a young man is God's own masterpiece.

Several of these masterpieces, small pieces, you will think are just lovely; but take my advice and don't be too hasty. It is only a very foolish girl, my dear, who gets engaged by the very first proposal she has.

No—wait awhile! Every proposal you have will be more interesting than the one preceding it.

Beware, my child, of the girl man, who tells in fine language the emotions of his heart. He has been there many, many times before.

Beware, little girl, of the fellow who thinks that a kiss is all that is needed to speak his affection. For, verily, such men are as sands of the sea.

Watch out also for the generation of flatterers, who think they have all women down line.

But when some dear boy comes along, who stammers and blushes, and blirts out queer sentences, then is the time for you to be merciful. For, behold, this awkward youth is really and truly in love with you; so show him every consideration—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Philosophy of Felix G. Pryme.

In order to be popular, forget to say a good deal.

The way to make a man forget a favor is to do him one.

Boomerangs and evil thoughts act in a similar fashion.

A big heart usually goes with a big body, but a big head rarely does.

Wisdom is always conceded to a rich man until he loses his riches.

Do not emphasize your own virtues by enlarging on the failings of others.

The most depressing humidity is that caused by the tears of a woman.

A genius is a man who refuses to believe in the impossibilities of other people.

A safe way to judge a man is to ascertain just what friends he doesn't make.

No marriage ceremony has ever been gone through without a hitch—of bride and groom.

Some men who take a post-graduate course are, in the long run, glad to become letter carriers.

The claims to wisdom of owls and a multitude of men rest upon their looks, and nothing more.

The heartache of many a widow has

been tempered by the reflection that she looks best in black.

To get rid of a bore, ask him to repeat his longest and favorite story twice. Even he cannot stand that.

A fool is generally a person who detects your faults while you are in the act of calling attention to his own.

The grievance of not a few women against their husbands is that the latter give them no ground for grievances.

The success of an amateur gardener often depends upon the number and the appetites of his neighbor's chickens.

Only a smart man can conceal from a woman the fact that he isn't as smart as he would wish her to think he is.

If we could draw checks as easily as we draw unkind inferences, automobiles would be as common as sparrows.

One of the curious traits about a man who today is his eager determination to repay it tomorrow.

There are three stages in the existence of the average man when he is in particular interest to his community, viz.: at his birth, marriage and funeral.—Success.

His Clothes.

Yesterday I heard a friend remark that Harry Harkness had become singularly indifferent to his appearance since his marriage, and I wondered at it, for his little wife is one of the prettiest and loveliest of our village brides, and I could not imagine why he should not pay her the compliment of always appearing trim and neat. This set me to thinking, and I arrived at a conclusion which I have taken some pains to verify.

I do not know that it reflects much credit on Harry, but it certainly ought not to fall on his wife, whatever of reflection there is in the circumstance. She may be to blame in a certain way, but the real fault lies further back.

Harry Harkness was the youngest boy in his family, and he was spoiled by his mother and a sister would overlook him and give him a brushing off whenever he needed it.

They kept his clothes cleaned and washed, and even preserved that wonderful thing—the creases in his trousers—without which a man can never appear just the proper figure. The little wife was an only child, and while her father was the very pink of wealth in his

profession, he had been trained to care for his clothes himself, and to pay as much regard to his own personal appearance as he expected of his wife and daughter, so of course Nannie Harkness did not know how to please right into the cleaning and pressing business. She will probably come to it, for I have noticed that a boy that has never been made to take care of his wardrobe does not develop into a glass of fashion and a mold of form in his manhood.

Nannie will likely fold those trousers nicely away a few times, flatly, but she will learn that the mysterious crease does not thrive under that treatment, and it will not take her always to acquire the necessary knowledge. She is a shrewd little woman, and is not going to tolerate a slovenly looking husband, nor the imputation of her not being a constant inspiration to him to look like "somebody." I do think that mothers and sisters are terribly to blame for the helplessness of their men-folk. Why, I know a man who has been married twenty-five years, and has not yet learned where his under clothes are kept, although they have occupied the same bottom bureau drawer ever since that bureau was bought to hold his belongings in his first married home.

He will sit disconsolately in his every day clothes on occasions when he ought to dress up, unless his wife spies him in time to lay out everything for him, even his handkerchief and tie. Another horrible example is that of a relative of mine, who can only be persuaded into

cleaning clothes at all by having the soiled removed clear out of his reach at night.

The other flowers of the garden, all those who whose petals can be picked and dried. Gather them in great armfuls and pull off the petals and spread them out upon a sheet to dry. Toss them until all the moisture is exhausted and then fill your pillows with them.

It is a very good idea, when putting the dried leaves into the pillows, to be sure that they are thoroughly dry. And also to add about a teaspoonful of rose-geranium perfume to, say, a peck of the leaves.

Toss well until the oil is all absorbed and fill your pillows with the leaves. This makes one of the best quieting agencies known for the nerves.

Rose leaf perfumes are very nice things and particularly soothing. They act upon the nerves rather than upon the complexion. Still, upon the nerves hinge many things, and the woman whose nerves are in a good state is pretty sure to have a nice complexion.

To make a nice rose leaf perfume take a pint of rose leaves and put them in a gallon jar. Cover them with the best oil of sweet almond, and add to this two grains of musk.

Then, after a week, pour in an ounce of the oil of rose geranium. Let it stand three months if you can wait so long; otherwise a few weeks will suffice. Pour off until there is not a drop of the fluid left. Bottle and you will have a nice perfume. This can be added to the bath. A generous tablespoon will be enough.—New York Sun.

The Complexions of Cut of Deor Maids and Matrons.

"What a pity they can't make a summer without sunburn," said the summer girl, somewhat illiberally, "I would be perfectly willing to endure the heat, and I would rejoice in the grass and the flowers, if only the sun did not scorch my hair and the winds sting my skin."

"It takes away half the pleasure of summertime when you know that you are getting blistered every minute of your life and that you are gradually growing darker and darker under the strong rays of the pretty sunbeam."

Very many people will remember the days when a belle did go in the house and stay in the house until fall—literally. It was not so very long ago, either, that young ladies used to wear skin lotions, and before the days of cheap cold creams and before facial massage was known.

The belle of today is not allowed to scorch herself. She is compelled to come out into the world and associate with her fellow creatures. She must go to school, she must do her shopping, she must go to church, she must run and jump. She must take part in the tournaments, and when not doing any or all of these things, she must take exercise. Her out-door constitutional is necessary to her health and beauty.

The belle of today has her good times, but she pays for them. She plays in the sun and she exposes her skin to the breeze. But, when she comes indoors, she goes through a course of treatment which repairs the ravages of the past few hours.

The girl who golfs has her own peculiar applications. They are, like her sport, very strenuous, but she needs something to take hold of her skin. She carries with her a wide-mouthed bottle, which is labeled "Golf Skin Lotion." And, when she has come in from the golf field, she applies this to her complexion, not forgetting her hands as well as her face. She dabs it on, and, if she can spare the time, she leaves it on for half an hour.

The golf skin lotion is made by mixing an ounce of olive oil with an ounce of glycerine. To this is added half a teaspoon of boracic acid. The whole is shaken together and is applied freely to the skin. It is very good for burns, and can be used as a wash for the hands when they have been scorched by the sun. The same is good for a sunburned nose and for cheeks that have brightened from a pretty peach to an ugly poppy color.

For the girl who golfs there is still another lotion, and this is even better than the last. It is made of olive oil and lime water, and is to be applied to the bare nose before it has had time to blister. It will take out the soreness, and will enable the golf girl to add a little powder to the reddened member as

she could not do if it were sore and swollen.

The golf girl needs a paste for her hands if they are sore and stiff and red at night. She wants something that will act as a bleach and a whiteness as well as something that will take away the roughness. This paste should be of a nature to make the skin supple, and there are pastes that actually do this, and do it well.

A famous golf girl, the former holder of a championship title, used to go to bed every night, after her golf game, with her hands spread thick with a paste made of powdered oatmeal and olive oil and incased in gloves that were three sizes too big for her. It was an oily business, but it did bleach the hands.

There is a nice glove paste made by adding a few drops of olive oil to a teaspoonful of powdered soap and to this is put enough water to make a very thick paste. This is liked by those who do not want to spend a great deal upon a glove paste.

And there is a paste made by stirring honey thick with bran. This is a great bleacher for the skin and, though disagreeable to handle, it well repays one for the trouble. Do not make too much of the paste and do not get it too moist. In the morning it should be quite dry upon the hands while the skin will have absorbed all the moisture which it is capable of taking up. This acts as a great plumping agency to any skin.

The girl whose summer athletics make her hands very thin can rub them with vaseline and bran every night, after which she can slip on a very loose pair of gloves. Her hands will grow whiter and she will soon be glad that she has gone to the trouble.

The summer girl who works in the garden has ruined her hands long before this. They are brown and the dirt is ground into them. There are cracks in her nails and it is impossible to clean them. They are dark and all the delicacy has departed from her hands and wrists.

For the out-of-door woman, whose skin is in this condition, water will do very little. The hands must be washed, literally washed, with vaseline, and the face must be washed with cold cream. Don't be afraid of it. Put it on liberally. Let it remain on for five minutes. Then wipe it off with soft cloth. In ten minutes wash the face and hands well with a good soap. It will be a surprise to see how much dirt will come off.

The woman who goes automobiling should have a jar of good automobile cream on hand. She can make it for herself at a cost of a few cents. Take a 5-cent bottle of white vaseline and melt it in a double boiler. Add three drops of benzoin and half a teaspoonful of powdered borax. While it is still melted drop in two teaspoonfuls of the oil of sweet almonds and to this add a tablespoonful of melted white wax. Take off and add five drops of geranium oil. Beat with an egg beater as it cools. It should be a little stiffer than whipped cream. If too stiff beat again and add a teaspoonful of almond oil. This cream is a very delicate one and can be used freely upon the complexion.

Those who have been coaching or automobiling, can wash the face with hot water and a little good soap. Shaving soap is sure to be pure. The face should be washed carefully every night, after which the face should be wiped with a skin which may be burned. And then there should be applied the automobile cream. Put it on thick and let it stay on. It will do no harm at all but a great deal of good. In an hour or so wipe off and apply a little good powder. The face is now ready for evening.

For the woman who wants a cheap lotion there is a special recipe. She can take a cucumber and cut it up and pour over it a cup of water. She can let this simmer for fifteen minutes and can then strain it. She must be sure that she gets the whole juice of the cucumber. Now, to this, she can add five drops of tincture of benzoin and a tablespoonful of boracic acid, and she will have a very nice cucumber lotion for the skin.

The woman with little time to spend upon her complexion can work wonders with it just the same if she is willing to take five minutes or so once or twice a day. Good, intelligent care takes no longer than poor care and the results are a thousand times better.—Brooklyn Eagle.

What Causes Fires.

The annual losses by fire in the United States, which have averaged as high as \$100,000,000 a year at certain periods, were attributed during a single year to the following causes, the number of fires from each cause being given: Incendiarism, 1927; defective flues, 1300; sparks from locomotives, 745; matches, 630; explosions of lamps, etc., 430; candles, 420; lightning, 360; spontaneous combustion, 323; prairie and forest fires, 280; lamp and lantern accidents (other than explosions), 238; locomotive sparks, 211; cigar stubs and pipes, 203; friction, 170; gas jets, 176; engines and boilers, 150; furnaces, 135; and from firecrackers, 105.—Harper's Weekly.

A Post Mortem Query.

The editor of an English paper recently received a fine chicken, which he, supposing it to be a token of appreciation from a discriminating reader, took home and enjoyed for dinner. The following day he received this letter:

Dear Editor—Yesterday I sent you a chicken in order to settle a dispute which has arisen here. Can you tell us what the chicken died of?

ISLAND POPS UP AND SINKS.

Effect of a Submarine Volcanic Eruption on the African Coast.

A remarkable phenomenon has recently occurred in Walish bay on the west coast of South Africa. The bay is a commodious and spacious inlet, giving access to the two chief rivers of that part of Africa. It owes its name to the numerous schools of whales that formerly abounded there.

The bay is largely cut off from the ocean by a peninsula extending northward. The end of the peninsula is called Pelican Point, and it was in the waters near this point that the people living on the shores of the bay saw a very strange sight when they arose one morning.

They saw lifted above the waters near Pelican Point a new island. It was about 100 feet long and 50 feet wide, and rose to a height of 16 feet above the sea. Its sides were steep.

Some boats filled with men from the shore approached this new bit of land and found that it was composed entirely of mud so stiff in texture that the men could walk easily on the surface. It was mud, pure and simple, but the surface was rapidly hardening. The people gave it the name of Mud Island.

The island was destined to a very short existence. The day after it was discovered it began to sink, and seven days later it had entirely disappeared from view.

An article on the appearance and disappearance of Mud Island has just been printed by the South African Philo-sophical Society of Cape Town. F. W. Waldron, the author, says there is no doubt that the appearance of the island was due to a submarine mud volcano in the neighborhood of Pelican Point.

The phenomenon was accompanied by unusual exhalations of sulphurous gases, which have often been observed in that neighborhood. He believes that the large mortality of fish in Walish bay, observed from time to time, is due to these exhalations.

The island was due to enormous quantities of mud issuing through orifices on the sea floor. The mud was spread around and piled up until it finally appeared above the water as an island.

With nothing but a mud foundation to support the great weight the lower part of the eruptive matter gradually spread out and the large mud bank sank again below the surface.—New York Sun.

The Elegant Slaughter.

Although the Germans were always redoubtable in the rougher games of swordsmanship, it is in Italy that we find the first development of that number, more regulated, more cunning, better controlled play which we have learned to associate with the term "fencing." It is from Italy that fencing, as a refined art, first spread over Europe, not from Spain, as it has been asserted by many writers. It is in the Italian rapier play of the late sixteenth century that we find the foundations of fencing in the modern sense of the word. The Italians—if we take their early books as evidence, and the fact that their phraseology of fencing was adopted by all Europeans—were the first to perceive (as soon as the problem of armor breaking ceased to be the most important one in a fight) the superior capabilities for elegant slaughter possessed by their sword as compared with the edge. They accordingly reduced the breadth of their sword, modified the blunt thrust thereof to admit of a fiercer parry action, and relegated the cut to quite a secondary position in their art.

With this lighter weapon they devised in course of time that brilliant, cunning, catlike play known as rapier fence.

The rapier was ultimately adopted everywhere by men of courtly habit; but in England at least, it was not accepted without murmur and vituperation from the older fighting class of swordsmen.—Egerton Castle, in The Cornhill.

Got a Low Rate.

When Senator Dryden of New Jersey was a young man he experimented for a time with life insurance before embarking permanently in life insurance. "I was sitting in my office one day," says the senator, "when a bank Jersey man came in and said he'd like to insure his house. I was all attention, and after getting a minute description of the building found that it was in a village in the remote part of the adjoining county. I was unacquainted with local conditions, so I said to him:

"Now, before writing this policy, tell me, do you have any fire protection in your town?"

"Well, yes," he drawled.

"Fire company, I suppose?"

"Well, no; not as I've heard of."

"What then?"

"Well, it rains sometimes."

"I gave him a low rate," adds the senator.—New York Times.

Tobacco Invades London Guilds.

In the "good old days," when the wine circulated freely after dinner, and every bon viveur could gauge the merits of a glass of port, to have paid homage to the goddess Nicotine would have been almost an act of sacrilege. Today a cigar is looked upon as the inevitable sequel to a dinner. For a long while the more sedate City Guilds resented this departure from precedent, but one by one they have conceded the point, and now the last of the "old guard" has fallen into line. The Goldsmiths' company has just granted permission to smoke as soon as the local toasts have been honored.—London City Press.

A SMART SUMMER COAT.



Very novel are the lines of some of the smartest coats and wraps this season. This one of tan colored broadcloth is combined with silk of the same shade. The yoke is shirred and so also is the cloth where it joins the yoke. The straps bordering the yoke over the shoulders are of cloth trimmed with soutache braid and buttons. The sleeves are also of the silk. The side seams are slashed. These edges as well as the bottom are finished with L. braid.

Rapid River Locals.

The Fourth of July, of course, is the principal incident of the week. It was a grand celebration, lots of money was spent, and only one accident marred the smoothness of the day. A bicycle racer collided with a canine and hurt his feelings. The good people of the town awoke, by compulsion, at half-past-two. The grand parade formed at the bay and marched to the school house; and then to the park. It was more than a quarter of a mile long. The Maccabees, Odd Fellows, Modern Woodmen, and Shingle Weavers' Union marched in the order named and were followed by the business houses, several of which were represented, and the calthumpians. Hon. John Cumiskey was unable to attend, so William Miller and H. E. Jenne delivered the orations, which were greatly enjoyed. Mrs. D. C. Dillabough read the Declaration of Independence. After dinner the celebrated aeroplaniscanthropyrostat made its ascent at Caswell's and returned to the earth gently. The athletic sports began immediately after. As the rain prevented the Gladstone-Rapid River ball game Sunday, it was played that afternoon, six innings being stipulated, as the time was short. Bowles of Gladstone and Huxford of Rapid River were the umpires. The game lasted one hour and the score was 12 to 5 in favor of Rapid River at the close. In the trotting race, Gus Roberts took first prize with his horse Sylvester, and James McPherson the second. John Kniskern won the running race, and James Murray second prize. In the evening Jack Hoefler presented "Jesse James, the Bandit King," to a large audience, and the action of the play was particularly appropriate, sounding like a Fourth of July celebration. The dance then finished the day. Large numbers were here from Gladstone, as well as the surrounding country.

Fire broke out about Saturday noon in the graveyard near Garth, and burned the fence, threatening the houses there. The watchman, Mr. Burt, discovered it and summoned help from across the river. Daniel Wicklander, Dan and Ole Oberg and Andrew Hornstrom rowed across the river and set to work extinguishing the blaze. Others came until nearly twenty were there. By the use of a plough they stopped the flames in about three hours. The origin of the fire is unknown.

The redoubtable Capt. Jack O'Connell on Sunday displayed his prowess by defying a crowd with his Winchester, and cause a panic like that "When Wild Bill came to Cheyenne," as narrated in a popular magazine. He thinks of using the incident as material in a story for the prize contest of the Black Cat.

Two young men of this town have a standing bet as to which is the better man, and will probably decide it next week. Their friends are invited to attend and see a splendid scrap. For all further particulars apply to John Kniskern, Jr., the stakeholder.

The hunting camp belonging to Frank Wolf and Pete Hill burned last week; it is suspected from the act of an incendiary. Dr. Laing says, that if anyone should serve him a like trick, the penitentiary would have a new boarder.

Daniel Cripe, residing near Walter Thompson's mill, was in town Tuesday afternoon, and swore out a warrant for his wife and John Campbell, of Escanaba, who had eloped. The officer was unable to find them.

Rev. S. A. Walton left Thursday night for Chicago with the good wishes of his entire congregation. He will engage there in city missionary work. The church here will lack a minister for some months.

Some one set off dynamite in the park and blew holes in it. Mr. Cole is very patient, but he feels that when he permits everyone to use the park and ball ground free that they should not destroy the property.

Schia struck water last Friday at a depth of 300 feet, and there is a good stream running. Mr. Schaible says "It's fine, by George," and all the neighbors have tasted and set the seal of approval on it.

J. A. Caswell has taken up a horse which was straying on the streets. It is a roan broncho, white legs and stripes on face, left hip branded. Owner call and prove property and pay charges.

James Larkins had a painful accident Wednesday noon. Some one put gunpowder in his pipe, and when he lit it, it exploded, burning his face and endangered his eyes.

Reuben and Ted Young are painting the school house inside and out. It will be a slate color, with dark trimmings. They commenced Tuesday.

Leslie Pettibone was in town Wednesday from Ensign. While he was here his horse ran away, but was stopped before any damage was done.

William Ackley and August Goodman accompanied by Mark Oliver of Chicago went Wednesday morning into the woods to look timber.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Roleau, Mrs. Ed. Roleau and Miss Clara Roleau, of Escanaba, visited friends and relatives at Masonville this week.

The juvenile baseball team was defeated at Gladstone last Saturday. They are of opinion that their adversary had ten men.

J. H. Sinnitt and Andrew Erickson went to Escanaba Wednesday to attend the funeral of the late John Corcoran.

News comes from DePere that Alvin Peep's injuries are not so serious as at first reported, and will heal all right.

Miss Etta Alling, of Green Bay, visited at Masonville July 4. She was the school teacher there two years ago.

D. Kratz and Morris Goldman, with his family and guests, visited friends in Rapid River Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Gus Darling visited Mrs. J. S. Craig, at Gladstone Monday afternoon and returned the next morning.

Miss Louise Michaud went Wednesday evening to Rhineland, and Miss Eleanor Hibbard to Duluth.

Mrs. August Olson and Mrs. Gustav Roberts went to Escanaba the Fourth and returned Wednesday.

Miss Edna Miller came from Gould City last week to spend Friday and Saturday with her family.

Wixströms and Ackleys went to their farm Wednesday and will make hay for a couple of weeks.

Capt. Jack O'Connell leaves soon for Garden Bay, where he will set up his shooting gallery.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Carmody, of Escanaba, visited Mrs. Kate Carmody on the Fourth.

The Masonville mill closed Wednesday morning on account of Mr. Corcoran's funeral.

D. C. Dillabough finished his work at Little Lake last week and is now up in woods.

The Misses Emma and Stella Coburn, of Stephenson, visited friends here this week.

Miss Emma Cavill, of Gladstone, was the guest of Miss Nellie Cavill this week.

Jerry Madden and son Arthur came up Wednesday from Menominee.

Miss Minnie Michan, formerly of this town, died in Montana last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Birch spent Monday here with their parents.

Born, Monday, July 4, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Lenhart, a son.

Attorney Arthur Ryall of Escanaba was in Rapid River Tuesday.

Miss Emily Callahan returned Tuesday from Munising.

Frank Callahan lost a finger in the mill here Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Wolf visited L. C. Wolf Monday.

Mrs. C. R. Evans left Tuesday for Lead, S. D.

Rev. Mr. Harris was in town Wednesday.

PROPOSALS FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF A PUBLIC HIGHWAY.

Sealed proposals will be received until twelve o'clock noon, July 10, 1904, at the office of Alfred P. Smith, County Clerk of Delta County, at Escanaba, Michigan, for the construction of thirteen hundred lineal yards more or less of a new county road between Escanaba and Gladstone, the proposal, however, is to cover a portion of road work within the limits of the City of Gladstone. The proposed county road being in the Townships of Escanaba and Wells. The said proposals being to cover what is known as the water section of said proposed improvement according to plans and specifications on file in the office of the County Clerk of Delta County and the City Clerk of the City of Gladstone. A map or profile showing the location of the proposed improvement and the lands through which it is located is on file in the office of the Clerk of the City of Gladstone. A certified check for five per cent. of the amount of the bid, payable to A. P. Smith, Clerk of the Board of County Road Commissioners, must accompany the proposal as a guarantee that the successful bidder will enter into a contract according to the terms of his proposal and the plans and specifications. The right is expressly reserved to reject any or all bids.

Dated, Gladstone, Mich., July 1, 1904. By order of the Board of County Road Commissioners of Delta County, Mich.,

ALFRED P. SMITH, Clerk.

And by order of the City Council of the City of Gladstone,

W. A. NARRACONG, Clerk.

Popularity of Easter Lilies.
The rise of the Easter Lily is one of the most sensational features of greenhouse floriculture in America during the last quarter of a century. Our florists raise about 5,000,000 Easter Lilies a year. Assuming that only half of these plants are sold, that each one bears only two flowers (a good plant should have six to eight) and that the public pays 50 cents a bud, it would seem that the American people spend at least \$2,500,000 for Easter Lilies every year.—Country Life in America.

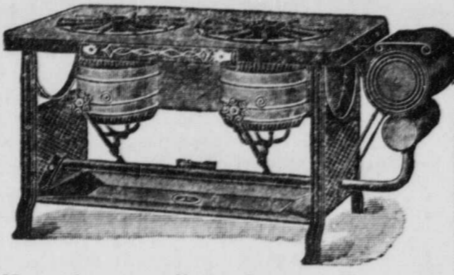
The Bargain Lady.
Clerk—What kind of a traveling bag can I show you, madam?
Mrs. Runabout—Well, I want to get a real leather \$15 bag for about \$1.99 or something like that.

The Quaker Nationals.

The Philadelphia National Baseball club's "winter of discontent" has been "made glorious by the sun" of prospective good fortune. With the treasury replenished by a 10 per cent assessment on the stockholders, cheerfully paid; with the ground improvements under way at reasonable cost, with a splendid schedule, with the valuable Kid Gleason finally permanently secured, and with a competent manager and pretty good team, it looks as if President Potter's tribulations were about over. The only clouds now hovering over the club are the damage suits, which, it is safe to predict, will not go against the club. With those suits out of the way President Potter will not spare money in securing a first class winning team.

TELL YOUR WIFE TO KEEP COOL
While getting dinner. This will be easy if she has one of our

**Wickless
Blue Flame
Oil Stove**



No smoke, no smell, no danger. The proper thing for hot weather.

SEE THE HOT PAN LIFTER FOR 15 CTS.
Lifts any hot pan from the stove and holds it firmly. Saves temper and burnt fingers.
Lots of Hot Weather Conveniences here.

H. W. BLACKWELL
HARDWARE

IMPROVED TRAIN SERVICE

SENIOR ROUTE TO PACIFIC COAST DIRECT ROUTE TO ATLANTIC COAST

\$30.00 FINE

NEW PASSENGER EQUIPMENT

RATES ALWAYS THE LOWEST

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOURS VIA RAIL AND LAKE

First publication June 18, 1904.
MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage dated the twenty-second day of May, A. D. 1893, made and executed by Julius Dietel and Marie Dietel, his wife, of Maple Ridge Township, Delta county, Michigan, to Samuel Hammel, of Appleton, Wisconsin, which mortgage was recorded in the office of the registrar of deeds in and for the county of Delta, State of Michigan, on the 25th day of May, A. D. 1893, in Liber W of Mortgages on page 406, upon which mortgage there is claimed to be due at this date for principal and interest the sum of one hundred, seven dollars and fifty cents (\$107.50) and the further sum of fifteen dollars as an attorney fee, as provided by said mortgage, making a total amount of one hundred twenty-two dollars and fifty cents, and no suit or proceeding at law having been taken or instituted to recover the debt now remaining unpaid, secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof, whereby the power of sale in said mortgage contained has become operative, now, therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained and of the statute of the State of Michigan, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by the sale of the premises therein described or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the amount due as above set forth together with the costs and expenses of sale and moneys to be paid for taxes if any, to protect and interest of said mortgagee, at public auction to the highest bidder at the front door of the court house in the city of Escanaba, county of Delta and State of Michigan, (that being the place wherein the circuit court for the county of Delta is held) on the twelfth day of September, A. D. 1904, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, which said premises described in said mortgage are as follows: All those certain pieces or parcels of land lying and being situated in the township of Maple Ridge county of Delta and state of Michigan, and described as follows, to-wit: The south-west quarter of the south-east quarter and the south-west quarter of the north-east quarter of section four (4) in township forty-two north of range twenty-three west.

Dated Gladstone, Mich., June 17, 1904. SAMUEL HAMMEL, Mortgagee.
G. R. EMPSON, Attorney for Mortgagee.
Business address, Gladstone, Mich. 23

First publication May 21, 1904.
TIMBER LAND ACT, JUNE 3, 1878.—NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
United States Land Office, Marquette, Mich., May 14, 1904.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the states of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the public land states by act of August 4, 1892, Ruel S. Reed, of Cornell, county of Delta, state of Michigan, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 1193 for the purchase of the e 1/2 of nw 1/4 of section No. 10, in township No. 41 n., range No. 25 w., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the clerk of the circuit court for the county of Delta, at Escanaba, Michigan, on Wednesday, the 27th day of July, 1904.

He names as witnesses:
Henry Arnold, August Melsner, Matt Becker, James Burns, all of Cornell, Michigan.
Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 27th day of July, 1904.
16 THOMAS SCADDEN, Register.

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