Meetings at the M. E. Church Every Sunday.

MORNING SERVICES—
Sunday School begins at 10:00 o'clock.
Preaching " " 11:00 "
Junior League " " 2:30 p. m.
EVENING SERVICES—
Epworth League begins at 6:30 o'clock.
Preaching " " 7:30 "
REV. C. E. CONNELL, Pastor

Get your property insured by I. M. Rice and you will be safe. His companies pay losses promptly.

Additional Local.

Pete DeCory is in town getting hay hands and to get a load of supplies hauled up to his ranch.

Mrs. Mabel Caton is down from Rosebud reservation, visiting her mother, Mrs. Towne, and sister, Mrs. Williamson.

Sam Bordeaux, the printer on the New Era, was in town Tuesday to consult a doctor regarding a paralysis of the right side of his face, which he thinks was caused by practice shooting with a shot gun recently.

Al Thacker returned from Blackburn, Mo., Tuesday evening and reports Chas. Peddicord in a serious condition, with some hopes for recovery. He is being taken care of at the home of a brother-in-law near Blackburn.

Ben DeCory came to town yesterday to meet his wife who has just returned from White Earth, Minn., where she went to sell two 80-acre tracts of land which had been allotted to her. We understand she received $4,000 for this land.

Penbrook Quills.

Corn is looking fine.

Howard Layport and family visited C. W. Hamar's Sunday.

Oats have ripened rapidly and the harvest goes swiftly on.

A. W. Hutchison hauled three loads of hogs to Johnstown, receiving $5.40 per cwt.

Mrs. Geo. Hancock received a pleasant surprise in the shape of a set of sterling silver spoons from relatives in Wisconsin.

Mr. and Mrs. Sorby and Mrs. Theodore Tillson and daughter Theodora went down to the tent meeting Monday evening.

The alfalfa on Mrs. D. A. Hancock's ranch is making a great yield this year. The ground from a distance seems almost covered by the shocks.

The Sunday school convention at the tent near Geo. Davis' place was well attended and an enjoyable time is reported. The missionaries of the Congregational church, L. O. Pierson and Miss Lillian Benker, have organized a great many Sunday schools in this part of the country.

Theo. Tillson is running G. R. Burdick's binder, cutting the oats on both places—his own and Burdick's. Mr. Burdick has been confined to the house and at times suffering intense pain from a floating kidney. A wrench from the binder wheel dropping into a ditch is the supposed cause. EAGLE.

I. O. O. F. PICNIC AT AINSWORTH

Indications are that the Ainsworth I. O. O. F. reunion and picnic August 15, will have a better attendance from here this year than last. As this is the case in all the towns up and down the line Ainsworth is preparing to entertain even larger crowds than last year, and to have more and better attractions than a year ago.

While it is a reunion for Odd Fellows, it is a picnic for everybody.

Ainsworth's reputation is wide spread. She is a pretty little city and attractive at any time, but doubly so when she lays herself out to entertain, so that if you do not go you will miss a treat that does not come to everybody.

St. Nicholas Church.

Services will be held as follows:
In Valentine Aug. 11: low mass at 8 a. m.
In Crookston in Prairie Belle school house August 11.
In Valentine, Aug. 18; low mass at 8:00 a. m., high mass and sermon at 10:30. Instruction for the children at 3 p. m.

LEO M. BLAERE.

What about the once so much talked of Cherry county fair?

Mike Clynes was in from his homestead over Sunday and found time to visit awhile with friends.

Clyde Rosseter writes us that he is putting in his time at the end of a pitch fork handle on the ranch south of Cody.

The Red Front has completed their new ware room and have an elevator that will carry a wagon load of freight, run by one man easily, to or from the basement.

Will Shepard had the misfortune a few days ago, while out driving a wild team at Woodlake, to get tangled up in a wire fence and was thrown from the buggy, breaking his shoulder blade and threw his arm out of place. He was out in the country and had to walk three miles into town, and returned to Valentine before getting a doctor. He is getting along as well as the hot weather will permit.

The Shakespeare Club gave their play "Pygmalion and Galatea" to a large and appreciative audience last Friday evening. At the close of the last scene a splendid effect was produced by Mrs. C. H. Cornell singing "Good Night Sweet Dreams," with red lights turned on, presenting a tableaux of the group. We understand that the club has been requested to repeat the play, so as to give those a chance to attend who were unable to be present Friday night. Receipts of the evening amounted to $48, of which sum $34 was used to pay expenses. The remainder will be used to furnish other entertainments.

Tracing the Bullet.

If a bullet to be fired by a marksman is coated with a fine paste of gunpowder and gum, says the Dundee Advertiser, and then with a thin covering of some friction powder, the latter, as the bullet passes out of the gun barrel, will ignite, and in turn set fire to the gunpowder paste. The bullet will then leave a long stream of smoke behind it, indicating the exact course it has taken and enabling the marksman, if necessary, to correct his aim for his next shot.

The Married Woman's Sympathy.

When a married woman meets a particularly attractive, busy, contented spinster, she says plaintively: "Poor Ada, or Virginia, or Emmeline! What a pity that she never married!" She cannot help it any more than she can help the color of her hair. When Frederick—fumbling dreadfully, by the way—slipped the ring upon her finger, he endowed her not only with all his worldly goods, but also with an ineradicable pity for those upon whose hand the yellow band has never gleamed. If he had taken to beating her the following week, had developed an undue appetite for drink the next month and had deserted her the following year, she would still have looked with patronage upon me, unbeaten, unacquainted with intoxication, undeserted. There is no wife so unhappy, so neglected, so trampled upon, that she has not in her own opinion some one still more pitiable to whom to condescend, and that is any unmarried woman, no matter how busy, how cheerful, how popular.—Anne O'Hagan in Harper's Bazar.

Lost and Won.

"He who judges people by their money," said a clergyman, "is apt to fare like the man who gave a dollar to each of his little sons.

"'Now, boys,' said the foolish man, 'I am going away for a week. Take this money and see how much you can make out of it in my absence. To him that does the best I'll give a fine present.'

"On his return at the week's end he called the boys to him.

"'Well, George, how have you succeeded?' he asked the first.

"George proudly took $2 from his pocket.

"'I have doubled my money, father,' he said.

"'Excellent,' cried the father. 'And you, John, have you done better still?'

"'No, sir,' said John, sadly. 'I have lost all mine.'

"'Wretched boy,' the father exclaimed. 'How did you lose it?'

"'I matched George,' faltered the lad."—Exchange.

Fond of Crab.

A jolly old boy from the Midlands entered into one of the hotels at the seaside and, seeing on the slab on the right a crab dressed on the shell with legs, claws and parsley ranged round, said to the landlord:

"What d'ye call that?"

"Crab," was the answer.

"Looks good. I'll have un, and gie us a pint of ale."

Bread and butter was added and the diner left to his dinner. In about an hour the genial landlord entered the dining saloon to see if his guest was getting on all right. He found him chawing up the last claw, the chawer red in the face, but beaming.

"Like the crab, sir?"

"Yes. He was capital. I never tasted one afore, but I think you baked un a little too long. The crust was hard. Let's have another pint."

He had eaten the lot—shell, claws and all complete.—London Tit-Bits.

An Epitaph of Pope's.

The following epitaph written by Pope was highly commended by Johnson. It was written to keep alive the memory of Elizabeth Corbett, who sleeps now in St. Margaret's, Westminster:

Here rests a woman, good without pretense,
Blest with plain reason and with sober sense;
No conquest she but o'er herself desired;
No arts essayed, but not to be admired.
Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
Convinced that virtue only is our own;
So unaffected, so composed a mind,
So firm, yet soft; so strong, yet so refined,
Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures tried;
The saint sustained it, but the woman died.

Von.

In Germany "von" implies nobility, and all persons who belong to the nobility prefix "von" to their names without any exception. Persons who do not belong to the nobility cannot have the right to put "von" before their names. A man who is knighted for some reason, however, has the same right to put "von" before his family name as a person of ancient nobility. For instance, when Alexander Humboldt was knighted he became Alexander von Humboldt. All his descendants, male and female, take the prefix.

Haven of Rest.

It is desirable that each sex should occasionally escape from the other. It is restful to the nerves to do so; it is good for men to be with men only and for women to be alone with women now and then, and the club is essentially the place for each sex to find rest from the other and enjoy its own society.—London Lady's Pictorial.

Welcome Home.

Peddler — Wouldn't you like some mottoes for your house, mum? It's very cheering to a husband to see a nice motto on the wall when he comes home. Mrs. Dagg—You might sell me one if you've got one that says, "Better late than never."

The Real Article.

The Youth—Ah, would I were a glove, that I might hold your pretty hand. Young Widow—You certainly would be a success in the glove line. The Youth—Do you think so? Young Widow—Yes; you are a genuine kid. —Illustrated Bits.

Some Crookedness.

The Mississippi river is so crooked in places, declares Judge Walter Malone of Memphis, that a steamer going south has been known to meet itself coming north, give passing signals and narrowly escape a collision with itself.

Profssional Cards

$1.00 A YEAR BUYS IT.