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COMMENCEMENT WEEK.
 Twelve Young People are Graduated
 from Dwight High School.

This week was a most momentous
 one in the lives of twelve young men
 and women, members of the Dwight
 high school, it being the Commence-
 ment week of their lives, when, in
 the words of their motto, they entered
 from "School Life into Life's School."
 Last Sunday evening was the begin-
 ning of the ceremonies attendant to
 this occasion, when the Baccalaureate
 sermon was preached at the Methodist
 church by Rev. H. F. Ebert, pastor of
 the Evangelical Church.

The music furnished by the choir
 was excellent, and Miss Vern Brown
 charmed all with her solo "The Lord
 is my Light," which was beautifully
 sung.

The theme of Rev. Ebert's address
 was "Progress and Proficiency" and
 was a very able one, showing progress
 to be the spirit of the age, and that
 mankind has never been so progressive
 and aggressive as at the present time.

Following the address he gave the
 following talk to the graduates:

Young ladies and gentlemen of the
 graduating class of 1912.—You will at
 once perceive the application of this
 discourse to yourselves. Your high
 school training, has not, as you are
 well aware, brought you to the goal.
 Rather, it places you at the beginning
 of the stadium, and the future days are
 to determine how much is to be made
 of you. When I was at college, we
 used to prophesy the life of the class-
 mates. One was to be a doctor, the
 other a lawyer, the third a teacher, and
 fourth a policeman; one was to be mar-
 ried and the other remain single, and so
 on. I wish I had the vision of an old
 Testament prophet to foresee your fu-
 ture career. "Your mental and moral
 possibilities are just blooming and com-
 ing to first fruits." Your life work lies
 nearly all before you. Somehow, as my
 eyes meet yours, I am impressed that
 you have something of the spirit of the
 old Grecian athlete, and you are de-
 termined to press toward the mark.

In bringing you our hearty congrat-
 ulations on this, one of the epoch-mak-
 ing days of your lives, I will only add
 to what has already been said, that
 as you go out into your future with
 the mental and bodily equipment you
 have received through years of study
 and discipline, it is well to remember:
 "You have a body, you have a mind,
 you are a soul."

The end has come to your relation
 as high school students. Your motto:
 "Out of School Life into Life's School!"
 intimates that you pass from scenes
 where for years you have toiled toward
 the work which you face now. Your
 names drop from the roll-call of the
 high school, but they appear in "the
 daily summons of God's Providence" to
 service and usefulness. Day by day—
 a call for continual exertion—a call for
 the highest attainment in life will come
 to you! Be true, earnest Christian men
 and women from first to last. There
 will be a roll-call again. May your
 names ring clear and bright from the
 book where God has registered the facts
 of useful lives!

Remember you forth, crowned, as you
 are soon to be with the educational
 wreath, the school which you so long
 attended, desires for you all a career
 marked by the worthy and honorable
 progress set before you. Be assured,
 that the Dwight Board of Education
 has done for you what it could, by fur-
 nishing you wise and competent in-
 structors, by culturing your minds,
 and guiding you in the right paths. Be also
 assured, that your instructors will re-
 joice in the success of every effort, put
 forth to fit you for greater usefulness
 and a larger blessing in the world.

Should any of you, which God forbid,
 happen to fall in life's work, and be-
 come a laggard in the march of life, it
 will be a source of disappointment and
 sorrow to them.

Young men and women: There are be-
 fore you on the threshold of life three
 great possibilities. First, the possibi-
 lity of winning out in the secular
 games, only one could win, but one re-
 ceiveth the prize. In the life-race all
 may win. Crowns abundant. Crowns
 enough to reach around the globe. Sec-
 ond, there is the possibility of being a
 constructive force, of being builders of
 characters, moulders of thought, lead-
 ers of men and women. Third, the pos-
 sibility of being complete in Christ, of
 living the blessed and triumphant life
 of a consecrated Christian.

An artist summoned his pupils into
 his studio for the purpose of inspect-
 ing their work. Each student brought
 his picture and placed it on the easel.
 The Master said: "Cover up your work
 carefully with your canvas and I'll ex-
 amine it in the morning during the
 class hour. The students departed.
 That night, the Master toiled long into

the night at his master-piece. Before
 leaving, he decided to look at the pic-
 tures, that stood there like silent spec-
 tators in the room. He raised the canvas
 from one and from another, so on.
 Finally, he came to one that was very
 defective, but showed painstaking care
 and unswerving perseverance. Out of
 sympathy for the unsuccessful attempts
 of diligence, the Master seized his brush
 and with a few touches he made a per-
 fect picture. He drew the canvas about
 it and went home. The next day, the
 students were assembled, and while the
 Master viewed the pictures, each one
 was happy except the young man who
 was conscious of his poorest picture,
 though he deserved success. At last,
 the canvas from his work was lifted
 and behold, there stood a perfect pic-
 ture that provoked a burst of surprise
 from the lips of his classmates. One
 of the eyes of the genius of the
 Master and pointing to the Master
 touches the suspecting student exclaimed:
 "It is the Master. It is the Master."
 Thus, when we are earnest, dil-
 igent, faithful and persevering, and the
 curtains of eternity are lifted to show
 an unshakable work—made by the touch-
 es of Divinity make our labor as perfect
 and beautiful as the starry skies. Cer-
 tainly with Heaven's blessing upon you,
 you will endeavor to run the race along
 the right side of life's question—and to
 win the laurels of respect and esteem
 of all decent minded people, as well as
 obtaining the crowned privilege of
 walking in the light of God's counte-
 nance.

Class Day.
 "Class Day" was held at the Dwight
 high school Tuesday afternoon and
 was attended by a large number of
 town visitors as well as the pupils of
 the high school.

The graduating class gave a very in-
 teresting program which was appre-
 ciated by all who were present. The
 play "Obstinate Family," which was
 given by several members of the class
 was exceptionally good and deserved
 special mentioning, and as a whole
 the program was fine and showed the
 latent talent of the class who will
 leave "School Life to go out into
 Life's School."

The following is the program that
 was given:

Address of Welcome.....Richard Baker
 President of Senior Class.
 Piano Duet.....
 Elmer Smith and Aaron Hoffman
 Class History.....Arta Drew
 Class Prophecy.....May Hayes
 Class Poem.....Rose Davis
 Vocal Trio.....
 May Hayes, Grace Crewes, Evelyn
 McKee.
 Class Will.....Richard Baker
 FARE—"OBSTINATE FAMILY."
 Mr. Hartford.....Grace Crewes
 Mrs. Hartford.....Henry Hager
 Mrs. Hartford's father.....Aaron Hoffman
 Mr. Hartford's mother.....Clara Rosenfeld
 Lucy, the maid.....Alta Moloney
 James, the butler.....Henry McConnell
 Decorations—Pink and green.

Commencement.
 The Commencement exercises were
 held last evening at the Opera House,
 and the program was a fine one. Dr.
 Frederick Starr, a noted lecturer and
 professor of the Chicago University,
 gave the address. Dr. Starr gave a
 lecture on Primitive Music three years
 ago, before the Dwight Amateur Mu-
 sical Club, and all who heard him at
 that time were delighted with his ad-
 dress. We regret that owing to this
 paper being printed before the Com-
 mencement exercises, it will be im-
 possible to publish even an outline of
 his address in this issue.

The program for the evening was
 as follows:

Chorus, "Estudiantina".....High School
 Invocation.....Rev. F. F. Farrington
 Vocal Solo, "One Fine Day" (From
 "Madam Butterfly").....Miss May Hayes
 Address.....Dr. Frederick Starr
 Chorus, "Summer Fancies".....
 Presentation of Diplomas.....
 A. W. Armstrong
 Benediction.....Rev. F. F. Farrington

The class this year consists of
 twelve members, seven girls and five
 boys, namely: Richard H. Baker,
 Grace M. Crewes, Rose E. Davis, Arta
 M. Drew, Henry M. Hager, May Hayes,
 Aaron A. Hoffman, Valeria Kos-
 trzewska, Henry H. McConnell, Alta
 M. Moloney, Clara W. Rosendall, El-
 mer W. Smith.

Australian Primitive Races.
 The tribes of Central Australia are
 among the last of the primitive races.
 They are nomads who stray through
 the huge and deserted tracts of this
 great continent, hunting with spears
 and boomerangs. They are with few
 exceptions cannibals. Living in huts
 made of the boughs of trees, they
 have no household utensils. They
 count on their fingers only, and only
 to the number of ten; but they de-
 corate the rocks with rude attempts at
 drawing and make efforts to ornament
 their shields.—Harper's Weekly

Overheard in Court.
 Jimponberry and Harkaway had
 been haled up before the court for
 speeding "Fifty dollars apiece," said
 the judge. "All the evidence before
 this here bench goes to prove that
 your fellers was racin' along at fifty
 miles an hour." "But, judge," pro-
 tested Jimponberry, "my car can't
 possibly go more than thirty miles
 an hour." "And the limit of mine is
 thirty-five," pleaded Harkaway. "Wal,
 'sposin' it is" demanded the judge.
 "Thirty and thirty-five comes to sixty-
 five, don't it?" By gorry, I'll add a
 dollar to the fines of both of ye!"—
 Harper's Weekly.

Prairie Farmer 3 years, Frank
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 and examine specimen copies at this
 office.

**DEATH OF MR. LEONARD
 HOFFMAN.**

A Respected Citizen of Dwight Passed
 Away June 4.

Mr. Leonard Hoffman, for several
 years an honored and respected citi-
 zen of Dwight, died at his home on
 East Waupesaia street, Tuesday even-
 ing, after a short illness. The fol-
 lowing obituary was written by Rev.
 H. F. Ebert, the deceased's pastor:

Leonard Hoffman was born on the
 farm, in Kendall County near Ogawa,
 Ill., on the 21st of February, 1852.
 His father was one of the many farm-
 ers scattered over Illinois at that
 time, and from whom many of our
 most valued characters have risen.
 His name was Martin Hoffman and
 that of his mother, previous to her
 marriage, Margaret Brunner. They
 both lived to a good old age; honest,
 humble pious people, of that meek
 and quiet spirit which in the sight of
 God is of a great price.

When the boy, Leonard, was about
 five years old his father removed to
 a farm in Grundy County, four miles
 north of Dwight. And it was in this
 community, where he spent his youth
 and where much of his physical and
 mental character was formed. Here
 he worked and wrought on the farm,
 enjoying only the advantages of the
 common district school, still he qual-
 ified himself well for future use-
 fulness.

Mr. Hoffman was the second oldest
 of eight children, of whom seven are
 yet living. Leonard was the oldest
 son, and he is the first one of the chil-
 dren to follow the parents to a home
 above. The three brothers, George,
 Martin, William, all are occupying
 beautiful farms north of Dwight and
 the sisters, Mrs. Katherine Hornber-
 ger, Mrs. Margaret Meier, Mrs. Em-
 ma Roeder, and Mrs. Sarah Zingrebe,
 all have their homes in Dwight.

In 1878, Mr. Hoffman was married
 to Christine Hornberger. It was a
 happy union of thirty-four years of
 peace and blessing. They had three
 children committed to them, of whom
 one, having died in early infancy, is
 today, singing with the angels the
 father's welcome home. One daugh-
 ter, Mrs. Elsie Grush, who lives on
 the old homestead, north of town, and
 one son, Mr. Edward Hoffman, who
 has distinguished himself, as an as-
 sistant cashier of one of our leading
 banks, together with the widow are
 left to mourn his loss.

In speaking of the character of this
 father, my heart feels helpless in such
 tender moments. When I try to speak
 the deepest things I feel about Mr.
 Hoffman and his untimely going.
 "Somehow in my bosom the prisoned
 words stick tight."

Why, that eternal Why which is so
 often asked, and so often challenges
 the strength of faith's castle on the
 highway of life, struggles up from
 our hearts and trembles upon our
 quivering lips! That our brother
 should have been stricken, when we
 thought he was needed most—at the
 beginning of our new church project,
 fearful, tho' trustful, we think of
 Spurgeon's beautiful words: "Where
 comprehensions stop let faith take
 hold."

Those who have known Mr. Hoff-
 man have a sweet life-long memory.
 None knew him but to love him, none
 named him but to praise him. I speak
 of him to those who have known him
 longer and better than myself. I
 speak not to strangers but to men who
 were his life-long friends. There was
 much to admire and revere and love
 in him. He was not a perfect man—
 he never pretended to be so—but he
 endeavored to be an honest, upright,
 industrious man. His mind was pure
 and his heart was good!

Shortly after his marriage, he be-
 came a Christian and united with the
 Evangelical Church. He moved to
 Dwight in 1902 and lived here up to
 the time of his death. With his pass-
 ing our church has sustained a loss
 —a loss the most grievous which it
 has been called upon to bear for years.
 Tho' our brother was not of the kind
 that made a loud profession of re-
 ligiousness, nevertheless, his Christian life
 was one of ceaseless joy in God, which
 no troubles could drown, no adversity
 destroy, nor wary elements disturb.
 He stood high in the estimation of his
 fellow citizens and he leaves his con-
 sort of many years, and his children
 the glory of a spotless name. His is
 a splendid record. His last wish was:
 "If there is anything to be made
 right, I am willing to make it right."
 He was active in the church of his
 choice in various ways, acting in the
 capacity of steward in the Salem
 Church for many years and filling the
 office of trustee of the Dwight Church
 up to the time of his death.

The shadow of eternity itself lay
 like the dark wing of night upon our
 brother for some time. The sands of
 life were ebbing away fast. His last
 sickness was an exhibition of the
 great traits of his character. He was
 always assuring his loved ones that
 he was comfortable, that he was feel-
 ing all right. He had a wonderful
 courage to the end. Even death could
 not shock the coherence of his faith!
 Hoping much that the strand of life
 would hold, realizing however at last,
 that it was a desperate hope, and that
 the end must come, he realized a

thorough resignation and manifested
 a sense of sweet spiritual ecstasy and
 seemed borne away in a vision to the
 distant heights of cloudless glory—
 where all is peace and love and joy.
 He died without pain. The Lord gives
 his beloved "sleep." In the transla-
 tion of Mr. Hoffman, the words of Job
 were verified: "Thou shalt seek me in
 the morning, and I shall not be there."

He died Tuesday night, June 4,
 at the age of 60 years, 3 months, 14 days.
 Courageous, honest, pure in life, tri-
 umphant in death. God's finger
 touched his eyes and eternal sunshine
 settled on his face. Our circle is poorer,
 but he has become incalculably
 richer. But, most of all, we who
 mourn rejoice today that the note of
 Christian triumph is sounded in every
 speech and prayer and song! On this
 side, they say: Father is dead. On
 the other side, they say: "Father has
 come." He has overcome—another
 has come to home.

The eye that shuts in the mortal hour
 Shall open the next in bliss.
 The welcome shall sound in the heav-
 enly world
 Ere the farewell is hushed in this.

Card of Thanks.
 We wish to thank all our friends
 for their many kindnesses during the
 sickness and death of our husband
 and father.
 MRS. L. HOFFMAN AND FAMILY.

Truly a "Lightning Calculation."
 Arthur Griffith, the "lightning cal-
 culator," who died recently, was able
 to multiply any nine figures by any
 nine figures in less than eight sec-
 onds. In the auditor's office at Spring-
 field, Ill., he did the day's work of
 fourteen clerks in three hours' time.
 He once solved this problem and had
 the correct answer almost as soon as
 the question was put: "What is the
 compound interest on 1 cent at 6 per
 cent, from the birth of Christ to the
 present time, and how far would that
 many silver dollars reach in the air if
 placed on a floor 25,000 miles in cir-
 cumference?"

Diamond Wedding Anniversary.
 Mayor Gaynor, replying to an in-
 vitation to the diamond jubilee cele-
 bration of a wedding of a couple, now
 respectively 86 and 85 years old, said
 he would be unable to be at the gath-
 ering, but he added: "I wish I could
 attend. The most important thing of
 all is that they have reared a family
 of eight children. They are deserv-
 ing of the highest honor, especially
 the mother. The women of this coun-
 try who are postponing motherhood,
 or refusing it altogether, are denying
 themselves the greatest happiness
 that can come to women."—New York
 Sun.

New Ice Craft.
 Thousands of persons who gather
 along the Shrewsbury river to witness
 the annual iceboat and scooter races
 stared in amazement when something
 that appeared to be a rocket from the
 skies shot over the ice, passing the ice
 boats as if they were at a standstill.
 When the weird looking craft was
 brought to a stop at the north end of
 the course the crowd swarmed about
 the contrivance and found it to be a
 small sized runabout automobile trans-
 formed into what may be called an au-
 tocooter. The autocooter was con-
 structed by Fred Waters of Red Bank.
 —New York American.

Father Was Close.
 The following question was asked
 by a social worker in a conversation
 with a shabby urchin of the Milwau-
 kee slums: "Sonny, suppose I lend
 you father \$20; how long will it take
 him to pay me back at the rate of \$5
 a week?" The boy responded at once:
 "All his lifetime, and then some."
 "Why," said the incisive sociologi-
 st, "how long do you expect your
 father to live?" "Well, you don't know
 my ma's man. He might live 300
 years, but you can't get even two bits
 from him."

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The Indian Motorcycle

Have on your farm a vehicle that's
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THE Indian Motorcycle will take you
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 It will go wherever a bicycle can go
 and requires no more accommodations.

You need no mechanical skill. A few
 minutes' acquaintance with the Indian's
 simple control devices enables you to
 master it. Any speed from 4 to 50 miles
 an hour. Complete control assured at all times
 by a twist of the wrist. The Indian has
 covered over 31 miles on 1 pint of gasoline.

The Free Engine Clutch enables you to come
 to a standstill without stopping the engine
 and to restart without running or pedaling.

14 Important Improvements in 1912 models.
 Prices reduced \$50.

4 H.P. Single Cylinder - \$200
 7 H.P. Twin Cylinder - \$250
 Ask for demonstration.

W. L. BAKER, Distributor
 N. B.—The Indian has won more races than all
 other makes combined.

Some Happy Sayings.
 "Real etiquette," says Judge Pettin-
 gill in the Chautau Tribune, "is look-
 ing out of the window while your
 guest drinks out the 'finger bowl'." Some
 other opinions handed down by the
 judge this week were these: "The
 short skirts the women are wearing
 make them look much younger. Some
 of them, in fact, will be run in by the
 truncheon officer and sent to school, if
 they aren't careful." "The fellow
 who rates his friends by the size
 of their pocketbooks is about as good
 a judge of human values as the girl
 who won't look at anybody but pret-
 ty men." "What every town
 needs is not more men to make boost-
 er speeches at commercial club ban-
 quets or street corner orations telling
 how the city government should be
 run, but more men who will sprinkle
 salt on their sleazy sidewalks."

New Translation.
 While Woodrow Wilson was in
 Chattanooga on his recent tour one of
 the features of the program arranged
 for his entertainment was an automo-
 bile sightseeing trip through the city.
 As the party slipped up from time to
 time at some particularly interesting
 point the colored chauffeur volunteer-
 ed bits of local information. They
 were passing the new city hall
 and Mr. Wilson read aloud the date on
 the corner-stone—1909 A. D. "George,"
 remarked one of the party, address-
 ing the chauffeur, "can you tell us
 what the A. D. stands for?" "Sut-
 tlin' boss, suttlin'," responded
 George, without the quiver of an eye.
 "Id. 'Wh' dat dere 'A. D.' stands for"
 'all done!'"

Had Policeman Stumped.
 The plan whereby Chicago streets
 shall be numbered as streets or ave-
 nues is one of importance, says the
 Chicago Evening Post. If it needs fur-
 ther advocacy, listen to Irvin S. Cobb:
 "A policeman," says Irvin, "was trav-
 eling his beat with new resolution and
 a notebook when he came across a
 dead horse. Out came the notebook
 and in went this notation: 'Found at
 9:30 o'clock this morning a dead
 horse at..... He glanced up at the
 lamp post which bore the names of
 two intersecting streets, Magnolia Ave-
 nue and Tercipolore place. And do
 you know, the poor copper had to put
 his notebook away and haul the horse
 by his tail to First and Main streets."

All in the Name.
 "Funny thing about names," says
 Noah Count of Chigberite. "Now,
 there was my old friend, Yule B. Sick.
 He started in the drug business and
 plastered all over town: 'Take Our
 Drugs.' Yule B. Sick. The Busy Cor-
 ner.' Well, he didn't have any more
 takes a squint at that sign and sees
 what's the matter. Had a sudden in-
 spiration and ran for a sign painter.
 The next day, all over town was:
 'Take Our Drugs, Y. B. Sick.' 'The
 Busy Corner.' And now he's the rich-
 est man in this here town."—Kansas
 City Star.

Earnest Smokers.
 The champion cigar smoker in
 Paris recently kept a cigar alight for
 two hours and seventeen minutes.
 Nothing is said as to the length of
 the cigar. It was a California miler
 who wagered that he would smoke
 six cigars, six cigarettes and six pipes
 of strong tobacco within an hour. He
 accomplished the task, was seized
 with an attack of heart failure imme-
 diately afterwards and never smoked
 again. The tenor Mario smoked from
 25 to 30 ordinary-sized cigars a day,
 and in Italy where he could not ob-
 tain Havanas, he used to smoke daily
 100 Cavans. They say Edwin Booth
 smoked 25 cigars a day. Mark Twain
 ran him close, and Mr. Edison a good
 third.

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