

Grain Market.	
No. 1 Northern	62
No. 2 "	60
No. 3 "	58
Rejected	51
Flax	120

**COUNTY NEWS.**

**JAMES.**  
Miss Dora Voigt visited friends here recently.

Fred Gerth lost two horses from heat and overwork.

Mrs. Ed Pfeiffer gave a tea party to a number of young ladies last week.

Misses Allie Ferris and Louise Peterson drove to Groton on Thursday.

Harvest is practically over and the threshers are ready to go to work as soon as grain is dry enough.

The storm Friday night was considered the most severe of the season. With such a terrific blow it is surprising how the stacks remained standing.

Lathrop and Raleigh McCordie the Dowie Disciples hold meetings every Sunday at 3 p. m. in the "Little" school house in Gem township. They usually have a good audience.

Rob Ross had a runaway with a ramped flow last week. The hired boy, a young Russian, left the horses standing and they took advantage of the liberty given them. No great damage done.

A. G. Hunt gave a zophonone entertainment in the Von Wald school of Hanson township on Sunday.

He also exhibited biblical pictures as seeds spoken of in the Bible and a bottle of olden medicine.

Rob Ross had a runaway with a ramped flow last week. The hired boy, a young Russian, left the horses standing and they took advantage of the liberty given them. No great damage done.

**FREDERICK.**

Frederick merchants are anticipating a much heavier trade this fall than they had last year.

The village school board selected Miss Myra V. Hubbard as teacher of the primary department for the ensuing school year.

Geo. Danforth returned to Jefferson, Wis., on Tuesday, after a visit of several weeks with his brother-in-law, Wm. Barr, the Palmyra ranchman.

Acie Webster returned to Iowa Monday evening. He reports corn looking very fine in Fayette county, some measured stalks standing 11 feet 8 inches high in the field.

A draft for \$42,200 sent to the Christian Herald for the Indian famine relief fund represents the net results of the ice cream social given by the little girls last Thursday evening.

Steve Cahill has returned from Bowdle, where he has been storekeeper for the contractors on the C. M. & St. P. extension for several months past, and is preparing to open up the Farmers' Elevator for full business.

**VERDON.**

R. D. Knapp set fire to a bunch of weeds in his hay field recently which spread with such rapidity that he could not control it, and burned twenty acres of hay which was bunched.

M. C. Grinolds informs us that his sister, Mary L. Grinolds, was married in July to Mr. M. A. Stevens, of Mauston, Wis., but that he had just received the news without any particulars of the affair.

John Hite, Jr., who left here several years ago and has since been reported dead, the impression having been that he was killed in a mine disaster out west has turned up at Kalamazoo, Mich., alive and well as usual. John never was much of a hand to write, but his friends will be pleased to know that he is still on earth.

It was a dear mamma who inquired her dear little daughter "where all the good girls go to?" The little miss promptly replied "Heaven." Thereupon mamma asked "and now where do all the girls go?" And the dear little girl surprised the whole family by chirping out: "To the depot to see the traveling men come in!"—Ex.

**HECLA.**

Joe Stinger has recently completed the purchase of the NW 1/4-127-61.

Miss Gertrude Smith went to Grand Rapids, Mich., recently, where she will make an extended visit with relatives.

Miss Hattie and Ina Crosby visited at the home of H. Olson one day last week.

Miss Grace Ashford, who has been spending a few days with friends in Groton, returned home Wednesday.

residents of Hecla. Mr. Gehon has been employed by the Portage Creamery Co., as butter-maker.

M. O. Hunter, who has been a guest at his parents' home in Liberty township for the past two weeks returned to Chicago, at which place he is a student of the Chicago College of Dental Surgery.

**HUFFTON.**

Iver Gibbs lost a good work horse one day during the week.

J. S. Gibbs and wife were calling on Claremont friends Sunday.

Jessie Tasker visited Olive Honey of Putney Sunday and Monday.

Amos Bacon lost a fine two-year-old steer by lightning Friday night.

A young man from Minnesota at the employ of J. S. Gibbs was taken to the county hospital last Thursday.

Mrs. A. W. Barnette, who has been spending a week visiting in our city, returned to her home at Groton Wednesday.

Charley Baker shot a pelican one day recently that measured nine feet from tip to tip and weighed twenty-two pounds.

Mrs. Chas. Tasker and Mrs. John Cain are at Aberdeen calling on Mrs. Osborne, who for a number of years resided here but who returned to Michigan last spring and has been returned here as insane. Mr. Osborne was section foreman at this place for twelve years.

**CARLISLE.**

G. S. Incho is able to be in the harvest field again.

Mrs. L. Von Eschen is quite sick at present writing.

Len Walker and Thomas Sears were calling in this vicinity recently.

Mrs. C. H. Murray and Miss Kittie McBride were Aberdeen visitors Saturday.

This section of the country has been visited by some very refreshing showers.

A. J. Murray and family of Bath have been visiting home folks for a few days.

Little Clarence Von Eschen, who has been very sick with cholera infantum, is much better.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Broadbent of Leola were calling on friends in Carlisle Thursday and Friday.

Harvesting in this vicinity is nearly complete. The hum of the threshing machine will soon be heard.

T. J. and Kittie McBride and little niece and Mrs. W. G. Stone spent Sunday afternoon at Geo. Stone's.

Guy Incho is kept busy nowadays going to Aberdeen for repairs for Incho and Stone's new header. Guy has made two trips to town this week.

Mrs. Heffelfinger and Mrs. J. A. Lovelace and Mrs. S. I. Walker spent a pleasant afternoon with Grandma Hoes and Mrs. M. L. Incho Friday last.

Mrs. H. M. Broadbent and little daughter of Leola spent Tuesday and Wednesday with relatives in Carlisle. Grandma Hoes returned home with them for a short visit.

We are informed that Harvey Lucas and family of Michigan will return to Dakota in the near future to make their home in eastern McPherson county. Mr. Lucas and family were residents of this vicinity several years ago, but not feeling contented here they returned to Michigan, but it seems as though Dakota is the best after all.

**WARNER.**

M. M. Fowler is repairing his house.

Miss Wadsworth has returned to Minneapolis.

Warner and Rondell will cross bats Friday at Rondell.

Miss Grace Cate made a flying trip to Aberdeen Thursday.

Sam Bechtel is refitting the bank building for the postoffice.

Mrs. P. K. Willis and daughter and Miss B. Willis have returned from Ashton.

The Warner Sunday school has been invited to take part in a picnic at Rondell Friday. Most all from this village will attend.

A very exciting game of ball was played between Warner and Highland five miles west of town Sunday. It was a pitcher's battle; no more than ten hits being made on either side. Score 10 to 5 in favor of Warner. Batteries, Warner: F. Berg and J. Lawrence. Highland: C. Wendt and H. Cramer. A return game will be played next Sunday at Rudolph which promises to be more exciting than ever.

**RONDELL.**

B. L. Maynard visited the Hub last Thursday.

Misses Pearl McCarty and Pearl Smith called on friends here recently.

Rev. Carson preached a splendid sermon to quite an audience last Sunday.

Misses Hattie and Ina Crosby visited at the home of H. Olson one day last week.

**LIFE.**  
A crust of bread and a corner to sleep in, A minute to smile and an hour to weep in, A pint of joy to a peck of trouble, And never a laugh, but the mousie came double, And that is life!  
A crust and a corner that love makes precious, With the smile to warm and the tears to refresh us, And joy seems sweeter when cares come after, And a moan is the finest of foils for laughter, And that is life!  
—Dora Laurence Dunbar.

**JAYHAWKERS**

How a Traveler Fell Into Their Clutches and the Desperate Effort He Made For His Life.

Many years since I took a fancy to travel far beyond the region of railroads and steamboats into one of the new territories of the southwest. My object was to see what could be done on a large scale in the way of trade.

It was toward the close of a fine spring day that I rode up to the great barnlike tavern of one of those spread out, pine board towns of the far west which grow up so rapidly in the path of emigration. A large group of rude looking men stood on the steps and seemed to be carefully criticising me and comparing notes as I dismounted.

I was conscious of nothing peculiar about me, except the generally smart and "matty" appearance of myself and animal. The latter was a splendid roaster that I had purchased in St. Louis, in fine condition, and with an action that would excite the admiration of any horse fancier. I was habited in a new suit, surmounted by a slouched hat, and completed by great top boots. My saddle and bridle were half military in their shape and trimmings, and I had a valise and blanket roll strapped on behind. On the whole, I think almost any observer would have set me down for something more than a mere private citizen traveling on his own business.

I left my horse in care of the first man whom I found willing to take him and, ordering my supper, walked about the uninviting barroom and finally took a seat and began to read a pamphlet that I had in my pocket. While I was thus engaged a great burly fellow came and stood in the doorway and deliberately stared at me.

"Good evening, sir," I said. "I should like to make a few inquiries, if you please, about the people here and through the country, and"

"Not of me, you won't" was his rude rejoinder, and he was gone before I could ask an explanation.

I was a little nettled at such boorishness, still rather amused than annoyed. I should probably have thought no more of it but for more of the same kind of treatment that I shortly experienced. A shock headed girl called me out to supper, and finding a table abundantly spread with the substantial of life, I was appeasing my hunger vigorously when a wild, wolfish face was thrust inside the door, and two staring eyes surveyed me closely.

"What's wanted?" I asked, rather irritated by the repetition of such an attention. There was no answer, the head was withdrawn, and within the same minute I had the pleasure of seeing two more faces looking in upon me through one of the windows.

"What do those people mean?" I asked of the girl who waited on me. She shook her head, but there was an expression on her face that informed me that she did know and that she pitied me. I was beginning to feel decidedly uncomfortable; my appetite was spoiled before it was half appeased, and I resolved on the spot to continue my journey that night rather than remain in such an inhospitable place.

I rose from my chair and put down three silver dollars on the table. "That's for my supper and the horse's feed," I said to the girl, "and you may keep the rest yourself. Now, please tell them to bring the horse around right off, for I must be gone."

I shall never forget the look of pain and pity that was shown at that moment by the face of that rude, homely girl.

"They won't give you the horse," she said shortly.

"Won't give me my own horse?" I echoed. "And why not, pray?"

"Hush!" she said, laying her hand firmly on my mouth. "Don't be making a noise. If they should think you suspected it, they would do it now."

Now, although I had no idea of the full import of her startling words, yet there was a hideous suggestion in them that fairly made my flesh creep.

"For heaven's sake tell me what you mean!" I said faintly. "I can't account for the actions of these people. What do they mean, and what am I to do?"

"I hoped I should see no more bloodshed," the girl said, looking sadly and wearily into my face. Then she put her hand on my shoulder and continued fiercely: "It's all your own fault. Why did you come here? Any fool in Jefferson could have told you what they'd do if you came here."

"What do they take me for?" I asked, a suspicion of the truth breaking upon me.

"For just what you are, of course," she said coldly—"the marshal, come to serve writs of arrest."

"They are mistaken; you are all mistaken," I protested. "I am not a marshal, nor an officer of any kind. I am merely a merchant, traveling on my own business."

She looked at first incredulous, but I continued to assure her of my real character, and she, seeing my sincerity, soon believed me.

"But you can't make them believe it," she quickly added. "The last marshal that was here was dressed and mounted just like you, and that question you asked Aleck Maxwell made

'em sure you're the same kind. The truth is," and she lowered her voice, "there's a great many horse thieves and cattle stealers in this country—the people are pretty much up to it—and there's dozens of 'em sworn never to let an officer go out of the county alive."

"What did they do to the marshal you speak of?" I asked, with a cold shiver.

"Well, they just hung him to that live oak across the road and buried him under it."

"Good heaven! But I'm not a marshal; I wouldn't harm a man in the county if I could."

She shook her head.

"It's no use, stranger," she said. "They won't believe you; your looks belie everything you say. They'll serve you the same way."

"Can't I escape?" I asked, in a perfect agony of terror. "Get my horse and let me go."

"It's no use; they'd kill me if I got your horse for you. Here!" She softly opened a door and pointed out. "It's a slim chance for life, but it's your only one. Take to the woods, and may heaven have mercy on you! Don't stop to thank me—go!"

I waited for no second invitation, but cleared the house and plunged into the woods unobserved. I ran without stopping for some time, and then unexpectedly found myself in the highway that I had traveled two hours before, with the village visible a mile away. The truth was I had cut off a great corner of the woods in my flight, and, the road turning, I had thus struck it.

It was now almost twilight, but a shout warned me that I was discovered, and the sound of furious galloping broke on my ear. I was too much exhausted to fly farther, even if that could have done any good. I dropped down behind the trunk of a huge tree and desperately awaited my fate. I had my pistols with me, and I resolved that I would not be lynched without a struggle.

A dozen horsemen rode up to within a few yards of where I lay and, separating, rode hither and thither about the skirts of the woods. The hoof of one of the horses once brushed my leg, but I lay quiet and was not discovered, though I lay trembling. Soon the party gathered for a consultation, and, with plenty of curses on my devoted head, they agreed that I must have taken to the woods again, but that I could not be far off.

By common consent they dismounted, hitched their horses and, dividing into two parties, plunged into the woods on each side of the road. I waited, with beating heart, until they had gone so far that I could not distinguish their voices, though I could see the flashing of the lanterns they had lighted, and then I stole forth from my concealment.

What was my surprise and delight to discover my own gallant steed hitched with the others, with portmanteau and blankets strapped to the saddle. In the act of mounting him a sudden thought occurred to me, and I acted on it promptly. I had a sharp pocket-knife and a minute sufficed to cut every saddle girth and bridle. Then I mounted my horse and put him to a gallop which I never allowed him to slacken for five miles. I traveled over 20 miles farther, and never halted until I had found the sheriff of the adjoining county and put myself under his protection. He heard my story and said:

"A pretty close thing, my friend. They'd have hung you at sight if they'd laid hands on you. But you're safe now; they won't venture over here. I've got warrants for the arrest of more than half of them, and they know it."

I never learned that they were able to make any pursuit that night, but I should think not, after the situation I had left them in.—New York News.

**Silk in Lyons.**  
The manufacture of silk has for several centuries been the chief business of Lyons, France. The Romans established works there in the third century A. D. for the manufacture of cloth of gold and silver, but every vestige of these was swept away by northern invasions. The present silk industry was taken there from Italy and Spain and the Levant about the year 1466 under the fostering care of Louis XI. He imported machinery and weavers with the expressed purpose of diminishing the stream of gold then flowing into foreign countries. It is recorded that five aunes of silk at that time cost from 300 to 400 francs, or from 48 to 60 francs (\$9.26 to \$11.58) a yard, money then being worth about four times its present value.

**Nerves and Hair Picking.**  
"Persons whose nerves are in any way out of gear should not pick hair," observed a well known specialist in nervous diseases to a reporter, "and indeed I am almost willing to go further and say that they should not handle mattresses or pillows stuffed with hair. The tactile nerves, the nerves that are located in the ends of the fingers, seem to be specially affected by handling of hair or animal wools of any kind."

"Many good housewives do themselves great injury in picking hair in the repair or alteration of mattresses, and, while they think they will save money by doing such work themselves, they often find out that, besides the personal suffering in consequence, they pay out many times in doctors' and medicine bills what they save from mattress makers."

"I know of some persons, men more frequently than women, however, who would be thrown into nervous spasms if they were compelled to handle velvet for 15 minutes—that is, to handle it on the fuzzy or velvety side. Those who are unpleasantly affected by velvet know it and therefore avoid it as much as possible."—Washington Star.

**DEATH IN THE VIAL.**

THE FIFTH TABLET CARRIED A DOSE THAT WAS FATAL.

**Why the Doctor Had a Premonition That Misfortune Had Overtaken a Wealthy Planter—How the Story of the Crime Leaked Out.**

The story was told by a police commissioner of another city who was in New Orleans recently on a visit.

"The most ingenious murder I ever knew anything about," he said, "was committed by a young physician. He was a rising practitioner at a place where I formerly lived, and, with your permission, I will speak of him simply as Dr. Smith."

"About a dozen years ago, as nearly as I remember, this young man went on a visit to a relative in a neighboring city, and one afternoon, on the third or fourth day of his stay, he started a lady member of the household by remarking that he had a feeling that some misfortune had overtaken a wealthy planter whom they both knew very well, and whom I will call Colonel Jones. The colonel was a prominent resident of the doctor's home town and had a large outlying estate, which he was in the habit of visiting once a week.

"On the day of Smith's singular premonition he was on one of those tours of inspection, but failed to come back, and the following morning his corpse was found lying in a cornfield. He had evidently been dead about 24 hours, and from the appearance of the body seemed to have been seized with some sort of it or convulsion.

"Of course the affair created a great stir, and the police made a pretty thorough investigation, but the only thing they found that merited any special attention was a small, round vial in the dead man's vest pocket. It was about the diameter of a lead pencil by four inches long, and had originally contained a couple of dozen medicinal tablets, which lying one on top of the other, filled the little bottle to the cork. A few still remained in the bottom.

"Upon inquiry it was learned without trouble that the tablets were a harmless preparation of soda, and that Jones himself had bought them at a local drug store. That ended suspicion in that quarter, and, for lack of anything better, the coroner returned a verdict of death from sunstroke. There was no autopsy.

"Some time after Jones had been buried," continued the police commissioner, "I learned accidentally of Dr. Smith's curious prophecy, and it set me to thinking. Eventually I evolved a theory, but it was impossible at the time to sustain it with proof, and for five or six years I kept it pigeonholed in my brain, waiting for something to happen. Meanwhile, to everybody's surprise, Dr. Smith went to the dogs. He began by drinking heavily, gradually lost his practice, and finally skipped out to avoid prosecution for cashing a fake draft. After his flight I learned enough to absolutely confirm my theory as to Jones' death. What had really happened was this:

"Dr. Smith owed the old man a considerable sum of money and had given a note, upon which he had forged his father's name as indorser. The planter was pressing him for payment and had threatened suit, which meant inevitable exposure. One day, while they were conversing, Jones pulled out a little glass vial and swallowed one of the tablets it contained, remarking that he took one daily, after dinner, for sour stomach.

"That suggested a diabolical scheme of assassination, which the doctor proceeded to put into execution. Repairing to his office, he made up a duplicate tablet of strychnine, and, encountering the colonel next day, asked him to let him have the vial for a moment so he could copy the address of the makers from the label.

"Jones handed it over unsuspectingly, and while his attention was wholly diverted elsewhere Smith put in the prepared tablet. He placed it under the top four, thus making it reasonably certain that his victim would take it on the fifth day from that date. Next morning he left town, so as to be far away when the tragedy was consummated, and some mysterious, uncontrollable impulse evidently led him to make the prediction the first excited my suspicion.

"When I made certain of all this, I located Smith in Oklahoma and was on the point of applying for an extradition warrant when he anticipated me by contracting pneumonia and dying. I thereupon returned the case to its mental pigeonhole, where it has remained ever since."

"Pardon me for asking," said one of the listeners, "but is that really a true story, or are you entertaining us with interesting fiction?"

"It is absolutely true," replied the narrator.

"But how did you learn the particulars?"

"Well," said the police commissioner, smiling, "Smith was like most clever criminals—he had one weak spot. He was fool enough to tell a woman. She blabbed."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**Ate Course Dinners.**  
A woman just arrived from Australia was recently negotiating with an agent in London for a house in one of the newer districts of Kensington. She asked if it was a nice neighborhood. "It is thoroughly desirable, madam," replied the house agent. "They are without exception soup and fish families."

It is not correct to say that a girl "renders" a song. If she lives long enough to become of some use in the world, she may some day render lard, but she can't render a song.—Atchison Globe.

**Notice of Expiration of Time for Redemption from Tax Sale Before Tax Deed Shall be Issued.**

To Mary E. Koch, the owner of the southeast quarter of section twenty three (23) township one hundred and twenty five (125), range one, (61), in Brown county, South Dakota, and Taky, notice, that the above described property was on the 4th day of Nov. described by law sold by the county treasurer, under 1898, in the manner provided by law, for said county taxes levied and assessed, for the year 1894, amounting with penalties thereon for the costs to sixteen dollars and 15 cents, interest and Brown county, and the certificate of sale was issued to the said estate of sale which was afterwards assigned to Brown county, who is now the legal owner to M. G. Watkins.

That the right of redemption and holder thereof, expire and tax deed of said sale will be issued by the county treasurer of Brown county, South Dakota, in pursuance of the expiration of the time provided by law, on the 15th day of July, 1900, unless redemption is made by the said M. G. Watkins, at the expiration of the time provided by law, on the 15th day of July, 1900.

M. G. WATKINS, Assignee and owner of tax certificates. (First publication August 17, 1900.)

**Mortgage Sale.**

Default has been made in the conditions of a mortgage executed by Ole Myren, a single man, to S. H. Cranmer, dated May 1, 1897, and assigned to W. E. Duncanson, mortgaging the northwest quarter of section twenty seven (27) in township one hundred and twenty six (126), north of range sixty (60), west of the fifth principal meridian, in Brown county, South Dakota. The amount claimed to be due on said mortgage at this date is six hundred forty one and 15/100 dollars, and ten dollars, attorney's fees.

Notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by public sale of said premises, or a sufficient part thereof, on the 21st day of July, 1900, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the front corner of the court house in Aberdeen, Brown County, South Dakota, at the public sale, to be held at Aberdeen, S. D., this 21st day of July, 1900.

W. F. DUNCAN, Assignee of mortgage. W. F. MASON, Attorney. (First publication June 8, 1900.)

**Summons.**

State of South Dakota, County of Brown, ss. Circuit Court, Fifth Judicial Circuit, the benefit of creditors of the State of Food Company, a corporation, Plaintiff, vs. John G. Neumann, Defendant.

The State of South Dakota, to the above named Defendant:

You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, filed in the office of the clerk of the circuit court of the fifth judicial circuit, in and for the county of Brown and state of South Dakota, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the undersigned at his office in the city of Aberdeen in said county, within thirty days after the service of this summons upon you, exclusive of the day of such service, and if you fail to answer the said complaint, and if you fail to answer the said complaint, within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated May 22, 1900. W. F. MASON, Plaintiff's Attorney, Aberdeen, South Dakota. (First pub. July 13, 1900.)

**Financial Report of School District No. 20, Brown Co., S. D.**

Balance on hand July 1, 1899	\$ 599 33
Amount received from apportionment	439 25
Amount received from district tax	600 00
Amount in hands of county treasurer	354 15
Total receipts	1493 53
Amount paid out for teachers' wages	840 00
Amount paid out for services of school officers	50 50
Amount paid out for all other purpose	500 00
Coal, fuel, supplies and repairs	369 25
Cash in hands of district treasurer	373 83
Cash in hands of county treasurer	354 15

**Notice of Hearing Application for Permit.**

WHEREAS, One Nordahl Holien has filed with the city auditor of the city of Aberdeen an application for a permit to engage in the business of selling intoxicating liquors in the building situated on Lot 10 in Block 11 in the 3d ward of the city of Aberdeen, South Dakota, which application is accompanied by a petition bearing the signatures of twenty legal voters of said ward praying that a permit be granted the said applicant.

NOW THEREFORE, Notice is hereby given that said application and petition will be heard by the City Council of the city of Aberdeen on Friday, August 10th, 1900, when and where any person or persons may appear and show reason why such permit should not be granted.

Dated this 27th day of July, 1900. J. A. SCHULTZ, Auditor. (First publication July 27, 1900.)