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In

This

Space

Next

Week.

War!

Have prices gone up?

YES,

IN SOME LINES.

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R. D. BYERS.

FROM CAMP THOMAS.

The Fourteenth Minnesota Gets Right to the Front in Striking Camp and Clearing Up Land.

How the Boys Received the News From Santiago—Parading at Night and Clothing Nit.

CAMP THOMAS, Ga., July 9, 1898.—Company M is still here, although it has not been in camp all the week. Tuesday morning we struck camp and marched about seven miles east to a spot up in the mountains where rifle practice was considered safe. We made the march without losing a man from our battalion, although it was a very warm day, and had our camp made, shelter tents pitched and kitchen fire lighted before 9:30. The country was heavily wooded and in order to get a 200-yard range it was necessary to clear the ground. Here the lumbermen in companies F and M came in very handy. Axes and cross-cuts were brought out and soon a lively crew was at work and for the next three hours there was a steady crash of trees. By 2:30 we had the range cleared, pits dug, the four targets in place and then the sound of the ax was superseded by the crack of the rifle. We remained there until Thursday afternoon and the boys enjoyed every moment. While we were there we were visited by the colonel of the First Georgia, who remarked that we were fortunate in finding such a nice opening for a range. Major Scheffer informed him that we cleared it ourselves in three hours and were shooting on it five hours after we halted. He was greatly surprised. "It would have taken my whole regiment two days to do that," he said, "and then the boys would have considered themselves overworked." "The only trouble we experienced, colonel," said Scheffer, "was in stopping the boys. If we hadn't forbidden it they would have cleared the whole d—mountain by this time."

Thursday afternoon we started back to camp and on the road we met the Second battalion going out to take its turn on the range. The day was very hot and the boys had made a hurried march, so hurried in fact that we met stragglers who had been obliged to fall out all along the road home. They were a tired, thirsty set, while our boys, with a couple of exceptions, were fresh and hearty. The exceptions were two men who tempted death by tackling the so-called pies of the south. This article of food must be a staple in this country, as every farm house we pass has a sign on the gate "Pies for Sale." The crust has every attribute of leather and has a similar effect on the digestion, while the filling is indescribable.

Just as we were preparing to leave Emory Norton, M. D., went to the corral to get his team. An innocent looking jackass standing near objected to Emory's presence and as he was within range of the mule's business end, Norton is now in the hospital. He received the blow on the right forearm and though the bones were not broken, they were cracked and Norton will be off duty for some time.

The country about the range is wild enough to suit the most fastidious taste. Those who have read of the moonshiners' country know something of the lay of the land. Right here let me remark, the boys were given an opportunity to taste this glorious product of the south. Three of them discovered a still a couple of miles from camp and purchased a small flask. On their way home they sampled the goods and for the next hour the trio busied themselves with trying to climb the same tree.

We celebrated the Fourth by breaking camp. Every man in the regiment was kept in quarters that morning and when the bugle sounded the "general" it was a sight to see the canvas come down. Less than a minute after the last note sounded there was not a yard of canvas standing in our battalion and in six minutes companies F and M had their tents rolled and landed, together with all the baggage and utensils of the companies, and the boys had donned their rolls and were in line ready to move. The rest of the battalion were close behind and eight minutes after the call had sounded Major Scheffer was standing before the colonel under arms saying: "Sir, I have the honor to report that the First battalion is under arms and ready to move." One of the other battalions took twenty minutes to do what we had accomplished in six minutes. It was a proud moment for all of us and even the major could not conceal this feel-

ing when he came back to dismiss the battalion. The making of the camp was done with the same celerity and we had our quarters rearranged before the other battalions had finished loading.

Dr. Canright, well-known to Princeton people, was called to the camp of the Twelfth Minnesota this week by the dangerous illness of his brother-in-law, and while here visited his friends in this regiment.

M. L. Coombs, who has been confined in Leiter hospital for some time, was discharged to-day and has reported to his company for duty. He has been quite ill but is now ready for his ration of "sow belly" with the rest of us.

The first division of the first corps is enroute to Santiago and we expect orders this week. We have been expecting them so long that we won't be disappointed if they fail to materialize.

There was a scene in this camp a week ago last Friday evening which will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The bugles had sounded "tattoo" and most of the boys had undressed in their quarters, lights were out and "taps" were only necessary to quiet the camp. The 15 minutes between the calls had nearly expired when a cheer started at the lower end of the camp which gradually swelled in volume as it approached our street. A minute after the first shout the whole regiment was cheering, though few knew why. Before the officers had time to get out of quarters the band struck up the "Star Spangled Banner" and then everyone knew news of importance had been received and the entire regiment, officers and men, stark and clad, rushed on to the regimental parade. One of the M boys, clad in an undershirt, rushed up to the officers' quarters and asked, "Say, Captain, where do we go?" and was disappointed when the officers informed him that they didn't know, themselves. A moment later a shout arose, "Santiago's taken!" and the crowd went mad. None but the sick remained in quarters, few were dressed, but headed by the band, they began to parade, although nothing but an occasional tap of the drum could be heard. Staid majors and captains paraded in night shirts, side by side with privates wearing only the clothes they were born in and for fifteen minutes no one attempted to quell the disturbance. Then from each company street rose the bugles' notes and before the last note of "taps" had been sounded the parade was deserted and two minutes later every man was in quarters, not a light was burning and only the sounds of subdued conversation betrayed the fact that the men were not asleep. A visitor who had witnessed the whole demonstration exclaimed as the men started for quarters, "My God, what business has Spain's half starved soldiers to fight with such men!" It mattered little that the news was not true. The boys had shown their patriotism and their discipline and every officer was proud to think he belonged to the Fourteenth regiment. Other regiments kept up the racket for over an hour but in the camp of the Fourteenth Minnesota no one was moving except the lonely sentinels or now and then a belated orderly.

A. A. CASWELL.

Drowned in a Lake.

Mr. A. G. Miller, of Wyandotte, reports the drowning of Swen Jackson in Peterson's lake, three miles southeast of Cambridge, last Saturday evening. He was bathing on the east side of the lake and being unable to swim he intended to keep in shallow water and waded out about forty feet from the shore, where the water was about knee deep; at that place he suddenly went down in deep water and before help reached him was drowned. An examination revealed the fact that where he went down the water is about thirty feet deep, the pitch being so abrupt that he did not notice it. The unfortunate man was a brother of Mr. Miller's, though the names are different, aged 47 years. The funeral took place on Monday.

A barber of Lubec, Me., has closed his shop and posted the following notice on the door, says the New York Tribune:

To the Public: This barber shop will be closed for a brief period, as the proprietor has gone to help a few of Uncle Sam's barbers (better known as soldiers) scrape the face of the western hemisphere clear of an obnoxious growth of whiskers commonly called Spaniards. I shall not be gone long, as Dewey and Sampson are applying the lather, and everything points to a quick job, and a clean one. I wish to thank the public for the past patronage and on my return hope to have a share also.

Mr. C. W. Burnhelm informs us that he had \$2,600 insurance on his property which was destroyed by fire and that he intends to rebuild at Bock.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

The School Teachers are Here.

The Summer Training School for 1898 commenced its sessions on Monday of this week at the high school building in this village. The conductor is Prof. H. W. Brewster, of the State University, assisted by Prof. McBee, principal of schools at Shakopee, and Mrs. Lectra, of the Duluth public schools. All are teachers of long and successful experience in the public schools of our State, and are earnest and conscientious instructors.

The school will not have as large an attendance this year as last owing to the fact that formerly we were joined with Isanti, Sherburne and Kanabec counties. This year Isanti also has a summer school and Sherburne goes to the Union school at St. Cloud. So Mille Lacs has but her own teachers, who will thus have the opportunity to obtain the full benefit of the school. The enrollment is as follows and is still growing:

| | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| Grace Annis, | Luella Brown, |
| Bessie L. Cody, | Martha Cody, |
| Mina A. Hale, | Alice M. Jones, |
| Mabelle Monette, | Linnie Pinkham, |
| Luella Russell, | Annie Smith, |
| Ethel Tibbetts, | Ida E. Vinson, |
| Pearl Vinson, | Lucas H. Brinks, |
| Minnie Brinks, | Tennie Cravens, |
| Orpha Edmison, | Daisy Farrington, |
| Charles L. Freer, | Edward Freer, |
| Joseph Johnson, | Ada M. Kately, |
| Hattie Kately, | Rose E. O'Malley, |
| Amelia Radeke, | Emma Radeke, |
| Ernest Robideau, | Lulu E. Sadley, |
| Bertha Selhorn, | Maud Whitney, |
| Maggie Wilbur, | Eliza LaMore. |

School opens its sessions at 8 o'clock A. M., and continues until 12:40 P. M.

The work is divided among the instructors as follows: Arithmetic, algebra, physiology and psychology, Prof. Brewster; grammar, reading and pedagogy, Mrs. Lectra; history, geography and civics, Prof. McBee.

America 100 Years Ago.

There was not a public library in the United States.

Almost all the furniture was imported from England.

An old copper mine in Connecticut was used as a prison.

There was only one hat factory, and that made cocked hats.

Every gentleman wore a queue and powdered his hair.

Crockery plates were objected to because they dulled the knives.

Virginia contained a fifth of the population of the country.

A man who jeered at the preacher or criticized the sermon was fined.

A gentleman bowing to a lady always scaped his foot on the ground.

Two stage coaches bore all the travel between New York and Boston.

A day laborer considered himself well paid with two shilling a day.

The whipping post and pillory were standing in Boston and New York.

Beef, pork, salt, fish, potatoes, and hominy were the staple diet all the year round.

Buttons were scarce and expensive, and the trousers were fastened with pegs or laces.

A new arrival in a jail was set upon by his fellow prisoners and robbed of everything he had.

When a man had enough tea he placed his spoon across the cup to indicate that he wanted no more.

Leather breeches, a checked shirt, red flannel jacket, and a cocked hat formed the dress of any artisan.

The church collection was taken in a bag at the end of a pole, with a bell attached to arouse sleepy contributors.—New York Tribune.

On the evening of July 3, H. S. Plummer was stricken with paralysis as he was returning to his home. He reached a chair in front of the Jackson house, where his friends found him helpless and conveyed him to his home. Medical aid was summoned and it was found that one side was entirely paralyzed, and he was unable to speak. His situation is critical in the extreme, but it is hoped that he may improve.—Anoka Herald.