

Great Northern Railway.



ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS, PRINCETON AND SANDSTONE.

Table with train schedules for GOING EAST and GOING WEST, listing stations like Sandstone, Mora, Milaca, Princeton, Elk River, Anoka, and Minneapolis.

Table with train schedules for ST. CLOUD TRAINS, GOING WEST and GOING EAST, listing stations like Milaca, Bridgeman, and St. Cloud.

Table with train schedules for WYAT FREIGHT, GOING EAST and GOING WEST, listing stations like Milaca, Princeton, Elk River, and Anoka.

MILLE LACS COUNTY.

Table listing TOWN CLERKS and VILLAGE RECORDERS for various locations in Milles Lacs County.

NEIGHBORING TOWNS.

Table listing neighboring towns and their respective locations.

PRINCETON Roller Mills and Elevator.

Table showing prices of various commodities like wheat, corn, and oats, both in bulk and retail.

PRINCETON Market Report.

Table showing market prices for various agricultural products like wheat, rye, oats, and potatoes.

FRATERNAL LODGE NO. 92, A. F. & A. M.

Regular communications, 2d and 4th Wednesday of each month.

PRINCETON LODGE NO. 93, K. of P.

Regular meetings every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.

K. O. T. M., Tent No. 17.

Regular meetings every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock.

Hebron Encampment, No. 42, I. O. O. F.

Meetings, 2nd and 4th Mondays at 8 o'clock.

PRINCETON LODGE NO. 208, I. O. O. F.

Regular meetings every Friday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

PRINCETON CAMP, M. W. A., No. 4032.

Regular meeting every fourth Thursday evening of each month.

ESPEY LODGE, No. 193, A. O. U. W.

Regular meetings every first and third Monday evenings of each month.

DR. SETH ARNOLD'S COUGH KILLER

Prevents Consumption. All Druggists, Sec. 50c. and \$1.00.

A Liberal Offer.

The undersigned will give a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets to any one wanting a reliable remedy for constipation.

HE HAS CURED THOUSANDS

Given up to die.

Dr. Doran

Next regular professional visit to

PRINCETON,

At Commercial Hotel,

Friday, Dec. 13

Returning every month. Consult

him while the opportunity

is at hand.



DR. DORAN has no superior in diagnosing and treating diseases and deformities. He will give \$50 for any case that he cannot tell the disease and where located in five minutes.

Cancers, Tumors, Gout, Fistula, Piles varicose and enlarged glands with the subcutaneous injection method.

TO CALIFORNIA

Via THE THROUGH North Western TOURIST LINE CARS

Every Tuesday and Saturday Morning.

On TUESDAYS, leave Minneapolis 9:30 A. M., St. Paul 10:00 A. M., via NORTH-WESTERN LINE to Omaha.

On SATURDAYS, leave Minneapolis 9:30 A. M., St. Paul 10:00 A. M., via THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE to Kansas City.

These are the most popular routes to California, and enable one to travel at small expense in comfortable and pleasant surroundings.

Those contemplating visiting California this winter will be furnished, free of charge, maps, rates and all information by applying to J. A. O'BRIEN.

Take Home



Twenty-Four Bottles of Satisfaction Otherwise Known as a Case of

HAMM'S BEER

Supplied by Agents Everywhere, or THEO. HAMM BREWING CO., St. Paul, Minn.



The Thanksgiving Tramp

A LOVE STORY

By MANDA L. CROCKER

HALLIE WOODBURN stood on the broad, homey steps of Merriwold taking a sweeping inventory of the darkening November sky.

"And to-morrow is Thanksgiving again!" she said, in a troubled way, looking across at Thad, the chore man, who was busy tying down the rose-vines for their winter's rest.

"Yes," he answered, glancing up, "time flies as if it had angels' wings."

"If I was judge I'd say she was grievin' 'er sennin' 'er lover off without much of a reason, as near as I can find out."

"Her lover?" and Thad stared at the prophetic Genie with wide-open eyes.

"Why yes; Ned Vickers. You know I told you," she answered, reproachfully.

"O, but that was a good while ago," put in Thad.

"Yes, I know," went on Genie, wisely, "but she had her home ones all along until lately, and now it's different. And Thad," turning toward him suddenly, "it's about this time of year that she shut the doors of Merriwold against him and—it hasn't been Merriwold since! And Thad—cross your heart now, this is a dead secret."

"Cross my heart," repeated Thad, solemnly.

Then Genie leaned nearer her attentive auditor and whispered: "I saw her cryin' in the kitchen to speak to Genie."

"The mistress is dreadfully put out about those visitors," said he, confidentially, "or else—she has something on her mind; it can't be she's getting kind o' 'frail like now, since the father and mother are laid away?"

"O, I dunno!" she answered, mysteriously, "if I was judge I'd say she was grievin' 'er sennin' 'er lover off without much of a reason, as near as I can find out."

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MISS BASCOM'S WEDDING.

A Thanksgiving Episode Which Ended Happily for All Concerned.

"AWS sakes! Polly, you don't tell me that you're going to marry Eph Lawson?" and Mrs. Thomson took her hands from the dough and looked at the prim figure at the window, for Polly Bascom was trim and a mile over 40.

"On Thanksgiving day, Sarah, I'd like to know if I haven't as good a right to—" "To be sure you have; but there's the parson, who lost his wife last year and who wants another helpmeet."

"And there's the Widow Jones and Miss Stickle," said Polly. "I can't help the parson out this time."

"Really, I didn't know it had gone so far. Why, what have you done towards the wedding? This is the twenty-third—" "And I'm as ready as I ever will be."

"As ready as you've been for 20 years," and Mrs. Thomson went back to her work. Suddenly she looked up.

"Who's goin' to give the bride away?" she asked, abruptly.

"We're not goin' to have any such hifalutin' proceedings," pursed the bride-to-be.

"There is nothing to forgive!" exclaimed Miss Woodburn, "and you must not go away again, Ned, dear," kissing his forehead with the snow-damp hair waved just as it used to do.

"But, Hallie, you don't want me if I've gone to the bad. No; I only came back to be forgiven, though I do love you as of old!" Miss Woodburn hid her face on the shabby coat and Thad hurried away to the kitchen, closing the doors softly after him.

"What is it, now?" asked Genie, ungraciously, not understanding the look on his face.

"Why, it's Ned Vickers!" answered Thad, triumphantly, "and I came away to let them get acquainted all over again."

"After awhile Thad slid quietly into the dining-room with the mollified Genie in his wake."

"Thad," said Miss Woodburn, smiling happily, "this is an old friend of mine. He will be our guest to-morrow and we will have Thanksgiving after all. Show him to the south guest chamber and when he is ready bring him down at once; the coffee will be waiting."

"He is my dear old love," she explained to Genie later; "but I presume you don't quite understand?"

"O, yes, ma'am!" answered the maid, fitting about like a butterfly and blushing like a peony.

"How, Genie? You have no lover?" "O, yes, ma'am, I have," came the answer, shyly.

"Indeed! Who, Genie?" "Thad, ma'am," simpered the girl, in confusion.

"Well, Genie," and Miss Woodburn took the girl's face between her palms, "don't ever send him away, then."

"That I won't, ma'am!" exclaimed she. "I won't be such a—"

"An idiot," finished Miss Hallie. "Well, heaven has been better to me than I deserve, Genie, and I will begin my thanksgiving to-night."

"When the nice tramp came down for his coffee Miss Woodburn exclaimed, in surprise: "Why, Ned Vickers, you have deceived me!"

"And hadn't he! As he stood there laughing, dressed in the latest style, with a gleam of gold in his attire!" "Forgive me, Hallie," he said, and he stooped to kiss her, as in the olden days, "I wanted to surprise you; then, too, I wondered if you could love me in tramping apparel."

"Well, you've found out," she answered, gayly. Then she looked lovingly at him over the coffee-urn and said, softly: "To-morrow will, indeed, be a real Thanksgiving."

Why Thankful? What are we thankful for? That is a question That sometimes puzzles e'en a dinner-guest; The rich are thankful for a good digestion, The poor if they have something to digest.—Judge.

Gathered Them In. "We gave a waifs' dinner Thanksgiving day." "A waifs' dinner?" "Yes; to five old maids and five old bachelors."—Chicago Record.

Seasonable. A chap out in far Albuquerque. Wrote east in a hand rather jerque. That if still in the mood. And the walking was good. He'd be home for his Thanksgiving tuerque.—Richmond Dispatch.

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BARN YARD CLAIRVOYANCE. Mr. Turkey—Cheer up, old man; are you superstitious? Mr. Gobbler—No; but when one picks up cranberries three days in succession, right by the door, it has a tendency to make one melancholy.

The Turkey Gobbler. Though of his size he boasted, If tender he is roasted, If tough he's in the soup.—Judge.

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