

CHATS

WITH FARMERS

John Yager of Blue Hill, who has turned the sod in that section for thirty-seven years, is one of a large number of old-time agriculturalists in this vicinity and has witnessed the remarkable development of this section. Mr. Yager came to this country from Indiana and when he started in to help tame the wilderness it was under anything but favorable circumstances. But like others he has had faith in the country and has to-day a farm of 160 acres that does not resemble the land he took when first coming here. "There is one crop," said Mr. Yager, "that has surprised many and that is the corn crop. When I first started in all we could raise was the old flint corn, but to-day we can raise just as good corn as anywhere in the country." Mr. Yager keeps from 25 to 30 head of stock and of a Short-horn strain and finds that stock is a good investment for any farm. "The potato acreage down our way has not been increased to any extent the last year. Wheat averages 15 to 20 bushels, and oats 35 to 40. Land to-day is worth from \$25 to \$30 per acre." During the past year Mr. Yager has built him a new house, and he says that farmers in his section have made a good many improvements in the way of new buildings the past year.

F. C. Foltz who resides on section 10 in the town of Greenbush, was in town last week. Mr. Foltz is one of the progressive farmers of that section and takes much interest in the development of the farming community. He came to Mille Lacs county four years ago from one of the richest sections of Wright county, and he says that his experience so far with soil culture in Mille Lacs county gives him the impression that Wright county has no better land than is to be found in Greenbush. He raises some grain, besides potatoes and vegetables and also keeps quite a few cattle. "My wheat crop this year," said Mr. Foltz, "went 22 bushels to the acre, but last year the yield was 28 bushels. The light yield this last year was due to poor seed and not to the soil. My crop of oats was a No. 1, and the yield was 78 bushels to the acre, certainly a bumper crop. The hay crop was also big this year." Mr. Foltz farms 120 acres. He says he notes a steady progress among the farmers who are improving from year to year. In live stock he has also noted quite an improvement.

Church Topics

Sunday and Weekday Announcements

CONGREGATIONAL.

The Dorcas society met yesterday with Mrs. Moxie.

Topics for next Sunday: Morning, "Christianity, the Faith, Religion;" evening, "Mary's Memorial."

The annual business meeting of the Congregational church society was held at the church last Thursday night. Reports for the year were read and submitted. \$1,300 was paid out during the year of which sum the Dorcas society furnished \$640. They made the past year \$440. Dr. Tarbox was elected clerk and S. S. Petterson trustee to succeed Dr. Tarbox whose term had expired. John F. Petterson was elected treasurer and Mrs. John Hatch deaconess. Prof. H. E. White was elected Sunday school superintendent and Messrs. Kelley and Chas. Carlson ushers. There is at the present time about \$300 in the church treasury.

METHODIST.

The Ladies' Aid society met yesterday with Mrs. A. Z. Norton.

Sunday topics: Morning, "Things Undone;" evening, "The Prayer of the Prayerless."

Rev. Gratz is conducting special evangelistic services this week in which there is much interest taken. His topic this evening is "The Angel that Blocks the Way." Friday evening, "Look Up, Lift Up." A sermon to young people. There is special music every evening.

The annual election of the Sunday school of the Methodist church resulted as follows: Superintendent, Miss Ida King; Assistant Superintendent, I. E. Burgan; Secretary, Lizzie Townsend; Assistant Secretary, Allie Jones; Treasurer, B. Taylor; Organist, Orpha Townsend. The closing year of the Sunday school was very prosperous and the outlook for the coming year is exceedingly bright.

The smallpox in Greenbush has developed at three different places during the last week or so. Last week Al Bemis, Frank Erickson and Luther Jones, came down with the disease and were at once quarantined. It is said that they were up hunting not a long while ago in the same neighborhood with Wm. Orton, and it looks as if they all got into the smallpox infested district. On Christmas night there was a dance at the home of Al Bemis and it is thought a good many have been exposed to the disease.

REVOLVER WOUNDS.

More Dangerous, For Many Reasons, Than Those of the Rifle.

Wounds in civil life differ from those in military life in the greater after danger of septic involvement. Revolver cartridges are more liable than are rifle cartridges to have been handled frequently, to have been carried in dirty pockets and to have come in contact with various forms of infectious materials that may prove of serious consequence when buried in the tissues. Moreover, revolver cartridges are covered with a coating of grease, and this encourages an accumulation of manifold microbic material, some of which may prove to be of virulently infectious nature.

Rifle bullets are practically always sterilized by the intense heat developed by the powder at the moment of their discharge. Their rapid progress through the air while in a heated condition still further serves to cleanse them of any extraneous material that may chance to have accumulated on their surfaces. This cleansing process is very effectually begun by the rifling of the rifle barrel through which the bullet forces its way.

All these favorable factors are lacking in the case of the revolver bullet, and so it is possible that in any given case such a bullet may carry infectious material with it into the tissues. If this were in small amount, nature might effectually wall it off and no serious consequences result. On the other hand, such infectious material might lie seemingly dormant for days, but really slowly gathering strength by multiplication, and when its toxins were elaborated in sufficient amount they might paralyze protective chemotaxis and produce a septic condition.—New York Medical News.

APHORISMS.

The man who procrastinates struggles with ruin.

An apt quotation is as good as an original remark.—Johnson.

Progress is the activity of today and the assurance of tomorrow.—Emerson.

To be vain of one's rank or place is to show that one is below it.—Stanislaus.

The desire of appearing clever often prevents one becoming so.—Rochefoucauld.

God is on the side of virtue, for whoever dreads punishment suffers it, and whoever deserves it dreads it.—Colton.

The mind that is much elevated and insolent with prosperity and cast down by adversity is generally abject and base.

Human nature is so constituted that all see and judge better in the affairs of other men than in their own.—Terence.

Despite all refinement, the light and habitual taking of God's name in vain betrays a coarse and brutal will.—Chapin.

A Large Covey.

Two old hunters were swapping yarns and had got to quail.

"Why," said one, "I remember a year when quail were so thick that you could get eight or ten at a shot with a rifle."

The other one sighed.

"What's the matter?" said the first.

"I was thinking of my quail hunts. I had a fine black horse that I rode everywhere, and one day out hunting quail I saw a big covey on a low branch of a tree. I threw the bridle rein over the end of the limb and took a shot."

"Several birds fell and the rest flew away."

"Well, sir, there were so many quail on that limb that when they flew off it sprang back into place and hanged my horse!"—Los Angeles Times.

Turned the Tables.

A lecturer was descending on the superiority of nature over art when an irreverent listener in the audience fired that old question at him:

"How would you look, sir, without your wig?"

"Young man," instantly replied the lecturer, pointing his finger at him, "you have furnished me an apt illustration for my argument. My baldness can be traced to the artificial habits of our modern civilization, while the wig I am wearing"—here he raised his voice till the windows shook—"is made of natural hair!"

The audience testified its appreciation of the point by loud applause, and the speaker was not interrupted again.

Rice and Rice.

To most people rice is rice, but, notwithstanding this, there is a considerable difference between the Chinese or Japanese and the American article. The former is darker in color and in no way compares with the latter in flavor or quality. Of the American, however, there are a number of grades, of which that grown in the Carolinas is considered the best. When purchasing, see that the grains are large, plump and unbroken. In washing be careful not to break them between the hands.

A Use For the Hyphen.

A teacher had just given a lesson on the hyphen, and thinking that his class understood it now, he wrote the word "birds-nest" on the blackboard. "Now, boys, why do we have a hyphen between birds and nest?" asked the teacher.

Several hands went up, and the teacher pointed to a small boy who seemed very anxious to answer. "For the birds to roost on," was the reply.—London Tit-Bits.

A Hard Problem.

First Scientist—This is a puzzling case indeed.
Second Scientist—I should say so. Why, this would puzzle an amateur scientist.—Baltimore American.

ONE MAN'S LUCK.

Steered Into a Junior Partnership by a Chance Gust of Wind.

"Speaking of taking in partners," said a downtown business man, "our junior was, you might say, blown in on us, and I saw him started in our direction, though I had no idea of it at the time."

"Going down town one summer morning on a Ninth avenue elevated train I saw sitting opposite to me a young man who caught my fancy, a substantial, earnest, straightforward looking chap, whose looks I liked first rate. He was reading a paper, and presently he tore off from his paper an advertisement leaf that he didn't want and threw it out of a window or tried to, for as a matter of fact it didn't go out. A gust of wind with just the right twist to it came along at just that moment and blew the paper back, to fall on a vacant seat next to him."

"And as it fell something in it caught his eye, and he picked up that part which he had just been trying to throw away and began earnestly to read it and ended up by folding it carefully and putting it in his pocket."

"About four minutes after I'd got in here that morning this same young man walks in and applies for a place that we had been waiting for somebody to fill. Our advertisement for a man for it was in that paper which I had seen this young man try to throw away, and which a gust of wind, by one chance in a million or more, had blown back upon him and in such a manner as to fix his attention."

"As a matter of fact I hadn't liked the young man's act of throwing the paper out of an elevated car window. A paper floating down and around as that would do might frighten horses and lead to no end of trouble and lots of damage, but no one man thinks about everything, and he'd learn better about this, I knew, and so as a matter of fact I took this young man on the spot on my first impressions of him. He far more than made good and in due course of time he came into his junior partnership, literally and truly blown into it."

"Sort o' queer, eh?"—New York Sun.

A CORDIAL RECEPTION.

The Book Agent Got One That Wasn't Intended For Him.

There is a farmer living just north of Evanston and a book agent somewhere in the cosmopolitan desert of Chicago each of whom feels that he is a victim of a cruel circumstance.

Last week the farmer had a note from a nephew to say that the boy would visit the farm on Thursday. Uncle and nephew had not met for fifteen years, and the old man drove to the station in his most uncomfortable coat that he might welcome his sister's child. But the young man failed to arrive. After waiting till the last passenger had disappeared the old man drove away, disappointed.

The book agent entered into the dramatic personae early the next morning. Looking over the top rail of the barnyard gate, he called, "Hello, uncle!"

The book agent never got such a reception before in all his life. The farmer flung the gate wide open, seized the agent's hand and pressed a whiskered kiss on the ironclad cheek.

"Say, this must be heaven," murmured the agent, following the farmer into the house and explaining that everybody at home was as well as could be expected. Not till the agent was full of a boiled dinner and attempted to sell a book did the farmer begin to see a dim light. Charged with impersonating the missing nephew, the agent explained that he greeted all elderly strangers as "uncle," that he even had a few almost real ones in South Clark street in Chicago.

When last seen by the farmer, the agent was still running, and when the real nephew does come he may find an electric current in the latchstring.—Chicago Tribune.

The Best Man.

For the origin of "the best man at a wedding" we must go back many centuries, to days when it was the amiable practice of the budding bridegroom to dispense with the consent either of the lady or her father. He simply waited for a suitable opportunity to capture her and make a bolt with his bride. In this enterprise he found it helpful to have the services of a friend who would assist him in the capture and keep the pursuers at bay until he had got a sufficiently long start. This friend was the prototype of the "best man" of our own unromantic day, when his duties are limited to seeing that the bridegroom doesn't leave the ring behind him or leave the church without taking his hat with him. How times do change!

Mostly Fortissimo.

Hunt—It seems strange to me to hear you criticize your wife's reflections as harangues, in view of the fact that in the earlier days of your married life you spoke of your wife's voice as the very soul of music.

Blunt—That's all right, too, but you see she's drifted from the Italian to the Wagnerian school.—Richmond Dispatch.

The Only One Eligible.

Papa—So, Bobby, you're the president of your bicycle club. That's very nice. How did they happen to choose you?

Bobby—Well, you see, papa, I'm the only boy that's got a bicycle.—Tit-Bits.

A statistical item of interest to women is that today women are two inches taller on an average than they were twenty-five years ago.

Lampblack mixed with turpentine to a consistency that will flow readily from the brush makes a good marking ink.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

MONEY to loan on improved farms. M. S. RUTHERFORD, Princeton, Minn.

Cash for your hides, pelts and furs at LUDDEN'S STORE.

For Sale.

House and two lots, on north side of river, for sale on easy terms. Inquire of FRANK HENSCH, Princeton, Minn.

Bring your mink, skunk and muskrats to LUDDEN'S STORE.

FOUND—On road between Princeton and Greenbush, cover with nickel plated ornament to heating stove. Owner can have same by calling at the UNION office and paying for notice.

Seal brand overshoes and rubbers at LUDDEN'S.

Solberg Bros. have opened a blacksmith and wagon shop opposite B. Soule's planing mill and are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing and wagon work. Horse shoeing and plough work a specialty. Satisfaction guaranteed. 444

Wood's Boston coffees, the freshest and best at LUDDEN'S.

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As to where to get the best food stuffs at the lowest prices? We can settle the question for you. All you have to do is to look at our goods and ask the prices, and you will be in doubt no longer. When you lessen your grocery bill you increase your income.

Here are a few suggestions for your consideration:

17 lbs. Granulated Sugar	\$1.00
Pure Maple Syrup	\$1.25
"Crystal Drips" fancy	50c
"Golden Drips" a favorite	30c
Arbuckle, Lion and XXXX coffee	12c
White Wine Vinegar	15c
Fancy Brick Cheese (our kind)	15c
Choice Florida Oranges	30c
Honest Oats	10c
Assorted Feed Cookies	10c
Prepared Mustard	5c
Ralston's Pancake Flour	25c
Cooks Flaked Rice	25c

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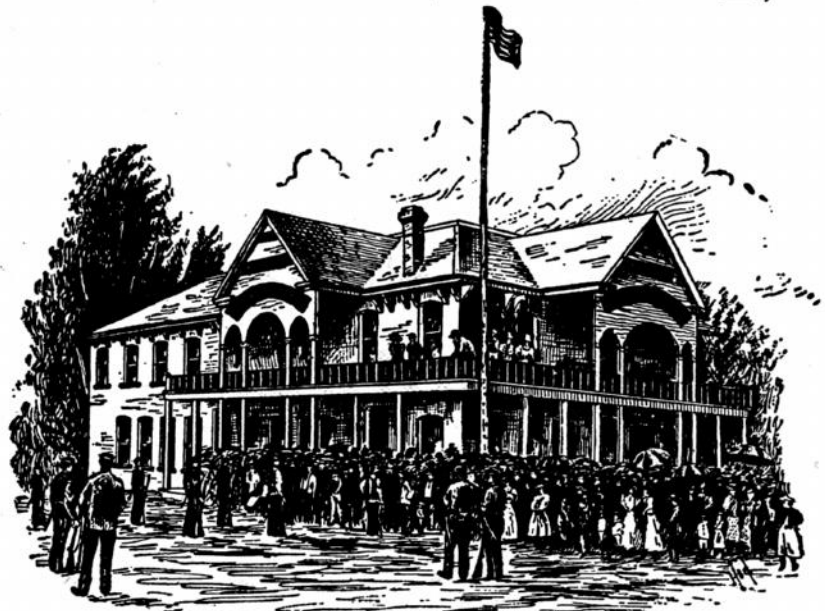
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