

State News.

Judging from the columns of the local newspapers the crop of candidates for office in Isanti county is a bumper one.

The Record, a new paper under the management of C. L. Christopherson, has made its appearance at Mabel. Mabel has been without a newspaper since George Drowley moved his plant to North Dakota about a year ago.

George Andrew, a Cass Lake photographer, was tarred and feathered the other evening and ordered to leave the town. He was accused of taking indecent liberties with little girls. They ought to have disfigured a jack pine with the carcass of the brute.

Judge Baxter has made an order refusing to grant a new trial in the case of Oscar F. Strand against the Great Northern Railway company, which was tried at Sauk Center. Strand was frightfully burned by escaping steam from a locomotive and the jury gave him a verdict for \$30,000.

A laborer by the name of Ole Larson was badly beaten up and left for dead on the railroad track at Cokato, his home. His arm was broken and he was unconscious when found. His assailants evidently thought him dead and laid him on the track. The guilty ones were all participating in a protracted spree.

Mr. Anderson, who saved the Winnipeg flyer and J. J. Hill's train from running into a washout near Ashby several weeks ago, has been given a reward of \$100 by the Great Northern company. Mr. Anderson is said to have saved a train at the same spot on a previous occasion, and was at that time given a reward of \$25.

Judge Lafayette Emmett, the first chief justice of the Minnesota supreme court, died Saturday in Santa Fe, at the home of his son-in-law, McGill Otero, governor of New Mexico. Judge Emmett left Minnesota seventeen years ago after a long life of distinguished public service. His last residence in this state was at Ortonville.

Affliction has laid its heavy hand upon Mrs. Frank McIntyre nee Crozier, of Monticello, a bride of only a few months. While on her honeymoon in Italy her husband died of typhoid fever, and now a cablegram from Florence brings word that she herself is very sick of the same disease. Her brother, W. E. L. Crozier, has started for her bedside and will sail from New York. The remains of Mr. McIntyre are on their way from Italy.

George Martin, aged seven years, and a brother, aged nine, of Winton, while catching minnows at Fall lake, Ely, slipped off the log on which they were fishing, George, the youngest, being drowned. Their cries brought help immediately, but as they were under the logs, it took several minutes to rescue them. There was life still left in both of them, and after strenuous work, the elder boy's life was saved, but the younger one was too far gone. The body was taken to Duluth where the funeral was held.

The Great Northern railroad took independent action on Friday in the equalization of the flour rates between South Dakota and Minnesota points and Chicago. It telegraphed the interstate commerce commission announcing that it would grant the petition of the Minneapolis shippers, this request having been discussed among the traffic officials of northwestern roads in Chicago on Thursday. This conference adjourned without agreement and it was after this action that the Great Northern decided to act independently.

Ellef Ellefson is at his home in Red Wing on a six weeks' vacation from the isthmus of Panama. Some 16 months ago he left for the isthmus, where he has since been employed by the government as foreman of a crew building water works for towns. He says the "big ditch" is under way in good shape and an immense amount of work is being done. He is located at Colon, which is a city of perhaps 15,000. The country round about is marshy and the government is expending large sums in trying to make it sanitary.

Hibbing stock owners are reading up on the history of the western plains for the purpose of learning about the most effective method of exterminating cattle thieves, with a view to applying that method to a gang of men who, with their headquarters in Hibbing, have for several months been engaged in the nefarious practice of waylaying strayed cattle and sheep and butchering them in the woods, then hiding their carcasses and bringing them into town under the convenient mantle of night, from whence they either parcel them out to regular "fences" or ship them to other towns.

A well dressed, gentlemanly appearing man made arrangements with Andrew J. Barrow, a Red Wing liveryman, for a ride on the lake in his gasoline launch the other day. When they reached the center of the lake the passenger produced an elaborate box which was about half full of gray ashes. The man sprinkled the ashes

on the water and then placed the box in the water, and being of metal, it sank immediately. Mr. Barrow was not aware that he was taking part in a funeral until the party produced a card giving his name and address and stated that the box had contained the remains of his wife who died about a month ago in Minneapolis. She had formerly resided in Lake City and it had been her dying request that her body be cremated and her ashes sprinkled in Lake Pepin, and he had simply carried out her wishes.

H. C. Keck of Fairmount operates an immense ditching outfit which is drawn through the sloughs and swamps by twenty yoke of the largest bulls he can procure. While operating near the Iowa line recently three yoke of the bulls were lost. When well out into the swamp the animals sank from sight and were swallowed up in the mire. It appears that the bog has a false top, and below this a bed of mire of unknown depth exists. The men who were driving the bulls had a very narrow escape from being drawn down by the struggling animals.

Alex. McKenzie, the man found guilty at Roseau of murdering Stewart, passed through Crookston Friday evening on his way to Stillwater, where he will spend the rest of his life. In conversation at the station with a number of people, McKenzie said: "I certainly maintain that I am perfectly innocent of the crime for which I have been sentenced for life, and I believe that the right man will be found yet and that I will be cleared. The only thing I can do now is to make the best of it and wait for time to clear me." McKenzie is a fine-looking fellow with dark brown hair, deep blue eyes, clean-cut features, and is the last man one would suspect of being a murderer. He walked about the streets with the sheriff and attended a concert, the audience never suspecting his identity.

Jumping into a swiftly running mill race, Fred Oestereich, a 12-year-old boy, seized Charles Wright, six-years-old, by the ear and succeeded in saving him from death by drowning at Rochester. The Wright boy and his twin brother had gone to the mill race and clambered into a loose boat. They were drifting about the pond and having a huge time, when Charles stood up to throw a chip into the water. In doing so he lost his balance, fell out of the boat and was sucked into the swift mill race. Oestereich happened to be near by, and hearing the cries of the other twin, unhesitatingly plunged into the rushing water and succeeded in reaching the little chap just as he was going down for the last time. Grabbing him by the ear he towed him ashore and after some effort succeeded in reviving him.

Summer Diarrhoea in Children.
During the hot weather of the summer months the first unnatural looseness of a child's bowels should have immediate attention, so as to check the disease before it becomes serious. All that is necessary is a few doses of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy followed by a dose of castor oil to cleanse the system. Rev. M. O. Stockland, pastor of the first M. E. church, Little Falls, Minn., writes: "We have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for several years and find it a very valuable remedy, especially for summer disorders in children." Sold by Princeton Drug Co.

Anyway, food product which the hen packs in her little white cans needs no government inspector or label to tell when it is below the standard of usefulness as an article of diet. Even the small boy gets wise to the fact and delights in spreading broadcast the wisdom along with the rest of it.

General Corbin told the graduating cadets at West Point that for the next five years they would receive as foot officers \$3.89 a day, the mounted officers getting \$4.17. This is about \$2 a day less than the average bricklayer receives. However, the bricklayer doesn't stand any chance of glory.

The attempt to popularize the American play "The Old Homestead," which recently brought down the house with jeers in England, by adapting it to the coast of Cornwall was about as sensible as trying to graft the Declaration of Independence on the English social system.

Dr. Erastus Holt has decided that a laborer who has reached the age of seventy years is worth but \$17.13. In his younger days the doctor must have been employed in marking down shop worn goods.

Queered Himself.
Miss Withers (showing photograph of herself)—I'm afraid it's rather faded. Binks (inexperienced, aged nineteen)—Yes, but it's just like you.—London Mail.

Goodness does not consist in greatness, but greatness in goodness.—Athenæus.

Our enemies are our outward consolences.—Shakespeare.

ON THE SPIRE.

Thrilling Incident in the Life of James Freeman Clarke.

When James Freeman Clarke was a young man he visited Salisbury, England. Here the beautiful cathedral lifts its spire 404 feet into the air. The spire is topped by a ball, and on the ball stands a cross. From the ground the ball looks like an orange, but its diameter is really greater than a man's height.

Workmen were repairing the spire. Mr. Clarke saw them crawling round the slim steeple in the golden afternoon like bugs on a bean stalk. The impulse came to him to climb the spire and stand on the horizontal beam of the cross. Accordingly at dusk, when the workmen had left, the young American slipped in and made his way up the stairs to the little window which opened to the workmen's staging. To run up the scaffolding to the ball was easy. Then came the slightly more bulging curve of the ball. A short platform gave him foothold. He reached up, put his hands on the base of the cross and pulled himself up. To gain the cross arm was merely "shinning" up a good sized tree, and soon he stood on the horizontal timber and, reaching up, touched the top of the cross.

After enjoying his moment of exaltation he slid to the foot of the cross, and, with his arms round the post, slipped down over the great abdomen of the ball. His feet touched nothing. The little plank from which he had reached up was not there!

Here was a peril and one for a cool head and sure eye. Of course he could not look down. The hugging hold that he had to keep on the bottom of the cross shortened the reach of his body and made it less than when he had stood on the plank and reached up to the cross with his hands. He must drop so that his feet should meet the plank, for he would never be able to pull himself back if he should let himself hung at arms' length, and his feet hung over empty air.

Now his good head began to work. He looked up at the cross and tried to recall exactly the angle at which he had reached for it, to make his memory tell him just how the edge of that square post had appeared. A few fitches to the right or to the left would mean dropping into vacancy.

Bending his head away back, he strained his eye up the cross and figured his angle of approach. He cautiously wormed himself to the right and made up his mind that here directly under his feet must be the plank. Then he dropped. The world knows that he lived to tell the tale.

PICTURESQUE ALGIERS.

All Its Streets Are Staircases, and All Are Safe.

Here is a pretty picture of Algiers by Frances E. Nesbitt: "Now it is possible to go safely into even the darkest and remotest corners, and they are dark indeed. A first visit leaves one breathless, but delighted—breathless, because all the streets are staircases on a more or less imposing scale—the longest is said to have at least 500 steps; delightful, because at every turn there is sure to be something unusual to a stranger's eye. The newer stairs are wide and straight and very uninteresting, but only turn into any old street and follow its windings in and out between white walls, under arches, through gloomy passages, here a few stairs, there a gentle incline, always up and always the cool deep shade leading to the bright blue of the sky above.

"Being so narrow and so steep, there are, of course, no camels and no carts. Donkeys do all the work and trot up and down with the strangest loads, though porters carry furniture and most of the biggest things. Up and down these streets comes an endless variety of figures—town and country Arabs, spahis in their gay uniforms, French soldiers, Italian workmen, children in vivid colors, Jewesses with heads and chins swathed in dark wrappings.

"Interesting beyond all these are the Arab women flitting like ghosts from one shadowy corner to another, the folds of their haicks concealing all the glories of their indoor dress, so that in the street the only sign of riches lies in the daintiness of the French shoes and the fact that the haick is pure silk and the little veil over the face of a finer material."—Chicago News.

After Long Years.
After long years work is visible. In agriculture you cannot see the growth. Pass that country two months after, and there is a difference. We acquire firmness and experience incessantly. Every action, every word, every meal, is part of our trial and our discipline. We are assuredly ripening or else blighting. We are not conscious of those changes which go on quietly and gradually in the soul. We only count the shocks in our journey. Ambitions die; grace grows as life goes on.—Fredrick W. Robertson.

Good Ladies' Horse.
"You told me he was a good ladies' horse," angrily said the man who had made the purchase.
"He was," replied the deacon. "My wife owned him, and she's one of the best women I ever knew."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Winners.
"Did your husband ever bet on a winning horse?"
"Oh, yes," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "All the horses Charlie bets on win at some time or another."—Washington Star.

Honesty sometimes keeps a man from growing rich and civility from being witty.—Selden.

WOMEN CHESS PLAYERS.

Why None of Them is Mentioned in the Annals of the Game.

Ladies' chess clubs are being established in various parts of the country; special inducements are held out for their patronage by the promoters of national and international tournaments, and articles on the game appear regularly in journals which cater specially to them. Women have always played and taken part in the game, though probably never to the same extent as now. It is, therefore, remarkable that in the whole of its enormous literature there does not appear the name of any woman among the stars of the first, second or third magnitude. One may go through volume after volume containing thousands of games and not find a single one played by women which any editor thought worthy of a permanent record.

When the question has been raised before, it has been involved with that of the intellectual superiority of one sex over the other. Today the answer to this would be totally inadequate and inconsequential. There are men in the front rank of players at the present moment who by no stretch of the imagination or the term can be said to occupy their position on account of exceptionally intellectual endowments. While the game always appeals to intellectual men and women, intellect is not the only factor which makes the great player.

A careful examination of the games of players whom the world recognizes as great reveals the fact that the faculties and qualities of concentration, comprehensiveness, impartiality and, above all, a spark of originality, are to be found in combination and in varying degrees. The absence of these qualities in woman explains why no member of the feminine sex has occupied any high position as a chess player.

There are many women who are earnest students of chess whose knowledge of the theory, principles and all the accoutrements of the game is phenomenal. But mere knowledge can make nobody great. Taking results, good judgment is much superior to knowledge imperfectly applied.—London Saturday Review.

John J. Ingalls' poem, "Opportunity," goes the rounds of the papers regularly two or three times a year. It rivals in popularity Ella Wheeler Wilcox's "Laugh and the World Laughs With You," Susan Marr Spaulding's "Two Shall Be Born the Whole Wide World Apart," and John Burroughs' "Serene, I Fold My Hands and Wait." These four poems are in every well regulated scrapbook.

Surely "peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." On the very spot in South Carolina where Colonel Morgan whipped the British raider Tarleton so gloriously in the battle of the Cowpens there is now a big cotton mill with 10,000 spindles, and they are going to make it bigger.



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