

**The Farm Fireside.**

Gleanings by Our Country Correspondents. . . .

**ESTES BROOK.**

Mary Knutson entertained a few of her friends on Friday evening. Magnus Bleed spent Sunday with his friend, Ole Olson, at Pease. Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Almie and family Sundayed with friends in Milo. Esther Bleed visited friends in Princeton between trains on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. J. Lindquist and family spent Wednesday at J. E. Bleed's.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Ayers spent Saturday evening with Mr. and Mrs. J. Youngren.

Phoebe Crook spent Sunday afternoon with the Misses Esther and Selma Bleed.

Corra Hubbard will leave for her home at Fargo, N. D., in a few days. She certainly will be missed.

The rural mail carrier on Route 1, Foreston, greatly appreciates the items in the Princeton Union.

John and Minnie Nesenson, Peter Daml and Oscar Schramm made a short visit at the H. L. Bemis home on Friday evening.

A slight mistake was made in last week's items. Instead of a dining room being added to the H. L. Bemis home, dining and club rooms have been built onto the Sandquist house.

While on their way to the Erickson gymnasium on Friday evening Anton Ege and Oscar Uglem of Freer lost their way, and when they discovered their road they were at the home of J. D. Sandquist. It is more than likely the boys will obtain a guide for the next trip.

Nat E. Young of Dalbo is visiting at the Hughes home.

Quite a few Estes Brook people were at the county seat on Saturday.

A crowd of young folks spent Wednesday evening at the Hughes home.

Misses Pauline Trunk and Alma Hermanson returned to their school duties here last Saturday.

Miss Clara Sandquist left last Monday for Long Siding, where she will be employed in the Uglem store.

Mr. and Mrs. Hughes and family and Eugene Bemis and family spent Saturday evening at the Beden home.

A jolly bunch attended the dance in the Erickson barn on Saturday evening. All declare that they had a good time. Another dance will be given there on Saturday, January 21.

Mr. and Mrs. Hedman and family, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bemis and family, Phoebe and Leslie Crook, Mary Knutsen, Charlie and Willie Erickson, Arvid and Albin Lind and Frank Beden spent Thursday evening at the Sandquist home. Playing cards was the order of the evening and light refreshments were served at midnight. Everyone said they had spent a very enjoyable evening.

**SPENCER BROOK.**

Will Stark intends to go to Skibo on Saturday to haul logs.

Mrs. Mary King visited in Princeton the greater part of last week.

Mrs. Lucy Swanbro is suffering from a severe attack of la grippe.

Mrs. Laura Reynolds has been quite sick with a bad cold for a week past.

Fred Scalberg and wife are at the Swanbro home taking care of their little daughter.

The stork visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Levander on Wednesday of last week and left a baby boy.

Little Hazel Scalberg of Princeton came down to visit her grandmother, Mrs. Swanbro, a few days ago and was taken very ill with pneumonia. We all hope for her recovery.

Orin Thompson and family have moved onto the Orville Thompson farm. Mr. Thompson will work for his brother, Maurice, this coming summer.

Ernest Hall of Nebraska spent the holidays with his father, Rev. Hall, of this place. He is a young man just entering the ministry. He held services in the Baptist church on Sunday evening.

**BALDWIN.**

Ernest Rosin of Minneapolis spent the past week with his parents.

Peter Erickson left on Monday for Hastings, where he is working.

Miss Olson, the teacher in district 31, has resumed her school duties.

We are all glad to hear that Lewis Pierson is able to be around again.

A crowd of the Baldwin young people spent Thursday evening at the McCracken home.

Miss Pearl Lane spent her vacation with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Lane, at Princeton.

Mrs. John South left last week for her old home in Manchester, Iowa, to visit relatives and friends.

Two of our popular schoolma'ams, Misses Paulina Trunk and Iva Mc-

Cracken, have returned to their duties.

On Thursday Mr. and Mrs. John Olsen entertained Mr. and Mrs. T. F. McCracken and daughters.

The children of district 10 school are anxiously awaiting the return of their teacher, Mrs. Bigelow, formerly Miss Douglas, as it will be quite a novelty to have a bride for teacher.

Mrs. O. A. Dorff has returned from the city. She has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Holen, and her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dorff. She brings the report that the stork has visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dorff and left a son.

On Friday evening Miss Olga and Paul Griep entertained the following: Misses Paulina and Katie Trunk, Iva and Pearl McCracken, William and Joseph Trunk, Forest and Lawrence Angstman, Henry and William Olsen, Boyd Hamilton, Clarence Dorff, Warren Angstman and Ernest Rosin. The evening was passed in playing games, telling stories, and some of the boys tried some gymnastic feats. At 12 o'clock supper was partaken of. Everyone reports an enjoyable time. The Grieps are certainly good entertainers.

**GLENDORADO AND SANTIAGO**

Jens Lofty delivered stock at Becker on Monday.

T. Knutson of Santiago called on Greenbush friends Sunday.

Mrs. Isaac Anderson is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Christ Jensen.

John Uran spent a couple of days in St. Cloud last week on business.

Miss Alice Bergsted and Ole Knutson visited friends at Bock last week.

Mrs. Ole Jensen has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Ole Gunderson, at Santiago.

Rev. Tracy of the M. E. church of Santiago is conducting revival services in Becker.

Miss Erickson of Cloquet was the guest of her sister, Mrs. E. George, during the holidays.

Miss Bessie George, who is attending high school at Cloquet, spent the holidays at her home here.

Miss Bertha Wold departed for Big Lake last Friday, where she is teaching in the eighth grade department.

Miss Emma Knutson departed for Minneapolis last Saturday after a week's visit at her home in Santiago.

Gilbert Aknderson, who has been suffering from blood poisoning in his hand, is now on the road to recovery.

Mrs. S. Johnson of Greenbush has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Chas. Alkison, at Santiago the past week.

Miss Nellie Anderson of Blue Hill visited at the home of her sister, Mrs. Ed. Odegard, at Santiago the past week.

Miss Mathilde Odegard departed for Clear Lake last Wednesday. From there she will proceed to Royalton, where she is teaching a term of school.

Mrs. P. Bergsted and daughter, Alice, and Ole Knutson, called on the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. Knutson, at Santiago on Friday evening.

Schools in districts 48 and 13 opened on Monday after a two weeks' vacation. Miss Rebecca McGuire spent her vacation at her home in Foley and Miss Alma Johnson at her home in Blue Hill.

That the young people are celebrating the New Year goes without saying. A crowd danced at Henry Stowe's in Santiago Saturday evening, and Sunday evening they danced at the home of Gilbert Anderson in Glendorado.

**DALBO.**

School commenced last Monday in district 66 after a two weeks' vacation.

The Ladies' Aid society met last Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Brodeen.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Westberg spent Sunday evening at the Andrew Westberg home.

Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Lindstedt and Mrs. Erickson called on Mrs. Florell at Wyanett last Wednesday.

Miss Kinna returned last Sunday from a two weeks' vacation, which she spent at her home in Anoka.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Westberg entertained a large crowd of young folks at their home last Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Westberg were pleasantly surprised at their home last Sunday evening by a crowd of friends. Mr. and Mrs. Westberg received as a present a sum of money. At 9 o'clock a nice lunch was served.

**BLUE HILL.**

Mrs. J. R. Hull has a severe attack of sore eyes.

Miss Grace Kalther has been sick the past week.

Albert Orahood and baby have been on the sick list but are better.

Earl Fullwiller spent his holiday vacation at his home in Blue Hill.

There is an epidemic of sore eyes making the rounds of the Wheeler

school district—not dangerous, however.

Otto Barneke and family visited Albert Orahood and family last Sunday.

Miss Cecilia McCormick has returned to her school duties after her vacation.

J. R. Hull was laid up a few days last week with a lame back, but is better now.

Mr. and Mrs. Shuman Thompson visited their son, Elmer, and family a few days last week.

Miss Mabel Anderson has returned to her school duties in the John Thompson district.

Miss Alice Lavelle has secured a situation as saleslady at the Glass Block store in Minneapolis.

The roads are very bad. A combination of snow, dust and sand do not make very smooth sleighing.

Chas. Brande is recovering from the sick spell he has been having, but is unable to do much work yet.

The Misses Gravenor of St. Paul spent their holiday vacation visiting Mrs. Marie Rottler and have returned to their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Shuman Thompson expect to leave on Monday next for a visit with their son, Owen, in Indiana. From there they will visit their old home in Ohio.

**GERMANY.**

Otto Hoelt is on the sick list.

Henry Hoelt was compelled to kill one of his colts last week.

Lena and Emil Dalchow have returned from Silver Lake.

Rev. and Mrs. A. O. Strauch and family were visiting at Fritz Mueller's last Sunday.

Bertha, Fred and Lydia Harmann were callers at the home of Emil Dalchow last Sunday.

**GLENDORADO.**

Corra Hubbard has returned from Estes Brook after a visit with friends at that place.

Frank Hubbard and the Halvorson boys are hauling logs to the John Carlson sawmill.

Arthur Halvorson is now able to be outdoors and is cutting logs on his timber claim.

Mrs. Gust Daline and son, Guy, visited Mrs. Huldah Hubbard last Thursday afternoon.

The Andrew Johnson house is quarantined. Mrs. Johnson and son are suffering from diphtheria.

Gust Daline returned home last Wednesday from Blackduck, where he has been employed in the woods.

Little Clara Denison was taken to the Northwestern hospital at Princeton last Friday. She is suffering from pneumonia and pleurisy.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Bachelor, May and Roy Bachelor and Arthur Crooks attended Mr. Abbott's funeral on Sunday at the Estes Brook cemetery.

**OXBOW**

Miss Emma Roadstrom went back to her work in Princeton last Saturday.

Alvah Bockoven and Henry Bulleigh called on Oxbow friends Sunday.

Miss Freda Anderson spent a couple of days visiting the Mott girls last week.

Plenty of snow for sleighing if it were only spread out a little more evenly.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Lundgren visited Mr. and Mrs. Albert Kufeldt last Sunday.

Miss Mazie Mott is spending a few days this week at the home of her brother, Verne Mott.

William Horstman of Lake Benton has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Geo. Carr, for a few days.

Mrs. Eugene Duby returned on Saturday from a visit to relatives near Grand Rapids, Mich.

Owing to the illness of Miss Cotton last Monday Miss Gertrude Steeves acted as substitute for the day.

Virgil and Roy Winsor returned last week to Red Wing to resume their work as agents for the Watkins supplies.

Geo. Henschel has purchased a fine new sleigh and is still driving back and forth to attend high school in Princeton.

Mrs. Allie Mott left on Wednesday morning for Crystal Bay, expecting to remain with friends there for three or four weeks.

Mr. Lynch came out to John Gates' Monday evening to repair the well pump, which has been out of order for several weeks.

Miss Annie Roadstrom and Miss Helga Chalstrom accompanied some Carmody friends to a dance at Alfred Salin's in Dalbo on Saturday night. They report a fine time.

Chas. Steeves and his brother, Abe, came home from Bruno last Thursday with their teams. They had gone up there to work in the woods but failed to find anything to suit them.

They say "there is nothing new

under the sun," but a certain bunch of rabbit hunters discovered something new last Sunday. For particulars inquire of a couple of Oxbow boys who were in the gang.

Miss Josie Henschel and Winent Radeke have returned to Princeton to continue their studies. Almon Henschel is also a pupil in the Princeton schools since the beginning of the New Year. He is stopping with his uncle, Otto Henschel.

During the cold weather of the past ten days one often heard such remarks as these: "You don't catch me in Minnesota another winter," "You bet I'll spend next winter in a warmer climate than this," etc., but when the nice spring and summer weather come we forget all about the cold.

Millard Mott, who is taking treatment for tuberculosis at the state sanitarium near Walker, writes that the government thermometer at that place registered 40 below zero one day last week, but the patients are kept comfortable in their open-air sleeping apartments by means of plenty of blankets, hot water bottles, warm bricks, etc. He states that he has 22 blankets on his bed besides a light and a heavy overcoat. They also have sleeping bags made from blankets. He says he is feeling fine.

**Farm For Sale.**

80 acres in Isanti county. Known as the S. J. Sarnar farm. Will be sold to settle the estate. For further information, address A. S. Francis, Administrator, South St. Paul, Minn. 3-3t

**WHAT THE KIDNEYS DO.**

Their Unceasing Work Keeps Us Strong and Healthy.

All the blood in the body passes through the kidneys once every three minutes. The kidneys filter the blood. They work night and day. When healthy they remove about 500 grains of impure matter daily, when unhealthy some part of this impure matter is left in the blood. This brings on many diseases and symptoms—pain in the back, headache, nervousness, hot, dry skin, rheumatism, gout, gravel, disorders of the eyesight and hearing, dizziness, irregular heart, debility, drowsiness, dropsy, deposits in the urine, etc. But if you keep the filters right you will have no trouble with your kidneys.

Thomas Post, Main street, Princeton, Minn., says: "My back was very lame and I was annoyed by a too frequent desire to pass the kidney secretions. Doan's Kidney Pills gave me relief from these symptoms of kidney complaint and greatly strengthened my back. I feel justified in recommending this remedy in view of the benefit it has brought me."

For sale by all dealers or upon receipt of price, 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

**A SNAKE STORY.**

The Reptiles Were Frozen Stiff, but That Didn't Harm Them.

A naturalist once told how in a thicket on a mountain side he saw a man kill a rattlesnake. He beat the life out of it with a club and continued the pounding till it was mangled beyond recognition. When the naturalist remonstrated the man said, "Boss, you can't kill a rattlesnake too dead."

On one occasion a boat bound for the United States from Rio de Janeiro touched at Pernambuco, where the mate drove a bargain with a snake dealer for a half dozen reptiles of various sizes.

The mate had them in a cage on deck and charged a sailor with the duty of washing it out with sea water every evening. All went well as long as the weather was mild, but on the night before the gulf stream was crossed the sailor left a quantity of water in the cage, and about thirty hours from port a biting gale struck the ship.

All hands were busy with the storm, and the snakes were forgotten. When the mate thought of them and went to look after their condition he found them frozen stiff and apparently as dead as the proverbial doornail.

The dealer for whom the mate had brought them came on board the following day. He professed great disappointment over the loss of his intended purchase, but offered to take the snakes away as a kindness to the mate. He gathered them in his arms like so much firewood and carried them home. But a rival dealer afterward told the officer that plenty of warm water had resuscitated the snakes and that they had been sold to various museums not a bit the worse for their "death" by freezing.—Harper's Weekly.

**His Strong Point.**

"This is a pretty bad report card," said the father of the young hopeful as he looked over the teacher's figures. "You seem to be 'poor' in pretty much everything."

"That's 'cause teacher only puts down th' studies I ain't good in. I ought to have 'excellent' in one thing."

"And what's that?" hopefully inquired the father.

"Fightin'. I can lick any boy in th' class!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**He Worried the Judge.**

A story was recently told of the elder Judge Peckham, father of the supreme court justice. In the early days of dentistry a hickory plug was put into the cavity to fill the space where a tooth ought to be. This plug had to be gently pounded into its desired position. The old judge was somewhat addicted to strong language, and when the dentist began his work the judge indulged in some classic comment. As the tapping of the plug continued he threw all dignity to the four winds of heaven, and his language became decidedly "more forcible than elegant."

When, however, he arose from the chair after what seemed to him an interminable period of agony he pulled out all the stops in his vocabulary for a grand climax. The impression on his listener seems to have been deep and lasting. As the judge passed out the dentist grimly remarked to a waiting patient:

"Wasn't it beautiful? It wasn't really necessary to pound half so long, but I did so enjoy his inflection that I almost pounded the hickory plug into splinters. Wonderful command of language the judge has!"—Case and Comment.

**Crossed by the Corpse.**

Most of Walthamstow is too modern to have much mystery about it, but the Walthamstow strip" of Leyton preserves the memory of a curious old rule. Barely a hundred yards broad, this strip of land, belonging to Walthamstow parish, ran right across Leyton from the sea to Snaresbrook, parallel with the southern border of Walthamstow. How came Leyton to be crossed by this alien strip? Leyton, it was said, had once refused to bury a body found in the sea; Walthamstow came forward to do it. And in such cases it was the rule that the volunteering parish might take from the other as much land right through to the other side as the men who carried the corpse could cover walking in line hand in hand arms extended. The inconvenient result worried both parishes until the growth of population made new parishes necessary.—London Chronicle.

**Wasted on Him.**

"Occasionally," remarked the visiting Londoner, "I see in some American paper a supposititious colloquy referring to an aeroplane line to Mars. Do you know, that strikes me as being exceedingly funny. Evidently the writer is ignorant of the fact that our atmosphere does not extend upward more than fifty or a hundred miles and becomes more and more tenuous as it nears the limit. He does not seem to know that the air is absolutely necessary in flying an aeroplane. It is highly probable that no aviator ever will ascend to a higher elevation than ten or fifteen miles even if he can endure the excessive cold he will encounter at that altitude. The idea of sailing an aeroplane through the imponderable ether is ineffably absurd."—Chicago Tribune.

**Help the Children.**

"There is nothing in all the world so important as children, nothing so interesting. If you ever wish to go in for some philanthropy, if you ever wish to be of any real use in the world, do something for children. If you ever yearn to be truly wise, study children. We can dress the sore, bandage the wounded, imprison the criminal, heal the sick and bury the dead, but there is always a chance that we can save a child. If the great army of philanthropists ever exterminate sin and pestilence, ever work out our race's salvation, it will be because a little child has led them."—David Starr Jordan.

**Strange Storehouses.**

In the old birds' nests that are placed near the ground in shrubs and small trees close to hazelnut bushes and bittersweet vines one will often find a handful of hazelnuts or bittersweet berries. They were put there by the white footed mice and the meadow mice, which visit these storehouses regularly. Very often a white footed mouse will cover a bird's nest with fine, dried grass and inner bark and make a nest for itself.—New York Tribune.

**Three Inscriptions.**

On the doorways of Milan cathedral are three inscriptions. The first, placed under a carved rose wreath, runs, "All that which pleases is only for a moment." The second, under a cross, reads, "All that which troubles is but for a moment," and under the central arch is the inscription, "That only is which is eternal."

**A Popular Game.**

"Many games originated from ancient forms of worship, human sacrifice, marriage, burial and other ceremonies," Dr. A. C. Haddon remarked in an address at the Royal Sanitary institute. "Leapfrog is a game common to almost every country, including New Guinea and Japan."—London Standard.

**Dying of Love.**

"Och!" said a love sick Hibernian. "What a recreation it is to be dying of love! It sets the heart aching so delicately one's not taking a wink of sleep for the pleasure of the pain."—London Telegraph.

**Not Jealous.**

Mrs. Jawback—John, I do believe you are jealous of my first husband. Mr. Jawback—Well, no; I don't believe I'd call it jealousy. Envy is the word.—Cleveland Leader.

**Yet.**

He—Is Maud thirty yet? She—Yes, yet.—Boston Transcript

**WHIPPED THE LEOPARD.**

But It Took a Troop of Baboons to Kill the Big Cat.

A vivid pen picture of a fight between a leopard and a troop of baboons is given in a German paper by P. Ritter, a sportsman and explorer in German West Africa. Leopards have a particular liking for baboon flesh, which is often used as bait to trap them.

"One afternoon," the hunter relates, "I was resting on the shady side of a big rock which formed the bank of a small stream. On the opposite side a troop of baboons came down chattering toward the water, a large male going cautiously in front, glancing and scenting around for danger. I remained immobile.

"A deep grunt assured the herd that all was well, and down the steep slope they came, last of all a female with two young, which the mother tenderly helped over the rough places. Suddenly a big leopard shot out from behind a bowlder and with one blow of his paw grabbed one of the young.

"The mother, with a roar of fury, threw herself upon the big cat. The others halted and with one accord clambered back to her assistance. The leopard had just settled the female and was about to make off with his prey when he found himself surrounded by the whole horde, which closed in upon him.

"He gave as good as he got, and two big baboons rolled down the slope apparently done for, but numbers told, and he was literally torn to pieces. It was a horribly fascinating sight, and I never regretted more having no camera with me than I did then."

**THEY DIDN'T FIGHT.**

It Was Only a Little Friendly Discussion That Excited Them.

Two Spaniards were conversing earnestly, then excitedly, at last angrily. The young American woman who passed them looked with frightened eyes toward her Spanish guide.

"What are they talking about, Senor Jose?" she asked timidly. "Do you think they will fight—or maybe kill?"

"Ah, no, Senorita Marie," replied Jose, smiling and showing his pretty teeth. "One man—that one, you see, senorita, with the long mustaches—he is saying, 'Me, I prefer much the colaire button which is steel,' and the other one—look, senorita—he is running his fingers through his hair now and his sombrero has a gold cord—he is saying, 'Ah, no, senor, the button which is of gold—si, senor, that is the button for me.'"

"But as for myself, senorita, the bone colaire button—that I prefer above all the others.

"Do I not speak with good sense, senorita? Listen. If the button is of steel it will cut, if it is of gold one cannot afford to lose it, if it is of bone it does not cut, and if it goes what matter? I have a dozen at home in my little top drawer."

"You speak with great good sense, Don Jose, but tell me—were the men really angry?"

"Oh, not at all, senorita. It is only our southern way of being interested in what we discuss. If it had been two Germans, senorita, or maybe two Englishmen, you would never have noticed them."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Then They Talked in English.**

A couple of Cleveland business men visited Mexico. In Mexico City their train was switched from one station to another. One of the Clevelanders went to the first station to make inquiries. Approaching a pair of dark visaged employees, he cudgeled his memory for the proper words from the phrase book.