

NARCH SETTLEMENT

Tax Apportionment for the County of Mille Lacs Showing Distribution of Various Funds.

Settlement Aggregates \$40,066.94, of Which School Districts of County Get \$15,725.47.

The tax apportionment of the March settlement for the county of Mille Lacs aggregates \$40,066.94. Of this sum \$3,788.93 is apportioned to the state, \$7,522.20 to the county and \$6,121.07 to the town funds.

Table with columns for Revenue, School, Reassessment, and County Taxes. Includes sub-sections for State Taxes, County Taxes, and Village Taxes.

Table for Village Taxes in Princeton, Milaca, and Wahkon, listing revenue for various roads and services.

Table for Village Taxes in Foreston and Onamia, listing revenue for roads and services.

Table for Village Taxes in TOWN TAXES, listing revenue for various districts.

Table for SCHOOL DISTRICT TAXES, listing revenue for various school districts.

Table for Public Sale, listing items for sale and their estimated values.

Public Sale. An auction will be held on the old Bill Orton farm, 5 miles west of Princeton, on the Greenbush-St. Cloud road, on Tuesday, March 31, beginning at 1 p. m. sharp.

PEASE.

Mr. and Mrs. Roelufs of Prinsburg came on Wednesday of last week for a visit at the W. F. Groeneveld home.

Mrs. Harry Van de Reit came home from Milaca on Wednesday. Miss Mary Olson, who has been staying with her sister, Mrs. Grandlund, at Bock for sometime, came home on Saturday.

Miss Elsie Nystedt of Princeton spent Sunday with relatives here and returned home on Monday morning. L. Lunn spent two days in the twin cities last week.

Mrs. John Kok and Haijo Kiel came home from the Northwestern hospital on Monday and we hope they will soon regain their normal strength.

Miss Abbie Lunn went to Milaca on Sunday and returned Monday morning. Tuesday she went to Princeton, where she will be employed for some time.

Miss Cora Renzenbrink is taking Mary Baas' place at John Timmer's this week. Mrs. Fred Timmer has been quite sick this week.

John Van Slooten commenced work as helper in the creamery on Friday.

There was an exciting time at Pease on Monday afternoon. John Vuorink brought a load of potatoes to town, had them unloaded and was picking up some that had fallen down, when his horses suddenly became frightened by the noise of an approaching buggy and ran.

A carload of lumber arrived Monday for Peter Van Someren of Woodward Brook. He had it come to Pease in order to avoid hauling it over the hills on the Princeton road.

George Lunn, who has been employed at J. A. Jetsinga's for the past year, has resigned and gone home to help his father in the sawmill. Clarence Norman has taken his place.

John Norman has bought a fine new buggy and last Friday he went to Princeton and purchased a new harness. When he drove out of town Sunday with his new buggy and his pretty little pony wearing a new harness he looked nice enough to be going to see his best girl.

A carload of farm machinery arrived on Monday for the DeRose machine shop and another is expected soon.

John DeRose, land agent, has sold 40 acres of the farm where Geo. Benson has been living to Mr. Van der Veen. The correspondent made a mistake in the price paid for butterfat for the month of February by the Farmers' creamery.

The creamery shipped 46 tubs of butter this week. M. Roosendaal has purchased a share in the creamery and is patron No. 99. Who is going to have No. 100 on his cream can?

John DeRose and Arnold Anderson went to Milaca Saturday evening. Nick and Johan Johanson took some cattle to Milaca on Monday.

Hans Christopherson helped them. Nick says there is some difference in the price of cattle as compared to what it was when they first moved here. He received \$60 Monday for a young beef animal 1 year nine months old and says it would not have brought over \$25 a few years ago.

Neil Bjel has finished his season's sawing in this vicinity and has moved over to Wilkin's, across the river. He has had a very successful season of sawing this year, being idle only two weeks since November 2.

Mrs. Roelufs, Mr. Brink and Haijo Kiel went to Minneapolis on Monday on account of the illness of John Brink, Mrs. Roelufs' son-in-law.

He is suffering from appendicitis and was taken to Minneapolis from his home in Renville for an operation. Mrs. Roelufs and Haijo came home on Tuesday. They reported that John Brink's condition was improving and that as soon as he is strong enough he will be operated on.

they must have shelter for their horses.

A basket social was held in district 9 on Friday evening. A short program was given by the older pupils. Miss Eva Ross of Princeton also gave some recitations. The young women of the district failed to bring baskets and there were only 10 baskets, while there was a house full of young men to buy them.

Herman Van de Reit went to Milaca on Tuesday evening.

Warren Shutte came down from Milaca on Tuesday to help Jonas Modin reshingle his house. Mrs. L. Kempton drove to Princeton on Tuesday.

The following were passengers to Princeton this week: Peter Kiel, John Kok, Mrs. Shutte, Mrs. Van Dalen, Saret Strating, Peter Pluimer, Nick and John Jongejeugd, and L. Otter. John Jongejeugd and L. Otter took out citizenship papers.

Mrs. John Timmer is very ill at her home here. Her sister, Daisy, is caring for her.

Spring Blood and System Cleanser. During the winter months impurities accumulate, your blood becomes impure and thick, your kidneys, liver and bowels fail to work, causing so-called 'spring fever.'

Electric Bitters—the spring tonic and system cleanser—is what you need; they stimulate the kidneys, liver and bowels to healthy action, expel blood impurities and restore your health, strength and ambition. Electric Bitters makes you feel like new. Start a four weeks' treatment—it will put you in fine shape for your spring work. Guaranteed. All druggists. 50c and \$1. H. E. Bucklen & Co., Philadelphia or St. Louis. Advertisement.

BRICKTON.

Henry Greenwood has gone to Jordan, Minn., to take the mud baths. He is suffering from rheumatism.

Ernest Sellhorn spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Young. He returned to Redcliff on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Farnham left for Minneapolis on Saturday morning to attend the graduation of their daughter, Marion.

Those who spent Sunday at Bert Young's were Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Rudolph Lucke.

Henry Kuhn has purchased a fine horse from Mr. Degelman of Greenbush.

Fred Schenck and Mrs. Pitmon and daughter, Hazel, were guests at the Markgraf home on Sunday.

Ruth Gordier entertained many of her little friends at supper on Monday evening, it being her eighth birthday anniversary.

Grandma Johnson is on the sick list. Ethel Olson was a visitor at her parents' home in Greenbush on Sunday. Her friend, Hattie Young, accompanied her.

Best Family Laxative. Beware of constipation. Use Dr. King's New Life Pills and keep well.

Mrs. Charles E. Smith of West Franklin, Me., calls them 'Our family laxative.' Nothing better for adults or aged. Get them today. 25c. All druggists or by mail. H. E. Bucklen & Co., Philadelphia or St. Louis. Advertisement.

GERMANY.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Percy Harter on Friday, March 27. Miss Bertha Newman visited at August Meyer's in Bogus Brook last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Schmidt visited the newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Schmidt, on Sunday.

Mrs. Emma Thoma and children and Mr. and Mrs. August Thoma spent Sunday with Chas. Rosen and family.

Mr. Pike has purchased a new horse. Ernest and Richard Dehn spent Sunday at Marion Cater's.

Those who sawed wood the past week were Ett Bockoven, Lessie Bockoven and Geo. Schmidt.

Miss Cora Bockoven is staying with her grandma. R. Manke helped H. Heitman haul hay a few days last week.

Oliver Dibble cut his hand quite badly on a circular saw while helping John Gates last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Hall spent Sunday evening at George Tomlinson's.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hyndman, Mrs. Ellen Hyndman and Mrs. Redmon and son were visitors at Otto Grapentine's last Wednesday.

A party of young people spent Wednesday evening with Selma Grapentine. The evening was spent in playing Flinch.

The many friends of Mrs. Carl Dehn will be pleased to hear she is getting along as nicely as can be expected. The neighbors discovered a nice baby girl at Herb Gates' last Friday. The Ladies' Aid society met with

Miss Selma Grapentine last Wednesday afternoon. Nearly all the members and a large number of visitors were present. A fine lunch was served and all enjoyed the first meeting with Miss Grapentine. The next meeting will be with Mrs. Lewis Palm.

Mrs. Sjoberg of Princeton visited her sister, Mrs. Edward Hall, one day last week. Warren Gates celebrated his sixth birthday anniversary last Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Steeves are very proud of their little granddaughter.

Miss Annie Roadstrom has returned from Minneapolis, where she has been at work.

Mr. and Mrs. Tomlinson attended the surprise last Thursday evening for their son, George, who resides in Princeton.

Otto Grapentine returned last Thursday evening after spending the winter in the pines.

The following attended school in district 32, for the month ending March 13, without being tardy or absent—Herbert, May, Dorothy and Warren Gates, Ernest and Helene Grapentine, Ida and Ernest Henschel, Hattie Hall, Marshall Hall, Florence Lindell, Walter and Sophia Meyer, Elma Radeke and Ethel Whitcomb.

DISTRICT NO. 50.

Herb Campbell and Miss Blair were visiting at the former's home on Sunday.

Myrtle Norberg and her two brothers, and Miss Spicer were callers at the Campbell home on Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Usher received the sad news on Monday morning that his father was dead at his old home in Des Moines, Iowa.

Mrs. Anderson and family were visitors at the Johnson home on Sunday.

Julius and Selma Egge were callers at the Campbell home on Monday evening.

They have got the state road across Cartwheel marsh nearly covered with brush and logs.

BLUE HILL.

Mrs. R. A. Wood left on Monday for Waseca county, where she was called by the serious illness of her mother.

The fires have begun and farmers are busy hauling their hay from the meadows.

Andrew Wahl hurt himself quite severely by a load of hay tipping over and throwing him on the frozen ground.

Chester Taylor is here from Graf-ton, N. D., to spend a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Taylor.

Miss Heim will make her home with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Groff the coming two weeks while Mrs. Wood is away.

Mrs. George Taylor returned to her home in Greenbush on Sunday after spending a week with C. W. Taylor and wife.

Mrs. H. A. Humphrey is quite ill from asthma. Our farmers are taking advantage of the fine roads to haul off their surplus potatoes.

A number of young people spent Sunday evening with Roy and Mina Groff. Miss Heim was called to her home at Forest Lake on Tuesday morning by the death of her grandfather.

Claude Bragg has gone to house-keeping all by himself on his new farm, but is looking for a house-keeper.

LIVONIA.

Miss Laura Lynch came home Saturday from her school and returned on Monday morning.

Mrs. Smart was in Anoka last week to consult a doctor. George Spencer has moved his household goods here from Minneapolis and will spend some time at the Briggs home.

Fred Young of Princeton has plastered Wm. Haase's new house. Ed Foley and Joe Cohoes of Zimmerman were out this way Sunday trying their new auto.

Among the callers at Jas. Iliff's on Sunday were Chas. Cohoes and family, Mrs. Pratt and daughters, Beatrice and Ellen, Ernest MacKenzie and Raymond Lang.

A number of young folks gathered at Oscar Oscarson's on Saturday evening and listened to his phonograph until a late hour.

Art Johnson left for the west on Monday. The 'Mischiefmakers' gathered at Chas. Cohoes on Thursday night and gave Otto Johnson a farewell party. A lunch was served and a nice time was passed.

VINELAND.

Stuart Oliver is erecting a log cottage for Mr. McKay.

M. E. Stange of Minneapolis was here last Wednesday looking over some land. J. H. Faught departed for Princeton last Sunday, where he will serve as petit juror for the March term of court.

L. P. Roscoe and family, who spent the winter at Wigwam bay, moved to Staples last week.

ONE BED FOR THE COURT.

It Was a Big One, Though, and Held All Its Numerous Members.

The first courthouse of Henry county, Ill., was a frame structure, eight feet by fourteen, set in the midst of an uninhabited prairie. But as little villages began to spring up in the county a lively contention for the honor of being the county seat began. Cambridge finally won, for it was nearest the center of the county.

This was in the forties of the last century. The first session of circuit court was at hand and Cambridge was on its mettle to entertain the court suitably. The difficulties to anything but pioneer courage and resourcefulness would have seemed insuperable. The village consisted of eight or ten little dwellings, a tiny general store, a blacksmith shop and a carpenter shop. The new courthouse was unfinished, but would be used, as the session fortunately fell in the summer.

Now the housewives laid their heads together to contrive how the court—officials, litigants and witnesses—should be lodged and fed. There was almost nothing that could be bought, except sugar, molasses, tea, coffee and flour. But they had an abundant supply of yellow legged chickens, home cured hams, milk, eggs, butter and cream, as well as their vegetable gardens to draw on. There was no fresh fruit, but they brought out their cherished stores of wild plum marmalade and wild crabapple preserves. Both were made with molasses, and after they had sufficient time to season were really delicious. Besides, the hillsides were pink with the beautiful wildwood sorrel, the leaves of which make delicious pies in skillful hands.

The village boasted one group of forest trees, a small grove of sugar maples, half a mile away, and in their shade Mr. Atwater built a long table with sawhorses and boards. With the combined stock of table linen, crockery and cutlery possessed by the housewives the table was laid with sufficient elegance, according to pioneer standards. It was felt that the court would be properly feasted, but how about lodging? That was the real difficulty. The tiny houses and their beds were full to overflowing with their proper inmates.

But there was the loft of the carpenter shop. The store had a whole bolt of unbleached muslin. It was torn into lengths equal to the length of the loft and sewed together by hand, of course.

Then the loft floor was covered deep with nice clean shavings, the immense sheet laid over them and tacked to the walls all the way round. On this Broddingnagian bed the court lay in two rows. From the extra supply required for winter enough quilts were mustered to cover the sleepers. As for pillows no one gave a thought to those effeminate luxuries. The lawyers might lay their heads on their saddlebags or their rolled up coats and be thankful.

This was the circuit court sumptuously fed and sufficiently lodged, thanks to the ingenious women of Henry county.—Youth's Companion.

Might as Well Have Seen Him.

Awakening with a bad headache the morning after a banquet, a suburban dentist mused, not unpleasantly, on his last evening's spree. But suddenly his wife appeared and, advancing to his bedside, shouted hysterically: "You wretch! What will the neighbors say at your coming home drunk last night?"

"But, my dear, nobody saw me," the dentist protested. "Nobody saw you! What if nobody did see you? You know well enough they all heard the way I carried on when you got back."—New York Tribune.

A Lesson in Curling.

Inexperienced Member (to venerable skip)—What's a patlid, Mr. Macpherson? Skip—Dae ye no see, ye gowk? Ye ding yer stane cannily, but nae so fine as the hog it. Nae halflin fleg, nor jhinkin' turn, ye ken, but tently, that it aye gangs snoovin' an' shoutherin' among the guards, till strauch as an elder's walk, hogye fa' on this verra tee. When ye'ze done that, laddie, ye'ze made patlid, an' ye may bear th' gree.—Toronto Globe.

Even Worse.

"Why do they hate each other so?" "They are rivals." "Oh, both trying to marry the same girl, eh? That sort of thing certainly does arouse a man's primal passions." "In this case it is worse than that. They are both trying to marry the same fortune."—Houston Post.

Barrett's Pun.

Lawrence Barrett, though stern and dignified, could unbend a little occasionally. Once a popular low comedian proposed a combination with him, which he declined. "It would have been an unhappy illustration," said the tragedian in relating it, "of Grin and Barrett."

Flustered.

It was Smith's first Sunday as usher in church and he was a bit flustered. Turning to a lady who entered he said, "This way, madam, and I'll sew you into a sheet."—Boston Transcript.

Fussy Baby.

Mamma—Nettie, what are you doing to baby that makes him cry so? Small Nurse—Oh, he's got fuss because I tried to open his mouth with your glove stretcher.—Chicago News.

The elect are those who will and the nonelect are those who won't.—Henry Ward Beecher.

GERMAN RED TAPE

A Most Irritating Brand Is Used In the Postoffices.

SENDING A PARCEL BY MAIL.

Experience of an English Tourist Who, With Joyous Confidence, Undertook to Perform What Was Supposed to Be a Perfectly Simple Operation.

In all innocence and lightness of heart I set out one morning to send a small parcel to England from the town in Germany where I was staying. At the postoffice I was confronted by three booking office windows, each having a weird and formidable inscription over it. These inscriptions were not to be comprehended at a glance; so, not wishing to gaze up at them too long, I selected the least crowded window and handed over my parcel. It was promptly returned to me with a curt "Go to the next window!" It was just that window I specially wished to avoid, being the most crowded, but I waited my turn and then made another attempt. The official looked at me sternly.

"Have you the circulars?" he asked. "No," I replied faintly.

He handed me three circulars, for which I had to pay a small sum and which I was requested to fill up. Picking up my parcel, I sat down to study those circulars. They were covered with instructions, the language used was magnificent, and the effect was so overwhelming that I found it difficult to grasp what I was instructed to do. If my papers were not filled up accurately it was not from untruthfulness, but owing to my limited German vocabulary.

By the time I had described the parcel, the gross weight thereof in grams and kilograms, the gross value thereof in marks and pennings and given a detailed description of each article contained therein, with its separate weight and value, I felt like an old inhabitant of that postoffice. I had seen, as it were, generation after generation of stamp purchasers come and go, and still I remained. As to the weights, my idea of kilograms was about on a par with my knowledge of definite integrals. However, I did my best. I guessed at the probable weight of the parcel and divided the articles into it.

At length I came to the end, and, feeling like a candidate at an examination, I gathered up my papers and the parcel and went over to the window. After waiting my turn I handed over the papers. The official glanced at them, then at the parcel, and frowned.

"Did you weigh the articles?" he asked sternly.

"Ya-a!" I stammered.

"Then go home and weigh them again. You have put them down at half a ton!"

There was no help for it. With a sigh I gathered up my papers and went back to a secluded corner. After patiently reducing all the weights I again presented the papers. This time they were passed, and I was sent on to the next department, where I had to purchase and fill up another document. I was now getting into form, and this paper was soon dealt with.

Then, with my heart beating fast, I handed over the parcel. It was once more returned to me. The official said he could not take it in that condition—it was insecurely made up.

Now, if there is one thing upon which I pride myself it is upon the neat way in which I turn out a parcel. So, smothering my indignation as well as I could, I assured him that it would be all right, that it was perfectly safe and that there was nothing in it which was breakable. He repeated firmly that it was insecure and that he could not take it. So I sadly collected my papers and the parcel and went home to dinner.

I spent all the afternoon trying to purchase a cardboard box of exactly the right proportions and some waterproof cloth to wrap round it. I next procured a stick of sealing wax and a German seal, and by the time I had finished that parcel looked as if it were prepared to travel to the north pole.

It was now getting toward evening, and I was feeling wearied after my day's work, so I besought my brother—a willing, guileless youth—to take it to the postoffice. He took it so innocently that my conscience reproached me for not having given him a word of warning. He was a long time gone, but that was to be expected. When I saw him come in my heart sank in despair.

"They won't take it like this," he said cheerfully. I groaned and asked, "Why not?"

"There's not enough sealing wax on it." "Not enough sealing wax?" I cried incredulously.

"No. You must put a blob wherever the string crosses and wherever there's a knot."

In desperation I seized the sealing wax and worked away until I had used it to the last speck and the parcel was one intricate mass of string and wax. Then I conveyed it once more to the postoffice. It was now almost closing time, and the officials were in a hurry to get away. I handed over the papers and the parcel without a word.

Two minutes later I walked out of the postoffice with joy in my heart and a smile of satisfaction on my face. I had sent the parcel off.—London Family Herald.