

GRAFT THAT FAILED

Paretic No. 29's Private Trout Stream Ruined Just When It Was Best.

Envious Cousin Brings to Naught the Scheme Evolved by a Brilliant Mind.

"Speaking of fishing," said Paretic No. 16, when the Paretic club assembled the week following Paretic No. 29's narrative of the loaded bass, "some of you people who like to make record catches should have tried the trout fishing on my private stream in Wyoming."

"In the early nineties," continued No. 16, "I conceived the idea of establishing a private trout stream, which would provide good fishing all the year round. The place I selected was in Wyoming, as I said, just outside the Yellowstone reservation. There was a little stream there which was full of trout in the summer time that they would actually fight to take a hook. It occurred to me that there was a fortune for any man who would provide some of these wealthy anglers with a place for winter fishing, and I thought I had found the way."

"I bought up a strip of land a mile long on each side of the stream and built a big dam on the bank, just about the middle of my land. Land was cheap there just then, and the strip didn't cost much. Then I built a shed, about five hundred yards long, which spanned the brook, each side being about twenty yards back from the nearest bank. The walls at each end of the shed came down to the water's edge.

"The next problem was to keep the stream open during the winter, for Wyoming winters, as you know, are the genuine goods. I had solved this problem, however, before I started to carry out my scheme. About a mile and a half from my stream, just inside the reservation, was a little geyser, but one which I thought would be quite large enough to answer my purpose.

"I tapped this geyser with a six-inch pipe, and laid the pipe eight feet under ground thru the country between the geyser and my trout stream. The pipe was protected from the cold by thick layers of paper, and whether you know it or not, paper is the best non-conductor of heat there is. I had no fear that the heat would escape from that main. When the pipe reached the stream, I turned it into a lot of smaller pipes, and led these into the stream. Just a little way above the up-stream end of the shed.

"The result was just what I expected. That hot water came pouring thru the pipes into the stream, and when the brook came down thru my shed the water was about 45 degrees, Fahrenheit, just the temperature for trout. My brook was a substantially built affair, with a double wall, the space between filled with earth, so that it never got very cold in there.

"All thru the winter not a bit of ice formed upon the stream, and it never was cold enough in the shed to bother a fisherman, especially since there was no wind. Was it a success? My boys, the way the trout swarmed to that little warm bath I had provided for them was only equalled by the way the millionaires from north, south, east and west swarmed to my shed to pay four prices for the privilege of catching fish. There never was such fishing known in the world.

"For miles up and down that stream the trout feed the news of the comforts of my stretch of water. On a particularly fine day you could see them coming in perfect schools from up and down the brook. A bunch of big fellows would race in, slide up close to the intake pipes, take off the chill of the water outside, and then swim lazily off to some deep hole, where they would lie and wave their fins with an expression of perfect content. There was lots of fighting among them, for there were more trout than there was room for, and consequently only the biggest ones could get in. That of course made it all better sport for my boarders. In the two years I ran my winter resort, I think there was hardly a trout taken that weighed less than three pounds, and monsters of seven and eight pounds were not uncommon.

"Once in a while some young and reckless trout would get too near the intake pipe, and when the hot water struck him his fins would curl up, and he would turn over and come floating down the stream. I have often picked boiled trout right out of the water.

"And talk of fishing made easy. All my millionaires had to do in the morning when they wanted to fish was to step out of the door of the inn, inside the shed, go to the bank, and throw in a line. They always got a strike inside three minutes, and then they would have anywhere from fifteen minutes to three-quarters of an hour's sport with the fish. I had a very small but very select company, and I never showed more than four to five at a time, two on each bank. A man could catch one fish, and then he would yield to the next. Usually one would get ten or twenty trout a day, according to the time

it took to land them. And the money just rolled in.

"But there are some persons who can never bear to see anyone else prosperous. The second winter I was running my resort, a cousin of mine, an imprudent, shiftless fellow, learning of my success, wanted me to give him a share in the business. I refused, of course, for I had too good a graft to give up, even a piece of it. Then he swore he would spoil my business, but I laughed and told him to try.

"One morning as I stepped out of the door of the inn, I looked at the stream, then stopped and rubbed my eyes to make sure I saw aright. My trout stream was frozen over, no worse, for as I walked out upon the ice, which was clear as crystal, I could see that it was frozen solid clear down to the bottom. At intervals thru the ice were trout, from little half-pound babies to big eight and ten-pound patri-arch trout, as they could swim away, and frozen fast in the ice.

"That dastardly cousin of mine had discovered my pipe line to the geyser, had tapped it, shut off the hot water, and turned in a thousand gallons of liquid ammonia. When that struck my private stream, it froze the water solid, before the fish could flee to a place of safety.

"I discovered the trouble, turned on the hot water again, and thawed out the stream. But I could never make my resort the same. Many of my best boarders had become angered by having their trips cut short when the stream froze, and the trout never had the same confidence in me that they once did. A few who had escaped carried the news of the tragedy thru the whole length of the brook, and I never could induce them to return in such numbers as to make the same sum. I live now only in the hope of one day meeting and fitly punishing my cousin."

MIXING BREAD

About How the Average Man Would Succeed, Should He Be Weak Enough to Try It.

Philadelphia Ledger.

There are two kinds of handy men about the house—the professional and the real. The professional talks about helping, but never before I started to carry out my scheme. About a mile and a half from my stream, just inside the reservation, was a little geyser, but one which I thought would be quite large enough to answer my purpose.

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KING OSCAR HONORS CLERGYMEN

REV. ULRIK VILHELM KOREN, Decorah, Iowa.

Signal honor has been shown by King Oscar of Sweden and Norway to the three survivors of the founders of the Norwegian Evangelical Lutheran church in America. The king has invested the trio with the order of St. Olaf, President Vilhelm Koren, of the synod, becomes commander of the second class and the Rev. Messrs. H. Stub and J. A. Ottesen, knights of the first class. While several Swedish churches in America have been decorated by King Oscar these are the first Norwegians to be thus honored.

According to the official history of the synod its founders were Rev. Messrs. A. C. Preus, H. A. Preus, Vilhelm Koren, H. A. Stub, J. A. Ottesen and N. Brandt. These clergymen were present at a meeting held at Luther Valley, Wis., in October, 1852. The organization of the synod has often been considered dating back to a meeting held at East Koshkonong in February, 1853, which was attended by the pioneers above named and also by Rev. C. L. Clausen, but the official statement must be accepted.

Of the six men whom the synod looks to as the fathers of the church the

REV. J. A. OTTESEN, Decorah, Iowa.

Messrs. Preus have gone to their reward and Mr. Brandt left the ministry some twenty years ago. The only one still living service to the church is Mr. Stub and Mr. Ottesen have on account of advanced age been compelled to cease from active labor.

Ulrik Vilhelm Koren has a remarkable history. Although he has been a clergyman for fifty years he still serves his original flock at Washington, Prairie, Iowa, and has had no other. His original parish was in northeastern Iowa and southern western Minnesota and is now served by a score of clergymen. He was the first Norwegian minister to locate west of the Mississippi. Mr. Koren, who is nearly 77 years of age, has been a member of the church council for forty-two years and has been president since 1896.

Hans Andreas Stub, now 71 years of age, has served in the church for fifty years and after his golden jubilee in 1898 returned to the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. E. Bergh, Seward, Minn.

Jobab Alot Ottesen, now 77 years of age, came to America in 1852, was ordained in the same year. He served faithfully in the church until 1896.

SWELL NAGS COMING

Stylish Equines and Equipages Galore Promised for the Minneapolis Horse Show.

Entries for Exhibition and Speed Events Will Close Next Saturday.

The managers of the Minneapolis Riding and Driving club are preparing many grand society and amusement events for the week ending June 30 in the horse show and speed attractions at the state fair grounds at Hamline. Not only have many handsome and famous show horses already arrived at Hamline, but hundreds of high-class equines owned in the state are also stabled there, waiting for the summer meeting and exhibitions. A. E. Ashbrook, popular manager of the Kansas City horse show, has already located at the grounds, fetching a train load of coaches, horses, equipages, hounds and polo ponies.

In the four city, as well as at St. Paul, scores of handsome horses are being fitted, and their owners are preparing coaches and other equipages. New harnesses, whips and other rich appointments are greatly in demand, and the Minneapolis horse show of this year is bound to excel anything of this nature ever attempted in the west. Not only has the management offered double the amount of any previous year—\$12,000 in purses and prizes, but conditions have been made most liberal, and features added to attract such a multitude as can be accommodated only in the commodious Hamline grounds.

Secretary Randall sends word that for the horse show the club house will be put in the neatest condition possible, and private parties may secure exclusive positions on the spacious verandas of that handsome building.

Also two grand programs are to be put on and two sets of judges and officials are to be named. For the exhibition there will be but a single admission. Commodious boxes and comfortable chair seats, sufficient to seat 20,000, are to be prepared, and parties desiring reserved or preferred seats are to be accommodated in a liberal manner.

Red and white are the dazzling hues selected by the management as color emblems of the horse show, and the leading merchants, milliners and clothiers will deck the town out in those colors.

Entries for both exhibition and speed events close on Saturday, June 20, at the office of R. F. Jones, manager, 43 Fourth street S., where all information may be obtained.

STATE INSTITUTION RECEIPTS.

The state board of control has turned over to the state auditor the receipts of the various state institutions, as follows: Anoka asylum, \$10,027; Hastings asylum, \$1,295.49; Fergus Falls hospital, \$208.84; Rochester hospital, \$503.73; St. Peter hospital, \$748.88; school for blind, Fairbault, \$102.49; school for deaf, Fairbault, \$288.74; feeble-minded, Fairbault, \$810.83; state public school, Owatonna, \$13,377; state training school, Red Wing, \$903; state reformatory, \$288.74; normal school, Duluth, \$12,110; normal school, Mankato, \$2,077.31; normal school, Moorhead, \$125.95; St. Cloud, \$77.65; normal school, Winona, \$381.94; state prison, Stillwater, \$28,208.30.

BIRD ISLAND QUARANTINE.

Dr. H. M. Bracken, secretary of the state board of health, is in Bird Island to-day looking into the smallest situation. Reports have been received which indicate that proper quarantine has not been observed in cases in that vicinity.

Take Your Fish Line on the Soo Line.

Fishing on the Soo Line is better than ever. Special rates on Friday and Saturday. Office, 119 Third street S.

Office of Interest to Teachers.

Soo Line mid-summer excursions. One fare for round trip to New England, Canadian and Michigan points. Call at ticket office, 119 Third street S., for particulars.

Mid-Summer Excursions.

To New England, Canadian and maritime points via Soo Line. One fare for round trip. Call at ticket office, 119 Third street S., for full particulars.

Detroit \$9.75.

For the round trip via the Soo Line. A great opportunity. Call at the Ticket Office, 119 Third street S.

Epworth League.

A publication telling about special rates to Detroit, has been issued by the Soo Line. Office, 119 Third street S.

Carey's Magnesia Cement Roofing.

The best and most economical and practical fire-proof roofing made. W. S. Nott company. Both phones, 376.

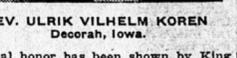
It Certainly Pays.

To place your ad where you can get returns, and you can by using The Journal Want Columns.

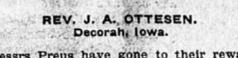
Mrs. Fairbanks tells how neglect of warning symptoms will soon prostrate a woman. She thinks woman's safeguard is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Ignorance and neglect are the cause of untold female suffering, not only with the laws of health but with the chance of a cure. I did not heed the warnings of headaches, organic pains and general weariness, until I was well nigh prostrated. I knew I had to do something. Happily I did the right thing. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound faithfully according to directions, and was rewarded in a few weeks to find that my aches and pains disappeared, and I again felt the glow of health through my body. Since I have been well I have been more careful. I have also advised a number of my sick friends to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and they have never had reason to be sorry. Yours very truly, Mrs. MARY FAIRBANKS, 216 North 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn. (Mrs. Fairbanks is one of the most successful and highest salaried traveling saleswomen in the West.)—\$5.00 for full original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be reproduced.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, leucorrhoea, displacement, etc., remember, there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



REV. ULRIK VILHELM KOREN, Decorah, Iowa.



REV. J. A. OTTESEN, Decorah, Iowa.

BEST FISHING EVER

Col. Wheaton and Three Kindred Spirits Have a Day at Big Spider Lake.

Quartet Catches One Hundred and Eighty-six Fine Bass the First Day.

"I wouldn't give a snap to be rich 'till I 'putty. 'Wants the use of ev'ry' Jim Hill, or Rock'feller, or Morgan? They don't own them railroads, 'n' oil mines, 'n' banks; they own 'em, 'n' work 'em like siggers. They can't get 'em away, I tell you, 'till I kin."—Philosophy of Colonel Wheaton.

The sign was right last Saturday, and Dan Gunn, Bert Powers and Ed Greenman, with a boat cart hitched on behind and the colonel himself driving; the expedition bound for Big Spider Lake, twenty-five miles away, and a day with the bass in prospect.

"This lake is Colonel Wheaton's idea of what's coming to a real fisherman, and none other will be taken there; truth to tell, mighty few men but Father Isaak's own sons would care to undergo the trip, and as an unmasker of the spurious fisherman, there is nothing in this country to equal that road, and the 'Rocky road to Dublin' is none other than the general run of Itasca county roads, either. As the colonel says: 'That road ain't no bully-ard, 'n' ain't no lady's pleasure. But when, there's four to five men, 'n' a mule long at a stretch, 'n' your hosses don't never have to swim 'n' you know how to drive. But the fishin' at the other end, 'Well, say! If gettin' to heaven's any better than the work 'n' the bass fishin' you get in Big Spider after you've went there, I'm d—d if I don't try it some time.'"

Which may be the better worth while, getting to Big Spider, or getting to heaven, I do not know, for I've never seen the man who has done both—but it is a matter of record that most visitors to the former place have gone on record as to the effect of the fact that the latter might have keener delights to offer the real fisherman, but they doubted it.

"Well, our party wended its way in great spirits and the keenest of anticipations for the wind which had hung in the east for more than a week had changed to the northwest and was steadily working round to the west—quaintly solving of the spots was growing so, and there had been more blessed with every breath it exhaled. "Singing they went and their merry glee the mock-bird echoed from every tree."

"The date and the selection of a referee has been left for later decision. It is expected that the groom will take the great honors this time. The happy couple have no matchmaker to thank for the coming match. They managed themselves.

Corbett will be seconded by 'Kid' Madden. The ring will be the regulation size and shape. The Marquis of Queensberry ceremony will be used.

Nine hundred invitations will be issued after a great gathering of sports is expected to witness the match. The presents will be valuable and costly. Mr. and Mrs. Terry McGovern will give a punch bowl.

Benny Yanger will send a challenge. Sammy Harris' present will be a large cut glass dish for sour grapes. Young Mowatt will also send articles. Big Herd will send a dish for lobster salad and a cheese knife.

CHEF AS A FIGHTER

Green View, Ill., Police Officer Looks for a Match.

Patrons of the pugilistic game in St. Louis may have the novel experience of seeing a genuine chief of police in the role of principal in the West End club.

Formerly Hamilton has received a letter from Walter Montgomery, chief of police of Green View, Ill., asking for a fight before his club. Montgomery writes the letter on official stationery and signs himself as chief. He says he is willing to meet any man in his class, and that, although the business of being a police chief is pretty good, he thinks he can make a bit more money in the prize ring. Montgomery's ring name is "Billy O'Brien," and he fights at 155 pounds.

Green View, Ill., is a town of about 1,500 inhabitants. Montgomery is the only peace officer in the town, and, according to reports, has no trouble in enforcing his authority. Pugilistic records show he has fought a couple of bouts with Rube Ferns, losing both. Promoter Haughton has not yet made the match.

Special Low Rates to Boston and Return via North-Western Line.

Account N. E. A. Good going June 30 to July 4th with liberal time limits returning. Call or write for very low summer rates to other points. 383 Robert St., St. Paul, 600 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis. T. W. Teasdale, G. P. A., St. Paul.

But the boat was uninjured, and the cart set to running-rightly speedily, and the lake was reached before five in the afternoon without further accident. Here, as they had made for a point where there

HIS LIFE WORK THE BONE-SETTER, HUDSON, WIS., CURING GRIPPLES AND CROWNED WITH MARVELOUS SUCCESS.

If you could read the touchingly grateful letters from Dr. Arons' patients to him, and those from the parents and relatives of his patients, you would not marvel at his success.

They return their heartfelt thanks. Many are at a loss to transfer their words to paper in expressing their deep gratitude for his wonderful service in restoring their limbs, limbering their joints, straightening their spine, curing their club feet, and the thousand and one conditions that render so many of the human family crippled.

A devoted mother writes: "God bless you, Dr. Arons, for what you did for my daughter."

Another says: "I would not take \$10,000 for what you have done for me so far."

A father writes: "Count me your friend always."

A mother says: "The good you have done baby cannot be measured; he is well."

A major in the United States army, on the cure of his daughter, recently writes: "I honor you as a man for doing just what you agreed to do. I bow to your professional skill, which appears to me only little less than marvelous. I shall remain your debtor through life, for your work, the value of which to me I am not able to compute in dollars and cents."

Such extracts as these may be taken from hundreds of his letters, from people all over the country, who are in every calling in life.

It is a noble work and his is crowned with marvelous success.

If you intend to consult the Bone-Setter, write him, say how you are crippled, inclose stamp, address, "Bone-Setter, Hudson, Wisconsin," and he will say when he can see you.

Dr. Arons' lovely place, "Rose Villa," at Hudson, Wisconsin, is a perfect bower of bloom. Patients are coming on every train from every section of the union.

Advertisement for Hamm's beer. Text: "Talk is cheap That's not our Motto. We have spent this year, in St Paul, \$350,000 to produce the Best Beer. That's Hamm's."

The Journal's Sweet Pea Show

Table listing names of florists and seedsmen and the amount they have subscribed for premiums to be awarded at the show. Includes Donaldson Greenhouses, Prior Seed Co, Northrup, King & Co, etc.

Send for Entry Blank, Premium List and Rules, to H. L. Patthey, Manager The Journal's Sweet Pea Show. Entries are free. All amateur growers can compete for premiums. Look at your garden, send for entry blank, fill it out and send it in early.

BLOOD POISON CURED BY THE WORLD'S GREATEST SPECIALISTS MEN'S DISEASES

There is seldom a day that we are not consulted in regard to a condition that if we were to have seen in its early stages the sufferer would have been relieved.

cured and saved considerable expense. This we consider is due to lack of knowledge on the part of the one who has previously treated the case; therefore we say to you, if you are suffering from any disease or condition peculiar to men, or if you have been a victim, and been disappointed in not getting a permanent cure elsewhere, we would ask that you come to our office and have a social chat with us. We will explain to you OUR SYSTEM OF TREATMENT, which we have originated and developed after a whole life's experience in the treatment of special diseases of men. We will give you FREE OF CHARGE, a thorough personal examination, together with an honest and scientific opinion of your case. If we find you are incurable, we will honestly tell you so, or refund you your money. We make no charge for medicine, as it is always included in the nominal fee asked.

HYDROCELE Cured in 48 hours or less. No cutting or pain. No loss of time from work.

DISCHARGES Stopped in 8 to 15 days. This refers to any unnatural discharges.

BLOOD POISON Cured in 30 to 90 Days. We cure; do not patch up symptoms overgrown in 1 to 3 weeks.

EMISIPYONS. That Stop Your Strength. Stopped at once and no effects removed forever.

BLADDER AND KIDNEY. Troubles by systems of treatment. Shows signs of improvement at once.

Are You Discouraged? Have others failed? Go to the doctors that cure.

LONE STAR HEALTH INSTITUTE 660 Temple Court, Corner Hennepin and Washington Streets, Minneapolis, Minn. OFFICE HOURS—2 a. m. to 8 p. m. daily. Sunday, from 10 to 12 a. m.

IRON-ON Tiny Tonic Tablets

—a vest pocket physician for you, a little box of little tablets that will cure indigestion and constipation. The box is so small that you can slip it in your vest pocket—or your purse—or your glove. You can take it to the dinner table—the theatre—or the golf links. The tablets are so tiny that you can swallow them anywhere without show or unpleasantness. Gentle but sure. Tonic-laxative—not a cathartic. Will not draw you into the "laxative habit."



Dainty little aluminum box—so tablets in chocolate coats for a quarter. For sale in every Minneapolis drug store, or sent by mail from The Iron-On Remedy Co., Detroit, Mich., on receipt of 25 cents.