

The Wahpeton Times

GEO. P. GARRED.

Senator Bacon says that what we have done to Porto Rico is a plenty.

Lost—A presidential boom. Reward for return to Teddy R. Oyster Bay, N. Y.

Why do red headed girls wear pink shirt waists? They do! Just watch and see if they don't.

Of course, John Bull holds the record in cricket. What good American cares for such a fool game?

A western school teacher has adopted a new way of "lathering" his pupils. He makes them chew soap.

Can't the powers compromise that Chinese indemnity on some washee-washee basis on the installment plan?

Senator Jones, of Nevada, advises the country to keep an eye on Mayor Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland. It is doing it.

Boss Platt's announced retirement from politics will probably be found to have several strong strings attached to it.

Dowie should have copyrighted his discovery that he is Elijah. A southern negro is now claiming to be the same thing.

But, after all didn't the Hon. "Hurry" Heath also run into the unwritten law when he named Mr. Hanna for the presidency.

Find out Mr. McKinley's favorite for the republican presidential nomination and you will be in striking distance of the candidate.

A wise man—in his own mind—says, "the south is looking after business." Wonder if he can name a section of the country that isn't?

Senator Elkins says that the senate is poor hatching ground for presidents. Still the vice-president isn't exactly in the senate, so to speak.

Senator Quay seems determined to make all the money possible before he gives up the control of the republican machine in Pennsylvania.

The coalmen have raised the price 25 cents a ton and are moving it up 10 cents more each month. Next winter is going to be cold, we suppose.

It is characteristic of honest John Wanamaker that he should have let the street railway steal go through the legislature without a murmur and then should raise a roar. However, the fact that he is slow is no excuse for the rogues in the republican party in Pennsylvania.

Humph! As things go under this personally owned administration, we suppose the inventors ought to be glad the commissioner of patents did not shut down the whole business for July and August, instead of only suspending hearings before himself and the assistant commissioner.

At last the industrial commission has decided to ask manufacturers whether it is true that they are selling abroad for less than they sell at home. No doubt the trusts will consider such a question impertinent, but if they refuse to answer, the public will draw its own conclusions.

Mr. Evans says that he doesn't expect to retire from the office of pension commissioner, but Congressman Peters of Kansas, is now on the way to Washington expecting to be named in Mr. Evans place. Some one is sure to be disappointed—but you can wager it won't be the pension sharks.

The Post Office Department has not yet corrected the wilful mistakes and omissions of congress by depriving premium giving papers of the second class mail rates. In fact, the department seems to have seen a great light and to have realized that congress is capable of working its own reforms.

Congressman Grosvenor has written a column and a half letter to deny that he endorsed the third-term idea. Poor old fellow! He's afraid he won't stand well with Mr. McKinley's successor and, between us, he won't, not because of his having been a third-termer, but because Mr. McKinley's successor will be a democrat.

July Fourth and Fifth Are to be made memorable at Wahpeton and Breckenridge this year in the way of races at Twin City Park. A \$1000 are put up in purses and every arrangement will be made to assure a successful meeting. For lemonade and refreshment privileges, see Frank Boll. And 25c. will be the admission on each the 4th and 5th.

He Can Sell It If you have a piece of land you want to sell, list it with Irvin L. Streeter. He can sell it.

For Sale at Half Price, One sixteen horse power Buffalo Pitts engine with friction clutch, one 36x56 inch Buffalo Pitts separator, one Automatic straw stacker, two tanks, pump, truck wagon and straw bucking pole, will sell all or part of it, can be seen near Wahpeton. For particulars address A. M., 109, Washington Ave., South, Minneapolis, Minn.

Auction, At Two Lake farm six miles south of Hankinson, Friday, June 28th, at 10 o'clock a. m. Exmoore ponies, work horses, mules, 90 head of cattle, farm machinery, etc. E. H. CARTER.

YOUR OWN VOICE, You Would Be Surprised if You Heard Its Exact Imitation.

"One of the strangest things in life," said an amateur philosopher of Camp street, "is the fact that we never really become acquainted with our physical selves. Here I have been living in this body of mine for nearly 50 years, yet I have no idea how I look, how I bear myself, what sort of an impression I make on the minds of others when they meet me in daily intercourse. I don't even know how my own voice sounds, although I've been listening to it ever since I can remember. Did you ever hear yourself talk in a phonograph? No? Well, try it the next time you have a chance, and you will not only be astonished, but what is still stranger, you will be disappointed, probably a little shocked. Everybody has that experience.

"I supposed that I was perfectly familiar with my own voice and thought privately that it was rather agreeable. I had been told so plenty of times by other people and never knew that they were only 'jolly' me until I made a phonographic 'record' and set it grinding. At the first word I jumped back in dismay and nearly pulled my ears off in the listening tubes.

"Merciful heavens! I said to myself, 'Is it possible I talk like that?' I thought there must be something the matter with the cylinder and called in a friend to hear it. He grinned with delight. 'That's one of the most natural records I ever heard in my life,' he declared heartily, and I yearned for his gore.

"But, as I just remarked, everybody who tries the experiment has the same experience. The voice is always absolutely unfamiliar and positively unpleasant. Yet there is a certain something about it that differentiates it from any other voice you ever heard in your life—something indescribable that gives you a little secret thrill clear down to the soles of your feet. It is the voice of the mysterious body which you inhabit and don't know."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Difficult to Treat. "Well, what is the matter with your husband?" the physician asked as he laid down his repair kit and removed his gloves. "Imaginary insomnia," replied Mrs. Fosdick. "Imaginary insomnia?" repeated the physician inquiringly. "That's what it is. He thinks he doesn't sleep at night, but he gets lots more sleep than I do."—Detroit Free Press.

DWELLERS IN FLATS.

A NEW YORK REAL ESTATE AGENT ON THEIR CHARACTERISTICS.

Peculiar Lines Which, According to His Experience, People of Different Nationalities Take in Causing Trouble to the Owners.

The first question put by the renting agent was, "What nationality, please?" and the woman in the blue hat replied by asking, "Why do you want to know?" "I meant no offense," said the agent. "I only thought that by finding out your nationality I could refer you at once to certain buildings on my list which would be apt to please you." The woman in the blue hat had half a notion to get angry.

"I don't see what my nationality has to do with finding a suitable flat," she said. "It has a good deal to do with it," said the agent. "Now, I can see straight off that you are an American, born and bred. This is a delicate question that you have plunged me into, but since I am in it I mean to flounder around a little while longer and tell you a few facts pertaining to the merits and demerits of different nationalities considered in the light of flat-house tenants.

"First of all, I want to speak from the standpoint of prompt payment. If my success in business depended upon each tenant paying his rent exactly when it was due, I would try to fill all my houses with Scotchmen. Never have I lost a penny on a Scot, and seldom have I had to wait.

"I am not making the rash assertion that it is impossible for a Scotchman to be dishonest while everybody else is trying his best to cheat me out of my very eyeteeth. The point I wish to make is that personally I have never suffered loss at the hands of a Scot. But they give trouble in other ways. They are fearfully quarrelsome and raise so many rows with the other tenants through the dumb waiter shaft that it keeps the janitor busy straightening out domestic snarls. In all my buildings where Scotchmen reside I select a janitor with a view to his even disposition and diplomatic gifts. It doesn't matter so much about his ability for scrubbing and keeping the furnace going. Utilitarian accomplishments are a secondary consideration so long as he is endowed with the blessed qualities of a peacemaker.

"Taken all in all, the most peaceable people I get in my houses hail from Sweden. You never hear a peep out of a Swede. He doesn't bother his neighbors and he doesn't bother me unless the provocation is extreme. As a rule, he's a good pay too. The only fault I have to find with him is his fondness for moving. A lease is a dead letter in his eye, and he has no more compunction about moving without a day's notice than he has about going to bed when he is sleepy.

The woman in the blue hat asked what were the chief characteristics of Americans as tenants. "Their supreme selfishness," said the agent. "They have not a spark of consideration for a landlord. They want the earth. They never get through asking for improvements. They are not content to get the walls tinted and the woodwork painted and the plumbing fixed once or twice a year. They want new decorations every month, and all the trimmings must be first class too. American tenants pay big prices for their flats, but there isn't really so much profit in catering to them as to other nationalities, for the simple reason that I have to pay out nearly all my income in trying to keep up the building in the style they demand. On the other hand, the people who ask for the least are the Italians and the French. They take most any old thing I feel like giving them, the French meekly providing their own decorations and the Italians going without.

"I like German tenants pretty well, too, but they are terribly hard on flats. I never could understand how they manage to inflict so much damage on walls and floors. Judging by the looks of an apartment just vacated by a large German family, one would think that their star piece of furniture was a battering ram.

"The czar's former subjects also have an abnormally developed bump of destructiveness, although they run to glass instead of plastering. I have one house down town that is occupied by ten Russian families, and if they were not compelled to repair their own damages it would keep me poor putting in new windows and buying new gas globes.

"I also want to colored people. I have three houses full of them at present, and I must say that I have never had better tenants. But when you come down to facts, all my tenants are nice people, only I thought it might not be amiss while on the subject of nationality to mention a few of the peculiarities of each."—New York Sun.

Homemade Spices. In many parts of Spain the stove in general use is made from an empty petroleum oil can by cutting a hole near the bottom on one of the sides to make a draft, the can being lined with gypsum to the pleasure of the constructor, giving the fire space accordingly. The stove thus made, primitive as it is in its appearance, is effective in purpose and costs the equivalent of but a few cents of our money.

Vestal Virgins.

Ovid tells us that the first temple of Vesta at Rome was constructed of wattle walls and roofed with thatch, like the primitive huts of the inhabitants. It was little other than a circular covered fireplace and was tended by the unmarried girls of the infant community. It served as the public hearth of Rome, and on it glowed, unextinguished, throughout the year, the sacred fire which was supposed to have been brought from Troy and the continuance of which was thought to be linked with the fortunes of the city.

The name Vesta is believed to be derived from the same root as the Sanskrit was, which means "to dwell, to inhabit," and shows that she was the goddess of home, and home had the hearth as its focus. A town, a state, is but a large family, and what the domestic hearth was to the house that the temple of the perpetual fire, became to the city. Every town had its vesta, or common hearth, and the colonies derived their fire from the mother hearth.

Should a vestal maiden allow the sacred fire to become extinguished she was branded by the grand pontiff till her blood flowed, and the new fire was solemnly rekindled by rubbing together of dry wood or by focusing of sun's rays. The circular form and domed roof of the temple of Vesta were survivals of the prehistoric huts of the aborigines, which were invariably round.—Cornhill Magazine.

Impossible at the Price.

A certain parvenu of great wealth has hanging in his drawing room a large and hideous daub in oils which some dealer in Paris induced him to buy. He is very fond of taking a caller by the arm, leading him before the canvas and saying: "Great picture that. By Macaroni di Vermicelli, you know. Paid £2,000 for it in Paris and got a great bargain. F." (naming an eminent artist) "says it is worth £10,000."

A few days since this gentleman was lunching at the Artists' club when the cat came out of the bag. Some one said:

"F., old Centpercent says that you have appraised that frightful nightmare of his at £10,000. Is it true?"

The artist answered smilingly: "I will tell you how that happened. He asked me to dinner one day and after we left the table took me to see the picture and told the usual story. That, turning abruptly, he asked:

"How much is that painting worth?"

"Why, Mr. Centpercent," said I, "I really would not like to place a value upon it."

"Well, I'll put it differently," said he. "How much would you charge for such a picture?"

"I don't mind saying," I answered, "that I would not paint such a picture for £10,000. I had to be civil, you know."—London Answers.

The French Cavalry at Sedan.

Both banks of the Gironne were in German hands; so was Balaia, a small village nearer to Sedan than Bazailles, and soon after 1 o'clock no fewer than 426 German guns were halting shells into the French army, which stood in close formations within a space measuring less than two miles in breadth of depth. Out of this terrible cauldron of defeated troops about this time rode the French cavalry in a heroic endeavor to turn the fortunes of the day and retrieve the honor of France.

General Marguerite, called by some "the star of his arm," was struck in the face by a bullet while riding out to reconnoiter the ground before he charged. He now handed over the "avalanche" command to De Galliffet, who for the second time on that tremendous day led the flower of French cavalry against the enemy and for the space of half an hour charged the German ranks again and again on the hillsides north of Sedan.

But the courage of the gallant horsemen was all in vain. The arme blanche was unequally matched against the breechloading rifle held in steady hands, and no effort of the French cavalry could withstand the slowly tightening grasp of that fiery circle.—Chambers' Journal.

Couldn't Follow Him.

At a small country church in England a newly married couple were just receiving some advice from the elderly vicar as to how they were to conduct themselves and so always live happily.

"You must never both get cross at once; it is the husband's duty to protect his wife whenever an occasion arises, and a wife must love, honor and obey her husband and follow him wherever he goes."

"But, sir," pleaded the young bride. "I haven't yet finished," remarked the clergyman, annoyed at the interruption.

"She must!" "But, please, sir (in desperation), can't you alter that last part? My husband is going to be a postman."

A Question.

Jack's father and mother were having a very heated discussion at the table one day. They entirely forgot him, and as the argument waxed fiercer he looked from one to the other with real concern on his chubby face. Presently during a lull he cleared the air by asking, pointedly:

"Papa, did you marry mamma or did mamma marry you?"—Brooklyn Life.

It Is Written.

"So!" said Mr. Upjohn in his most witheringly sarcastic manner, "Johnny gets all his good qualities from you, and all his bad ones from me, does he?"

"Certainly," answered Mrs. Upjohn, triumphant but calm. "Doesn't the Bible expressly say that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children?"—Chicago Tribune.

A Mule as a Life Saver.

One mine mule knows a thing or two as well as does the army mule. In one of the mines in the Pittsburgh district the ever patient mule proved himself possessed of an almost human sense of coming danger. One morning when the full shift was at work there occurred an unusual thing. The air currents had seemed defective, and there was a restless feeling among the miners, something like the uneasiness of live stock before a storm. A few days previous a chamber had been closed on account of gas, and the men were instinctively thinking of what that might mean. Suddenly there was a clatter of hoofs, and a mule appeared. Its long ears were quivering, and its intelligent eyes were full of terror.

It gave a shrill bray and then was gone down the entry, broken traces flying after it. The men looked at one another, and then the feverishness of the air moved them with one impulse. Dropping picks, they fled precipitately, making a headlong dash through the labyrinth for the open air. With soiled faces other miners joined, then, and while they were wondering what it all meant a dull, deep explosion went rumbling through the hollow back of them, followed by wave upon wave of noxious vapors. Then they understood.

When the bodies of the few poor men who had been hopelessly trapped were recovered, another was tenderly carried out with theirs—that of the little gray mule that sounded the warning.—Leslie's Weekly.

Serpent Worship.

It was probably in the character of a healer that the serpent was regarded by the Milesians, since most of the localities of Ireland connected with traditions of these reptiles destroyed by St. Patrick were esteemed places of healing. To these spots, generally holy wells, the people of the poor and ignorant classes still resort as pious pilgrims taking relief from their infirmities. They drink of the sacred waters and circle about the fount on their knees while repeating their prayers, and it is a curious fact, as we are informed by an old time traveler in Ireland, that this circling was formerly done "groveling on hands and knees or even lying flat on the ground and wriggling like a snake." This must undoubtedly have been a relic of the ancient rites, though the people had not the slightest idea of its origin or even that such a religion had ever existed on their island.

In the same way they still on Beltane eve (Bel-thene, or Bel's fire) kindle "bale fires" on the summit of every hill and send flaming wheels rolling down their sides, though ignorant that they are celebrating a day consecrated to Bel, or Baal, by their Phoenician and Irish ancestors, who observed it in a precisely similar manner.—New Lippincott.

Requirements of a Good Stroke Oar.

During practice a good stroke is one who is regular in his rowing and easy to follow. He must give the big men plenty of time to finish the stroke out. He must keep them swinging steadily, and in a trial over the whole or any portion of the course he must get every possible ounce of work out of them, so that they are completely rowed out without having got short or hurried on the way. In a race he must know the capabilities of his crew and must be able to feel how they are going, when they want easing off and when they are capable of higher pressure, while above all he must have that degree of generalship which will enable him to decide in a well contested race when to put the pressure on in order to take the advantage of station at a certain point of the course, when to ease off if he is holding his opponent at a slower rate of stroke, how far it is necessary for him to save himself for an effort at the end and especially in a really close contest the exact moment at which he should make the "grande attaque."—Saturday Review.

They Were All Tired.

The parlor entertainer has some amusing experiences, although he is not always good natured enough to tell them against himself. One who appreciates a joke, however, relates that on a certain occasion he had been performing at an "at home" and responding to so many encores that the programme became unusually long.

After it was over his hostess with her young daughter came up to him and, after congratulating him on the success of the afternoon, said most cordially: "Oh, Mr. Blank, come and have some refreshments and sit down for awhile. I know you must be awfully tired." "Yes," chimed in the sweet young daughter, with the best intentions in the world; "I'm sure we are."—New York Mail and Express.

A French Novel.

Ion—I adore her! Narcisse—I idolize her! "Ha, then we are rivals!" "Yes, but still friends!" "Aya, friends till death!" "Let us tell her!" They tell her. She says: "Let us die!" They buy 6 centimes' worth of charcoal. They ignite it. They inhale it. They all die. Vive l'amour!—I. C. Geddard's "A Leave of Absence."

Illustrating His Subject.

"No, you can't see Mr. Blankblank this morning during office hours." "But he's a public official, isn't he?" "Yes, and he's engaged in the public service." "May I ask what he's doing?" "He's writing a magazine article on 'How Can We Improve the Officeholder's Neglectful Treatment of the Public?'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Pay arrears and get The Times for 25c this year.

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Excursion rates to Ortonville and Big Stone Lake every Friday and Saturday via C. M. & St. P. Ry. Tickets good to returning until the following Monday, \$2.15 for the round trip.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. In the matter of the estate of Adna Brown, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Walter W. Brown executor of the last will of Adna Brown, late of the city of Springfield, in the county of Windsor and state of Vermont, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to said executor, with R. N. Ink his resident agent at the office of Ink & Wallace, in the city of Wahpeton, in said Richland county.

Dated May 20th, A. D. 1901. WALTER W. BROWN, Executor. (First Pub. May 23, 1901.)

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