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J. D. & W. I. Humiston, AGENTS, Worthington, Minnesota



COLORADO.

Another Interesting Letter From W. H. Harrington.

Pikes Peak and the Cog Wheel Railway Described to Our Readers in this Letter.

Farmington, New Mexico, Oct. 26, 1903. Mr. Jerome Yates, Worthington, Minn.

My last letter left off with our trip to Wily Cave, so after taking lunch about four p. m. we decided to make the ascent up Pikes Peak to get the best possible opportunity to view the surroundings and get on the real top of Nature, to see the glories that await us and the vast scope of scenic magnificence lies below us some eight thousand feet as the peak is 14150 feet above sea level, and the surrounding country about 6000 feet.

We, Mrs. Harrington and I, purchased our tickets which was \$5.00 each for the round trip. We thought this a trifle heavy but we did not want to miss a thing and sight of our lives so we decided to tackle it. We hesitated a little and thought it was only a chance of a life time so better try it, thousands had done so before so we concluded our chances would be just as good as the others who went and we started.

Well Mrs. Harrington was, I thought, a trifle uneasy and I thought well, I may just as well make the attempt as my life and limb was insured and besides I came to the conclusion it would be as near the "Pearly Gates" as I could ever get and not being familiar with the program only as I have heard it told thought I could go on probation any way, as you know that is the way they do, so if you don't like it you can get out. The only thing we did not have on this trip was a "Golden Chariot," we some times hear the darkies singing, as I suppose there is where the name comes from. So up we went, which enabled us to enjoy the greatest expanse of earth ever spread before man, surely us.

The Cog Wheel railway to the summit is a most novel one indeed, it runs on an ordinary track broad gauge and in the centre are two tracks in which two cogwheels fit into, there being two large cogwheels on the Axles of the Car and the engine. It only hauls one car, capacity about 50 people besides I think there are 2 or 4 cogwheels on the engine, in case the engine gives out or the steam they can set a brake on the engine as well as the car which secures it safety.

To describe it, the route is the most direct possible about 9 miles in length winding about the side of the lower mountains, crossing a gulch here and there and the engine puffing and snorting to carry its load of human lives safely up. As

you see the road is 9 miles long in order to ascend a height of about 6000 feet, it climbs a grade on the average of 800 to 700 feet to the mile, in some instances they achieve I should think grades 25 to 30 Degrees. The cost of construction being \$80,000 per mile. On going up the engine pushes and is detached from the car, coming down the engine is placed in front. The cogwheel is 8 inch cast steel, the cars are set in low trucks to prevent them from becoming top heavy on curves or in high wind, however this precaution is quite unnecessary as it takes about 1 1/2 hours to make the ascent and a little better time is made to come down as they need no steam to propel, but for the brakes only.

We expected to gain the summit to see the beautiful sunset, which we were told was grand as we see some pictures in colors, an exact reproduction of the real sunset or sunrise, which looked so beautiful we wanted to see it. But to our disappointment we did not see it as it was quite cloudy by the time we reached the summit. They can never tell what the weather will be as the time they start, it might be clear when they start and when they get up may be cloudy, the weather up there is quite uncertain. The day we were there it was quite changeable, it rained, hailed and snow fell quite deep in a short time. As we did not start until about 5:30 p. m. in order to see the sun set at 7:10 it was almost dark on account of the heavy clouds hanging over the peak, but we had a beautiful scene of the surrounding mountains below us and could see to the south the Spanish Peaks, some 125 miles away and other Peaks west 260 miles. On gaining the summit it was very cold, 38 degrees above zero and the wind blowing strong.

At a distance and below us, we could see heavy clouds and the lightning flashing and the sound of thunder pealing forth its fury in the distance, that is, between the tops of the lesser peaks and where we were on the very pinnacle of Pike's Peak.

It was grand although getting somewhat dark. It is almost too much for me to describe. Casting the eye here and there below us, seems like a necklace of pearly beads, with here and there a diamond of purest ray and dazzling splendor, the scenic beauties lie upon the mountain's breast. The royal ermine of imperial and eternal snow rests on the shoulders of the mountains.

The comparisons may sound exaggerated to the unfamiliar with the facts and may appear an unwarranted employment of poetic licence, but such is not the case. There are some emotions too profound for adequate expression in words and there are some scenes too grand for language to describe.

The traveler in Colorado cannot fail to experience some emotions excited by beholding the transcendent grandeur of such scenes. Even the artist whose work appeals to the

eye, can ever hope to convey to one unfamiliar with the scenes a tithe of the sublimity, the glory and the grandeur of Colorado's majestic and bold peaks.

I almost forgot to mention the peculiar sensation some of the people had who made the ascent with us to the summit owing, of course to the high altitude. The sensation seems to be indescribable, there was I think three ladies and one gentleman who toppled over, the gentleman having two spells. This was after we had started down some 15 minutes.

It is not a fainting spell as most people imagine as the person in one of these spells knows what is going on about him, can see and hear, has it seems, all his faculties, his senses as it were, but he is powerless to move or speak or rather his vocal organs cannot articulate but only utter a sound and it seems there is a feeling at the back of the neck whereby the head cannot be lifted up or no control of the head which seems helpless.

While on the top Mrs. Harrington thought she began to feel as if she imagined she was going into a swoon or one of those peculiar sensations, so I helped her into the house and purchased a black cup of coffee for 15 cents which seemed to help her out while in the house but she was afraid to go out again until we were ready to go for fear she might take flight to the great unknown on the wings of angels, which might be hovering over this mighty mountain peak. But we didn't see any so I suppose it was all imagination.

As for myself, could not feel that I felt much affected, if any, unless perhaps a weakness in the knees and a sort of a lifting sensation and wanting to take more breath than usual. Whether it was the altitude or so sudden a change of temperature, I do not know. The train stops about twenty minutes and then we make the trip down, looks as if we were surely going to plunge down the mountain side but all was well and before we got to the bottom it was pitch dark. Taking the electric car we started for Colorado Springs as all our luggage was over there and put up at the Alta Vista.

From Colorado Springs the Cripple Creek Short Line Ry. runs to Cripple Creek district, which was constructed across the Front and Rampart Range south of Pike's Peak and is a most marvelous piece of railway engineering as well as scenic wonder. This district made Colorado Springs what it is today, a fine city, very rich, and one of the aristocratic cities of the west.

Leaving Colorado Springs the line abruptly begins the ascent of the mountains, the scenery is most magnificent, grand and impressive as the road runs the entire way almost on the top of the lower mountains. Vistas of the distant plains on one hand and the towering mountains rising into splintered pinnacles of beautiful red granite on the other, tend to belittle human efforts of mere description. A side trip over this line to the rich mining region of Cripple Creek is a pleasure not to be ignored.

The proximity of Cripple Creek to Colorado Springs with its untold wealth of gold has added millions to the business of Colorado Springs in the last few years.

The next morning we began our journey southward from Colorado Springs to Pueblo about 50 miles distant, a run down the valley of a pretty stream, along whose bank are situated rich ranches, as they are universally termed in the west. A hundred miles to the westward may be seen the faint outlines of the Greenhorn range of mountains, while to the eastward stretch the plains, the view of which is limited only by the horizon. Pueblo is the great manufacturing city of Colorado. It has one of the largest steel plants in the United States employing 6000 hands. Carnegie says it is the coming Pittsburg of the west, it also has extensive smelters for the reduction of precious ore. Its close proximity to the coal and iron mines and the fact that it has become a railroad centre of importance, making the future exceedingly bright. The population is about 45000, a wide

open western town with a saloon, I judge in every block. One great advantage the railroad has, is in hauling coal as it is all down grade, from western Colorado, Wyoming and Utah not being necessary to use steam in any great extent.

My next letter will I presume be the most interesting at least it was for us, as going west from Pueblo, to Montrose we take a run through the wonderful Canons. Follow beautiful streams round the side of the mountains, ascend the mountain passes at 5000 foot elevation and descend again into beautiful valleys.

I will try to describe it the best I can for it is worth while to do so, as passing through the Grand Canon of the Arkansas and the Royal Gorge and the Grand Canon of the Gunnison or as it is called the Black Canon is all wonderful, so try and be patient until you get my next letter.

We stopped over night at Pueblo so take this beautiful trip the next morning. Yours truly, W. H. Harrington.

FAREWELL SERVICE.

A farewell service in honor of Rev. C. H. Curtis, of the Congregational Church, who has accepted a call to a church in Rochester, was held in the M. E. Church Sunday evening. The services was joined in by the Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian churches, filling the large building to almost its utmost capacity.

Rev. U. K. Bidwell, Rev. Wilson Aull and Rev. Thos. Hambly spoke in the order named, paying deserved tribute to the high character of their co-worker in the ministry. While the words they uttered might seem too laudatory, yet they did not more than speak the high esteem in which Rev. C. H. Curtis is held, not only by his own congregation but the entire community. Rev. Curtis responded in his affable manner using a passage of scripture, Gen. 18, as a basis for his remarks.

The program was interspersed by music, a choir composed of singers from the different churches. Dr. W. A. Saxon, Mrs. A. E. Hart, and James Mackay sang solos. C. M. Craudall reorganized the orchestra especially for the occasion.

The entire program was one of profit and satisfaction to the large attendance. The affair will afford Mr. Curtis and family occasions for happy reflection of their leave taking from Worthington. They take with them the best wishes and Godspeed of the entire community.

They expect to leave here Wednesday.

NEW MAIL ROUTE.

Postmaster Coughran is in receipt of the following telegram from Hon. J. T. McCleary, Washington.

"Another rural free delivery mail route from Worthington and one from Dundee will start February first. Please extend my hearty congratulations."

This route extends in the direction of Spofford, over just what road is not known at this time. Warren Rose has been appointed carrier.

The people of this county have good reasons to be very grateful to Mr. McCleary for his efforts in securing so many mail routes for them. To have mail brought to their door is certainly a great luxury and only enjoyed by the farmers and those residing in the large cities. There is a large demand and urgent appeals from all over the country for rural routes and it requires considerable labor and great influence to secure these routes, therefore, Mr. McCleary is entitled to liberal consideration and generous appreciation for what he has done for Nobles county.

ELK.

We are having fine weather for the holidays.

Henry Hagerman is spending the holidays with U. Degues and family.

A. P. Darling and family ate plum pudding with G. C. Fellows and family Xmas.

John Green and wife of Summit Lake was visiting relatives in this town last Sunday.

A new steel bridge is being put in near D. H. Kellar's place by a Joliet bridge company.

Quite a number from this town attended Christmas exercises in Worthington this year.

CALUMET Baking Powder. That "tired feeling" doesn't come to those who use Calumet Baking Powder—it braces you up. Calumet is the only high-grade baking powder sold at a moderate price.

The Banquet Held Without Ball Graves Regrets He Did Not Kill Another.

A unique affair was the banquet given Tuesday night by the young people's bible class of the M. E. church taught by the pastor. About ninety members sat down to a sumptuous repast. The hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion with Christmas greens and red. The tables were loaded with all sorts of good things even to candies and nuts. The Addington amateur orchestra furnished superior music during the evening.

At the conclusion of the meal Mr. J. M. Addington, chairman of the committee of arrangements announced a matter of business—the election of officers for the ensuing year. The following officers were elected: President, Clyde Hansberger; Vice President, Miss Cora Payne; Secretary, Miss Mariel Addington; Treasurer, Wm. Buchan. A social committee was also elected consisting of the following: Misses Gertie Dow, Frieda Nelson, Luella Hansberger, Addie Paine, Mrs. Wm. Buchan, Messrs J. J. Kies, Dr. Gholz, Jeff Scott, J. M. Addington. At the conclusion of business the chairman introduced the toast master of the evening, Mr. J. M. Addington, who proved himself master of the situation with bristling wit and humor made everybody happy in expectation with his introduction of each item of the program. The toasts were as follows:—The Sunday School and Young People, Mr. Wm. Buchan; Masonic advantages, Miss Ella Morton; Feminine advantages, P. C. Steffens; our country, C. T. Tupper; The land of fish and fog, Rev. A. McCausland, Adrian; The young people of today, Rev. T. Hambly.

Miss Eva Darling rendered an appropriate recitation. The musical numbers were as follows:—Piano Duet, Miss Shattuck and Mrs. Hambly; Ladies Quartette, Misses Muriel and Nell Addington, Gertie Dow and Mrs. Buchan; Solo, with violin and piano accompaniment, Miss Muriel Addington. Mr. and Mrs. Helmick superintended the serving of the supper. This class numbers 130 in membership and is to be congratulated upon the success of the occasion.

The following from the Daily Press: Minot, N.D., Dec. 29.—William Graves of Portal, who early yesterday morning shot and instantly killed his wife in cold blood, had a preliminary hearing before Judge Murray and was remanded to jail without bail. Graves does not regret the shooting and expresses sorrow that he did not shoot the alleged paramour of his wife. He does not seem to fear the outcome, as the insanity plea will be set up for defense, the murderer once being committed to an asylum in Canada. The family moved to Portal from Rochester, Minn., last August.

Portal, N.D., Dec. 29.—Yesterday morning at 4 o'clock William Graves shot his wife, killing her instantly. Graves had been away from home for several months and, returning home Sunday evening, quarreled with his wife during the night, the tragedy taking place in the morning.

After his arrest Graves made the allegation that his wife had been untrue to him. Mrs. Graves was highly esteemed, and had supported her three little daughters, the eldest of whom is 5, while her husband was absent from home.

Graves was arrested and taken to Minot yesterday afternoon. There is intense feeling against him and talk of lynching was heard at the time of the tragedy.

Those who knew Mr. and Mrs. Graves here, express great surprise and regrets at the terrible tragedy. He was known as a quiet fellow of good habits. She was only known as a modest, pleasant and industrious woman.

LOCAL NEWS.

Lieutenant Wanous, of our local 8 Aviation Army Corps, stopped off between trains, being called home from Blue Earth City, on account of the serious illness of her mother.

Evangelistic services were begun in the M. E. church Monday evening, conducted by P. E. Steffens and wife of Minneapolis. They are both said to be most excellent in this work. There was a good audience Monday evening. The meetings will be continued through the week.

John Rippberger wishes to thank the patrons on the mail route who so liberally assisted Santa Claus during the holidays in depositing Christmas greetings enclosed with dimes, quarters and fifties, and also for the corn, oats, pork, beef roast and the beautiful duck. Verily all honors to the boys on route 2.

Geo. O. Moore and Son sold to W. L. Taylor of Sibley, Iowa, their old herd bull. Mr. Taylor was up Monday and selected him as just what he wanted to place at the head of his large Angus herd. This is an indication of the good blood this firm is raising. D. L. Peasely of Sibley purchased a boar of the same firm.

New Games. A FREE game inside each package of Lion Coffee. 60 different games. CASTORIA. The healthiest baby food.