

\$633 WOOD DAY RECEIPTS FOR R. C.

(Continued from Page One)

at Charles E. Battles, distance 13 miles.

VALUE PRIZES

Cord Wood.
Christ Hanson—\$5 in trade at Schroeder's, sold for \$61.
Mike Kerschbaum—\$5 in trade at Schwandt's, sold for \$50.
H. P. Lish—\$3 in trade at Shavitch Bros., sold for \$25.
Charles Wrege—\$3 in trade at Gill Bros., sold for \$10.
Art Giddens—\$2 in trade at Given Hardware, sold for \$9.50.
Stanley Smith—\$2 in trade at Palmer's, sold for \$9.

Pole Wood.

Wes Wright—\$5 in trade at Troppman's, sold for \$25.
Mrs. W. H. Clifford—\$3 in trade at Schneider Bros., sold for \$15.
A. W. Hoskins—\$2 in trade at Bemidji Hdw. Co., sold for \$14.
Winners may call at the stores and upon presentation of newspaper containing lists will be awarded prizes.

Sales of Loads.

The farmers bringing in loads of wood and the money received for their loads were as follows:
Hugo Hensel, \$6; Christ Hanson, \$61; Mike Kerschbaum, \$50; Wes Wright, \$25; A. W. Hoskins, \$14; Stanley Smith, \$9; Art Giddens, \$9.50; Peter Frost, \$6.50; L. E. Hanson, \$6; Reynolds & Winter, \$8; A. H. Peters, \$6; August Landgren, \$11.50; O. Anderson, \$10; Charles Wrege, \$10; Iver Ungstad, \$3; J. Swenson, \$9; H. P. Lish, \$25; Mrs. H. White, 5 pounds of butter, \$2.75; Nels Willett, \$8.50; S. K. Braaten, \$8.50; Matt Meyers, \$7.50; David Sheets, \$5.50; William Rabe, \$4.25; N. W. Olson, \$7; E. Storaa, \$5.50.
Fred Behlke, \$3.75; A. Moen, \$6.50; H. S. Stillwell, \$4; W. H. Rice, \$4.75; Joe Knapp, \$2.75; Gust Berg, \$6.50; H. R. Gillette, \$5.75; C. F. Schroeder, \$4.50; S. J. Florin, \$5.25; R. O. Roberts, \$3.50; Edwin Ohrberg, \$6; O. Olson, potatoes, \$3.25; O. Whiting, \$5; E. K. Anderson, \$4.50; Hans Nelson, \$3.50; George Miller, \$6; Albert Graf, \$6; Dug Neeley, \$10; Mrs. W. H. Clifford \$15; A. E. Rako, \$5; George Severance, \$5; Herman Penske, \$6.50; Hans Johnson, \$3; E. Langrak, \$7; O. E. Lovgren, \$4; S. S. King, \$7; Ole Vassan, \$5; Edgar Warner, \$5; John Patterson, \$6; T. A. Keefe, \$5; "Doc" McClure, \$5.50; W. Phelps, \$4; W. A. Worth, \$7.50; Pete Carlson, \$2.75, load purchased and donated to poor family; C. W. Kingsbury, \$5; Henry Conat, \$6.25; F. H. Jackson, \$7; John Suckert, \$4.75; Dan Gray, \$3.75; August Jarchow, \$4.25; C. R. Gillick, \$6; Ralph Moberg, \$2.50; William Peters, \$10; Carl Opsata, \$10; J. Berquist, \$5; E. E. McDonald, \$7.50; Gust Larson, \$8.50.

The committee realizes that some errors may have been made in the spelling of the names due to the haste with which they were taken. It also extends its heartiest thanks to those who assisted in making the celebration such a success.

HINES IS PATRIOTIC

At Hines Saturday evening, a patriotic meeting followed by a pie social was held. Sergeant Mc De Henry of the Canadian recruiting mission spoke and boosted for the thrift stamps and Red Cross. F. B. Lamson of Bemidji also spoke, as did W. B. Stewart. Mr. Lamson's topic was "Lincoln," and Mr. Stewart spoke on "Washington," practical application being made to America in the war.

CLASS TO MEET

The men's surgical dressing class of the O. E. S. will meet in the library building this evening at 7:30 o'clock. Dr. A. V. Garlock will have charge of the class. All members are urged to be there.

PREACH TO INDIANS

Rev. George Backhurst, pastor of the Episcopal church, will go to Redby today where he will preach in the Indian church. Tomorrow he will hold two services at Red Lake and one at Redby in the evening. He will return to Bemidji Wednesday and hold Lenten services here in St. Bartholomew's church. Thursday and Friday, Rev. Backhurst will preach in Mentor.

BOARD MEETS TONIGHT

There will be a meeting of the school board this evening at 8 o'clock at the office of Dr. J. T. Tuomy.

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The Man Without a Country

By
Edward Everett Hale

(Continued.)

have been near eighty when he died. He looked sixty when he was forty. But he never seemed to me to change a hair afterward. As I imagine his life, from what I have seen and heard of it, he must have been in every sea, and yet almost never on land. He must have known in a formal way, more officers in our service than any man living knows. He told me once, with a grave smile, that no man in the world lived so methodical a life as he. "You know the boys say I am the Iron Mask, and you know how busy he was." He said it did not do for anyone to try to read all the time, more than to do anything else all the time; but that he read just five hours a day. "Then," he said, "I keep up my notebooks, writing in them at such and such hours from what I have been reading; and I include in them my scrapbooks." These were very curious indeed. He had six or eight, of different subjects. There was one of history, one of natural science, one which he called "Odds and Ends." But they were not merely books of extracts from newspapers. They had bits of plants and ribbons, shells tied on, and carved scraps of bone and wood, which



There Appeared Nolan in His Shirt Sleeves.

he had taught the men to cut for him, and they were beautifully illustrated. He drew admirably. He had some of the funniest drawings there, and some of the most pathetic, that I have ever seen in my life. I wonder who will have Nolan's scrapbooks.

Well, he said his reading and his notes were his profession, and that they took five hours and two hours respectively of each day. "Then," said he, "every man should have a diversion as well as a profession. My natural history is my diversion." That took two hours a day more. The men used to bring him birds and fish, but on a long cruise he had to satisfy himself with centipedes and cockroaches and such small game. He was the only naturalist I ever met who knew anything about the habits of the house fly and the mosquito. All those people can tell you whether they are Lepidoptera or Steptoptera; but as for telling how you can get rid of them, or how they get away from you when you strike them, why, Linnaeus knew a little of that as John Foy, the idiot, did. These nine hours made Nolan's regular daily "occupation." The rest of the time he talked or walked. Till he grew very old, he went aloft a great deal. He always kept up his exercise, and I never heard that he was ill. If any other man was ill, he was the kindest nurse in the world; and he knew more than half the surgeons do. Then if anybody was sick or died, or if the captain wanted him to on any other occasion, he was always ready to read prayers. I have remarked that he read beautifully.

my own acquaintance with Philip Nolan began six or eight years after the war, on my first voyage after I was appointed a midshipman. It was in the first days after our slave trade treaty, while the reigning house, which was still the house of Virginia, had still a sort of sentimentalism about the suppression of the horrors of the middle passage, and something was sometimes done that way. We were in the South Atlantic on that business. From the time I joined, I believe I thought Nolan was a sort of lay chaplain—a chaplain with a blue coat. I never asked about him. Everything in the ship was strange to me. I knew it was green to ask questions, and I suppose I thought there was a "Plain-Buttons" on every ship. We had him to dine in our mess once a week, and the caution was given that on that day nothing was to be said about home. But if they had told us not to say anything about the planet Mars or the book of Deuteronomy, I should not have asked why; there were a great many things which seemed to me to have a little reason. I first came to understand anything about "the man without a country" one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and after a few minutes he sent back his boat to ask that someone might be sent him who could speak Portuguese. We were all looking over the rail when the message came, and we all wished we could interpret, when the captain asked who spoke Portuguese. But none of the officers did; and just as the captain was sending forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret, if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go.

When we got there, it was such a scene as you seldom see, and never want to. Nastiness beyond account, and chaos run loose in the midst of the nastiness. There were not a great many of the negroes; but by way of making what there were understand that they were free, Vaughan had had their handcuffs and anklecuffs knocked off, and, for convenience' sake, was putting them upon the rascals of the schooner's crew. The negroes were, most of them, out of the hold, and swarming all round the dirty deck, with a central throng surrounding Vaughan and addressing him in every dialect and patois of a dialect, from the Zulu click up to the Parisian of Beledjereed.

As we came on deck, Vaughan looked down from a hogshead, on which he had mounted in desperation, and said:

"For God's love, is there anybody who can make these wretches understand something? The men gave them rum, and that did not quiet them. I knocked that big fellow down twice, and that did not soothe him. And then I talked Choctaw to all of them together; and I'll be hanged if they understood that as well as they understood the English."

Nolan said he could speak Portuguese, and one or two fine-looking Kroomen were dragged out, who, as it had been found already, had worked for the Portuguese on the coast at Fernando Po.

"Tell them they are free," said Vaughan; "and tell them that these rascals are to be hanged as soon as we can get rope enough."

Nolan explained it in such Portuguese as the Kroomen could understand, and they in turn to such of the negroes as could understand them. Then there was such a yell of delight, clenching of fists, leaping and dancing, kissing of Nolan's feet, and a general rush made to the hogshead by way of spontaneous worship of Vaughan as the deus ex machina of the occasion.

"Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was; that is, they would be eternally separated from home there. And their interpreters, as we could understand, instantly said, "Ah, non Palmas," and began to propose infinite other expedients in most voluble language. Vaughan was rather disappointed at this result of his liberality, and asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead as he hushed the men down, and said:

"He says, 'Not Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home, take us to our country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninies and our own women.' He says he has an old father and mother, who will die, if they do not see him. And this one says he left his people all sick, and paddled down to come and help them, and that these devils caught him in

the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since then. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months, while he has been locked up in an infernal barracoon."

Vaughan always said he grew gray himself while Nolan struggled through this interpretation. I, who did not understand anything of the passion involved in it, saw that the very elements were melting with fervent heat, and that something was to pay somewhere. Even the negroes themselves stopped howling as they saw Nolan's agony, and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get words, he said:

"Tell them yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon, if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home!"

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And then they all fell to kissing (To be continued.)

CLASSIFIED

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Advertisements in this column cost half sent a word per issue, when paid cash in advance. No ad will be run for less than 10c per issue. Ads charged on our books cost one cent a word per issue. No ads run for less than 25c.

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