

Van Brunt Grain Drills

The Drill with the indestructible disc bearing warranted for the life of the drill; one oiling on discs good for 160 acres of seeding; absolutely dust proof.

The Drill with the famous Van Brunt Adjustable Gate Feed, the most accurate feed in the world; SIMPLE, CONVENIENT, DURABLE; warranted to sow grain evenly without bunching; the DRILL successful farmers use when they desire an even stand of grain.

The Drill with the light draft — 150 to 300 pounds less weight — Van Brunt Drills have steel where others use grey cast iron. A well balanced machine without neck weight.

The Drill with the closed-boot delivery which will absolutely place the seed, and all of the seed, in the bottom of the furrow. Van Brunt drills do not clog.

Special Prices and Terms
FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY, AS LONG AS OUR PRESENT STOCK
LAST. COME EARLY AND SAVE MONEY ON YOUR
Van Brunt Drill.

A full line of disc harrows, drag harrows, corn planters, etc. See us for quality and prices on everything in Hardware and Implements.

The
CARLSON HARDWARE CO.
The "Diamond Edge" Quality Store



**A Time Saver
A Money Saver
A Public Servant**

IS THE HOME PAPER

It advertises home bargains, which are the best bargains.

It has all the home news and works for the home town all the time.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 1/2 oz. of glycerine. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the desired shade. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and removes dandruff. It is excellent for falling hair and will make harsh hair soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.

Women of Sedentary Habits.

Women who get but little exercise are likely to be troubled with constipation and indigestion and will find Chamberlain's Tablets highly beneficial. Not so good as a three or four mile walk every day, but very much better than to allow the bowels to remain in a constipated condition. They are easy and pleasant to take and most agreeable in effect. For sale by all dealers.

Watch For

Byrne's Specials

During the next 10 days we will continue the prices offered last week in all winter wear, and in addition will offer the following:-

Hills Bros. 1 lb. Red Can Reg.	\$.45 now	\$.40
Hills Bros. 1 lb. Blue Can Reg.	.40 now	.35
Hills Bros. 3 lb. Blue Can Reg.	1.10 now	.98
Hills Bros. Brown Package Reg.	.25 now	.21
Hills Bros. Bulk Reg.	25 now	.21
German-American 3lb. Can Reg.	1.00 now	.88
German-American 1 lb. Can Reg.	.35 now	.30
Royal Club 1 lb. Can Reg.	.40 now	.35
White Seal 1 lb. Can Reg.	.25 now	.21

C. F. Byrne

For Dependable Merchandise

CLAIMED THE SHIP

Maro Thought He Was Eligible to Command a Cruiser.

AN OLD TIME NAVAL PRANK.

The Shabby Trick That Was Played Upon a Patriotic Greek Boilermaker by Some of Uncle Sam's Sailors With Whom He Had Shipped.

"A number of years ago the cruiser on which I was serving shipped a boilermaker while we were on the Mediterranean station," said a retired petty officer of the navy. "Our former boilermaker's time expired while we were at Gibraltar, and as he was not in good physical shape he wasn't re-enlisted, but took his discharge and returned to the United States by mail steamer. So the ship was shy a boilermaker, a very important and necessary petty officer down below in the engineer's department, and when the ship pulled into Naples harbor the chief engineer went ashore to see if he couldn't dig up a boilermaker.

"There was a clause in the enlistment regulations permitting commanding officers to ship necessary men on foreign stations in short handed emergencies. The chief engineer brought back to the ship a Greek named Charlie Maro. The man couldn't speak any English to speak of, but he was a good man at the boilermaking business, and he was duly shipped aboard of us for three years. He was a wild, hairy looking lot, Maro was, and he got a good deal of a laugh at the hands of the crew, especially the younger fellows, from the time he first came over the side.

"Maro thought that there wasn't any other country on the map except Greece, and after he got hold of enough English to make himself understood he used to take some of the young apprentice boys up into the eyes of the ship and tell them, with many gesticulations and furious words, of the different kinds of tar Greece could knock out of Turkey.

"The ship was around on the Pacific station when the war broke out between Greece and Turkey. When the news of the outbreak of the war got to Maro, our boilermaker, he nearly had heart disease and a whole lot of other sudden things from pure excitement. He just couldn't hold himself in, he looked so tickled.

"'Da Greek man willa bim, bim, bim, da Taurka man,' was Charlie Maro's way of putting it, and he didn't see that the Turk had a ghost of a show. All hands forward encouraged him in the belief. They all acquiesced in expressing the belief to Maro that Greece would simply eat Turkey up. Then a bo'sun's mate who knew how to crack the most impossible jokes with a face as solemn and wooden as an Indian's took Charlie in hand and told him some things. He told Maro that the United States was so much in sympathy with Greece in the struggle with Turkey that the navy department had decided to turn over all of the ships of the American navy to Greek commanders.

"'Here's a chance for you, Maro,' the bo'sun's mate told Maro. 'You just want to work your edge. Here you are already shipped on this cruiser, and it's dollars to doughnuts that if you ask for the command of this ship in order to take her over to Greece to mix it up with the Turks you'll get it hands down. Better try it on.'

"That idea impressed Maro a heap. He asked the bo'sun's mate whom he'd have to apply to to get command of the cruiser.

"'Why, to the commanding officer, of course,' was the reply.

Maro was tremendously important for a day or so while he let this huge idea grow within him, and he bullied the men detailed to work with him down below in the boiler room a good deal. The bo'sun's mate kept working him up to it, and finally Maro appeared on deck one morning togged out in his very best mustering suit of bluejacket clothes and went up to the officer of the deck and asked permission to see the commanding officer at the mast. The officer of the deck was rather surprised to see the man all done up in his mustering togs when all hands were at work; but, as he is obliged to do when an enlisted man requests permission to see the commanding officer, he sent word to the skipper, who soon emerged from his cabin and appeared at the stick.

"'Well, my man?' said the skipper to Maro, who stood bolt upright and saluted with a flourish.

"'Sare,' said Maro to the skipper, 'I hav-a da honor to her-a-by taka da command of-a da ship.'

"'Hey?' said the commanding officer, putting his hand to his ear and looking as if he hadn't heard right.

"'Da ship,' repeated Maro. 'For-a da navee of-a Hellas—de Greeka navee—I hava da honor to taka da command.'

"All hands among the enlisted men were up on the to'gallant fo'c'sle taking the thing in, and they broke into a roar that you could have heard five cable lengths' distance. Maro heard it and, suspecting that his confidence had been abused, got red and flabbergasted. He suddenly bolted for the engine room hatch and made his way below, and it took three marines to drag him aft to the sick bay, where the surgeon, at the skipper's command, gave Maro a half hour's examination as to his sanity. Maro was rane enough to decline to give the name of the enlisted man who had told him he was eligible for the command of the ship upon its being turned into the navy of Greece, but the thrashing he gave that bo'sun's mate when he got him 'on the beach was certainly savage."

ONE POET OUT OF PLACE.

When Wordsworth, in Borrowed Finery, Attended a Royal Function.

It is not easy to imagine Wordsworth, the gentle poet, in the midst of the glittering artificialities of court life. Yet he once actually presented that picture. How slender was the tie that bound Wordsworth to the court during his seven years' tenure of the laureateship may be judged, says W. Forbes Gray in "The Poets Laureate," by the fact that he wrote no official poems and that on only one occasion did he leave his retreat in the heart of his beloved lake land to attend a court function. In May, 1845, he obeyed an imperative summons of the lord chamberlain to attend a state ball at Buckingham palace.

There must have been, as Professor Knight remarks, "something not a little incongruous in the severely simple, almost austere, poet of seventy-five years attending a ceremonial of this kind." Wordsworth went not only to the ball, but to the queen's levee, in a court dress belonging to Samuel Rogers and wearing a sword once owned by Sir Humphry Davy.

"What," exclaims Haydon, "would Hazlitt say now? The poet of the lakes in bagwig, sword and ruffles!" Haydon also remarks that the fitting of the court dress was no easy matter. "It was a squeeze, but by pulling and hauling they got him in. Fancy the high priest of mountain and of food on his knees in a court, the quiz of the courtiers, in a dress that did not belong to him, with a sword that was not his own and a coat that he had borrowed." Haydon could not bear to "associate a bagwig and sword, ruffles and buckles with Helvellyn and the mountain solitudes."

On returning home the laureate wrote an interesting account of his novel experience to his American friend, Professor Reed: "The reception given me by the queen, at her ball, was most gracious. Mrs. Everett, the wife of your minister, among many others, was a witness to it, without knowing who I was. It moved her to the shedding of tears. This effect was in part produced, I suppose, by American habits of feeling, as pertaining to a republican government. To see a gray haired man of seventy-five years, kneeling down, in a large assembly, to kiss the hand of a young woman, is a sight for which institutions essentially democratic do not prepare a spectator of either sex and must naturally place the opinions upon which a republic is founded and the sentiments which support it in strong contrast with a government based and upheld as ours is."

Pineapples.

The pineapple is a solidified blossom, say the horticultural experts, and it is pineapple blossom time from June to October in Hawaii, where 7,000 acres are given over to the cultivation of this fruit. Pineapples are planted in three ways—for shipment raw, for canning and for juice. If the planter wants large, perfect specimens of the fruit he sets about 5,000 plants to the acre. The uniform smaller disks that you find in the cans are the result of closer planting, while the planter who desires only juice sets his plants still closer.—Youth's Companion.

Past Help.

The man with the old clock under his arm laid it on the jeweler's showcase. "I wish you'd see what is the matter with this," he said.

The jeweler removed the dial, screwed his eyeglass into place and inspected the works of the ancient timepiece.

"Nothing is the matter with it now. Its sufferings are over."

"Well, how much do I owe you?" asked the man.

"Nothing," answered the jeweler.

"This isn't a professional treatment. This is a coroner's inquest."

Working Out a Garden's Salvation.

Looking backward, I note the transition from reading books about gardens to doing work in one of them and how it gradually came to pass that I read less and only of standard substantialities that might be termed principles, because I found that I must work out my own garden salvation and work it out, if not with fear and trembling, certainly with a humble mind and a humble disposition.—From "My Growing Garden," by J. Horace McFarland.

Coals to Newcastle.

Mother was measuring a dose of tonic for her little son, who looked up and said:

"What am I taking this for?"

"An appetite," she replied.

"An appetite," he scornfully repeated.

"I can't begin to hold now one-half I want to eat."—New York Post.

Some Do Very Well.

"That girl has to wear her sister's old clothes."

"That's a shame. A girl can't make anything pretty out of leftover stuff."

"All depends. Look how beautifully autumn dresses on summer's hand-me-downs."—Chicago News.

A Message to His Love.

First Barber—That was a bad cut you gave that old man while shaving him. Second Barber—Oh, there's a reason for that. I'm courting his maid, and the cut will let her know that I'll meet her this evening.—Boston Transcript.

One Way.

"What is the best way to preserve peaches?" inquired Mrs. Wombat.

"Keep 'em on a high shelf," advised Mrs. Flubdub, who has enterprising kids.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The path of duty is the way of safety and the road to honor.—Old Saying.

BUYING A HAT IN HAWAII.

It Cost More to Find the Article Than It Did to Purchase It.

In his eagerness to see a whale during the voyage between Honolulu and the island of Hawaii, Homer Crov, who tells about his adventure in Travel, leaned too far over the rail and lost his hat.

After arriving at the island he climbed into a taxicab and told the driver to take him to a hat store. "Do you understand?" he asked. "A hat store."

"Yes, for sure, all right," the Japanese chauffeur answered.

They went bumping up the street, swung wildly round a corner and finally, at the far side of the town, drew up to the curbing. In the window of the store was a bedstead, on which hung the sign, "This Week Cheap."

"What do you mean by taking me to a furniture store?" Mr. Crov demanded.

"Dis Hata store," replied the Japanese driver, and he pointed to the name of the proprietor, "K. Hata."

"I want a hat, not a bed," Mr. Crov said, with feeling. "I want it for this," pointing to his bare head.

"Yes, for sure, all right."

With that the cab whirled down the street and away to the other side of the town, while the taxi bill was merrily running up. This time it stopped before a barber shop.

"No, I don't want anything taken off my head. I want something put on it," declared Mr. Crov, who was now quite irritated.

"Yes, for sure. I understand all right," replied the chauffeur, with a grin.

They went clattering just as far to the other side of the town as they could and drew up before a store that as an afterthought apparently carried a line of hats. Mr. Crov had to pay twice the price of a hat on the way to buy it, but this did not seem to worry the driver, who, after the manner of automobile drivers, stood up under it bravely.

SILK HATTED CROOKS.

The Bad, Bold, Debonair Criminals Are a Class of the Past.

The silk hatted, bewhiskered, high class crook has shaken the New York dust off his spats and disappeared. He is absolutely extinct. A modern criminal who can boast a good suit of clothes now is termed "Raffles," or if he is suspected of wearing what some call a dress suit he is a "gentleman burglar." Usually he "Raffleses" a couple of times, making a few small cleanups, and is netted, arraigned and sent away to a place where he gets his hair cutting and clothes pressing done free.

There are plenty of free lances of crime circulating around where legal tender or other valuables can be annexed by a little exertion at some risk, but the old time bands of bold, bad, debonair knights of dark deeds have faded away. There are plenty of men who skulk through what is vaguely termed "the underworld" and who take a desperate chance at impromptu crimes, robberies, holdups or sneak thief jobs, which suddenly come under their attention.

These men are not the same caliber as the big criminals of thirty years ago, although occasionally one of the modern specimens stumbles upon a rich haul. The police say up to date methods have driven them from the game. The green goods men and gold brick canvassers have followed the hison and the Indian over the last frontier as an organized criminal industry. The "wiretappers" wiretappers have been hunted down and out. The band has been dispersed to various iron barred havens of rest, leaving the country capitalist safe to wander through Manhattan without being tempted to play the races on some intercepted tip.—New York Cor. Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Tale of Two Rivers.

The divide between the Hudson bay and Mississippi river drainage basins shows the poor drainage of the glaciated prairies and the delicate balance between drainage systems. Though Sheyenne and James rivers, the two principal streams of this region, flow in nearly parallel sources for 180 miles and the relief of the land between them is generally not more than twenty feet, yet the Sheyenne ultimately discharges into Hudson bay and the James into the gulf of Mexico.

The Battle of a Week.

The battle of a week was the great conflict at Tours in which Charles Martel overthrew the Saracens, A. D. 732. The members of the Saracen army are variously estimated at from 400,000 to 700,000, and the historians say that 375,000 were killed on the field. It is suspected that these figures are a gross exaggeration, but it is certain that few battles of history have been either so bloody or so decisive.

A Sickly Diary.

"Look here, old chap; I'll give you a valuable tip," said the experienced married man to the prospective bridegroom. "Don't let your wife keep a diary on the honeymoon. My wife did that, and now whenever we quarrel she brings it out and reads some of the idiotic things I said to her then."

Different.

"They say marriage is a lottery," remarked the morose young man.

"It isn't," replied Miss Gayenne. "In a lottery you can go on buying tickets."—Washington Star.

Easy Living.

A tribe called the Tungus, living 700 miles from civilization in Siberia, is said to have but one article in its creed—"Eat much and laugh much."