



The old Romans tried to make September the seventh month, as its name indicates, but this brought Labor day around at a season when capital was at the seashore and could not be impressed by the parade, and it was subsequently made the ninth month. Domitian the tyrant was among those who complained of the misnomer, and he gave it his own royal name of Germanicus; but as soon as he was in Africa the reigning Emperor, Bigbillus, reversed the policy and restored to the month the only name in the calendar remaining to us as it was in the beginning.

The curtain will rise cautiously, discovering a schoolhouse in the foreground and a small boy in open-seat pants concealed in the tall grass at the left. Mr. Taft will be pounding his ear under a bush on the right, and Mr. Pinchot and Mr. Ballinger will alternately chase each other across the stage at the rear. In the remote background a group of football players will be putting in fall hair, and farmers will be passing to town with their crops along the extreme right of the stage and returning in automobiles on the left. After the preliminary pantomime, in which the teacher will dash out of the schoolhouse and catch the boy, Mr. Taft lay his other ear on the anvil, and several aeroplanes pass over, the consumer will come out and sing "Listen to a Pencil on My Ribs."

And then the big show will begin, and summertime will scoot, the quail will do a trial trill upon his magic flute, the calf will hoist his tail aloft and jump from hill to hill, the dread mosquito will confess and fall upon his bill, the birds will call the moving van, to warmer climates bound, and the first acorn will fall and raise a welt upon the ground.

It is a very pleasant thing
To think upon the Fall
And what a comfort probably
It will be to us all,
To think upon the cider press,
The pumpkins turning gold,
The squirrel picking hazel nuts,
The chigger catching cold,
A new supply of oxygen
Replenishing the air,
And Nature touching up the scene
With color here and there.

A man who cannot fall upon his lyre and give it steam enough to make a symphony with Autumn for his theme, and cannot take his hands away and play it with his nose, or even stand upon his head and pick it with his toes until the din of falling nuts is pattering around, and the hunter's moon is in the sky, and all the hills are browned, and yonder in the filmy depth his frenzied eye can trace a gang of migrants tooling by against the arch of space—a man whose soul cannot respond to that insistent call is going where they do not have autumntime at all.

However, and be as it may, the bull-frog's sad adieu will rumble briefly ere he tilts and burrows in the ooze, the railroads will return the folks they found too spry to smash, the poor cockroach will lay his head beneath the window sash, the dries will put the blower on and march against the dragon, and a few more sections of the map will board the water wagon.

The supreme test for railroad bridges will begin on the 15th, when President Taft will set out upon his 13,000-mile trip to Mexico, the Pacific Slope, and intermediate points. This date in history will also be the 52d anniversary of the President's birth, but he will not open anything ery loud, and there will be no bear hunters present. In the course of his travels Mr. Taft will test the stability and tensile strength of 67,432 bridges and 512,002 trestles, and the rotundity of more than 10,000 roundhouses.

Mars will be the other exhibit of the month. This planet, which is supposed to be inhabited by people like Mr. Rockefeller and others who have something on the rest of us, is now only 34,000,000 miles distant, and may be easily distinguished by its angry redness and its habit of winking and blinking like a Pittsburgh first-nighter. There have been several suggestions for attracting the attention of Mars while passing, the best of which is that everybody upon our own earth say Booh! at the same time; but Mr.

Harriman says that if anybody in this country says Booh! again just at this time prosperity never will come back; so we, at least, are not participating, no matter if the rest of the world does do it.

The September moon, which is said to be the only one under which anyone ever committed bigamy, will be full on the 29th, and the signs of the Zodiac for the month will be Virgo until the 22d, and thereafter Libra. People born under the influence of Virgo are persistent and can get a lower berth after the man says there are none left, but Libra people are well balanced, and can sleep in an upper.

On the 22d the sun will cross the equator for a touchdown, and the increased tariff on clothing will kick the autumn equinox. This will give the ball to the wolf on our frontyard line. And then October will return, With gossamery sky.
And in the soft autumnal hush
The pumpkin vine will pierce.

What One Fly Did.

A little fly on mischief bent, found an open door and in he went. There were no screens to bar his way and the little fly was happy and gay. Dinner was being prepared by the cook; the fly flew over and he took a look, and said, as he gave his head a jerk: "Right here is where I get in my work." With microbes I am loaded down; from the filthiest garbage cans in town." So while the cook was humming tunes, the fly waded through a dish of prunes; danced a jig on the soup tureen and greased his jaws in the butter-line; he races all over the custard pie, then said, as he slowly winked his eye: "Dinner time is near and I'd better chase myself from here; I feel in my bones that trouble's brewin', and in about three minutes there will surely be something doing." Of all this family ate and I'll proceed to tell you of each one's fate. First father was taken ill and died, then mother passed over the great divide; then little Johnny was called up higher and is now a member of the angel choir; then little Nell and sister Sue took sick and they—they died too. The whole family is now in the sweet bye and bye, all because of the visit of one little fly.—Ex.

Whitewashing

A preacher came at a newspaper man this way: You editors do not tell the truth. If you did you could not live; your newspaper would be a failure. The editor replied: You are right and the minister who will at all times and under all circumstances tell the whole truth about his members, alive or dead, will not occupy his pulpit more than one Sunday, and then he will find it necessary to leave town in a hurry. The press and the pulpit go hand in hand with whitewash brushes and pleasant words, magnifying little virtues into big ones. The pulpit, the pen and the grave stone are the great saint-making triumvirate. And the great minister went away looking very thoughtful while the editor went to his work, and told of the unsurpassing beauty of the bride, while in fact she is as homely as a mud fence.

B. & T. Meeting.

Last Wednesday afternoon the first meeting of the Book and Thimble club was held at the home of Mrs. E. A. Palmer, on North Bruegger avenue. Owing to the necessary amount of business regarding the year's booklet, the programme was rather light, but consisted of the following papers: Geographical Sketch of Italy and Something of the People, by Mrs. Ellithorpe.

Development and Decadence of the Empire, by Mrs. Carney. Mrs. Carney being absent, Mrs. Overson read her paper.

Following the program which was especially good, Mrs. Palmer served a most delicious luncheon.

Tablets did you say? All kinds for ink, pencil, drawing, composition, spelling and notes. 5 cents—Williston Drug Co. 10tf

ASSAILANT IS SUICIDE

J. F. HAYNER, WHO SHOT G. W. SOMERVILLE, ENDS LIFE IN NEW ULM JAIL.

BELIEVE HE FEARED CONVICTION

Prisoner Tears Blanket into Strips and Strangles Himself—Wounded Man Will Recover Is the Opinion of Attending Physician.

New Ulm, Minn., Sept. 1.—John S. Hayner, assailant of former State Senator Somerville of Sleepy Eye, cheated the ends of justice.

Making a rope from the blanket and other bedclothing in his cell at the county jail, he placed the end around his neck and attached the other to the iron fixtures of his cell door. When Deputy Sheriff Charles Brust went to the cell to bring his breakfast, Hayner's body was found hanging. It was cold and the man must have been dead several hours.

No Night Guard Kept. The sheriff and other officers kept the company of the prisoner until midnight, and the sheriff inclined to the opinion that a guard ought to be maintained through the entire night. The county attorney did not coincide with him in this belief, with the result that Hayner was left unattended.

Hayner's body is at the morgue and preparations for its burial will not be made at once. Opportunity will be given relatives and friends to claim it. Hayner in his last hours talked freely with the officers and local newspaper men concerning his motive for the attack on Somerville. About a year ago, he said, he sold some business property, valued at \$5,000, to Somerville, accepting in payment 170 acres of land near Salem, Mo., and \$1,600 worth of Minnesota Central Telephone stock. There was a mortgage of \$1,000 on the land, which Hayner assumed, and in turn Somerville assumed a \$900 mortgage on the business property transferred to him.

The prisoner said he had learned the land was not as represented and that the telephone stock was of small value. He had written to Somerville, and the lawyer failing to reply, he went to Sleepy Eye for the purpose of talking matters over with him.

Hayner's death by his own hand indicates he had but little faith that his assertion that Somerville raised a heavy ruler over his head and that he shot in self-defense could save him. He expressed regret for his act, and said he did not intend to shoot Somerville when he entered his office. He had carried a revolver, he said, for many years because he had been held up three times.

Hayner parted from his wife some time ago and she has since died. He has one son living at Waverly, Minn. Somerville May Recover.

Former Senator Somerville passed a very satisfactory night and his condition is encouraging. A consultation of surgeons, attended by Dr. Dunsmoor of Minneapolis, was held. It was decided that an operation for the removal of the bullet was not necessary at this time. Physicians agree that the chances of recovery are fairly good.

REPORTS ADVERSELY ON CANAL.

Superior-to-Mississippi-River Project Considered Unfeasible by Fitch.

Stillwater, Minn., Sept. 1.—A letter from the United States engineer's office at Duluth says that Graham E. Fitch, colonel of the corps of engin-

eers, has reported adversely on the proposition of constructing a canal between Lake Superior and the Mississippi river. This is in accordance with the resolution approved by congress on March 3, 1909.

Youthful Slayer Is Indicted.

Duluth, Minn., Sept. 1.—The district grand jury found indictments for first degree murder against Bjorn Ostby, the 18-year-old boy who shot his father, John G. Ostby, a grocer, August 11, and against Michaelo Rossi who stabbed and shot Antonio Demeo to death in the railroad yards here three weeks ago.

The other prisoners, the Matet brothers, are charged with the killing of Adolph Matis at a wedding Tuesday night.

Emotional insanity will be the defense in the case of the Ostby boy.

Sag Bandits in Cornfield.

Mineola, Iowa, Sept. 1.—A dispatch from Henderson, 15 miles east of here, says two men, believed to be the men who robbed the Mills County German bank Tuesday, were seen in a haystack. They fled when discovered and disappeared in a cornfield nearby. A posse was at once formed and an attempt made to surround the cornfield and capture the men.

2 YOUTHS DROWN IN BATHING.

Couldn't Swim and Got Beyond Their Depth.

Vermillion, S. D., Aug. 16.—Archie Peterson, of Beresford, and George Robertson, of Alsen, Clay county, were drowned in the Vermillion river. They were in bathing in company with others and got beyond their depth. Neither could swim and went down before assistance reached them. Peterson was 17 years old and Robertson 20.

Beverly, Mass., Aug. 31.—The resignation of Ormsby McHarg, assistant secretary of the department of commerce and labor, will be accepted. Secretary Nagel, head of the department, had an extended conference with President Taft and discussed with him the question of a successor to Mr. McHarg.

Le Sueur Man Kills Self.

Le Sueur, Minn., Aug. 31.—James Gebbie, of Le Sueur, for many years manager of the St. John elevator here, committed suicide by cutting his throat. Mr. Gebbie had been ill for quite a while and had expressed much fear of approaching insanity, and had said that he could not banish the thought of suicide from his mind.

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