

We Brush Aside All Competition

Ness has it

TOKIO

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Baltson drove to Devils Lake Monday.

Bob Cavanaugh was at Devils Lake the fore part of the week.

Ignatius Court was a business visitor in Devils Lake Monday.

C. D. Graves and mother will soon move to Doyon to spend the winter.

Miss Stella Jaqua is at home for a ten days' visit from her school work.

John R. Jaqua spent Christmas with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Albert Jaqua at Tokio.

C. Smeallie went to Devils Lake Friday and got his homestead patent from the U. S. land office.

G. W. Congden has gone to Devils Lake where he expects to spend the balance of the winter.

Mrs. Agnes Kring left Monday for Red Lake, Minn., where she will visit friends for a few weeks.

C. D. Graves returned Wednesday from a visit at Cray lasting three days including delays going and coming.

Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Chase went to Devils Lake Monday to see their twin grandchildren born to their daughter, Mrs. Otto Olsen, Christmas eve.

The people of this vicinity gave a Christmas tree and oyster supper in the school house Christmas eve and it was a grand success for the first for Tokio. Miss Leona Jaqua, who is the teacher in the schools at this place is to be highly complimented for the excellent program she arranged with the school children. About 250 gifts were distributed and the "grown-ups" seemed to have equally a good time with the children.

Frank Hyland, Devils Lake, for successful auction sales.

Blaisdell-Bierly

At the home of the bride's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Mitchell, on Arnold avenue, the wedding bells were ringing Wednesday evening to celebrate the marriage of Miss Jessie Bierly and Mr. Arthur Moro Blaisdell, both of Minot. Promptly at the hour of eight Miss Mary Brennan took her place at the piano and in a most beautiful manner played the Mendelssohn wedding march. As the beautiful strains sounded forth the bride, preceded by her bridesmaid, Miss Marion Mitchell, appeared upon the arm of her uncle, Mr. H. B. Mitchell, who gave her away, and joined the groom and his attendant, Secretary of State Alfred J. Blaisdell, at the marriage altar and there, to the soft strains of music the solemn words of the ring ceremony of the Presbyterian church were pronounced which united the two hearts and lives, Rev. Arthur G. Bailey officiating.

The bride was handsomely gowned in white crepe de chene, made princess, trimmed with cluny, and never appeared more charming or in more full possession of all her graces. The congratulations over the party partook of a very daintily appointed wedding supper, served in courses. The home was very attractively decorated for the occasion with red and green strips of rope paper twisted, holly, red and green candles and cut flowers. The young couple left for Minot on No. 1 the same evening, where their home will be established. The groom is one of the rising young attorneys of the Magic City, well known and highly esteemed. The bride is well known to a host of the citizens of Devils Lake who on many occasions have been charmed with her skill as a musician, as well as her womanly and ladylike qualities and graces.

A host of friends extend their best wishes for a long, prosperous and happy life. The out of town guests were Mr. and

Mrs. C. R. Boozely, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred J. Blaisdell; and Mrs. J. C. Blaisdell, all of Minot.

If you want anything done in the line of carriage or wagon work call at Mike Mandy's blacksmith shop where they make a specialty of that kind of work. Competent men are employed to do rubber tire work and sleigh repairing as well as build sleighs and do all kinds of job work. A specialty of all kinds of blacksmith work and shoeing.

Parry-Lake

At the country home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lake, Wednesday, December 29th, at one o'clock occurred the marriage of their daughter, Miss Leila Letitia to Mr. Robert J. Parry, in the presence of about 60 invited guests. The ceremony was performed according to the beautiful ring ceremony of the Presbyterian church, the Rev. Arthur G. Bailey officiating. At the hour appointed Miss Olive the little sister of the bride, took her place at the piano and played a beautiful wedding march and the groom attended by Mr. Ruddy Lake, brother of the bride; followed by the bride attended by Miss Anna May Parry, sister of the groom, took their places beneath a wedding bell of white crepe paper, and there the solemn words were pronounced which united the two young lives. Both the young people are well known in the vicinity of Devils Lake and Webster where they have grown to manhood and womanhood, their parents having been among the early settlers in Ramsey county.

The dress worn by the bride was of white lansdowne, made princess, and trimmed with lace and insertion. After the congratulations of friends and relatives, the party were seated at heavily laden tables and a sumptuous wedding dinner was served. The good wishes of the many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Parry was indicated in the wealth of useful and beautiful presents which they received. The groom has purchased the farm on which with his parents he has lived about five miles northwest of Webster and there house-keeping will be begun at once. A host of friends of this worthy young couple wish them the richest and the best things through a long and happy life.

Take no chances. Get Frank H. Hyland to conduct your auction sales.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Services Sunday, January 2d, 1910, as follows:
Morning worship at 11 o'clock. Subject, "A Good Motto for the New Year."
Sunday school at 12 o'clock.
Junior Endeavor at 3 o'clock.
Senior Endeavor at 6:30 o'clock.
Evening worship at 7:30 o'clock.
To all these services the public is cordially invited. Seats are always free.

I want to conduct every auction sale in this part of the country this fall. Parties send for me hundreds of miles away and have very successful sales. Frank H. Hyland, Devils Lake.

How Sunshine Beats Down.

It is a common thing on hot days to hear people say that "the sun beats down." But few suspect that the rays of light actually do beat down upon the surface they strike. Light is a wave motion in the ether, and waves, whether of sound or water, press on bodies in their way. Clerk Maxwell calculated the pressure of light, and experiments of Herr Lebedew have shown that he was right. The pressure is very slight, as may be supposed, but it really exists.

Woes Yet.

Mamma—Johnny, you had boy, you've been fighting again. Your clothes are so badly torn that I'll probably have to get you a new suit. Johnny—That's nothing, mamma. You just ought to see Tommy Jones. I'll bet his mamma will have to get a new boy.—Chicago News.

SERVED SEVEN DAYS, THAT BRUTAL HUSBAND.

By HOWARD OTIS.

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Possibly she felt my gaze, for she turned. And her face was worthy of her figure. Two bright blue eyes met mine for an instant before their owner walked on.

I gazed after her till she was out of sight. Then I gazed at the sacred spot on the pavement where she had stood, and, behold, there lay a little purse. I picked it up reverently and hastened after her, but she was lost in the throng of Regent street.

I reached Oxford circus and turned and retraced my steps, and presently I saw the girl again. She was gazing into another shop window. I picked my way delicately through the feminine crowd. My arm brushed hers, and the blood rushed from my heart to my ears. She turned. Our eyes met, and, by all the saints in heaven, her eyes were brown! It was not she, but another girl dressed exactly like her.

My hand fell from my hat, and I gasped an apology. I was wriggling away when a hand grasped my wrist and tried to wrest the purse from me. I turned and beheld a large man.

"Ah, would you?" he said. "Quiet!" He dug his knuckles into the back of my hand. I restrained a fierce desire to inflict similar treatment on his countenance and said: "Let go, you ass! Can't you see I'm not a pickpocket? I picked up this purse five minutes ago, and—"

"Yes, I've heard all that before several times. Have you lost your purse, miss?"

The girl with the brown eyes searched in her pocket.

"Yes, I have!" she exclaimed. I broke out into a cold perspiration. Wrenching my wrist free, I held out the purse. "But this is not your purse!"

"But it is. Oh, you bad, wicked man! I felt you take it!" This settled the matter. I was marched off to Vine street between two policemen.

The magistrate was sitting. Having been searched, I was placed in the dock and the girl in the witness box. She made a pretense of being dissolved in tears and pathetically besought the authorities to release me. But the magistrate soothingly explained to her how necessary it was for the protection of honest people that rogues should be punished. At length this wretched woman, committing perjury for the sake of a paltry purse, suffered the oath to be administered and swore the purse was hers.

I was taken away to the cells and a little later to Pentonville. In this impolite retirement I spent the seven most hideous days and nights of my life. But on the eighth day came release. A warden entered my cell and, with more respect than I had yet received in the prison, told me that my innocence had been discovered.

My good name and my clothes, having been restored to me, I was requested—a refreshing change from being ordered—to step into a private room. Here I found three ladies—a majestic matron, the girl with the brown eyes who had procured me a week's living free of expense, and, marvelous to relate, the girl with the blue eyes, with whom I was still in love. Both girls were, except for their eyes, exactly alike. Twins, I began to see.

The girl with the brown eyes had tears in them. The girl with the blue eyes also had her handkerchief to her face. The matron said gravely: "Sir, an awful wrong has been done to you, for which I question whether we can make adequate amends. I can, however, express my most deep and sincere regret. But before I endeavor to explain permit me to introduce myself. I am Mrs. Geoffrey Featherstone, and these are my daughters, Mabel and Alice."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Featherstone," I said, "I have already had the honor of an introduction to Miss Alice Featherstone, and the result of the introduction was such that, having no natural taste for penal servitude, I would rather not pursue the acquaintance."

"Your anger is just, Mr. Felix. But you will at least permit me to explain. On the day on which this awful thing happened my daughters wore new dresses exactly alike."
Mrs. Featherstone then proceeded: "The dressmaker had made the pockets of these dresses ridiculously shallow. Mabel declared that she would never dare to put anything in her pocket for fear of having it taken, but Alice laughed at the idea and declared that she was competent to guard her pocket if Mabel was not. They went shopping, and Alice insisted on putting her purse in her pocket. It had not been there for five minutes before Mabel, from pure love of mischief, took it out unperceived by Alice and put it in her own pocket. The girls became separated in Regent street, and the purse must have fallen out of Mabel's pocket when you saw her. Alice did not miss it till she saw it in your hand, and then—what could she think?"

"Oh, Mr. Felix," exclaimed Alice, "please forgive me! Oh, please say you will try to forgive me! Mabel and I had a tiff over those wretched pockets, and we did not speak for a whole week till this morning, when she came to make it up. To my horror, she presented me with another purse in place of the one she had lost, and then I saw what a fearful thing I had done."

There was a short silence, and then I laughed heartily and long. I dined with the Featherstones that evening, and—er—well, to put the matter in a nutshell, my wife has blue eyes, clear and bright, like glimpses of heaven.

She and her husband lived in the next flat above mine, and I pitied her. How she could endure to live with a man who kept such irregular hours I could not imagine. I should rather say regular hours, for he seldom came in till morning. It would be 3 o'clock and sometimes 4 o'clock when he passed my door. I would hear a door open above, and at times when my own door stood ajar I could hear a kiss of welcome. After that there would be moving about above, and sometimes a ripple of feminine laughter, never a scolding word, escaped from their apartments.

Often in summer, when doors and windows were left open to admit air, I could hear the rattle of dishes, the drawing of a cork, the clink of glasses, and knew the couple were having a supper together. I remember one night when I could smell the odor of some savory dish. I got up, dressed myself, went out to a restaurant and got a dozen oysters, with a bottle of ale. But it was only my stomach that was appeased, not my heart, and I yearned for such an angel as lived in the flat above me and thought what a different husband I would make her.

Surely she must have had something of the bohemian in her nature, and, above all, I wanted for a wife a woman of that kind. I pitied those men whose wives must always remain at home and make their husbands miserable unless they are always at home too. What a jewel a woman must be who could receive her husband at all hours of the morning after he had spent nearly the whole night carousing or playing poker at his club, give him a loving kiss and cook a supper for him! And when this is kept up night after night what must the enduring amiability of that woman be?

One day I left my room just in time to meet her on the landing. I lifted my hat and moved aside for her to pass, taking at the same time a good long look at her face. It was as fresh as if she were not awakened every morning by her brutal husband. It was not such a face as I had expected to see. I had fancied it would contain a devil-may-care expression common with bohemian women. Her features, on the contrary, were intellectual, with a trace of seriousness in them. Then it occurred to me that with such a husband how could she help being serious. It was a wonder that she did not show traces of suffering. She was going upstairs; I was going down. That was the first and only glimpse I got of her.

One morning I did not hear the husband come in at the usual hour, and the next day a doctor's buggy drove up to the front door. The doctor went up to their flat. He came every day for awhile; then a hearse stopped at the door, and I knew that the poor woman would not have longer to suffer the irregularities of a brutal husband. She never returned to the flat.

Some eighteen months afterward, while at an evening party, I saw her standing chatting with the hostess. I recognized her at once. How could I help recognizing her since I had carried that one brief glimpse I had got of her in my heart ever since? In a moment I was sidling up to the hostess and received the coveted introduction.

I refrained from telling the widow that I had lived beneath her and was aware of how she had been obliged to sit up night after night waiting for that husband. I didn't wish to awaken painful memories. I infinitely preferred that she should think she was meeting me for the first time.

The hostess arranged for a more than casual acquaintance between me and the widow. I saw much of her. There was nothing of the bohemian about her. Indeed, she seemed to have domestic tastes. Nevertheless I wanted her, and I did my best to win her. All this while I kept in the background my knowledge of her past and my surmises concerning her. In time she consented to become my wife.

I had put off so long telling her that I had known of her former domestic life that I resolved to defer doing so till immediately after our marriage. Indeed, I wished to make an experiment. Would she endure as much from me as from her first husband? I proposed to put her to the test. On our return from the honeymoon I told her that I desired to visit a former bachelor chum. She assented. At 3 in the morning I opened my front door and went upstairs. I expected to see my wife's bedroom door open and feel her arms about my neck. What was my disappointment to find that the door remained closed? I opened it and entered. My wife was sound asleep. I should have considered myself fortunate not to receive a dressing. But

I did not. I was angry. I made so much noise purposely that finally I woke her up.

"Pretty late hour this," she said. "For the day after the full of the honeymoon. Could not you make less noise and permit me to sleep?" This was too much. I told her how I had often in the past heard her husband go home at that late hour and how she had received him. I, who had taken what was left of a chilled heart, instead of getting a kiss or a hot supper received only complaint. She listened to me in some surprise and when I had finished said: "You gander! My first husband was the editor of a morning newspaper."

The Turning Point.

"Some girls," remarked the home grown philosopher, "are like cider."
"What's the answer?" queried the youth.
"They are sweet until it's time to work," replied the philosophy dispenser.—Detroit Free Press.

SITUATION IN MEXICO

A POLITICAL REIGN OF TERROR IN MEXICO.

"Moving Pictures of Mexico in Ferment" is another in the series on "Barbarous Mexico," which is appearing in the American Magazine. In this one, which is the leading feature of the January issue, the writer claims that at this moment there is a political reign of terror in Mexico. He says:

"It seems to be evident from an examination of many Mexican newspapers and from private letters received, that at this moment no important opponent of Diaz or of his candidates is safe from annoyance or persecution. Some of them have been driven out of Mexico; others have been imprisoned; others have been stripped of power and influence by various devices. The movement toward free nominations and elections has aroused the government to severely suppressive measures. And moreover, the Mexican government is now trying to extend its terrorizing hand across the border into the United States."

2nd ANNUAL CORN SHOW

BIG EVENT LANNED TO BE HELD WHEN FARMERS MEET.

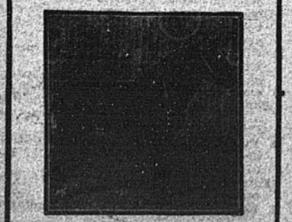
The second annual corn show of the state will be held in Fargo on January 18 to 21 in connection with the Tri-State Grain Growers' convention and already there is a big interest shown in it. The purpose of the show, which is under the direction of Prof. G. W. Randlett of the agricultural college, is to show on what an extensive basis the corn growing business is being followed in North Dakota and the farmers from all sections have been urged to send in exhibits.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

CITY OF DEVILS LAKE.	
Statement of Finances Sept. 1st, 1908 to Aug. 31st, 1909.	
Warrants Issued.	
Salaries city officers	\$ 5,188.00
Justice fees, election and printing	467.14
Fire department	2,827.62
Lights, water and fuel	5,591.59
Streets, crossings and sewer outlet	4,482.88
Board of health and boarding prisoners	881.14
City hall, culverts and miscellaneous	868.22
Total	\$ 19,687.69
Sidewalk	108.15
Street grade	108.15
Total special assessments	\$ 1,169.25
Balance in hands of city treasurer Sept. 1st, 1908	\$ 2,787.32
Received from county treasurer, general fund	\$ 22,796.53
Received from county treasurer sewer assessment	6,232.04
Received from county treasurer, grade assessment	6,196.01
Received from county treasurer, sidewalk assessment	269.51
Received from road and bridge from county	1,600.00
Received from fire department	600.00
Received from fines, licenses and filing gov't tax receipts	1,272.50
From county treasurer, refund board of health	179.65
Total collections	\$ 39,046.24
Bal. Sept. 1st, 1908 and collected during fiscal year	\$ 41,833.56
Paid general fund warrants and interest on bonds	24,403.36
Paid sewer bonds and warrants	6,919.29
Paid grading warrants	5,011.17
Total payments	\$ 36,333.82
Balance in hands of treasurer Aug. 31st, 1909	6,499.74
Total payments and balance Aug. 31st, 1909	\$ 41,833.56
Indebtedness Aug. 31st, 1909.	
General fund warrants	\$ 24,001.11
Artesian well bonds	12,000.00
Bridge bonds	3,500.00
Total indebtedness general fund	\$ 39,501.11
Special Assessments Outstanding.	
Sewer warrants 1904 issue	\$ 10,036.43
Sewer bonds, 1907 issue	13,077.00
Grading, 1907 issue	5,487.81
Sidewalk assessment	5,193.90
Dated Devils Lake, Sept. 30th, 1909.	1,199.10

—Ole Skratz, City Auditor.

We won 87 Ribbons last season, mostly firsts



Importers of Percheron, Belgian and Shire Stallions

Fargo, North Dakota, Rear of Milwaukee Depot
We have over 40 high class Draft Stallions now on hand, a bigger or better lot it would be impossible to find in any barn in America. Farmers should not overlook this fact. Considering the high price of horses can you afford to be without a Stallion in your locality? By coming direct to our barns at Fargo, you will save all middleman's profits, and be able to buy from the owner a Draft Stallion with a guarantee that is right and prices fair and reasonable. Don't delay buying now, you get better pick and can buy cheaper than in the spring. Fargo, Des Moines, Milwaukee, etc.

ROBT. BURGESS & LUKEN, Fargo, North Dakota, Rear of Milwaukee Depot. References: First Nat. Bank, Fargo; Hundreds of Customers.

A New Dray Line Is Now In Operation

The "I-Go Express," is the name of a new dray and transfer line recently opened in Devils Lake by J. R. Way. He has office room in the building first door south of Bell's drug store, where he will be glad to receive orders for the delivering of trunks, packages, etc., to any part of the city. This company is also equipped for heavy draying. Phone 506. Residence phone 419.

NOTICE TO THE LADIES OF DEVILS LAKE.

A number of the ladies of this city have expressed a desire to bowl at the bowling alley. If such ladies will call upon me and state when they wish to use the alleys I will be pleased to arrange such time so that they may have the exclusive use of the alleys for certain days or afternoons. Sam Goldberg.

BUCHANAN ANNOUNCED.

J. A. Buchanan, of Buchanan, N. D., has been announced as a republican candidate for governor of North Dakota subject to the primaries. His announcement is worded as follows: I announce myself a republican candidate, at the primary, for governor. I stand for the control of the party by the people and a "square deal" for all. My platform will be along these lines and will be published later. —J. A. Buchanan.

Buchanan, N. Dak., Dec. 21, 1909.

WANTS

TAKEN UP.

TAKEN UP.—A brown and white bull came to my place at Mrs. S. Gilbertson's farm, five miles northeast of Devils Lake. Owner please take away and pay charges. S. Grendahl, Devils Lake, N. Dak.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

Cures Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough.

The Lisbon Tannery

We tan Horse and Cattle Hides and skins of all Fur for Robes, Ropes and Coats. Robe Linings, make Oak Harness Leather, and Lace Leather. I guarantee my work to be first class. I pay the highest market prices for Hides and Furs. Send for price list and shipping tags.

OTTO JENSEN

Proprietor
LISBON, N. DAK.