

LURE OF THE PEARL

Long Chances Taken by Fishers
For Fresh Water Gems.

ALL ARE BELIEVERS IN LUCK.

A Mussel That Holds the Coveted Prize Looks Just the Same as One That May Be Worthless, and Thousands May Be Opened in Vain.

The pearl fishermen of the Upper White river in Arkansas are the most hopeful of mortals, ever dreaming of picking from curiously shaped shells big pearls of such value as to sweep them into the realms of prosperity at one grand stroke. They are optimists and true gamblers that worship at the throne of the goddess of luck. A thousand shells may not contain as much as a worthless slug. The next one they open may contain a rare gem worth thousands of dollars. They are ready and willing to take the chance. They may come out to the good or they may come out mosquito bitten, full of malaria, with trembling knees.

The pearl fisher of the Upper White is a true sport, as are the buyers. They are willing to take long odds in hope of pulling down a big stake. They are of the same disposition as the city man who gambles on the ponies or of the miner who follows his pick underground, betting against long odds and fate that he will win.

They are optimistic and hopeful, and it is impossible to discourage them. They are believers in luck and as strong in their faith as a Quaker.

Every pearl fisher has his favorite among the pearl bearing mussels. Some like the washboard, a long rough shell. Others like the niggerhead, a small round shell, black and rough. Others cling with inborn faith to the spectacle, a long shell, shaped much like a spectacle case, while others hold to the fan-like and mackerel. It is only a matter of fancy, however, all are pearl bearing if they have passed through the right conditions that go to make the pearl.

The chance of finding one of these rests with luck and luck alone, for there are some few different kinds of fresh water mussels that bear pearls. A large majority of these are to be found in the White river. A mussel with a pearl in it looks just the same as one that has none, and it is simply a matter of opening them to determine which one carries a valuable gem.

The equipment of a White river pearl fisher ranges in value from several hundred dollars down to nothing. Really one can start in with nothing but an old knife or sharp edged instrument with which to open the shells. If a man can get the opening tool he can always find a partner with a sunny sack and that is all that he needs to woo fortune with. He can use the knife on the bank to open the shells with, his partner gathering them from the bed of the river in shallow places, carrying them to him on the bank. You don't have to get permission, either, to go to work. Uncle Sam doesn't charge a cent. Just find a place and get busy. This applies, however, only to some unoccupied mussel bed. If there is some one else at work on a bed when you arrive and he is larger than you, leave him alone. It is his by right and right of discovery, and these are two of the natural laws governing operations among the pearl fishers of the Upper White.

The pearls found on the White river are of good luster and bring fancy prices when free from flaws. They are of many shapes and sizes. The slugs are the most worthless and seldom bring over \$1. Baroque, which are slugs, but which have a fine luster, bring up as high as \$25 or \$30. True pearls, those of a definite shape—ball, oval, pearl shaped, drop or button—bring prices up to as high as \$3,000 if they possess the size, color and luster.

Besides these there is the peeler. A peeler is a pearl with a rough exterior that may have a smooth interior when the rough outside covering is peeled away. Peeling is the biggest gamble in the industry. A buyer may pick up a gem for a few dollars, risk his judgment on it and peel out a gem worth several hundred. Again he may ruin it and lose all.

For the past four years, which have been extremely dry ones, pearl fishing has been general, and the mussel beds have been greatly depleted.—Washington Post.

Harpers Ferry.
Harpers Ferry was named after Robert Harper, an architect and mill builder, born in 1703 in the town of Oxford, England. He came to America in 1735 with his brother Joseph and located in Philadelphia, where for a time he prospered, but, falling later, concluded to join the Friends of Loudoun county, Va. En route to his new home he came upon the gap in the Blue Ridge mountains, where he made his home.

Really Pleased, Then.
"Mrs. Gadders is a woman who always wears an artificial smile."
"Not always, I'm sure."
"What makes you think so?"
"I've seen her smile quite naturally when her sarcasm made some other woman wilt."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

His Birthright.
"Does young Jiggsby come by his erratic temperament naturally?"
"Yes; his mother was a grand opera singer, and his father was a left handed pitcher."—Puck.

To bear is to conquer out fate.—Campbell.

BE A CASH BUYER

If you are not already among the throng of shrewd eager buyers that daily fill our big cash store to capacity.

GET BUSY

Just hold down your expenses for one month to the very limit and next month you will be free from old King Credit, and no man can tell you when or from whom you must buy. Then you can use your own judgement and spend your money where you know you get the best results and we predict that you will then be a regular patron of the only real cash store in Devils Lake.

25 lbs. of granulated sugar for One Dollar with \$10 purchases except Groceries.

Get out your catalog, pencils and freight rates and do a little figuring and you will be convinced that I undersell all others.	
7 lbs. good Coffee	1.00
4 packages Corn Flakes	.25
All spices, per package	.08
Reg. 25c package Matches	.18
Reg. 10c package Salt	.05
Rolled Oats per package	.20
Good Brooms each	.25
10 bars good Soap	.25
7 bars Toilet Soap	.25
Lard by the tub per lb	.11
25 lb box evaporated Peaches	1.75
No 2 1-2 Pineapple per can	.18
Good Tomatoes per can	.08
Good Corn per can	.08
Good Peas per can	.08
Good Sardines per can	.04
Sardines in Olive Oil per can	.10
Best Fish Balls per can	.15
Gallon Apples per can	.30

Whats the use of taking a chance of winning a Pony when you have a sure thing on getting an Automobile with the saving you make buying here?	
Best Calico per yard	.05
Good Outing Flannel per yard	.05
4 pairs good Cotton Hose	.25
6 spools Coats Thread	.25
Good Percales per yard	.07
4 skeins best Saxony Yarns	.25
Waists 75c to \$1.50 now	.43
Good Pillow Cases each	.10
Children's Union Suits	.23
Ladies' Sweaters as low as	.49
5 skeins Silk Floss	.10
Ladies' Underwear as low as	.19
I have the best line of Ladies' all wool Union Suits on the market.	
Laces, Trimmings, Buttons and Embroideries at half price.	

SHOES.	
Men's 1 buckle Arctic per pair	.98
Ladies' 1 buckle Arctic per pair	.79
Boys 1 buckle Arctic per pair	.79
Child's 1 buckle Arctic per pair	.59
200 pairs of regular \$4 shoes, now	1.98
400 pairs Ladies' Oxfords now	.98
I have the Thompson line of Men's work shoes that are Matchless Values.	
Gent's Furnishings.	
1 lot of slightly soiled shirts, each	.25
Regular 50c Work Shirts	.39
Regular 50c Suspenders	.39
Regular 25c Hose	.15
Regular 50c Hose	.29
Seater Coats 49c and up.	
4 pairs good Gloves	.25
Fleece lined Underwear, each	.39
Regular 25c Neckties	.13
Boy's Union Suits each	.25
Boy's Mackinaws each	1.98

I just bought two small dry goods stocks at less than 50c on the dollar and to appreciate the qualities they have to be seen. No trouble to show goods.

The Man Who Will Save You Enough Money To Buy You An Auto.

Locke Bldg. **C. J. Kelly** Kelly Ave. and 4th Street

A KNOCKOUT BLOW.

Curious Experience of a Boxer Who Got One, Yet Fought On.

Many and varied stories are told of boxing, but few are better than that describing the nauseating effect of a knockout blow. Some blows deprive the victim of all sense of surroundings, but leave him power to continue the contest. He boxes in a mechanical way and is oblivious of all things taking place around him.

A queer freak of this nature happened in Apollo hall, Chicago, more than fifteen years ago. Andy Daly, a Boston lightweight, was boxing Joe Galligan, an Italian boxer of Chicago, the decision to be given at the end of six rounds. Daly was a clever boxer with a good punch, while Galligan, although he could not boast of the cleverness of his opponent, had a dangerous right hand blow. For four rounds Daly had the better of the contest. Early in the fifth session the Boston lightweight became careless, and Galligan, taking advantage of an opening, sent over his right to Daly's jaw. The clever boxer took the count of eight, sat up, rubbed his eyes, regained his feet and finished the round. He continued the sixth session, displaying no ill effects as a result of the blow. Galligan made a strong finish, but Daly gave blow for blow and won a draw.

Daly went to his dressing room and put on his street clothes. Emil Thiry, who managed Packey McFarland, was manager of Daly then and was with him after the contest. Just before they left the room Daly called Thiry to him and said:

"Now, Emil, I'm going to ask you a question, and I don't want you to laugh at me. It's no laughing matter with me at all. You'll think it strange, I suppose; but this is what I want to know: Who won the fight?"

"Which fight?" Thiry asked in surprise.

"My fight, of course," Daly retorted. "Why, it was a draw and you all well after that bad fifth round." Thiry answered, "Didn't you hear the decision?"

"I don't remember a thing after the fourth round," Daly answered. "The reason I went into that other room just now was to overhear something about the bout without having to ask any questions. Nobody said anything, and that is why I had to ask you. I was afraid I had been knocked out."—New York Times.

FIRST SILVER WEDDING.

It Was Arranged by Hugues Capet, King of France, in 987.

The fashion of silver weddings dates back to the reign of Hugues Capet, king of France, in 987. Once as Hugues was arranging his uncle's affairs he found on one of the estates a servant who had grown gray in the service of his relative. On the farm with this old man was also a serving woman, who was as old as he and also unmarried, who had been the most devoted and hardworking of the women servants of the king's uncle. When the king heard these praises of the two he ordered them to be brought before him and said to the woman:

"Your service is great, greater than this man's, whose services were great enough, for the woman always finds work and obedience harder than a man, and therefore I will give you a reward. At your age I know of none better than a dowry and a husband. The dowry is here—this farm from this time forth belongs to you. If this man who has worked with you five and twenty years is willing to marry you then the husband is ready."

"Your majesty," stammered the old peasant confusedly, "how is it possible that we should marry, having already silver hairs?"

"Then it shall be a silver wedding," answered the king, "and here I give you a wedding ring," drawing a costly ring from his finger and placing the hands of the thankful old people together.

This soon became known all over France and raised such enthusiasm that it became a fashion after twenty-five years of married life to celebrate a silver wedding.

New York's First Tavern.
In 1642 New York's first city tavern was opened. It soon became the headquarters of much of the public business of the little town until 1653, when, to supply the needs of a regular municipal building, the tavern was purchased from the authorities in Amsterdam and became the first city hall, remaining as such until 1790, when the new city hall was erected at the head of Broad street, the site now occupied by the subterranean building.—New York Times.

His Mission.
"That man who was waiting for opportunity to knock said, when it knocked, that it was a mighty poor opportunity."

"He was not waiting for opportunity to knock. He was waiting for knock opportunity."—Houston Post.

His Intent.
"Ah!" said the friend. "You expect to drain this swamp and sell the land to the public?"

"No," confessed the cheerful promoter. "I expect to sell the swamp as it now is and drain the public."—Boston Journal.

And He Did.
"Save me!" murmured the fair damsel, as she fell into the arms of her ardent admirer. Being an economical man, he did so.—Penn State Froth.

A Disappointment.
"Was your party a success?"
"Not exactly. Nobody asked my daughters to sing."—Detroit Free Press.

A Russian's Effort to Lose Himself

By EUNICE BLAKE

Peter Trolenco was a member of one of those circles that sprang up in Russia some forty years ago when nihilism was first heard of. They took their name from their underlying principle that nothing in government which existed should continue. The Latin word for "nothing" is nihil.

There was great secrecy in those circles, the members of one circle being completely ignorant of those in another. Peter understood that different circles worked in harmony through their chiefs, but beyond this he had no information whatever. And yet St. Petersburg (now Petrograd), where he lived, was full of nihilists.

Peter was young, and there was something captivating in all this mystery. But one night there came to him a terrible awakening. Lots were drawn to decide which one of the circle should assassinate the chief of police, and Peter drew the fatal paper, on which had been sketched a dagger, all the rest being blanks.

All the romance attending the secret meetings, the disguises, the many ingenious plans of the propaganda of nihilism, shriveled before this terrible deed which Peter was required to commit and from which there was no escape. He might flee to the ends of the earth, but would never know when some one, possibly his best friend, would strike him.

To add to his horror, he loved a young girl, to whom he was expecting to be married. Nina Dimitrieff was at the time preparing her trousseau. Peter feared that his misfortune, which, in any event, would break their betrothal, would kill her.

He spent a long while in making up his mind what to do and finally decided upon flight. He would leave Russia disguised and go to a land where he would be lost to the world. But what action should he take in reference to his betrothed? After weighing the matter, dreading the shock he would cause her by telling her what had happened, he decided to disappear from her as mysteriously as from others. He would confide only in his mother.

A few days after he had drawn the dagger he began a journey to the border. Disguised as a beggar, he traveled by night and begged by day in the towns through which he passed. What money he took with him, added to what he received from charity, enabled him to reach Genoa and take passage for America.

For five years the fugitive kept changing his residence, avoiding the large cities so far as possible, thinking to lose himself more effectively in the country. But whenever he came near a Russian he moved on. He dared not write to his mother for fear his letters would be intercepted, but before leaving Russia he had laid a plan for communicating with her at long intervals. Finally he received word from her that a friend of his in the circle to which he belonged had informed her, at the risk of his life, that an emissary had been sent to assassinate him.

One day Peter appeared in a small town in Missouri to receive a communication expected from his mother. What was his astonishment to see walking on the main street Nina Dimitrieff. The sight staggered him. Could it be possible that the girl he loved had been sent out to kill him? He banished the thought and ran toward her. Seeing him, she gave him a meaning glance and passed on.

Peter followed her and presently saw her drop a bit of paper. Picking it up, he read, "Meet me at 11 on the bridge." The town was on the bank of a small stream spanned by a single bridge. This fixed the place. At the hour appointed he went there. Nina soon appeared, and the two were clasped in an embrace.

Then Nina told her story. After his disappearance she had wormed the secret from his mother. But it was not till Nina Trolenco told her that an emissary had been dispatched to kill him that Nina decided to join him in his exile. The immediate reason for her coming was to warn him against this person who had been described to his mother. Nina knew the man who was to avenge the circle, but he did not know her. Indeed, she had seen him in the town that day.

What was to be done? Nina declared that she would remain with her lover, protect him so far as she might be able and die with him if she could not save him. The danger was imminent. Besides, if they left the town they would be followed. They talked together a long while, discussing various plans, and finally adopted one that bid fair to accomplish the desired result.

The stream flowing beneath them was a tributary to the Missouri river. Beyond the Missouri were the plains, then uncivilized. Arranging to meet at a point in Kansas, they separated. Peter descended the stream and reached the Missouri in the morning. There he found a boat tied to the shore. In the bow he placed a paper, on which he had written that, tired of being hunted for his life, he had decided to drown himself. Then taking off his outer clothing, which he left in the boat, he plunged into the river and after a hard struggle with its swift current succeeded in reaching the opposite shore.

The emissary who searched for his victim read an account of the supposed suicide and returned to Russia. Peter and Nina had succeeded in losing themselves to the world.