

**FIRST NATIONAL BANK**

Capital \$50,000  
Surplus and Undiv'd Profits \$25,000

Directors: A. D. Davidson, C. A. Lindbergh, M. M. Williams, Peter W. Blake, Wm. Davidson, Theo. Wold, H. C. Garvin, Drew Musser, R. M. Weyerhaeuser, C. D. Hawley, A. R. Davidson.

Transact a general banking business, buy and sell foreign and domestic exchange. Pay interest on time deposits.

**Burlington Route**

Finest Trains on Earth

**ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS TO CHICAGO**

Electric Lighted, Steam Heated.

**Morphine**

OPIUM, CHLORAL AND COCAINE HABITS

A radical, positive and permanent cure guaranteed in 5 days. Absolutely harmless. No "tapering off" process—No substitution method.

R. A. GUNN, M.D., 41 East 21st Street, New York City.

**MANY THINK!**

When the Creator said to woman, "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children," that a curse was pronounced against the human race, but the joy felt by every Mother when she first presses to her heart her babe, proves the contrary.

Danger and suffering lurk in the pathway of the Expectant Mother, and should be avoided, that she may reach the hour when the hope of her heart is to be realized, in full vigor and strength.

**MOTHER'S FRIEND**

so relaxes the system and assists Nature, that the necessary change takes place without Nausea, Headache, Nervous or Gloomy Foreboding of danger, and the trying hour is robbed of its pain and suffering, as so many happy mothers have experienced. Nothing but "Mother's Friend" does this. Don't be deceived or persuaded to use anything else.

"Mother's Friend" is the greatest remedy ever put on the market, and all our customers testify highly."—W. H. KING & CO., Whitewright, Tex.

Of druggists at \$1.00, or sent by mail on receipt of price. Write for book containing valuable information for all Mothers, mailed free. The Bradford Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga.

**Mott's Nerveine Pills**

The great remedy for nervous prostration and all nervous diseases of the generative organs of either sex, such as Nervous Prostration, Failure of Manhood, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Youthful Errors, Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco or Opium, which lead to Consumption and Insanity. \$1.00 per box by mail; 6 boxes for \$5.00.

MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., Prop's, Cleveland, Ohio. Sold at Wetzel's Pharmacy.

**William's Kidney Pills**

Has no equal in diseases of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs. Have you neglected your Kidneys? Have you overworked your nervous system and caused trouble with your Kidneys and Bladder? Have you pains in the loins, side, back, groins and bladder? Have you a flabby appearance of the face, especially under the eyes? Too frequent desire pass urine? William's Kidney Pills will impart new life to the diseased organs, tone up the system and make a new man of you. By mail 50 cents per box.

WILLIAMS' MED. CO., Prop's, Cleveland, O.

**THE LOVER.**  
[Japanese.]  
In a dark and lonesome here  
Beneath the windy eaves,  
The cold, cold ground my bed,  
My coverlet dead leaves,  
My only bedfellow  
The rain that wets my sleeves!

If it be day or night  
I know not, cannot say,  
For I am like a child  
Who has lost his troubled way  
Till I see the white of the hearth floor.  
Then I know it is day.

I touch the silent strings.  
The broken lute complains.  
The sweets of love are gone,  
The bitterness remains.  
Like the memory of summer  
In the time of the long rains.

A few more days and nights  
My tears will cease to flow,  
For I hear a voice within  
Which tells me I shall go  
Before the morning hour frost  
Becomes the night of snow.  
—R. H. Stoddard in Harper's Magazine.

**ON THE BRIDGE.**

The night was dark. Overhead the few sad stars were shining dimly, buffeted by the clouds, and the water underneath hurried between the arches with a strange rush past as if fearing a sudden despairing burden from above. On the bridge were two shadows, two only in the bitter wind.

"My dear Charlotte, why did you do it?"  
"I had to. One must be civil."  
"But why tonight? I cannot eat or drink while this goes on, and I am famishing."  
The hostess bent over across the flowers and murmured sagely, "Dear, when I asked him, I was morally sure that he had a very strong opinion, and then she drew back a little remorsefully.

Mrs. Chatterton had invited one too many, and this one was doing all the talking. The hungry blank before dinner had been filled with his sonorous voice, and the same voice, in its mass meeting tone, was thundering down the table, compelling the frivolous to attend. The very servants appeared to feel that they had no business to offer anything to eat.

The Rev. Johnson was an earnest man, and these men have no compunction. He had few other opportunities of touching such worldly people, and his thin, kind, earnest face was eager. He had been holding forth upon the awful desolation beyond these doors.

"Not so very far," he was saying—and his soup was cold—"others, men and women, are seeking shelter, wandering in the night. They watch the glimmer of lamps, houses lit like yours, and their despair becomes more bitter to endure when they think of the happiness beyond." ("Which you are properly diminishing," said Colonel Somebody to himself). "It's not fair, it's not right. It is your task to change it. Not with a guinea here and there, but with earnest, honest help. Go and look and you will believe it. Think of it, here hundreds of happy homes" (a woman under her breath said "happy!"), "there hundreds shut out—shut out, do you understand?—from all but the pain of life. That very bridge yonder! Mrs. Chatterton, you know it, but only in the sunshine, when the water ripples gladly enough. Your carriage rattles over it hastily in the dark. These others know it in the night. They creep there, hungry and weary, to hide themselves in the shadows, dark on the bridge, and darker upon their hearts. Do you ever think of that, Mrs. Chatterton?"

The hostess put both hands up to her fair, wild hair—a habit of hers when troubled. The look of airy satisfaction had left her face.

"Poor things!" said she. "I don't like going to stare at them when they are reclaimed convicts. I wish I could go there some dreadful night and carry them all off and make them happy."

"A pity it should only be a wish," said the Rev. Johnson, glancing dryly across the pretty wilderness of silver and ferns and glasses. He did not believe in Mrs. Chatterton. She was like a rose leaf whirled over the grass by the summer winds and quite as careless. Then he bent quietly to his plate, but after one mouthful he began again to impress these people, most of whom did not often hear his words elsewhere.

Mrs. Chatterton was clasping and unclasping her fingers nervously, as if she were to blame for all. Mr. Peterson, at the other end of the table, was only thinking that his dinner was a fine one. He was the father of a little girl who had died, but he was not frivolous. He was also the father of many sons, and some men have few ideas, letting the sad ones slip. These do not need distractions—trifles. The Rev. Johnson principally addressed himself to Mr. Peterson.

Mr. Butterfield was getting all the attention of the servants. He was almost the only person who did not keep things waiting at his elbow, but then he was a rich man and a hard man, rumor said, and perhaps he was not lightly moved. Miss Lavender, on his left, was an authoress. She was handsome and tall and brilliant, and her mouth took on a sarcastic twist whenever she had to listen to other people's views. It seemed this time as if her patience failed her. She turned to Mr. Butterfield all at once and in a rather high voice inquired what he thought of a certain play. The Rev. Johnson looked earnestly at them both and judged them.

It was dark on the bridge, and the wind was bitter. Mr. Butterfield had taken a strange way home.

He, the hard man of the world, could hardly account for the way in which he had been stirred by facts he had already heard more than once. He had meant to walk to his own house across the square, but his feet had almost unconsciously led him hither, "to have a look," he assured himself uneasily, shivering in the cold. On either side down the water was a wavering line of lights; in the distance the rumbling of a carriage; on the bridge nothing.

"It is a strange thing," the Rev. Johnson had said in parenthesis, "how these walls vary in their haunts! Some nights the bridge is lined with despairing men, and on other nights it is deserted."

Mr. Butterfield shivered again and whistled.

"There is me," he muttered grimly.

His mind wandered to his neighbor of that spoiled dinner party, the clever Miss Lavender. He admired her, had always admired her, with all her independence and startling ways—and yet—something in her that night had jarred. A woman who could hear unmoved the pitiful stories that had been urged upon them, who could turn impatiently and interrupt with a vain talk of plays, was hardly the woman a man would want—for his wife.

It troubled him more than he would

**A BACHELOR PAPA.**

One of Chicago's eligible bachelors recently had a severe nervous shock, and his friends haven't allowed him to forget the episode. Two weeks ago he entertained a house party on the occasion of his sister's marriage to a Baltimore man. The morning after the wedding the best man left for his home in Baltimore and mine host suggested ordering out the drag and taking all the men of the party to the station so that they might pay farewell honors to the departing guest. As they were near Kenwood they drove to the Twenty-second street station instead of going down to the city, and while they were waiting a light rain began to drizzle. So they left the horses to the groom and sought shelter on the platform. Before the eastern train came through a train from the west pulled into the station and stopped. A colored porter jumped off a sleeping car and put down a package. He was looking at all sorts of goods and chattels. Under one arm he carried two satchels, and a dress suit case employed the hand. In the other hand he had a third satchel, and tucked under that arm in a reckless fashion was a baby who was apparently too surprised even to protest. A young couple followed the porter from the car, and when they reached the platform the woman picked up her skirts. The man opened his umbrella and beckoned to the porter. Then they walked leisurely into the station. The porter started after them, but at that moment the train began to move. The darky cast a despairing glance at the waiting room door, hesitated, then dropped the bags, plucked up the steps and ran along beside the car, still holding the baby, which by this time had found its voice and protested vigorously. The wedding party was excited.

"Blooming idiot! Why don't they come and take their baby?" sputtered the best man.

"He'll have to drop the youngster if they don't see him," exclaimed another excitedly.

The baby dangled in a howling heap, the train gained speed, and the porter looked desperate. Then the good natured bachelor, although he hated babies and was opposed on general principles to touching one, came to the rescue. He sprang down the platform and overtook the flying porter. "Give me the baby," he said breathlessly.

The darky looked volumes of gratitude and relief and plumped the noisy bundle into the bachelor's arms. Then he climbed back to the car, and the good Samaritan walked back to the station, feeling a trifle embarrassed and regretting his kindly impulse. He held the baby gingerly and hurried into the waiting room, while his friends applauded loudly. The young couple were serenely and unconcernedly sitting beside the steam radiator, and the bachelor felt a wild longing to chuck the baby at their heads, but he restrained himself and smiled politely as he handed the baby to its mother. Then his blood froze. She stared, backed away and flatly refused the baby—wouldn't have it. The bachelor stood speechless, his embarrassment at an attempt to explain, but the gentleman cut him short. The baby wasn't theirs. They had never seen it before. There was some mistake. A howl of mirth came from the platform. The fellows had watched the tableau through the window. The bachelor didn't swear. Language was inadequate. He walked to the door and was greeted by an unsympathetic chorus of derision. The baby wailed an accompaniment.

"It will be a handy thing to have about the house, Dick," said the best man, and why he had the baby over his head. He turned the baby right side up and the wailing subsided. At least that was some relief.

"What are you going to do with it?" asked one of the men. Dick shook his head. His thinking apparatus refused to work.

"Telephone for a policeman," suggested the best man, and a ray of hope came into the victim's face. It had seemed to him that there was no escape—that the baby was tied to him for life. Just then one of the crowd ran to the edge of the platform. "The train's stopping on the curve," he shouted.

Every one pushed forward to see. The train stopped, the porter appeared, and two specks, apparently feminine, came hurrying back along the track. The crowd watched them with absorbing interest. Finally the specks developed into a stout woman, visibly agitated and much out of breath, and a pretty girl who looked half scared, half amused. The stout woman reached the platform and charged upon the crowd. Tears of excitement and fright were rolling down her cheeks, and her hands were wretchedly disposed over one ear.

"My baby! Where's my baby?" she gasped. The men fell back and left the bachelor standing in full view with his charge. The woman rushed at him, seized the baby and then burst into hysterical sobs. The bachelor looked relieved, but bored, and the pretty girl thanked him effusively. However, she was evidently struggling with something. At last she gave way to riotous and unseemly mirth, and her laugh was so contagious that every one except the bachelor, the mother and the baby laughed with her.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she said, wiping her eyes and wrestling with her dimples. "But it was too funny. The porter took our hand luggage and the baby, and just as we started out mother found she had lost her pocketbook. So we went back to look for it, and then the train started, and we got excited. When the porter turned up without the baby, mother almost had a fit. She shouted:

"My baby! Where's my baby? What have you done with it?" And the porter passed her on the shoulder and said:

"Now, it's your lot, ma'am. It's papa's got it."

The group of men let out a roar of laughter at that, and the bachelor looked apologetic.

"Well, my dear," said the older woman, "I'm sure it was a natural mistake. The porter thought baby's father had come to meet us. I don't know how to thank the gentleman for his kindness."

Then the eastern train came in, and the episode was ended, but it's an understood thing now that any one at the club who calls that amiable bachelor "papa" loses a pleasant acquaintance.—Exchange.

**English Electioneering.**

In an article on "English and American Electioneering," Sydney Brooks, in The Chautauquan, says: "Day after day you will see ladies of refinement and social position sitting from 10 to 4 in the midst of the bustling disorder, addressing wrappers, mailing circulars, doing the clerical work of the campaign. Sometimes they ally forth with canvassing cards to beard the intelligent electorate in its den. Each registered voter whose name appears upon their card is called upon, is crossed examined, is argued with, is often persuaded, this too, in districts whose inhabitants do not always conduct arguments by word of mouth alone. To a Conservative this fair canvasser will dilate on the virtues of Lord Rosebery and leave him with a basket of Radical leaflets, promising to call again. A confirmed Liberal she will greet with holy joy, ask after his wife and children and decorate his parlor window with a portrait of their beloved candidate.

"The wretched being who has not made up his mind how to vote can have no peace till he has given her a decisive answer. She will visit him, plead with him, harangue him, appeal to him, till the poor fellow has to yield to get rid of her and back to his work. In the evenings she will sit on the platform by her candidate's side, perhaps make a little speech, and on election day she will send her horse and carriage to drive honest Bill from his factory or workshop to the polling place and back. I have yet to meet political workers who equal English women in enthusiasm, persistence and individual effectiveness."

**He Emptied His Pockets.**

The Comte de Corbieres, minister of the interior to Louis XVIII, while working in the king's cabinet one day became absorbed in his work and so far forgot himself as to place his snuffbox on the king's desk after taking snuff.

The king observed this unheard-of familiarity from the corner of his eye, but said nothing. Presently the minister whipped out his pocket handkerchief and placed it beside the snuffbox.

"M. de Corbieres," remarked the king at last, "you appear to be emptying your pockets."

"Perhaps so, sire," was the calm response, "but that is much better than filling them."

The king smiled at the clever hit at the corruption of some of the minister's predecessors. Corbieres was noted for his scrupulous integrity.

**Hard Neighborhood to Find, Though.**

"Louise, let me read you this interesting article, 'How to Stay Young.'"

"No, I know all about that—move into some neighborhood where no one knows your age."—Chicago Record.

**Advice to Assessors.**

The state auditor has issued a circular of advice to assessors, from which the following extracts are taken:

Section 1515, of the statutes of 1884, provides that:

Every person of full age and sound mind, being a resident of this state, shall list all his moneys, credits, bonds or stocks, etc.

Require all to make the statement no matter what the amount of the property. The assessor is clothed with ample authority by the law to secure a fair return of the property.

Not being able to get a satisfactory statement, you are authorized to make an arbitrary assessment at such figures as you believe right.

Owners of personal property are just as much bound, morally and legally, to pay taxes as owners of real property.

When you make an arbitrary assessment be sure to give the party assessed due notice, so he can appear before the local board of review to correct, if desired.

Personal property in our state fell off nearly two and a half million dollars in 1897 below the 1896 assessment. This should be regained this year by your good work. Take the item of money alone. In 1897 the assessment of money amounted to \$3,150,771. The fourteen savings banks of our state had, on Dec. 31, 1897, \$10,463,398.99 belonging to depositors, and the state and national banks had on July 1, 1897, \$49,054,311.81 belonging to depositors, or a total of nearly sixty millions, exclusive of the money deposited in private banks and held by individuals. And yet only a little over three millions were listed for taxation.

Assessors do their whole duty without fear or favor it will bring out many a fat bank deposit for taxation.

State and municipal bonds are taxable. Railroad bonds and railroad stock are taxable and should be assessed to the owner. Payment of the gross earnings tax by a railroad company does not exempt its bonds or stock from taxation.

Local building and loan associations should be assessed against the corporation direct and not against its shareholders individually.

Savings banks and building and loan associations are required to list all their property in a statement to you. Savings banks under section 1531 and building and loan societies under section 1530, of the 1894 statutes.

For quick rising, moist and sweet bread, Wild Rose, is the best.

**TWO RIVERS MILLING CO.,**  
Vasaly Block.

**Many People Cannot Drink**

coffee at night. It spoils their sleep. You can drink Grain-O when you please and sleep like a top. For Grain-O does not stimulate, it nourishes, cheers and feeds. Yet it looks and tastes like the best coffee. For nervous persons, young people and children Grain-O is the perfect drink. Made from pure grains. Get a package from your grocer today. Try it in place of coffee. 15 and 25c.

**The Nickel Plate Road**

is authorized to sell tickets to Rochester, N. Y., and return at one fare and one-third for the round trip, on certificate plan, account of Baptist Anniversaries, May 16-24, 1898. Three through express trains leaving Chicago daily from the Van Buren street passenger station. Fast time and first-class equipment. Rates always the lowest. Call on or address J. Y. Calahan, general agent, 111 Adams St., Chicago, Ill. 15-10.

**The Nickel Plate Road**

is authorized to sell tickets to Cleveland and return at one fare and one-third for the round trip, on certificate plan, account of meeting of Women's General Missionary society of the United Presbyterian church of North America, May 10-13. Tickets will be good on any of our through expresses leaving Chicago from the Van Buren street passenger station at 10:35 a. m., 2:55 p. m. and 10:15 p. m. First-class equipment. Day coaches in charge of colored porters. Rates always the lowest. Call on or address J. Y. Calahan, general agent, 111 Adams St., Chicago, Ill. 10-10.

Plainfield, Wis., Feb. 11, 1898.  
Messrs. Hollenbeck & Wightman,  
Elm Dale, Minn.

GENTLEMEN:

I desire to testify to the merits of Dr. Booth's German Liniment. One bottle of the liniment has completely cured me of a distressing pain in my chest with which I have been troubled for years. We use it for colic, pains in the stomach, summer complaint and all other aches and pains and take pleasure in recommending its use to all.

Very respectfully yours,  
G. W. HUBBELL,  
Plainfield, Wis.

**LEGAL ADVERTISING.**

We, the undersigned, hereby agree to accept for publication in our respective newspapers no legal notices or official printing to be done in compliance with the laws of Minnesota for less than the full rates allowed by law, and no reductions will be given on notices furnished in plate.

TRANSCRIPT PUB. CO.,  
Transcript,  
LITTLE FALLS, Wis., Co.,  
Herald,  
CYRUS D. AUVER,  
Morrison Co. Democrat,  
A. W. SWANSON,  
Royaltou Banner.

[First publication May 6, 1898.]  
ORDER FOR HEARING ON CLAIMS  
STATE OF MINNESOTA, }  
County of Morrison. }  
IN PROBATE COURT,  
Special Term, May 3rd, 1898.  
IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF  
JACOB WEBER, DECEASED:

Letters testamentary on the estate of said deceased being granted unto Helena Weber, of said county, do hereby certify that it is ordered, that all claims and demands of all persons against said estate be presented to the court for examination and allowance at the probate office, in the court house, in Little Falls, in said county, on Monday, the 5th day of November, 1898, at 10 o'clock a. m.

It is further ordered, that six months from the date hereof be allowed to creditors to present their claims against said estate, at the expiration of which time all claims not presented to said court, or not proven to the satisfaction of said court, shall be barred, unless for cause shown further time be allowed.

Ordered that notice of the time and place of the hearing and examination of said claims and demands shall be given by publishing this order once in each week, for three successive weeks, in The Little Falls Herald, a weekly newspaper printed and published at Little Falls, in said county, on the 3rd day of May, A. D. 1898.

By the Court,  
N. RICHARDSON,  
Judge of Probate.

[First publication Feb. 25, 1898.]  
NOTICE.  
Land Office at St. Cloud, Minn.,  
Feb. 18, 1898.

Complaint having been entered at this office by A. Pilon against Nelson L. Austin for abandoning his homestead entry No. 15801, dated June 23, 1897, upon the 1/4 sec. 30, and 1/4 sec. 12, township 132, Range 30, in Morrison county, Minn., with a view to the cancellation of said entry, the said parties are hereby summoned to appear before Lyman Sigaur, clerk district court, at Little Falls, Minn., on the 14th day of May, 1898, at 10 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

THEO. BRUENER,  
Register.

U. S. Land Office,  
St. Cloud, Minn.

Further notice is hereby given that a hearing will be had at this office on the 21st day of May, 1898, at 10 o'clock a. m., when the testimony taken herein will be examined and a decision rendered thereupon.

THEO. BRUENER,  
Register.

[First publication May 6, 1898.]  
APPLICATION FOR LIQUOR LICENSE.

Notice is hereby given that Theodore Gross has filed with the recorder of the village of Pierz his application for license, granting him the right to sell intoxicating liquors in the west room, and on the first floor of his building, situate on lot one (1), block two (2), in Bergerhausen's addition to the village of Pierz, Morrison county, Minn., for the term of one year, commencing May 21st, 1898, and terminating May 20th, 1899. And he hereby agrees to obey all the laws of the state and the ordinance of the village of Pierz relative to the sale of intoxicating liquors. Said application will be considered at a meeting of the village council to be held at the village hall Friday evening, May 20th, 1898, at 8 o'clock p. m. All persons who may have reasons to object to the granting of such license are hereby notified to appear at said time and place and exhibit their reasons.

Dated, Pierz, Minn., 3d, 1898.

A. SIZMAN,  
Recorder.

**Don't Invite Sickness**

Which is better, to thoroughly cleanse and purify the blood just now, or make yourself liable to the many dangerous ailments which are so prevalent during summer? Impurities have been accumulating in the blood all winter, and right now is the time to get rid of them. A thorough course of Swift's Specific is needed to cleanse the blood and purify the system, toning up and strengthening it all over. Those who take this precaution now are comparatively safe all summer; but to neglect it is to invite some form of sickness which is so common during the trying hot season. It is now that a course of Swift's Specific

**S.S.S. For the Blood**

will accomplish so much toward rendering the system capable of resisting the evil influences which are so liable to attack it during the summer when sickness is so abundant. It is the best tonic and system-builder on the market, because it is a real blood remedy and is made solely to search out and remove all impurities, and supply an abundance of pure, rich and red blood. S. S. S. is made exclusively of roots and herbs, and is Nature's own remedy. It is purely vegetable, and is the only blood remedy guaranteed to contain no potash, mercury or other mineral. Be sure to get S. S. S. There is nothing half as good.

**Purify the Blood**

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