Professional Cards

O. BERTRAM, M. D Physician and surgeon, Swanville, Minn. German spoken. Office in Swanville Pharmacy. Office hours: 8 to 10 a. m. 1 to 3 p. m. 6 to 8 p. m.

G. M. A. FORTIER, M.D., C.M., Graduate of Victoria University, Montreal, Canada. Surgeon to St. Gabriel Hospital. Office hours 8 to 10 a. m. and 2 to 4 p. m. Office over Wetzel's drug store; residence, corner of First street and First ave. N. E.

L. M. ROBERTS, physician and surgeon M. D. Philadelphia, Pa. L. P. G. C London, England. Specialty, nose, throat and ear. Office hours: 9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 4 and 6 to 8 p. m. Telephone. Residence at Hotel Buckman. Offices in Rhodes block.

J. G. MILLSPAUGH, physician and surgeon. Flynn block. Office hours: 1 to 4 p. m. and 7 to 8 p. m. Residence corner Third ave. and Third St S. E.

O. C. TRACE, M. D. Physician and surgeon. Surgeon to St. Gabriel's Hopital. Surgeon to Northern Pacific R. R. Office hours: 9 to 11 a. m., to 2 to 5 p. m. Officein Lindbergh block. Residence, South Fourth St., east of Court House, Little Falls, Minn.

DR. N. W. CHANCE. Office over Tanner's Store. Office hours: 9 to 12 morning, 2 to 4 afternoon, 6 to 8 evening. Telephone connection, Wetzel's drug store., Little Falls, Minn.

DR. GIBSON, dentist. Residence and office, Little Falls. Vitalized air, painless system of extracting of teeth. All styles of gold and crown work. The non-breakable plate is the most natural of teeth. Office hours: 9. m, to 6 p., m. Rhodes block.

Dr. F. H MERO dentist. Specialties made of Crown and Bridge work and Straightening of Irregular Teeth, Gas or odontunder for painless extraction of teeth. Over First National Bank.

FASHIONABLE

Dressmaking

New parlors just started at No. 411 Second St. southeast.....

First-Class Work,
Prices Reasonable
Work Guaranteed.

Mrs. Homer Caillier.

MONEY TO LOAN

We have an unlimited amount of money to loan on improved farms and city property.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Mott's Nerverine Pills

BEFORE AND AFTER USING.

The great remedy for nervous prostration and all nervous diseases of the generative organs of either sex, such as Nervous Prostration, Failing or Lost 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 MFG. CO., Props., Cleveland, O.

Sold at Wetzel's Pharmacy.

FREE SOLID GOLD

No express or mail to pay; we will send to your address one of these heavy

SOLID GOLD

Fancy Carved Rings, exactly like cut. Send us 45 cents in stamps or money order to cover cost of the gold in the ring. Measure finger with a wire for correct size and enclose with order.

FREE "BOOK ON MONEY MAKING," 192 Pages, Mailed Free. Write for it.

A. M. ROTHSCHILD & CO., WHOLESALE, State-st., Van Buren to Jackson-sts., CHICAGO.

PRAYERS AND FIGHTING.

Mr. Dooley on the Value of Both In a War.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "I dinnaw jus' what to think iv it. Me own idee is that war is not a matther iv prayers so much as a matther iv punchin, and th' on'y place a prayer book stops a bullet is in th' story books. 'Tis like what Father Kelly said. Three weeks ago las' Sundah he met Hogan, an Hogan, wantin to be smart, ast him if he'd offered up prayers f'r th' success iv th' cause. 'Faith, I did not,' says th' good man. 'I was in too much iv a hurry to get away.' 'What was th' matther?' ast Hogan. 'I had me uniform to brush up an me soord to polish,' says Father Kelly. 'I am goin with th' rig'mint tomorrah,' he says, 'an,' he says, 'if ye hear iv me waitin to pray,' he says, 'anny time they'se a call f'r me,' he says, 'to be in a fight,' he says, 'ye may conclude,' he says, 'that I've lost me mind an won't be back to me parish,' he says.

"'Hogan,' he says, 'I'll go into th' battle with a prayer book in wan hand an a soord in th' other,' he says, 'an if th' worrak calls f'r two hands, 'tis not th' soord I'll dhrop,' he says. 'Don't ye believe in prayer?' says Hogan. 'I do,' says th' good man, 'but,' he says, 'a healthy person ought,' he says, 'to be ashamed,' he says, 'to ask f'r help in a fight,' he says."—Mr. Dooley in Chicago Journal.

CERVERA'S ROMANCE.

He Was Stationed In Washington and Loved a Senator's Daughter.

The interest which Admiral Cervera is said to be taking to effect the exchange of Junior Lieutenant Hobson, United States navy, who was taken prisoner after sinking the Merrimac, recalls the time when, as a lieutenant commander, Cervera was naval attache at the Spanish legation in Washington, nearly 25 years ago. Cervera was a handsome fellow then. He was rich, a bachelor, and his dinners were among the finest given by diplomats during General Grant's last presidential term. Cervera was recalled to enter the cabinet of Alfonso XII in November, 1885.

While in Washington Cervera had a love affair that was much talked of at the time. He became desperately

ADMIRAL CERVERA.

enamored of a charming young lady, the only child of one of the proudest and haughtiest men who ever sat in the senate of the United States. She was not only a senator's daughter, but as cold and proud as was her stately, aristocratic sire. Whether she smiled or frowned upon her picturesque, handsome Spanish lover cannot now be told.

In those days Cervera played the guitar with the grace of his race and possessed an admirable light tenor voice. At an evening reception given by Mrs. Fish, wife of the secretary of state, Cervera was asked to sing. He complied by fixing the attention of every one near upon his inamorata, as, gazing at her in the most fervid manner, he made her a deep bow and burst into the passionate measures of the most sensational of Spanish love songs. This was too much for the girl, and she quietly got out of the room and left the house.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

BROTHERS IN ARMS.

Dembo Factor Has Enlisted Several Sons and Grandsons In the Army.

There are few more interesting characters in the United States than the famous old Seminole chief, Dembo Factor, who, at the age of 114, is boiling over with patriotism and anxious to go to the war. He has enlisted 14 of his sons, grandsons and great-grandsons in the army. Some of them are in the volunteer service and others with the regulars. The aged veteran appeared at Fort Clark a few days before the regiment started for Key West and went to headquarters, accompanied by six of his grandsons who were in the regular army, to beg the officers to allow him to go along with the boys to Cuba.

He, like nearly all other Seminoles on the little reservation, looks more like an African than an Indian, and there must be considerable negro blood in the whole race. They, however, have all the race characteristics of Indians. They speak the Seminole language, many of them being incapable of understanding a word of English, and nothing arouses their indignation quicker than for one to hint that they look like negroes.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The South's Pride In Hobson.

Alabama is proud of her noble young son, who so signally illustrates his state and country in the very jaws of death. Hobson's deed of daring puts the south forward as nothing else could have done on the seas, for the civil war made it impossible for any of the older ranking naval officers in this war to be southern. He shows the sort of metal the south is giving the united country in this time of need.—Montgomery Advertiser.

"ARIZONA TERRORS."

AN AGGREGATION OF MULE PACKERS EN ROUTE TO CUBA.

The Government Enlists Their Services For Inland Traffic Work In Cuba — All of Them Are Born Fighters — The Rough Riders Are Too "Dudified" For Them.

"The Real Terrors of Arizona—Teddy Ain't In It," was the tenor of a placard ornamenting the side of one of three tourists' sleeping coaches which were attached to the Louisville and Nashville train which left New Orleans at 11:15 o'clock the other forenoon, bound eastward.

The "terrors" were in charge of Mr. C. A. Johnson, acting agent for the quartermaster's department of the United States army. They were 94 in number, and if appearances go for anything they could "lick double their weight in wildcats or Spaniards," for a tougher lot of men never met together than these self styled "terrors." Their appearance was, however, a great deal worse than their deeds, for with all their roughness and apparent savagery there was a current of mischief and fun underlying their actions. That they would fight there could not be the least doubt, for each and every one of them had a record for some daring or brave act, and they were all typical frontiersmen such as were the pioneers of civilization in America from the days of the landing of the pilgrims on the shores of the old Bay State down to the present time. These men, who had left their homes in the mountains of Arizona to serve their country as expert packers, had most of them been without the confines of civilization for so many years that they had forgotten nearly all about it, and living, as they were, in the lands of the murderous Apaches, whose treachery and bloodthirstiness is so well known, they practically carried their lives in their hands almost all the time. They are inured to hardship and danger, and all of them can well be classed as expert with either the rifle, the pistol or (almost equally dangerous) the lasso, for each and every one of them was a master at the cowboy's art of "roping."

They were of all shades of complexion, from the blue eyed, fair haired blond to the dark skinned half breed. There were white men, most of them ranging in age from 45 to 60 years of age, but all tall, straight, stalwart, active men, whose bronzed complexion and lithe, supple steps betrayed a life of activity in the free, open air. Then there were young men, none of them, however, under 25 years, and these were stout, strong and athletic in build, and, to all appearance, giants in strength.

Nearly all of them wore the Mexican sombrero, with the gaudy silver trimmings and leather bands, while cartridge belts strapped around their waists was all that went to make up anything like uniform among these rough men.

Although without discipline, yet there was one controlling spirit among them, and his word was as law among these wild men. Some of them had been cow punchers; others had been traders among the savage tribes in Arizona and Mexico; some were miners, others ranchers, prospectors, mountaineers, but all of them thoroughly understood the art of packing goods upon the "burros," or mules, used as freight transports entirely in the mountainous districts whence they came. It was this very qualification (which all possessed) that caused the government to enlist their services. In Cuba much of the inland traffic, especially in the mountains, is done by means of mules, which carry all the freight into the interior. In an attack upon the island of Cuba by the land forces of the United States the services of these men will be indispensable, and it was for this purpose that their services were engaged. Then again every one of these men is a born fighter, and nothing would meet their ideas of fun more than a scrimmage with the Spaniards. One of the men, speaking to a comrade, said recently when the subject of fighting was broached: "You bet the boys are all scrappers. Those Spaniards are easy. They ain't like Apaches, and I guess we can get away with about ten times our number. Why, them greasers would be scared to death to have a dozen Apaches jump up out of the ground as has happened to us time and again."

One of the "Terrors" told the reporter that the men came from various places in Arizona, from the vicinity of Becbee, Tombstone, Tucson and Benson. They had all rendezvoused in Benson, and under the leadership of Mr. Johnson had boarded the train and were on their way to Tampa, whence they expected to go to Cuba, where their services as packers would be required. They were to receive from $40 to $100 per month for their services, according to their expertness as packers. Rough as the men appeared to be, he said that they were nearly all of them in good circumstances financially and did not need to go, but they were accustomed to a life of peril and excitement, and the present opportunity to satiate their appetite for such scenes was one not to be allowed to slip by. Some of them, he said, had come down out of the mountains to join Teddy's rough riders, but they found them too "dudified" for them and they refused to enlist. When, however, the call for their services came and they found that they could all go together, they volunteered at once, for they were all congenial and could enjoy themselves together.—New Orleans Picayune.

The Tallest Volunteer.

The First Arkansas claims to have the biggest man in the whole volunteer army at Chickamauga. He is Frank Wynne of Hillsboro, Ark., a private in Company M, and stands 6 feet 5 inches in his stocking feet.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

AN APPARITION.

The burglar entered. He carefully reconnoitered, then rose and walked lightly but boldly to the bed. The gas was burning dimly, revealing in the lace draped couch a 4-year-old child. Her fleecy curls were tossed round her flushed face, and the restless movements, the frown of pain on the white forehead, showed plainly that she was not sleeping the sleep of perfect health.

"Kid looks bad," commented Brickey, looking down a moment on the pretty picture. "Nurse skipped to make a night of it an locked the kid in to git along all by herself alone. Blamed if she ain't put the lamb to bed with that cold, shiny necklace a-chokin her. She shan't be choked—no, she shan't!"

Stooping, the benevolent visitor loosened the slender coral chain deftly from the dimpled neck.

"Brickey brac! brickey-brac!" he muttered disparagingly. "Too much! Piles of money spent on trash that ain't worth carryin off, an the town full of suffering burglars. It's a shame. Hello!"

He turned round quickly at a queer sound from the bed, and put his hand on the ugly looking weapon at his side.

The strange choking sound had come from her. The dimpled arms were tossed over her head, and the face drawn and crimson in an effort to breathe. One brassy cough told the story.

"The deuce! The young one's got the croup!"

He looked down on the suffering child with something like pity in his tough soul.

"An she'll choke in a jiffy. I'd like to have that nurse by the back of the neck just a minute! Goin off an leavin that sick kid with a burlgar. Burglars ain't no trained nurses!"

The child seemed to breathe easier just then.

"That's the ticket! Mabbe she'll pull through. But it's gettin early. What's this?"

A fine old oil painting hung on the opposite end of the room. It was of a very precise, very stiff, very aristocratic elderly woman in a coal scuttle bonnet, and everything about her suggestive of rigid respectability. On the corner of the picture frame hung that same bonnet, yellow with age.

"Family relic," said Brickey, giving way to his humor, and detaching the bonnet from its peg he put it on his own head. "If the boys could see me now!"

Another brassy, ringing cough from the bed drew Brickey's attention from millinery.

"Something ought to be done," Brickey muttered anxiously. "Somebody ought to be called. The kid's chokin to death."

It is probable that the little child would have perished "unaided by the physicians" but for a sudden idea that visited Brickey's fertile brain just then, and which caused him to double up with laughter.

Across the bed was a dainty coverlet of fairy white lace. With the bonnet still on his head, Brickey draped this round his greasy clothes from neck to heels.

Passing softly into the passage, he looked round a minute; then tried a door on the opposite side.

"Locked tight an right acrost from the darlin! This is the parents' room, I'll bet," was Brickey's reflection as his skeleton key opened the lock noiselessly.

The dim light from a dying fire revealed on the bed a middle aged woman with much the same severely respectable features as the picture in the child's room. A gentle snore arose from her thin and correct nose as the ghostly figure glided across the room.

It took a brief look at the dressing table, made a mysterious pass over a heavy jewel case, at which the case vanished strangely; then turned toward the bed.

But let Mrs. Hopkins tell the rest just as she has told it scores of times since to wondering friends and just as she wrote it up for the Society of Mythical Research immediately after:

"I had been sleeping, Henry being away on important business in the country at the time. I was awakened by the distinct impression of a cold hand in contact with my brow. I started; I opened my eyes. Before me, distinctly visible in the evanescent light of the expiring embers, stood my deceased mother, Belvidere Prosperina Dowdall, in her habit as she lived.

"The same bonnet, even, in which her picture was taken over 50 years ago"—here the bonnet was invariably produced, handed round and viewed with awe. "A misty aureole seemed to surround her form.

"I sprang upright! She seemed to recede. I was speechless! She looked down on me sadly, warningly and waved her hand!

"'Go to your child!' she said. 'Go to your child!'

"Then she seemed to fade away through the open door, which I positively recalled having locked when I retired.

"I seemed impelled to follow. I was irresistibly drawn toward my daughter's room. There I found the reason of this most extraordinary manifestation. The nurse had surreptitiously slipped away to spend the night in the servants' hall. My child was writhing in the convulsions of croup. It was only by the most strenuous exertions that we saved her life. But for my dearest mother's timely appearance she would have died."

Just then a dead silence of creepy wonder always falls on the deeply impressed company, and Mrs. Hopkins' husband, sitting meekly back in a corner, knows better than to suggest a connection between the burgled house, open windows and Mistress Belvidere's ghost. He did it once. He won't do it again.—London News.

Won, but Walked Home.

As the shades of night were closing out a holiday of more than pleasant memory there strode across Barnes common, heading for Hammersmith bridge, an occasional racegoer with metaphorical poppies in his hair. And presently he encountered one who knew him.

"Hello, Froggit!" cried this person. "What's up? Doing it for your liver?"

"No, dear boy," replied Froggit, "I am making the best of my way home, and if my boots hold out I reckon to pass the 'Nag's Head' at Holloway in about two hours' time."

"And where have you come from?"

"Kempton park races. I had £70 to £10 about the first winner!"

"Never! Then why are you walking?"

"Oh, ye of simple faith," exclaimed Froggit, raising his left boot and tearing a fragment of worn leather from the heel, "there were six races after that!"—London Judy.

One Exempt.

American (proudly)—I understand that all your sons are engaged to American girls.

Lord Toplofty—All but one, the eldest. He, being heir to the estate, can afford to marry an English girl.—New York Weekly.

Golden Fleece Woolen Mill,
Pillsbury, Minn.

Farmers, Attention! The undersigned wish to inform the Farmers and general public that they have got their Woolen factory fully equipped and fitted up in first-class shape and are now in a position to do only first-class work. Our motto is "Honesty always pays best," therefore anyone sending wool from a distance may rest assured that they will get every ounce of goods their wool will make, the same as if they brought it to the mill themselves. To those who wish to favor us with their patronage in the line of....

Suitings, Flannels, Blankets,

1, 2 and 3 Ply Yarn RollCarding or Batting.

We gusrantee satisfaction.
RICHARD BROS., Little Falls Agents.

MATTOCK & HUBBARD.

WETZEL'S . PHARMACY!

.... Removed to....

John . Wetzel's Old . Stand.

Opp. St. Paul Dry Goods Store.

The Depot Removal Now a Certainty

..and with it an increase in prices in the..

Mississippi Addition,

the property most affected, is sure to take place. At present, however, lots are still sold for $100 a lot and upwards on terms to suit the purchaser. For particulars apply to....

H. LANDAHL.

RO, GEISSEL

General Merchandise

BUYS WHEAT AND ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE.

NORTH PRAIRIE. MINN

You can tell the value of a medicine by the results obtained from its use. Over 18,000 persons have used our remedy, and the results warrant us in saying

FITS CAN BE CURED.

If you are afflicted don't wait a day. Write us a letter, giving your age and post-office address, and we will send you a large trial bottle by mail, prepaid, free of charge. Old chronic cases yield to this treatment as readily as new ones. Address

THE HALL CHEMICAL CO., West Philadelphia, Pa.

South or East; Which?

When a trip is contemplated it is always well to prepare in advance in order to avoid little inconveniences which are often annoying. The two fast trains leaving Minneapolis and St. Paul daily via Wisconsin Central lines for Milwaukee and Chicago make close connections with the trains east and south. Being elegantly equipped with sleeping cars, parlor cars and day coaches, they are fully appreciated by the traveling public. Your nearest ticket agent will give you complete information and furnish you folder of the Wisconsin Central lines.

JAS. C. POND, G. P. A. Milwaukee, Wis.

Cox's Cheap Cash Store,

B. B. COX, Prop.

Swanville, - - - Minn

—DEALER IN—

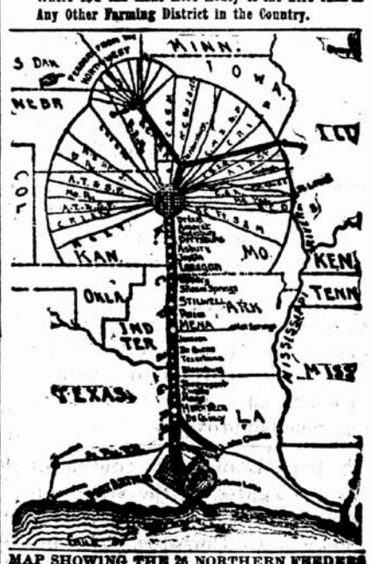
General Merchandise

Dry Goods, Crockery, Lamps, Groceries, New Home Sewing Machines, Western Cottage

Farm produce bought and sold. Proprietary Medicines Kept

HERE'S A NEW COUNTRY.

New Hopes, New Opportunities—Land of Sunshine and Plenty—Mild Climate, Fertile Soil and Cheap Lands. Where You can Make More Money to the Acre than in Any Other Farming District in the Country.



MAP SHOWING THE 26 NORTHERN FEEDERS OF K. C., P. & G. R. R.

The building of the Kansas City, Pittsburg & Gulf Railroad, an air line from Kansas City to Port Arthur, has opened up a country in Western Missouri and Arkansas, and Louisiana, that cannot be excelled as an agricultural and fruit growing country; good health, sparkling springs and clear streams; where you can work out of doors 12 months instead of 6.

The finest stock range—no blizzards, no hot winds; no droughts. The earliest markets for farm products, bringing the highest prices. Living is cheap and best in the land.

Why try to Oppose Nature? Go to a land where nature backs your every effort and prosperity is not dependent upon a single rainfall. Go where prosperity is permanent.

PORT ARTHUR

the Seaport terminus, is the best pla ted States to-day to invest or to go into This railroad now running through train Kansas City and Port Arthur, will be running over its own tracks the entire distance by September 1.

Study the Map and you will agree a large city must be built at Port Arthur; nearest seaport to Kansas City by 100 miles.

Cut this out and mail to address below and receive the illustrated pamphlets.

F. A. Hornbeck, Land Commissioner K. C., P. & G. R. R. and General Manager, Port Arthur Townsite Co., KANSAS CITY, MO.

DAHMEN & GRELL,

.....Dealers in....

All Kinds of Farm Machinery,

Flour, Feed

Groceries.

Meat Market in Connection.

Produce Taken in Exchange

PIERZ, MINN.