

The records of "some of the members of the recent legislature are best expressed by the remark of the Irishman who said: "I started with nothing and held my own."

The Fairbault Pilot doesn't want factional candidates for the democratic next year. The Pilot is beginning to have some sense. It has been talking factional candidates for years.

The Duluth Herald's ninety-two page industrial edition was not a surprise, for great things are expected of The Herald. And it always delivers the goods. The industrial edition is worthy of The Herald and the future imperial city of the Northwest.

Democratic statesmen, alleged or otherwise, and democratic papers, with or without strings that were so certain in 1904 that Parker was to save the nation and the democracy, ought to be modest now. Apparently, their nerve is as great now as ever.

We would be pleased, simply as a matter of history, to learn when and by whom the Anoka Free Press, whose kleptonic career includes the support of Du in 1904 and Johnson in 1906, was constituted and under the management of the democracy of Minnesota?

The Norwood Times has just completed its seventh year. It is edited by one of the brightest, most courageous and square democrats in the state, ex-senator Joe Craven. Mr. Craven has made the Times a paper of influence far out of proportion to the size of place where published. May the Times and Craven long continue.

The Norwood Times says on the presidential question:

It's Bryan or nobody for us. The Nebraska candidate is the only man who can command the following of Hearst and other reform forces along reasonable, conservative lines. Bryan, in fact, is more satisfactory to a whole lot of Republicans than Teddy Roosevelt, the present popular president, who, in fact, is a Bryan man himself. The Times hopes that in this strenuous time and when the real contest comes on for delegates to a national convention that the democrats of this, the 3rd Congressional District of Minnesota, will all be for Bryan and nobody else. Democrats throughout the state ought to be the same, a unit for Bryan. We hope democratic leaders in this district will endorse our opinion and let their hearts be one voice: "Bryan for President."

COME AND GONE

Ray, W. A. Farrell was in Wadena Tuesday.

R. S. Clarke was up from Royalton on business Tuesday.

Mrs. El. Forrell and little daughter returned to their home in Leeds, N. D., Monday night, after an extended visit with relatives.

Mrs. Huntington Taylor and daughter of Cloquet and Miss Taylor of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., are visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Drey Musser.

Allderman Bastien returned from a business trip to Swanville on Saturday.

Wm. Wood visited his parents in Long Prairie over Sunday.

J. P. Griffith of Morris returned home Monday after a visit with A. L. Konechal. Mr. and Mrs. M. Williams returned Saturday from a short visit to St. Paul where they attended the opera at the new auditorium.

Miss Mildred Kling, who is teaching school near Sylvan, was in the city for a visit over Sunday with her parents.

Mrs. McMasters of Sauk Centre was in the city for a visit over Sunday with her daughter Miss Julia McMasters, a teacher in the local schools.

Almond Lucia was down from Brainerd on a few days visit this week.

R. S. Clarke was in the city Saturday on legal business.

Bert McAnley was in the city from Brainerd Saturday.

Rev. W. H. Farrell returned from a trip to Wadena Wednesday morning.

Miss Tilda Nelson came up from Minneapolis for a short visit with the family of E. A. Nelson.

John Watzel went to Randall Wednesday on business.

Miss Mita Trues returned from St. Cloud Monday evening where she visited friends for several days.

Reports of school in Dist. 79 for month ending April 25: Pupils enrolled 21 Daily attendance 12 Holidays 0

Frederick Nelson was neither absent nor tardy. Those absent two days or less are Lena Nelson and Aben Nelson. John Nelson, teacher.

Mat Parks and Alf Lemay are back from Dilworth, where they have been doing masonry for the N. P. Peter Ring is still there.

The Scrap Book

A Bargain Day.

A clergyman, anxious to introduce some new hymn books, directed the clerk to give out a notice in church in regard to them immediately after the sermon. The clerk, however, had a notice of his own to give with reference to the baptism of infants. Accordingly at the close of the sermon he announced: "All those who have children they wish baptized please send in their names at once." The clergyman, who was deaf, supposing that the clerk was giving out the hymn book notice, immediately arose and said, "And I want to say for the benefit of those who haven't any that they may be obtained from me any day between 3 and 4 o'clock; the ordinary little ones at 15 cents and special ones with red backs at 25 cents each."

THE CRY OF THE DREAMER.

I am tired of planning and toiling In the crowded hives of men; Heart weary of building and spolling, And spolling and building again. And I long for the dear old river, Where I dreamed my youth away, For a dreamer lives forever, And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming Of a life that is half a lie, Of the faces lined with scheming In the throng that hurries by; From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor I would go where the children play, For a dreamer lives forever, And a thinker dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but pity For the burdens the rich endure; There is nothing sweet in the city But the patient lives of the poor. Oh, the little hands too skillful And the child-mind choked with weeds, The daughter's heart grown wilful And the father's heart that bleeds!

No, no! From the street's rude bustle, From trophies of mart and stage, I would fly to the woods' low rustle And the meadow's kindly page. Let me dream as of old by the river And be loved for the dream always, For a dreamer lives forever, And a toiler dies in a day.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

Two of a Kind.

It was a sleighing party. One of the seats contained two gentlemen and one lady, the lady sitting in the middle. After a time the gentleman on the right passed his hand into the lady's muff, and the lady withdrew her right hand. At the same time the gentleman on the left passed his hand into the lady's muff, and the lady withdrew her left hand. There were then some indications of an athletic contest, a test of gripping power, inside of the muff, and later the lady, raising her two hands, said, "It is very selfish of you two to take my muff when my hands are freezing."

The Value of Laughter.

"I find nonsense singularly refreshing," said Talleyrand. There is good philosophy in the saying, "Laugh and grow fat." Laughter begins in the lungs and diaphragm, setting the liver, stomach and other internal organs into a quick, jelly-like vibration which gives a pleasant sensation and exercise almost equal to horseback riding. The heart beats faster, sends the blood bounding through the body, increases the respiration and gives warmth and glow to the whole system. Laughter brightens the eye, increases the perspiration, expands the chest, forces the poisoned air from the least used lung cells and tends to restore that exquisite poise or balance which we call health and which results from the harmonious action of all the functions of the body. This delicate poise, which may be destroyed by a sleepless night, a piece of bad news, by grief or anxiety, is often wholly restored by a good hearty laugh. A jolly physician is often better than all his pills.—O. S. Marden.

A Pity It Is.

In his old age Washington Irving said, "What a pity it is when we have grown old we could not turn round and grow young again and die of cutting our teeth."

On Falling in Love.

Falling in love is the one illogical adventure, the one thing of which we are tempted to think as supernatural, in our trite and reasonable world. The effect is out of all proportion to the cause. Two persons, neither of them it may be, very amiable or very beautiful, meet, speak a little and look a little into each other's eyes. That has been done a dozen or so of times in the experience of either with no great result. But on this occasion all is different. They fall at once into that state in which another person becomes to us the very gist and center point of God's creation and demolishes our laborious theories with a smile; in which our ideas are so bound up with the one master thought that even the trivial cares of our own person become so many acts of devotion, and the love of life itself is translated into a wish to remain in the same world with so precious and desirable a fellow creature. And all the while their acquaintances look on in stupefied and ask each other, with almost passionate emphasis, what So-and-so can see in that woman or Such-an-one in that man? I am sure, gentlemen, I cannot tell you.—R. L. Stevenson.

Roquefort Cheese.

Roquefort cheese is made in France from the milk of a certain breed of sheep, which are fed on wild thyme. Thyme is a kind of aromatic plant with a pungent odor, and after it is converted into Roquefort cheese it is the pungentest thing known to man. After this cheese is made it is put in solitary confinement until its whiskers begin to turn gray and gangrene sets in, when it is taken out and chained to

a post. Before it is served it is chloroformed or knocked in the head with an ax. It is then brought to the table in little square sections about the size of a domino. It is served at the close of meals, together with black coffee. It usually has a running mate in the shape of a round cracker that has to be broken with a maul.

Roquefort cheese is of a dull white color, except in spots, where mortification has set in. Some claim it to be inhabited, but this is not true. Even the intrepid and mephitic microbes flee from it as we flee from a pestilence. We have seen Limburger cheese strong enough to shoulder a two bushel sack of wheat, but a piece of Roquefort the size of a dice can carry an election. Limburger is a rose geranium when compared with Roquefort. There is as much difference between them as there is between the pur of a kitten and the roar of a lion. A man who will eat it is an open sepulcher and should be quarantined or driven into the wilderness and never again allowed to look into the face of a human being.

Cunard, the Whittier.

Sam Cunard, the whittling Scotch lad of Glasgow, wrought out many odd inventions with brain and jackknife, but they brought neither honor nor profit until he was consulted by Burns & McVior, who wished to increase their facilities for carrying foreign mails. The model of a steamship which Sam whittled out for them was carefully copied for the first vessel of the great Cunard line and became the standard type for all the magnificent ships since constructed by the firm. When Samuel Cunard was knighted, he did not forget that he owed his honors and his wealth to conscientious whittling.—"Pushing to the Front."

Preaching in Labrador.

An old missionary who had been many years in Labrador said at length compelled to return, his influence all gone and his mission entirely fruitless. A young man was appointed in his place, and before he went to his assignment he thought he would visit his venerable predecessor and learn from him the cause of his trouble in the land of icebergs. The old man received him very cordially. "My venerable brother," said the young man, "I wish you to tell me the cause of your difficulty that I may avert a like failure." "My young friend," said the old missionary, laying his hand on his brother's arm; "this was the rock I split on. I preached to those untamed savages a hell that was hot, and they rather liked the idea of going there. I think if you preach them a hell 50 degrees colder than Labrador you will drive them all to repentance."

The Wicked Do Not Laugh.

The envious, wicked and malevolent rarely laugh, because they are impregnated with bile and are therefore morose. The haughty, the vain and the awkward also laugh very little, for fear of losing their dignity. The Spanish people, proverbially grave, are a good example.—Louis Mann.

Speaking of Floods.

A veteran of the war of 1861 had listened patiently to the very long story a youthful veteran of the Spanish war told. The account of hardships left him unmoved.

"Just after the Johnstown flood, my boy," said he, "there was a man in the next world who went about telling everybody how that Johnstown affair had sent him where he was.

"His listeners hung on his words—all of them, that is, except a quiet looking little man who seemed so little impressed that every time the Johnstown man got through he merely looked bored and said, 'Oh, shucks!'"

"The Johnstown man got tired of it after awhile. It got on his nerves to have anybody act as if what happened at Johnstown wasn't of any importance. No matter how he told his story, the quiet looking little man merely said, 'Oh, shucks!'"

"At last the Johnstown man spoke to a fellow who had been there a long time about it.

"'Say,' said he, 'who is that little man who keeps saying, 'Shucks!'"

"'Who?' said the man who had been there a long time. 'Do you mean the fellow over there? Why, his name's Noah.'"

Thoughts of Amiel.

The more a man loves the more he must suffer.

Beauty refreshes and strengthens one like some miraculous food.

Love must always remain alluring and fascinating. As soon as the mystery is gone the attraction dies.

Generous Feelings.

I do seem to be extraordinarily interested in a whole lot of arts and things that I have got nothing to do with. It is a part of my generous, liberal nature. I can't help it. I feel the same sort of charity to everybody that was manifested by a gentleman who arrived at home at 2 o'clock in the morning from the club and was feeling so perfectly satisfied with life, so happy and so comfortable, and there was his house weaving, weaving, weaving around. He watched his chance, and by and by when the steps got in his neighborhood he made a jump and climbed up and got on the portico. And the house went on weaving and weaving, but he watched the door, and when it came around his way he plunged through it. He got to the stairs, and when he went up on all fours the house was so unsteady that he could hardly make his way, but at last he got to the top and raised his foot and put it on the top step. But only the toe hitched on the step, and he rolled down and leaped up on the bottom step, with his arm around the newel post, and he said, "God pity the poor sailors out at sea on a night like this."—Mark Twain.

The Scrap Book

Comfort in Noise.

In the winter of 1863 there was much anxiety at Washington lest Burnside should be captured at Knoxville. One day a report came to the White House that there was heavy firing in the direction of the latter city. Lincoln, who had been waiting during long hours for some news, now expressed his satisfaction and when asked why he found any comfort in his meager message answered: "A neighbor of mine in Menard county named Sally Ward had a large family of children. Whenever she heard one of them yelling in some out of the way place she would say, 'Thank the Lord, there's one of my young ones not dead yet!'" So long as there was firing in the direction of Knoxville Burnside was not captured.

LOVED I NOT HONOR MORE.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind, That from the numerie Of thy chest breast and quiet mind To warre and armes I flee.

True, a new mistress now I chase— The first foe in the field— And with a stranger faith I embrace A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such As you, too, should adore. I could not love thee, deare, so much Loved I not honor more.

—Richard Lovelace.

He Put Him Off, All Right.

"Now, see here, porter," said he briskly, "I want you to put me off at Syracuse. You know we get in there about 6 o'clock in the morning, and I may oversleep myself. But it is important that I should get out. Here's a five dollar goldpiece. Now, I may wake up hard. Don't mind if I kick. Pay no attention if I'm ugly. I want you to put me off the train no matter how hard I fight. Understand?"

"Yes, sah," answered the sturdy Nubian. "It shall be did, sah!"

The next morning the coin giver was awakened by a stentorian voice calling, "Rochester!"

"Rochester!" he exclaimed, sitting up. "Where's the porter?"

Hastily slipping on his trousers, he went in search of the negro and found him in the porter's closet, huddled up, with his head in a bandage, his clothes torn and his arm in a sling.

"Well," says the drummer, "you are a sight. Why didn't you put me off at Syracuse?"

"Wha-at!" gasped the porter, jumping, as his eyes bulged from his head. "Was you de gemman dat give me a five dollah goldpiece?"

"Of course I was, you idiot!"

"Well, den, befoh de Lawd, who was dat gemman I put off at Syracuse?"

Stout Hearted Demetrius.

I remember also to have heard this spirited saying of that stoutest hearted of men, Demetrius. "Ye immortal gods," said he, "the only complaint which I have to make of you is that you did not make your will known to me earlier, for then I would sooner have gone into that state of life to which I now have been called. Do you wish to take my children? It was for you that I brought them up. Do you wish to take some part of my body? Take it. It is no great thing that I am offering you. I shall soon have done with the whole of it. Do you wish for my life? Why should I hesitate to return to you what you gave me? What- ever you ask you shall receive with my good will. Nay, I would rather give it than be forced to hand it over to you. What need had you to take away what you did? You might have received it from me. Yet, even as it is, you cannot take anything from me, because you cannot rob a man unless he resists."—Seneca.

In Danbury.

A Danbury gentleman ate two mince pies before retiring Sunday night and about 2 o'clock the next morning was picked up by eleven baldheaded angels and pushed through ten yards of lead pipe.

The Lord's Prayer in 1300.

The following was the form of the Lord's Prayer in the year 1300: "Fader our in hevvene, Haleweyved be thi name, Come thi kingdom, Thi will be don as in hevvene and in earth, Oor uch dayes bred give us to day, And forgive us our dettes, as we forgive our dettours, And lede us not into temptatioun, Bote delivere us of yvel. Amen."

Inventing a Language.

A German merchant, dining with a Chinese mandarin at Hongkong, was enjoying a roast when the disquieting thought struck him that he might have been dining off a cat, as he had been told that the Chinese ate cats as well as rats. He determined to find out. But, unluckily, the Chinaman did not speak German, and the German did not understand Chinese, so the German pointed at the dish, saying, "Mian, mian?"

The Chinaman shook his head in negation and then answered "Bow-wow!" with a polite smile, indicating satisfaction with the progress in conversation.

Sandis, the Match Boy.

"Please, sir, buy some matches!" said a little boy with a poor, thin blue face, his feet bare and red and his clothes only a bundle of rags, although it was very cold in Edinburgh that day. "No, I don't want any," said the gentleman. "But they're only a penny a box," the little fellow pleaded. "Yes, but, you see, I don't want a box." "Then I'll give you two boxes for a penny," the boy said at last.

"And so, to get rid of him," says the

gentleman who tells the story in an English paper, "I bought a box, but then I found I had no change, so I said, 'I'll buy a box tomorrow.'" "Oh, do buy them tonight," the boy pleaded again. "I'll rin and get you the change, for I'm very hungry." So I gave him the shilling, and he started away. I waited for the boy, but no boy came. Then I thought I had lost my shilling, but still there was that in the boy's face I trusted, and I did not like to think badly of him.

"Late in the evening a servant came and said a little boy wanted to see me. When the child was brought in, I found it was a smaller brother of the boy who got the shilling, but if possible still more ragged and thin and poor. He stood a moment diving into his rags as if he were seeking something and then said, 'Are you the gentleman that bought matches frae Sandie?' 'Yes.' 'Weel, then, here's fourpence oot o' yer shillin'. Sandie canna coom. He's no weel. A cart ran over him and knocked him doon, and he lost his bonnet and his matches and your elevenpence, and both his legs are broken, and he's no weel at all, and the doctor says he'll die. And that's a' he can gie ye the noo,' putting fourpence down on the table. And then the child broke down into great sobs. So I fed the little man, and then I went with him to see Sandie.

"I found that the two little things lived with a wretched drunken step-mother. Their own father and mother were both dead. I found poor Sandie lying on a bundle of shavings. He knew me as soon as I came in and said, 'I got the change, sir, and was coming back, and then the horse knocked me down, and both my legs are broken. And Reuby, little Reuby? I am sure I am dyin'! And who will take care o' ye, Reuby, when I am gone? What will ye do, Reuby?"

"Then I took the poor little sufferer's hand and told him I would always take care of Reuby. He understood me and had just strength to look at me as if he would thank me. Then the expression went out of his blue eyes, and in a moment—

"He lay within the light of God, Like a babe upon the breast. Where the wicked cease from troubling And the weary are at rest."

The Candidate and the Lady.

A political candidate, after affectionately kissing and praising an assortment of eleven children and marveling much at the resemblance they bore to a matronly lady, who blushed the while, then requested with a by-the-way air that she would mention to her husband that Mr. So-and-so had called. "Alas," said the lady, "I have no husband!" "But these children, madam; you surely are not a widow?" "I feared you were mistaken, sir, when you first came up. These are not my children; this is an orphan asylum!"

Infinity of Truth.

I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.—Sir Isaac Newton.

Must Hold Up Something.

"Down in my state," said the late Senator Vance of North Carolina, "our courts are particular about forms and ceremonies. For example, in a court in Asheville a soldier who had been battered considerably in the war was brought in as a witness. The judge told him to hold up his right hand.

"'Can't do it, sir,' said the man.

"'Why not?"

"'Got a shot in that arm, sir.'"

"'Then hold up your left.'"

"'The man said that his left arm had been amputated.

"'Then,' said the judge sternly, 'you must hold up your leg. No man can be sworn, sir, in this court unless he holds up something!'"

The Wife as a Conscience.

You may think you had a conscience and believed in God, but what is a conscience to a wife? Wise men of yore erected statues of their deities and consciously performed their part in life before those marble eyes. A god watched them at the board and stood by their bedside in the morning when they woke, and all about their ancient cities, where they bought and sold or where they piped and wrestled, there would stand some symbol of the things that are outside of man. These were lessons, delivered in the quiet dialect of art, which told their story faithfully, but gently. It is the same lesson, if you will—but how harrowingly taught—when the woman you respect shall sweep from your unkindness or blush with shame at your misconduct. To marry is to domesticate the recording angel. Once you are married, there is nothing left for you, not even suicide, but to be good.—R. L. Stevenson.

Out to Develop.

A little girl whose father is anxious to amateur photography attended a trial at court. This was her account of the judge's charge: "The judge made a long speech to the jury of twelve men and then sent them off into a little dark room to develop."

The Rich Do Not Whistle.

Very rich men never whistle; poor men always do. Bird songs are in the heart of the poor man.—Stephen B. Elkins.

An Old Joke.

Here is an ancient joke: "An Englishman and a Frenchman engaged to fight a duel in a dark room. The Englishman fired up the chimney and brought down the Frenchman, who had taken refuge there." As told in France, the Englishman is up the chimney.

FAILS TO DIE, HE SUES.

Rochester, Mont., April 30.—William Seeley, according to advices from the little town of Norwood, has sued Rufus Wheeler for \$200 damages, alleging that a rope which he bought of Wheeler with which to commit suicide by hanging himself, was not strong enough. Seeley says he bought the rope for the express purpose of committing suicide and that it broke and cheated him of attaining his object. Seeley further says that when the rope broke his resolution to kill himself broke with it.

While on her way to join her husband in Oregon, accompanied by a sister and child, Mrs. John St. Germain of Hayward, Wis., gave birth to a daughter Saturday at the hospital, where she was taken from the coast train on that day.

SHORT TALKS BY L. T. COOPER.

DEBILITY.

Many people who talk to me say: "I feel half sick all the time. I don't just know what's the matter with me."

This is general debility. It's very common. People who get in this shape have my sympathy. They aren't sick enough for bed so they drag around and their families get exasperated with them.

There are two causes for this condition; bad habits and a weak stomach. By bad habits I mean eating irregularly and too fast and not chewing the food thoroughly. The stomach gives out and loss of appetite, biliousness, constipation, and general debility result. Forget the stomach in shape and then be more careful in the future, and the worn out, despondent, half sick feeling will be a thing of the past.

Two bottles of Cooper's New Discovery will put the stomach in shape. Common sense will do the rest. There are fifty thousand people in this country who know this to be true because they've tried it.

Here's a letter from one of them: "I was all run down from overwork, lost ambition and energy and could not sleep. It was difficult for me to attend to my work owing to that tired-out feeling. I secured two bottles of the New Discovery medicine and determined to try it. The result delighted me for renewed strength and vigor and energy came with the first few doses. Its effect was different from anything I had ever taken. I finished the two bottles now and feel well and strong again." E. McDade, 839 Dix Ave., Detroit, Mich.

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