

COME AND GONE

John J. Boobar came up from St. Cloud last Friday and visited over Sunday in this city, as the guest of C. B. Buckman.

Mr. and Mrs. Matt Zerwas visited over Sunday in Fargo, N. D., with their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Zerwas, who holds a position as stenographer at that place.

H. N. Harding of Cass Lake visited in this city the latter part of last week.

Mrs. E. N. Ebert came down from Brainerd last Friday for a visit

with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Hayes.

Frank Heining of Verndale returned home the latter part of last week, after attending the funeral of Miss Carolyn Heroux.

Mrs. J. Stang and daughter, Frida, of St. Paul visited in this city last Friday with Rev. and Mrs. C. M. Hallanger, enroute home from a trip to the Pacific.

Miss Elsie Johnson of Darling left Saturday for a visit in Chicago, after a short visit here with Miss Lydia Gerritz.

A VERY YOUNG CASE.

[Original.]

A young couple just out of childhood in a garden, he sitting on a rustic bench, she lounging in a hammock. The flowers are in bloom, the air is balmy, the sky a beautiful blue—just the surroundings for flirting. Flirting is not a good word, especially in the case of a man, but there is a distinction between it and courting. It is a lighter grade of the same article, just as claret differs from burgundy.

"Do you know," he said, "that I've had some success lately in mind reading?"

"No. Whose mind have you been reading?"

"Well, last evening I was calling at the Harrisons, and we all got to talking about mind reading. It was proposed that we each in turn try what we could do. When it came my turn I made some experiments with Edith."

He paused and looked at her quizzically. "Why do you look surprised?"

"I didn't know she had any mind to read."

"H'm! She's very bright. I told her just what she was thinking about."

"I suppose it was something deep?"

"Oh, no! Nothing of importance. Then I—"

"What was it?"

There was a battle of words. He strove to avoid telling her, but eventually yielded. "She was thinking of you."

"And do you consider me 'nothing of importance'?"

"I meant—I mean—I didn't mean—What I intended—"

"And was Edith thinking that I am nothing of importance?"

"She didn't say anything about that."

"But if you were reading her mind you must have known what she thought about me."

He scratched his head, then stammered: "Well, you see, it was like this: I was thinking about you, and, your being on my mind, maybe it was a case of transference of thought."

This was placating. A suspicion of a pleased smile stole over her lips. She didn't speak again for a few minutes, and when she did her tone was milder. "What were you thinking about me?"

"Oh, I don't know. Suppose I try to mind read you?"

"Very well."

He rested his elbows on his knees and his head on his hands, covering his eyes. Presently he said:

"Somehow or other I feel—I think—I am impressed with the presence of a tall young man with a long neck and spindle legs. He wears glasses and has a very good opinion of himself. He's Sam Collamore. You're thinking about him."

"That's not a description of Mr. Collamore. And I wasn't thinking about him at all. I was thinking about you."

This was spoken with a bit of sharpness.

"Do you mean that I look like Sam?"

"It's not very polite in you to speak so of a friend of mine."

"You said Edith Harrison had no mind."

"And she hasn't. But Mr. Collamore has, and he's a fine young man. So, there! Go on mind reading, but leave out Mr. Collamore."

He resumed his position again, covering his eyes. "I see myself—myself as you see me—a person easily deceived—just the man for a girl to make a fool of. You are thinking that you will use me this summer, just as you used Billy Perkins last summer and Tom?"

"Please drop the personalities."

"Well, that's all. Suppose you try it on me."

She placed her round white hand, with taper fingers, over her eyes in a becoming fashion and said:

"You are not thinking of anybody—that is, anybody but yourself. You are thinking how when your vacation comes you go up to the lakes and find a new girl who will be silly enough to trust you implicitly?"

"What'll you be doing all that time?"

"Don't break the spell. I'm mind reading. I'm telling you what you're thinking about. And you'll leave her, come back here and devote yourself to—"

"Edith Harrison?"

This was a bit of a prod. A severe expression came back to her face.

"Do you suppose that I care how devoted you are to Edith Harrison? And she snapped her fingers viciously."

"Certainly not! It is the new girl up at the lakes who is silly enough to trust me that I am speaking of."

There was no reply to this—that is, nothing more than a pout.

"I'll go on with the mind reading if you like. I come back here and devote myself to a girl who doesn't care how devoted I am to another girl at the same time, and—"

"I didn't say that. I— She stopped short."

"You?"

"How ridiculous!"

"The scene changes," he went on presently. "I'm talking about what you're thinking about, remember. Finally it all comes out that I don't care a rap about any of these girls except one, and she doesn't care a rap about me. But—"

"Which one?"

He described the girl in the hammock. She listened with growing pleasure as he mentioned her different features, prefixing "beautiful" to all of them till he came to her hair.

"My hair isn't Auburn. It's—"

"By Jove! There's the clock striking 10. I'm off for practice with the team. Good y! See you later."

But he didn't. He saw another girl.

ANNA BENTLEY.

A Process of Deduction

[Original.]

"Mac," said the chief to me, "take up the Peet case. He has been convicted of murdering Walker in his (Peet's) house. They were friends and Peet has borne a good reputation. Pettingill, his attorney, has been in and says he has got a 'stay,' so that one more effort may be made to solve what he considers a mystery."

I took up the case with interest and went with Pettingill to the house where the murder had been committed. He showed me the lounge where Walker was lying asleep one waru September afternoon and the hole in the window pane through which the bullet had either entered or left the room. Pettingill would have claimed that it entered, indicating that Walker had been shot from the outside. But it went clean through Walker's head and made no dent in the room.

I'm a methodical man. If I weren't I wouldn't be a detective. Pettingill said that a search had been made for the bullet within the limit of the carrying power of a revolver and it had not been found. I examined the hole in the pane. I took into consideration also the direction of the shot from the only point in the room from which it could have been very well fired. There was a clean sweep outside of a mile without an obstruction, except several different houses from 500 to 1,000 yards away. I made up my mind first to find that bullet if I had to hunt six months for it.

After an hour of chatting, thinking, examining, I went away, resolved to come back the next day with a small telescope with which to fix directions. The sun rose clear in the morning with not a cloud in the sky. I brought my telescope to bear on the different houses in the way of possible shots. There was a sideboard in the room, and one of the directions I noted was along its top. On this top rested glass table articles, consisting of tumblers, finger bowls, etc. I made a diagram in my notebook of certain points outside, intending first to examine them and, if no bullet was found imbedded in them, to hire an army of boys to hunt on the ground.

One of the first points I searched was a barn in line with the sideboard and the hole in the window pane. I got a ladder and climbed to the peak of the roof. I hadn't moved my ladder more than two or three times before I found a suspicious hole. With my knife I dug out a bullet. It was not a pistol bullet, but a rifle bullet.

Of course it might have been fired into the barn by anybody. However, I got a piece of chalk and made a white round spot as big as a football. Then I went back to the house and, laying a cane on the sideboard, with little adjustment pointed it directly at my chalk mark. The hole in the window pane was in line.

Still I had nothing to build on. I sat looking at the sideboard, racking my brain for some possible connection between it and the direction of the bullet. A decanter filled with water stood on the sideboard. Its body was round and smooth. The sun was shining on it, and the decanter concentrated the rays in a focus. Somehow I went out and got some gunpowder and poured a few grains on the cane where, if it were a rifle, the nipple would be. The focus of the sun's rays approached the powder which I had put in its path. Presently there was an explosion.

Remote as were the probabilities in the case, I began to be interested in the hypothetical structure I was endeavoring to find a foundation for. I confess I smiled at the connection which I was building as showing how far a man may reach out for a clue. This was as far as I had got: A man pointing a flintlock musket over the sideboard would not need to pull the trigger—the sun and the decanter would do it for him.

But we detectives must follow a trail blindly. What firearms were there in the house? I searched and in a closet found a rifle. I took out an exploded cartridge. The bullet I had found fitted the metal case exactly.

This hypothetical germ that was developing in my brain suddenly took a start, but prudence forbade my hurrying on. I had found the rifle and the ball with which Walker had been killed, but had I not proved that Peet had killed him? Why hadn't the prosecution got on to the rifle? Lucky for Peet that they hadn't, though, since they had convicted him it made no difference.

I found a box of cartridges with the rifle and fitting one in it went downstairs, laid it on the sideboard and pointed it at my chalk target. The muzzle of my gun, the place where Walker's head had been, the hole in the glass, were all in a straight line. Had it not been for the focus of the sun's rays I should have proved Peet guilty. As it was the focus may have fired the gun.

Here was a cue to the solution. I questioned Peet, and he remembered that he had cleaned and loaded his rifle and laid it on the sideboard while he went upstairs. The sun, acting on the nipple through the decanter, had fired the gun. In the excitement attending the discovery of the murder some one had stood in a corner from whence it had been taken upstairs, where it was forgotten. Who took it away was never known, probably a servant.

This seems a very easy solution. That's because I happened to be on the right track. In ninety-nine in a hundred cases I would have been chasing an absurdity.

C. MASON BRADSTREET.

- AN - UNFINISHED PROPOSAL.

By C. B. LEWIS.

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When mothers put it the way they do we must sympathize with them more or less, especially when the mother is a widow. It isn't through any spirit of avarice that she would have her daughter marry rich. It is simply that the money may be in the house when the man comes around with the gas bill. It isn't because of snobbishness that she would prefer to be the mother-in-law of a duke rather than a commoner, but dukes are said never to call their mothers-in-law old cats.

It isn't from any desire to smash romances or break hearts that they lug the daughter of twenty off to Europe in hopes she will forget the man of twenty-five to fall in love with a suitor of sixty. It is that the dear girl may have a grandfather, a father and a husband all in one.

Such were the guiding principles of Mrs. Deland, relict of Judge Deland, and it is requested that a fair percent of the readers of this story become her partisans and give her a fair show.

Of course the daughter, Clara, had received the education given to all young girls whose fathers or mothers are able to pay for the same by the square foot, and she had arrived at the age of twenty without causing any particular worry to anybody when she met young Albert Lee. They called him young Lee because he was only twenty-two and because there was an old Lee, who was sixty.

Young Lee was still at college, and it was still an unsettled question as to what profession he would select to make his way through life. In an indefinitely definite way he had been paying his attentions to Miss Clara for several months before the widowed mother, with a woman's intuition, aroused herself to the realization that her lamb might be stolen away. Then, like a dutiful mother, she began making inquiries and scolding her daughter at the same time.

It did not take long to exhaust the schedule of inquiries. Young Lee was all right socially, and his sixty-year-old father would leave him a comfortable property when the reaper came, but there was no telling whether he would pass away at sixty-one or eighty-five.

It was long odds for a mother with a business head on her to take. She at once put her foot down, and of course it was the wrong foot. She began by criticising the suitor and ended by announcing that she would rather see her daughter in her grave.

There were arguments, protestations, tears. A girl who is beginning to feel the impulses of love may be argued or bulldozed into silence, but to convince her is quite another thing.

After a few minutes Clara had nothing further to say, and in her exuberance over her triumph the mother announced an early trip to Europe. Young Lee would not follow. The excitements and enjoyments of London, Paris and Berlin would quite drive him from the daughter's mind, and some day that daughter would kneel at the maternal feet and exclaim:

"Bless you, mamma, that you have caused me to forget that penniless young man and engaged me to the living remains of an ancient lord, duke or count!"

The living remains appeared in London. He was Lord Somebody or other. The only certain thing about his age was that he was over sixty. The only certain thing about his attentions to the daughter was that he believed the mother far richer than she was and that he had several mortgages on several ruined castles that he wished to repair.

After the first meeting, which came about through accident, mildred was in evidence at brief intervals during the tour, lasting three months and more. He received all proper encouragement from the mother, and there were times when the daughter sat and looked at his dyed hair and false eyebrows and patted wrinkles and was amused.

In due time, which was a day or two before the ladies sailed for home, he made his proposal. It was first made to the mother, who received it smilingly; then to the daughter, who also smiled a little, but prevaricated by saying that she didn't know her own heart.

Mildred was in duty bound, as gallant remains are, to say that he would give her time, and Clara looked back at London from the decks of the steamer and congratulated herself that this ended it all.

That was where she was just as much mistaken as her mother had been. They had been home only four weeks when mildred put in an appearance at the American manor house. It was no one's business but his own how he had managed to raise the cash for the trip. There are money lenders in London who will take long chances. His love had not grown cold with the departure of Miss Deland.

Just as the mother had figured on, young Lee had not followed the couple abroad. There are postoffices all over the civilized world, however, and a slangy girl might have said that it was a cold week when Clara didn't receive and answer a letter from a certain New England college town.

She may have even met young Lee after her return. They may have met and strolled on the broad highway

leading to the village—just a little stroll and just a little talk. If so, the mother didn't know anything about it. Mildred had arrived to renew his proposal, and not three days had passed when the mother wanted to know what the daughter's answer was to be.

"If he proposes to me again I shall accept him," was the prompt and unexpected reply.

No more arguments, no more protestations, no more tears. The mother simply threw her arms around her daughter and murmured that she was the sweetest, dearest daughter in the whole world and then went off to inform mildred that he had a cinch. A cinch, it may be explained, means a good thing—you are the only iceman on the route.

Nothing has heretofore been said as to Miss Deland being the sole owner and chauffeur of an electric runabout, and even now the name of the maker will not be announced except at regular advertising rates.

When she realized that a second proposal from mildred was inevitable, she chose her own ground to receive it. That is, she invited the living remains to take a trip with her over the high-ways. Had he been a young man of thirty he would have scented devilry in the air. Had he been a few years older he could not have managed to climb into the vehicle.

For the first mile of the trip he hung on with a death grip and said nothing. Then, as no calamity happened, he got over his scare a bit and proceeded to observe:

"My dear and charming Miss Deland, you remember that in London—"

The dear and charming one steered the vehicle over the lumpy ground beside the track, and the bumps and bounces that followed kept mildred in terror for the next five minutes. He had not been smashed up or thrown out, and he began again:

"I make no excuse for following you to America. As I told your dear mother in London—"

The electric started for the ditch, and Clara screamed, and for a few seconds there was every promise of a tragedy. Mildred gasped a prayer and dug in his toes, and when the vehicle was once more in the straight and narrow path its conductress said:

"I think it was your talk that confused me, but I will do better henceforth. You were saying that you told or I told or mother or some one else told somebody something in London."

"Yes. Is it positively necessary, my dear Miss Deland, to drive this vehicle as if we were racing with a locomotive?"

"Oh, not at all, my lord. You were saying—"

"I was saying to your mother that I had met my ideal at last and that—"

This time the electric left the road and brushed the hazel bushes, and no man would have kept his nerve and made a marriage proposal then. Mildred thought it was all over, and it was fully five minutes before he could swallow the lump in his throat and gasp out:

"My dear, if we were to take a slower pace I believe I should enjoy the ride more. I felt it my first duty to let your mother know what my feelings were toward you, and then—"

"Why, you don't call this fast going, do you?" interrupted the girl.

"We have simply been lingering. I will now show you the speed I generally ride at."

She showed him. He figured it out that it was a thousand miles an hour, but of course it was only twenty. He needed encouragement to go on, and Miss Clara gave it to him by observing:

"Yes, you spoke to mamma, and then—"

"Then, my dear, I had the courage to—"

Away went the machine for a telegraph pole, and the living remains forgot his dignity and cried out in apprehension. He was gathering himself for a jump when the vehicle missed the pole by all of three-eighths of an inch and was guided back into the road running on two wheels.

"You had the courage to—to—"

queried Clara when things were going right again.

"Yes, my dear girl, I had the courage as well as the honor to ask for a private interview with you, and when it had been accorded I—"

At this point the runabout shot to the right, shot to the left, jumped ahead and then made a sudden sweep and headed for home. It came to a halt for just three seconds, but that was plenty of time for mildred to tumble out and remark:

"The scenery is so beautiful here that I think I will walk back to the house."

"But when the private interview had been accorded—"

"Yes! Um! Yes, I think I will walk."

"Well?" asked the mother when the daughter reached home.

"He never proposed. He didn't half propose," was the answer, "and now if Mr. Lee calls and you like him half as well as I do—"

"Clara, you go to your room. Mildred leaves tomorrow. You have frightened him out of America."

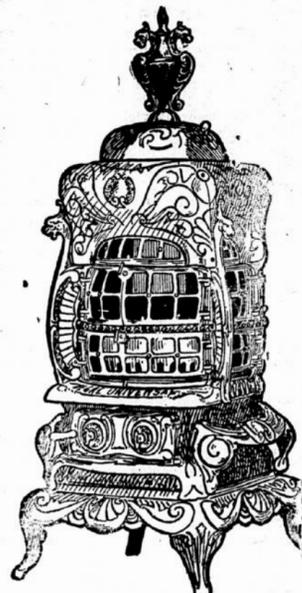
Misspelled Names of Places.

A name very difficult to find correctly spelled is that of the Lake Ontario port Sacket Harbor. When it is not "Sackett's Harbor" or "Sackett Harbor" it is commonly "Sacket's Harbor." Another, not so frequently wrong, is "Newburgh," the city of which name is in the town of "Newburg." This brings up the problem of "Pittsburg," which its citizens like so well to spell "Pittsburgh." Another puzzler is "Hoesick Falls," which is on the Hoosic river, in Rensselaer county. The United States geographical board is the ultimate authority on the names of places in America.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

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- | | |
|---|--------------------------------|
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