

USE HERALD WANT ADS USE HERALD WANT ADS



A little more of this bomb practice, and he'll be ready to sit down and enjoy a little chew of the Real Gravelly the folks back home sent him.

Who is Going to Send Him another pouch of Real GRAVELLY Chewing Plug

Real Gravelly Plug is the tobacco to send the Boy—not ordinary plug loaded up with sweetening, but condensed quality—with the good Gravelly taste that satisfies and comforts and lasts a long while.

Give any man a chew of Real Gravelly Plug, and he will tell you that's the kind to send. Send the best. Ordinary plug is false economy. It costs less per week to chew Real Gravelly, because a small chew of it lasts a long while.

If you smoke a pipe, slice Gravelly with your leaf and add a little to your smoking tobacco. It will give flavor—improve your smoke.

SEND YOUR FRIEND IN THE U. S. SERVICE A POUCH OF GRAVELLY

Dealers all around here carry it in 10c pouches. A 2c stamp will put it into his hands in any Training Camp or Section of the U. S. A. Even "over there" a 2c stamp will take it to him. Your dealer will supply envelope and give you official directions how to address it.

P. B. GRAVELLY TOBACCO CO., Danville, Va.
The Patent Pouch keeps it Fresh and Clean and Good—it is not Real Gravelly without this Protection Seal—Established 1831



Snowfoot

By Alger Ray Perrine

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Give us an exhibition, Mr. Dacre, won't you?"

"Oh, I'm past all that, lads."

"No, no," pressed an eager, excited coterie of schoolboys. "There's some new fellows here and we've been bragging about your acts."

"All right, I'll see if Snowfoot has forgotten his lessons. Don't let any of you fellows get the circus fever out of this, though. The glare and glitter don't last long, and I wasted the best years of my life in the sawdust ring and you see what I've turned out to be."

"The jolly friend of everybody!" shouted an enthusiastic chorus of voices.

"Yes, but a shiftless rover, never settling down. Jack-of-all-trades, a meal today, none tomorrow—Houpla! Snowfoot!"

Everybody in town knew Snowfoot. He was a big built, gentle but strong and steady and belonged to Widow Brayton. Everybody, too, knew Widow Brayton and pitied her, for she was desperately poor and an invalid. There were two children, Ned a lad of eleven and Alma just turning sixteen. When the father died these two had stepped into the breach so far as their limited capacity of earning could count. Alma was receiving a mere pittance in a sort of apprenticeship to the village milliner. Ned, young as he was, earned ten dollars a week with old Snowfoot.

This was how he did it: A Mr. Dalby, sickly and a cripple, with his wife and a hired helper, ran a small farm a short distance from the Brayton place. There were fifteen cows, and he made a proposition to Mrs. Brayton to have Ned help milk these and supply the milk to regular customers. Mrs. Brayton had Snowfoot and a wagon, Ned was a loyal, enterprising lad, worked early and late and it looked as though the family was on the road to better times.

"As soon as I am able to trim hats instead of sewing braids only, we shall have all kinds of money, mother," Alma used to say.

Paul Dacre had dropped into Ferndale one morning early when Ned stood leaning in dismay over Snowfoot on the public street. Snowfoot had collapsed when some equine ailment came suddenly upon him and was lying prone upon the ground between the shafts, writhing and gasping.

"He's a goner" an old timer had pronounced.

"Let me see. I know considerable about horses," said Paul, coming up. He examined the eyes and mouth of the animal, took a pencil, wrote the names of two ingredients on a chip of wood and said: "Go to the drug store mix these powders in a quart of hot water and hurry back as fast as you can."

Ned sped away with the prescription. He returned with a steaming jar. Deft and skillful, the stranger administered the medicine. In five minutes old Snowfoot was regarding him with a look as though he fully comprehended his attention, and when he at length gained his feet he lovingly laid his cheek against Paul's shoulder.

They became great friends, those three. Then a new token of interest came into Paul Dacre's life. He naturally met Alma and they became quite friendly. Head-strong, erratic, ne'er-do-well as he was, there was something beautiful in his love for Ned and old Snowfoot. Paul did odd jobs in the town, but every morning he was on hand to help Ned get over his route.

As to Alma, he idolized her, and told her so. "Some day I'll make a fortune," he declared. "I'll make you all rich and you'll have so many suitors you can pick some prince or major general for the husband you deserve."

And now Paul, homeward bound, was surrounded by a crowd of juvenile admirers. He pretended to whisper in Snowfoot's ear. Immediately the clever animal he had trained in old-time circus tricks started running around in a ring. Paul described a running jump, to land squarely upon the back of the horse. A dozen times they sped around the ring. Then Paul made Snowfoot steal a handkerchief from his pocket, locate a hidden ear of corn and nod his head seven times when asked how many days there were in the week.

Paul stood spellbound with dread and doubt, when, late the next afternoon, he went up to the house to accompany Ned on his evening delivery rounds. Ned was seated on the step of the wagon, a picture of disconsolate dismay. From inside the house came the wailing of Mrs. Brayton. Alma came out wiping the tears from her eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Dacre," she cried, "Snowfoot is gone!"

"Gone!" repeated Paul, aghast.

"Yes, there was an old debt of poor dead father. It was beyond our power to pay it. Our creditor promised to wait, but two hours ago he appeared with the sheriff and a writ. They seized the horse, auctioned him off, and a man taking a string of horses to sell

Hogwallow News

DUNK BOTTS, Regular Correspondent
(George Lingham)

There was such a big crowd at the church last Sunday Sim Flinders got in late and had to take a front seat.

A man past forty hardly ever looks at the stars.

The Calf Ribs Widow is to have a new caller Sunday evening in the person of Yam Siffs, one of our most natty young prospects. He asked her could he call, while at the postoffice Wednesday, and as she is very prudent about

the company she keeps she hesitated several seconds before telling him that she would be delighted to have him.

With the coming of the grass-hopper season, Miss Flutie Belehler will lay aside her green dress.

The mail carrier made the trip to Tickville yesterday and did not discover until he had reached his destination that he had forgotten the mail bag.

The price of chewing tobacco has gone so high that everybody in Hogwallow has quit chewing, but traces of it is still to be seen on Yam Siffs' white stiff bosom shirt front.

Luke Mathews says there is more chance for the young men in business these days than there was when he was growing up. Cricket agrees with him but says the young men are watched closer these days, and then, too, the cash register has caused the value of a chance to deteriorate.

These are busy times for Sim Flinders. He has started whittling up his third soap box at the postoffice and the warm days have just begun.

The Tin Peddler arrived in town this morning with his usual large and well selected assortment of kitchen hardware and jewelry. The Tin Peddler is always in a good humor, even if his displays do leak.

Cricket Hicks came near being the principal in a distressing accident last Sunday. At the time, he was escorting Miss Flutie Belehler across the muddy road and by raising his feet too high he came near stepping into one of her large pockets.

Poke Hazley spent Friday night out in the darkness trying out his new lantern.

Elliek Hellwanger has not decided whether he will get him a new spring suit or put the money into some good hicker for this summer.

The Editor of the Tickville Tidings is at sea over the working of the law which requires all editors to state under oath who owns their printing plants. He would rather not say at just at this time.

Duck Hocks says it is a pity all men cannot be as upright and worthy as the candidate for office.

The Horse Doctor was called to Muskel Ridge Wednesday night to see Fris-

by Haneock. He found that Frisby had a slight touch of lumbago, and no money at all.

Atlas Peck, who has been experimenting with aviation by jumping off the stable with an umbrella and some turkey wings, has taken up a new line and is now trying to get his pet crow to drink some gasoline.

A wedding took place on lower Gander creek Wednesday night of last week. It was a simple affair, as several were heard to say that the bride was foolish to marry him.

The Wild Onion school teacher has ordered a larger hat.

PIERZ

March 17.—Miss Bertha Leidenfrost is here for a visit at the home of John Eidenschink.

John Klein of Melrose was in Pierz the early part of the week.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Peter Gau, last Thursday, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Eller left last Tuesday for a several days' visit at St. Paul.

E. J. Gilbride has moved his stock into the J. Mischke building in lower town.

Miss Mary Langer arrived from Brainerd this week to visit with her parents.

Leo Weiner and family will make Pierz their home the coming summer. He has rented the Mrs. Stangl house and intends to move to it shortly after Easter.

Frank Kippely, who was employed in Minneapolis, is here for a visit with his parents.

J. S. Redding was in Little Falls on Saturday. He took George Block in to leave for Camp Dodge.

Barney Dehler has moved into the old August Dehler farm in Buckman and P. V. Smith has taken possession of the old Berh. Block place.

Watches and Men.

Watchmakers say that a watch partakes of the traits of the one who carries it. If the owner is steady, even-tempered and reliable and never "flies off the handle," his watch behaves itself in the most proper manner. If the owner is a genius, with an erratic, excitable, uncertain temperament, the watch cuts up all sorts of pranks and is too fast or too slow or else will not run at all. Watch repairers look with considerable suspicion on men whose watches always need regulation. The man whose watch is always right "just to the tick" is pretty sure to be one who keeps regular hours, indulges in no excesses, conducts everything in a methodical manner, and consequently does good work and enjoys good health.

Electric Wire "Don'ts."

Some safety hints for the wise, which are intended to guard against serious accidents and a possible loss of life, are being sent out broadcast by the electric light companies. From them, observes Popular Science Monthly, may be selected the following: Do not cover an electric globe with paper or cloth. It may start a fire. Do not hang an ordinary lamp cord over a nail or metal work. Do not leave a cord connected when you are through with it. Do not touch any wire that is down on the ground, whether it is an electric, telephone or guy wire. In an emergency, remove a wire with an instrument equipped with a wooden handle, keeping the full length of the handle between yourself and the wire.

Flower Tones.

We hear more and more about the form and color of musical sounds and tone combinations. First thing you know we will all be seeing music instead of hearing it, and the critics will be writing about Winkemfunk's symphony in blue and Flingemosky's purple sonatas, says the Los Angeles Times. Great pianists will hurl mountains of floral beauty at their audiences, and the master violinist will waft sweet lilies and lilacs of sound across the footlights. Birds will cease to warble and will start to painting. The skylark's note will become a cord of gold connecting earth and heaven and the poet will refer to the mockingbird's melody as an exquisite rainbow of song.

Use Paper as Fuel.

Every household in Italy saves all the odd bits of paper. These are soaked in water and kneaded into balls, then put in the sun to dry. They will serve to give a little heat later on. Walk down a fashionable street in Milan and you will see pyramids of these paper balls in the balconies of the houses of the rich.—Exchange.

Diamond Sign Jewelry Store

"SHE WALKED RIGHT IN AND LOOKED AROUND AND CAME NEAR WALKING OUT AGAIN"

She was looking for a drug Store, but her eyes discovered our beautiful display of Ivory and this was too much for her. She didn't know we kept Ivory Clocks in stock, and before she departed she had bought the following pieces in Ivory:

- Clock
- Mirror
- Brush

If you should happen in you would also be surprised to see the beautiful assortment of French Ivory we carry.



WHY NOT BANK THE MONEY YOU WASTE?

EXTRAVAGANCE IS SINFUL—IT IS WASTE. IF YOU PUT THAT SAME MONEY IN THE BANK, SOME DAY YOU WILL BE ABLE TO INDULGE YOURSELF IN THOSE LUXURIES WITHOUT MISSING THE MONEY.

A BANK ACCOUNT GROWS—YOU WILL BE INTERESTED IN SEEING IT GROW. YOU DON'T NEED THOSE EXTRAVAGANCES. YOU WILL NEED THAT MONEY SOME DAY.

HAVE IT SAFE IN OUR BANK.

WE PAY 4 PER CENT INTEREST ON TIME DEPOSITS.

COME TO OUR BANK.

Commercial State Bank

LITTLE FALLS, MINN.
Buy War Savings Stamps



WE Have a Particularly FINE AND COMPLETE Line of BUILDERS' HARDWARE

One glance at our stock has relieved the worry of more than one builder in this vicinity. If you have any problem that can be solved by apparatus of this kind see us.

If it can be secured we have it or will get it for you.

Buy War Saving Stamps



Quick Barn Cleaning—Without the Labor

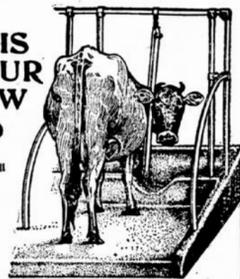
Make This Iridesome Task Pleasant and Profitable

Why spend from half an hour to an hour each day shoveling manure and totting it out onto the pile in a wheelbarrow, when it can be done in half the time and with less than half the drudgery? Why allow this valuable by-product to lie in the barnyard for months, losing half or more of its fertilizing value, when with one handling it may be dumped direct into pit or spreader?

Why not conserve the liquid that oozes out through the cracks of your wheelbarrow and fertilizes your barnyard? It's worth from \$7 to \$10 a ton! Man alive! We can fit up your barn with a Louden Manure Carrier outfit, complete, at almost any price you want to pay! Prices range from \$20 to \$70, according to the size of your barn, style of carrier, etc.

Without obligating you in any way, we'd like to submit an itemized quotation for your barn. May we do it? If it isn't convenient to come to the store, call us by phone or drop us a card.

IS THIS YOUR COW ?



Do your cows enjoy the comfort and freedom of flexibly hung, swinging steel stanchions, or are they cramped and miserable in rigid, insanitary wood "stocks"? The comfort of your cow is a vital factor in her milk production. The difference in results between a comfortable and uncomfortable represents YOUR PROFITS! The Louden Tubular Steel Stanchion is strong, comfortable and sanitary. Costs the same as a good halter; outlasts your barn. May be hung in wood or steel frame. Come in and see it; we'll quote you attractive prices.

OR THIS?



Anderson-Levis Hardware Company.

Little Falls National Farm Loan Association.

We represent the Federal Loan Bank of St. Paul and make loans on farms in the Towns of Swan River, Swanville, Pike Creek, Culdrum, Darling, Parker, Green Prairie, Clough, Ripley, Belle Prairie, Bellevue, Cushing, Little Falls, Agram, Buckman, Pierz, Buh and Platte.

Now Open for Business

If you are contemplating taking a mortgage on your farm it will pay you to see us and get our terms. No charges for information.

N. N. Bergheim, Secretary-Treas.

Little Falls, Minnesota