

LOCAL & MISCELLANEOUS.

Claram's barn is rising again over the ashes of the old one.

Best goods and lowest prices at Aug. Hoglund's general merchandise store.

The patrons of the Willmar Creamery Association will hold a meeting here during thesecond day of the institute.

A. J. Ekander has placed an eight-horse gas engine in his shop in place of the five-horse one he purchased some time ago.

Over 1,000,000 bushels of wheat, nearly 2,000 cars, arrived at Minneapolis one day last week. This breaks the record. The receipts average 500,000 bushels daily.

Miss Lottie Holmgren, formerly of this place, but now of Benson, came down last Thursday for a week's visit with friends here in town.

How long can an agricultural nation endure with its farms so compelled to take half price for their products, by doubling the value of money, and compelled to pay trust prices for the most of their supplies?

The depot was made into a retail grocery store last Friday, when a large lot of groceries for which traveling agents had taken orders from over the county, were delivered.

The Seminary Boarding club was started a week ago with a limited number of members, in spite of which fact the expense of the first week, including fuel, light and wages of cook, amounted to only \$1.35 per capita.

The home of Benjamin J. Coe has again been visited by the cold hand of death, and deep gloom has been cast over his household.

Memorial services were held this morning in the High School. The funeral will occur on Saturday afternoon at 2:30 at the house.

Mr. Coe and family have the sympathy of the entire community in this their double affliction.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

- WILLMAR, MINN., Oct. 14, 1905. Bachmann, Miss Lizzie. Berg, Mrs. Alletia. Blomgren, Mrs. Anna. Congdon, Mr. B. F. Elms, Miss Florence. Finstrom, Rev. B. Forsberg, John. Jellsett, C. S. Jellsett, Mr. George E. (2). Jessner, Mr. John W. Joenson, Miss Ingeborg. Johanson, Mr. Jukol. Knutson, Miss Annie. Oleson, Miss Martha. Oleson, Mr. Ole J. Parent, Earnst. Reed, Mr. D.A. to D.W. Beale. Thillman, Mr. Rude. Vann, R. T. Zigrang, Mr. Dennis. S. E. STANSBERRY, P. M.

We take pleasure in recommending the Home Comfort Steel Range. We have tasted ours thoroughly and have found it all the salesman claimed for it.

We have purchased a Home Comfort Steel Range and take pleasure in recommending it as

being the most complete machine for cooking we ever saw; bakes to perfection and saves at least one-half the fuel, besides furnishing us an abundance of hot water.

Careful buyers find what will suit them both as to price and quality at Aug. Hoglund's.

There's no use talking, Aug. Hoglund has the choice lot of goods, and his prices are popular.

For Sale or Trade. The residence property corner 2nd street and Litchfield Ave.

Willmar Markets. Wheat—46 cents. Oats—20 cents. Corn—40 cents. Barley—24 cents. Flax—70 cents. Potatoes—about 20 cents. Eggs—124 cents. Butter—15 to 18 cents.

Old papers for sale at this office

THE NEW AND THE RIGHT WAY EAST AND WEST To All Pacific Ports.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Table with columns for TRAINS GOING WEST, TRAINS GOING EAST, and WILLMAR DIVISION, listing train numbers, departure times, and destinations.

WILLMAR & ST. CLOUD. No. 7, 1210 p. m. No. 8, 6:00 a. m. No. 9, 12:10 a. m. No. 10, 3:00 p. m.

WILLMAR & ST. CLOUD. No. 11, 12:10 p. m. No. 12, 6:00 a. m. No. 13, 12:10 a. m. No. 14, 3:00 p. m.

WILLMAR & ST. CLOUD. No. 15, 12:10 p. m. No. 16, 6:00 a. m. No. 17, 12:10 a. m. No. 18, 3:00 p. m.

WILLMAR & ST. CLOUD. No. 19, 12:10 p. m. No. 20, 6:00 a. m. No. 21, 12:10 a. m. No. 22, 3:00 p. m.

WILLMAR & ST. CLOUD. No. 23, 12:10 p. m. No. 24, 6:00 a. m. No. 25, 12:10 a. m. No. 26, 3:00 p. m.

WILLMAR & ST. CLOUD. No. 27, 12:10 p. m. No. 28, 6:00 a. m. No. 29, 12:10 a. m. No. 30, 3:00 p. m.

WILLMAR & ST. CLOUD. No. 31, 12:10 p. m. No. 32, 6:00 a. m. No. 33, 12:10 a. m. No. 34, 3:00 p. m.

WILLMAR & ST. CLOUD. No. 35, 12:10 p. m. No. 36, 6:00 a. m. No. 37, 12:10 a. m. No. 38, 3:00 p. m.

WILLMAR & ST. CLOUD. No. 39, 12:10 p. m. No. 40, 6:00 a. m. No. 41, 12:10 a. m. No. 42, 3:00 p. m.

WILLMAR & ST. CLOUD. No. 43, 12:10 p. m. No. 44, 6:00 a. m. No. 45, 12:10 a. m. No. 46, 3:00 p. m.

WILLMAR & ST. CLOUD. No. 47, 12:10 p. m. No. 48, 6:00 a. m. No. 49, 12:10 a. m. No. 50, 3:00 p. m.

WILLMAR & ST. CLOUD. No. 51, 12:10 p. m. No. 52, 6:00 a. m. No. 53, 12:10 a. m. No. 54, 3:00 p. m.

WILLMAR & ST. CLOUD. No. 55, 12:10 p. m. No. 56, 6:00 a. m. No. 57, 12:10 a. m. No. 58, 3:00 p. m.

WILLMAR & ST. CLOUD. No. 59, 12:10 p. m. No. 60, 6:00 a. m. No. 61, 12:10 a. m. No. 62, 3:00 p. m.

WILLMAR & ST. CLOUD. No. 63, 12:10 p. m. No. 64, 6:00 a. m. No. 65, 12:10 a. m. No. 66, 3:00 p. m.

WILLMAR & ST. CLOUD. No. 67, 12:10 p. m. No. 68, 6:00 a. m. No. 69, 12:10 a. m. No. 70, 3:00 p. m.

WILLMAR & ST. CLOUD. No. 71, 12:10 p. m. No. 72, 6:00 a. m. No. 73, 12:10 a. m. No. 74, 3:00 p. m.

WILLMAR & ST. CLOUD. No. 75, 12:10 p. m. No. 76, 6:00 a. m. No. 77, 12:10 a. m. No. 78, 3:00 p. m.

WILLMAR & ST. CLOUD. No. 79, 12:10 p. m. No. 80, 6:00 a. m. No. 81, 12:10 a. m. No. 82, 3:00 p. m.

WILLMAR & ST. CLOUD. No. 83, 12:10 p. m. No. 84, 6:00 a. m. No. 85, 12:10 a. m. No. 86, 3:00 p. m.

WILLMAR & ST. CLOUD. No. 87, 12:10 p. m. No. 88, 6:00 a. m. No. 89, 12:10 a. m. No. 90, 3:00 p. m.

THE ART OF MARCUS.



Clara Winterbloom—There is only enough to about half fill this trunk. What shall I do—fill it with papers? Mrs. Winterbloom—No; let your father pack it.—Brooklyn Life.



A Mistaken Idea.



SHOCKING!



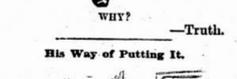
WHY?—Truth.



His Way of Putting It.



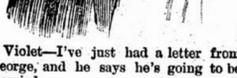
A Kiss For a Blow.



A Favor Indeed.



A Starter.



So you like him?



Yes, he did me the greatest favor one man can do another.



What was that?



He married my homely daughter.—Truth.



Mrs. Twickenham—Will you have a piece of the mince pie, Willie? Willie Gilman—Yes'm (looking at the plate) to start with.—Brooklyn Life.

THE ART OF MARCUS.

A QUAKER HOOSIER WHO COULD PAINT OR MAKE A MATCH.

Early Struggles With a Talent That Could Not Be Suppressed—One of His Best Known Pictures—How He Brought About a Happy Marriage.

One of the unique characters of the state is Marcus Mote, the veteran Quaker artist of Richmond. He is now 78 years of age and is very feeble.

Marcus Mote's talent was born with him. It is said of him that when only 2 1/2 years old his mother came home from meeting one day and found him scratching a rude picture on the foot-board of the bedstead with a piece of charcoal.

There was no relenting as the lad grew up and the propensity to draw and paint developed. He was forbidden to indulge his talent, but he could not be repressed.

When a horrible thing happened. The head of the child dropped out of the sky and was followed by the trunk and then the legs. With tears in his eyes the man picked them up and placed them in a box.

Every railway ticket bears the name of the general passenger agent of the road issuing the same. It is a simple matter to inclose the ticket with a letter directed to the general passenger agent asking him to refund the money paid and explaining the reason why the ticket is left unused in the hands of the purchaser.

Marcus Mote lived in Lebanon, O., for many years and personally knew the great Tom Corwin, whose portrait he painted for the state of Ohio. It hangs in the stonework at Columbus, marked by this painting the artist said:

"My danger happened to be in Columbus and went to the stonework. He discovered the inscription. Corwin came to me one day when he was at home from congress and said that the fellows down at Washington seemed to think that nobody in Ohio could do anything, and that he had refused to sit for a portrait for an artist there for that reason. He wanted the work done at home. He sat for the portrait a number of times and I became well acquainted with him.

"He had a daughter, Eva, who was his great pride, and together with her mother, he was very ambitious for her. There was a young man then teaching in Warren county who was poor in pocket, but had a strong will, a clean heart and first class ability. He was modest, however, and his ability was not known. He showed Eva Corwin so much attention that her father finally forbade her seeing the young man, and the girl was seriously affected by the breaking up of the friendship. She was kept closely at home in her father's suburban residence, and her friends noticed that her health was beginning to be affected. One day a friend named Jennie Hardy, since Drake, who had the confidence of Eva's parents, and one day I met Jennie and asked her to bring Eva to my studio on the next day at 1 o'clock sharp.

"What for?" she asked. "Never thee mind, I said, 'but do as I tell thee. Now, I want thee to promise me that thee will. Will thee?" "She said she would. Pretty soon I met the young man and I said that I wanted him to come to my studio on the next day within two or three minutes after 1 o'clock sharp.

"Never thee mind, I said. 'Now, I want thee to give me thy hand, promising that thee will be there just as I said.' "He gave me his hand. The next day at 1 there was a knock at my door, and there were Jennie and Eva. Jennie left Eva with me. As I closed the door she said:

"What does this mean?" "I want to see thee," I said. "Take a chair." "It was only a minute or two that there was another knock, and I opened the door. The young man was there, and I brought him in, saying to Eva, 'This is George R. Sage. Now you are my prisoners for one hour. I want thee and George to be together for awhile. At the end of the hour I will call for you and let you out. Now that was the way in which those two young people planned to get married. George R. Sage justified my faith in his high character. He is now a judge on the federal bench in Cincinnati.'—Indianaapolis Journal.

CHINESE JUGGLERS. Some of the Strange and Startling Feats That They Perform. Chinese jugglers and Indian fakirs have pretty much the same "stock in trade." Here is an account of some tricks performed by a Chinese:

"When the conjurer asked the spectators what they wanted to see, some one called for a pumpkin. "A pumpkin," answered the conjurer, "is that impossible. Pumpkins are out of season."

How was he only talking, for

HARD WOOD FLOORS.

INFORMATION ABOUT THEIR CONSTRUCTION AND CARE.

Quartered White Oak Said to Be the Very Best Material—How to Wax and Polish. They Do These Things Better in England Than We Do in America.

It is only a few years since advocates of the home beautiful began to preach in favor of hard floors, and there is now hardly a village in the country where this doctrine of health and beauty has not penetrated.

Every housekeeper suffers from none of these disadvantages because they try none of these experiments. The European floor is a floor of parquetry. It is made by gluing together thick slices of hard wood on a pine backing, a method by which they obtain a sturdier and more durable floor than when a thick floor of hard wood alone is used.

Builders recommend quartered white oak as the very best material for floors. This is a western wood and costs about \$100 a 1,000 feet in this state. Maple and birch, which are much cheaper woods, also make excellent floors.

How Unused Railway Tickets May Be Redeemed at Slight Cost.

Some men with valuable unused railway tickets on their hands sell them to scalpers, while others go to the railway company that issued them and obtain their value in money. Most men, however, do neither, and accept the loss when the ticket is worth less than a dollar.

When all these things have been done the company usually acknowledges the receipt of the ticket holder's communication and promises to investigate the matter. The investigation consists in the proper identification of the ticket and a little bookkeeping to set all right in the accounts. Then the purchaser receives from the company a check for the amount due, along with a letter requesting acknowledgment on the part of the recipient. That closes the transaction and there is no material loss on either side.—New York Sun.

A City Built in a Cherry Seed. At the time of the French Crystal Palace exposition a Nuremberg toy-maker exhibited a cherry stone within the cavity of which he had built a perfect plan of the city of Sevastopol, streets, railway approaches, bridges, etc.

DO FISHES TALK? Here is Testimony From a Man Who Thinks They Do.

We have heard of the language of monkeys, and of the language of hens, and of the language of crows, and even of ants, but it will be a new idea to most people, probably, that fishes have a language of their own.

Of course the best way of polishing such a floor is in the foreign fashion, with a brush attached to one foot of a robust man, who goes shinning about until the surface gleams like marble.

"It's a rapid age," said the big policeman thoughtfully. "A terribly rapid age. Everybody's in a hurry."

"What's the matter now?" inquired the man who was waiting for a street car.

"Why, we've got the trolley car, haven't we?" "Yes."

"And the cable car fender?" "To be sure."

"And the cigarettes?" "Quite so."

"And yet you read in the papers every day about people so blamed impatient that they go and commit suicide."—Washington Star.

HER DUTY.

It was evening. The mists were falling across the hills of Dartmoor.

A man sat on one of the great granite rocks that lay on the top of Dartmoor. He had been sitting there since midday. He had watched the sun as it shone on the purple heather and green bracken; he had watched the cloud shadows as they wandered through the valleys and along the burn and streamlets.

"The man had not enjoyed so long a rest as undisturbed quiet for many years. A way in the distance, when the sun

was shining brightly, he had seen some one who he had inhabited for seven years. He was never going to return to that home, and he smiled when he saw the sunlight strike the windows of the great ugly building. For his home had been no cottage; it had been a large mansion, and he had lived there in solitude, yet surrounded by hundreds of his fellow men.

At 8 o'clock the moon lifted herself above Hound Tor and nestled among a few white cloudlets which hung around her in the east.

Yes, it was delightfully peaceful and calm. There was only one thing he wanted—a pipe of tobacco. He laughed aloud as he thought across his mind, for it seemed queer that just then, but he had not smoked a pipe for seven years.

Seven years ago! It was near Hound Tor, too, just those seven years ago that he had smoked his last pipe and had his last chat with Little Clo', lying amidst the heather. Perhaps Little Clo' was still at Barber's cottage! It would be good to see her again, and they could climb the Tor and lie amidst the heather just once more. Yes, he would go and look for Little Clo'. There was a light in the cottage window. He opened the door without knocking. A woman rose from the oak chair, and started when she saw the man.

"I want Little Clo'," he said, forgetting now that seven years had passed since he last entered the homestead.

The woman regarded him attentively for some minutes without speaking. Then pushing a seat toward him: "So you've got away at last? I guessed you'd tire of living there—pointing, south—'prety soon. But it ain't no use your a-comin here. You got yourself into 'll mess, and you'd better clear yourself if you can."

"Where be Little Clo'?" the man asked again. "I be Little Clo', or lastways I was little Clo'. They don't call me that name now. Have you forgotten 'twas seven years ago?"

He sat down on the chair she had pushed toward him and looked absent at the oil lamp burning on the table.

"Yes—I'd forgot—yes you was Little Clo' once. I'd forgot—I'd somehow expected to find her here still—I wanted her to come and live with me, and have a chat while I smoked my pipe—just as we used—I mean as she and I used to do. But I'd forgot; 'twas silly of me!"

"Yes," answered the woman, "'twas silly. Sit down by the open door, nervously smoothing down her dress, and let his eyes wander around the room.

"Things ain't changed much—the chairs and tables and ornament things, I mean—but I can see that she's gone; I understand now. So you be a woman, and a fine one too. You ain't married? I wonder at that, then! You ought for her married. Say, could you find a pipe?—any old pipe—I's pose mine's lost. No? That's nice! I didn't 'spect to see him again—make tobacco? I knows your father always smoked 'Fride o' Devon.' Thanks." He filled his pipe, and she noticed his fingers trembled. She gave him a light, and then resumed her position by the door.

"This is like old times, almost—if only Little Clo' was here. I's pose you couldn't be little Clo' just for half an hour or so—sort of play act in at it, you know? Forget what'er was like? Fancy that, then! I remember well enough, I's pose you think I'm a boy 'un. Thank you, you don't speak to me. Perhaps I am, but I did it to save Little Clo', though maybe you've a-forgotten that." He relapsed into silence and sat looking absent at the old grandfather's clock and puffing his pipe.

"After a little while the woman spoke. "I hear some one coming. If it's—"

"Your father?" the man interrupted. "I hope it's him." He rose and advanced, pipe in hand, toward the door. At the same moment a tall man in uniform and carrying a carbine in his hand appeared. The woman fell back a pace or two, saying: "Yes, he's here. I was a sherrif 'im."

The two men looked at one another for a few seconds, then he in the uniform spoke: "Thought I'd find you here. No use resisting—a couple more warders standing outside. Come along, my beauty, back to Princes' Town."

"All right," he replied quickly, "but just grant me one favor; let me flash my pipe, my first for seven years." He laughed. The warder, after a moment's hesitation, acquiesced.

Who Has the Biggest Bible? There is a controversy of small practical importance, interesting from a purely literary point of view—namely, which religion possesses the largest Bible. The rabbis, with wonderful patience, have ascertained that the Hebrew Bible contains 220,975 words, 3,596,420 letters and 31,173 verses. The results of these labors, though interesting and curious, are comparatively small. For instance, it has been found out that verse 8 of Psalm cxviii forms the center of the whole Bible; that verse 21 of chapter vii of Ezra contains all the letters of the English alphabet except F; that II Kings, chapter xix, is identically the same as Isaiah, chapter xxxvii; that the word "Lord" occurs 1,855 times, the word "verend" but once, the word "and" 46,777 times.

The Rig-Veda, the oldest of all sacred books, contains about 10,500 verses and 163,836 words. The Avesta, such as we now possess it, claims 73,020 words. What is striking every one in these statistical researches is the great amount of repetition in all the sacred books. For instance, although the number of words in the Old Testament is estimated at 593,403, the words occurring in a dictionary of the Old Testament would amount to no more than about 5,642; so that, on an average, every word is used 100 times.—From Max Muller's Lecture at Oxford Academy.

At the Stage Door. "Patrician—Well, sir, what are you here for?" "Son and heir—Well, guv'nor, I did not expect to meet yer.—St. Paul's."

Patrician—Well, sir, what are you here for?" "Son and heir—Well, guv'nor, I did not expect to meet yer.—St. Paul's."

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