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G. CHRISTENSON.

NOT ALL DEAD YET.

A Soldier Who Fought at Waterloo Still Alive at Lynn.

Living in the busy city of Lynn, spending the last days of a dramatic life, honored by all who know him, is John Henry Beard, one of the few survivors of the battle of Waterloo.

Having taken part in this battle, fighting on the side of the victors, is of itself a great distinction, but being among the last survivors of this battle, in which over 250,000 men took part, is to have honor thrust upon him, Mr. Beard thinks.

Few men have lived a more dramatic life than Mr. Beard, and he delights in telling to the younger generation of the exciting times when Napoleon was spreading consternation throughout Europe and England was almost at his mercy. It is with a keen eye, a ready smile and a steady hand that he greets his friends and acquaintances and is never at a loss to tell a story about any particular time in the history of the century. He can recount and picture events and scenes in the early parts of the nineteenth century with as much accuracy as a man who was a participant in a stirring event in 1870 can tell of it now. It is like reading history to converse with Mr. Beard for a few moments, only vastly more real, for you talk with a man who has taken part in the events.

At the age of 15 the roll of soldiers was so great that he and other boys were notified that they must enlist in the regular army. Being the son of a colonel, he was given the extra privilege of joining any regiment in the country. He selected that commanded by his father, and a few days after he had celebrated his birthday he was a regular soldier in the service of England and a member of the Sixty-sixth regiment.

"I was but a boy," Mr. Beard said, when asked about his first experiences in the army. "There were many men in the regiment who had taken part in battles, been wounded and who had stood for hours on a battlefield. Some of the men had but lately returned from America, where they fought in the war of 1812. There were but very few 'green hands,' or recruits, in the regiment, but I was one of them. My father was very strict, and immediately after enlistment I was compelled to give up my residence under the officers' roof in the fort and go and live with the soldiers in the barracks."

For four days before the battle of Waterloo he says that his regiment marched back and forth from one place to another and was almost within hearing distance of the French guns. It was not called upon to enter the conflict until the decisive day, when orders came early in the morning to march to the front. Young Beard was in the front ranks of his father's command, and remembers, as if it were yesterday, the squares formed by the English soldiers, where the French cavalry "foamed itself away."

Beard was wounded three times in the hip, being struck by two bullets at nearly the same instant and being hit again as he lay wounded on the ground. He was carried to the rear and there saw Napoleon as the latter was on his retreat toward Paris. A number of English soldiers were lying on the ground when Napoleon passed. He saw them and approached within a short distance and then rode away, surrounded by a number of his men.

Shortly after the battle of Waterloo young Beard's regiment was ordered to Quebec, and he accompanied it there. It was soon after he reached the age of 21 that he secured a leave of absence for a few days, ostensibly to enjoy hunting in the woods. He had heard stories of the fabulous wealth to be secured in the States, and resolved that his experience in the army should cease. With this intention he left Canada and walked to Richmond, Me., where he married and has since resided, except when in Lynn with his daughter.—Boston Globe.

A Celestial Hunter.

"Bishop Doane of Albany," says the Troy Times, "and Paul Smith of Adirondack fame are close friends. The venerable Protestant Episcopal prelate spent a portion of one summer in the North woods, as Paul Smith's guest a few years ago, and the picturesque host was so impressed with the good bishop's qualities that he said to him at parting: 'Goodby, Bishop Doane. You are a good man for sure. I hope we'll meet again on earth, but if we don't and I ever get to heaven, I'll hunt you up.'"

Extreme Case.

"I can't help it," said the man in the back seat. "I can't believe in anything. I am a born doubter."
"Oh, no, brother," began the evangelist.
"But I am. There are times when I even have doubts as to the superiority of my bicycle."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SCHEME TO GET A HUSBAND.

Wrote Letters to Herself About a Rich Uncle Leaving Her a Legacy.

"I have often said that there seemed to be nothing new in the postal secret service," said the post-office inspector for this district, "but I have come across a scheme that was novel in some of its details. It happened within less than 100 miles of Memphis, but as there was no arrest made it would not be proper to mention names or places.

"The matter came to the attention of the department in a peculiar manner. A registered letter had been sent to Texas and had the appearance of having been opened. The Texas postmaster reported to me that the letter had come to him in bad condition, and I began working upon the case. I soon found that the letter contained a sharp piece of paper which was a little large for the envelope, causing the latter to bulge out a little. This being the case, when the letter was pressed tightly between a bunch of others through the envelope, giving it the appearance of having been cut with a knife. But in ascertaining this I struck upon a little romance.

"There was a young schoolgirl who had been raised more than 18 miles from the nearest railroad station in a small country settlement. She was desperately in love with her schoolteacher, and he reciprocated, but both were as poor as could be, and he argued that there could be no marriage without money. Hence it was that this girl figured out a scheme by which she could raise the funds. Her family had formerly lived in Texas, and she had an uncle living there still. She opened up a pseudo correspondence with this uncle, writing all the letters herself and sending them to Texas to be remailed there to herself so that the proper postmarks would appear. The series of letters was a long one and gave a full history of an old uncle who had been one of the early settlers in his section of the Lone Star State. The last letter narrated the death of the uncle and the fact that he had left to the girl a legacy of \$1,500. This letter was shown to the fiance, and it was on the strength of this money that the marriage was to occur.

"The girl went even so far as to go to the Brownsville (Tenn.) Savings bank with an attorney and present a draft for the amount, purporting to have been drawn by the Texas uncle upon a Texas bank, in which the letter said that the legacy was on deposit. But the lawyer thought there was something wrong with the matter, and so did the bank, for the draft was not cashed.

"It was remarkable to me how this country girl evolved such a scheme and how near it came to getting her a husband, but I have just closed my report, and it ended with the statement that the girl was still unmarried."—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Did Not Like Wigs.

Signor Arditi says, in his "Reminiscences," that Albani, the prima donna, had the greatest abhorrence of wigs. Arditi became bald at a very early age, and when he was conducting in New York it occurred to him that there could be no better time than that for adopting artificial headgear. He bought a wig of the latest style, put it on, sallied forth to the theater and bore as philosophically as might be the surprise betrayed by the orchestra at his novel appearance.

No one, nevertheless, made any remark upon it, and while the musicians were tuning up in the artists' room, he began to feel quite comfortable in his new head covering. Presently the door opened and Albani's face peeped roughly in.

"Where is Signor Arditi?" she inquired of one of the company.
"Here I am," replied the conductor, rather shamefacedly, stepping forward. She looked at him for a moment, and then burst into laughter.

"What, Arditi!" she cried. "Is it indeed you in that wig? Never, in the world! My good friend, I should never be able to sing with that before me. Here!"

With one bound, she seized upon the unfortunate wig, dragged it from his head and threw it to the other side of the room. He did not replace it, and though he always fancied that a wig would become him, he never again wore one.

Paper Hanging by Machinery.

Paper can now be hung by machinery. The device has a rod on which a roll of paper is placed and a paste reservoir with a feeder placed so as to engage the wrong side of the paper. The end of the paper is fastened to the bottom of the wall, and the machine is started up the operator. A roller follows the paper as it unwinds and presses it against the wall. When the top of the wall is reached, the operator pulls a string, which cuts the paper off from the roll.—Pearson's Weekly.

PHOTOGRAPHERS AND DUST.

How It Affects Their Plates and What They Do to Escape It.

Among the many evils which are attributed to the all pervading, never to be escaped city dust there is one which constitutes a grievance peculiar to photographers alone. It is the injury which the flying particles, sifting into the room through every possible aperture, cause to the delicate films and sensitive plates. All films are made of preparations of gelatin, and a large proportion of the glass plates now used are also coated with this substance, which, because of its soft, sticky nature, is particularly likely to attract every atom of dust in the surrounding air. The particles, however small, leave their impress in the form of opaque spots upon the sensitive surface and seriously mar its perfection. To remove the damage, a great amount of retouching is necessary, which is not only laborious and tiresome, but which cannot always be satisfactorily accomplished if the dust is very thick. What is known as the "carbon process" in photography is probably more easily injured by dust than any other, because an extremely delicate film of gelatin is used. Chiefly on account of this drawback the carbon process is seldom employed in this country, although photographs are made which resemble the real carbon pictures so closely in color that they are called "carbon types." In England, where the carbon process is more common, it has become customary for London photographers to send their developing work out of town to be done, in order to escape the dust and smoke of the city, but this practice has not gained much ground here.

The photographers in this city, as a rule, perform all their operations in the same building in which their studios are situated, and, for the sake of thus keeping the developing process at home, they are obliged to be at great trouble in protecting it. Some of the methods employed for this purpose were mentioned to a reporter the other day by a well known Broadway artist.

"In the first place," he said, "we not only keep our darkroom itself, but the whole floor in which it is situated, spotlessly clean. The floors are all oiled until there is not a crack in their surface to harbor dust, and they are thoroughly washed every morning before we begin our day's work. All the tables, trays and everything we use are kept equally clean. The windows, instead of being in the side walls, where the wind would strike them and bear the dust in with it, are in the roof, and very little dust can come in that way. All cracks in the doors or around the window frames are stopped up and we keep the darkroom tightly closed as much of the time as possible. With these precautions, we manage to get along pretty well, but a certain quantity of dust seems bound to creep in, and it causes us a good many hours of extra work in retouching."

Practically the same struggle against dust is the experience of every photographer in the city. One remedy which has been tried occasionally with success consists in filling the room in which the plates are kept with steam for a few moments each morning. This usually suffices to lay the dust for the entire day.—New York Tribune.

A Wonderful Fish.

The Bohemians have a proverb, "Every fish has another for prey." The wels (silurus) has them all. This is the largest fresh water fish found in the rivers of Europe except the sturgeon. It often reaches 5 or 6 feet in length. It destroys many aquatic birds, and we are assured that it does not spare the human species. On the 3d of July, 1700, a peasant took one near Thorn that had an infant entire in its stomach. They tell in Hungary of children and young girls being devoured on going to draw water, and they even relate that on the frontiers of Turkey a poor fisherman took one that had in its stomach the body of a woman, her purse containing gold and a ring. The fish is even reputed to have been taken 16 feet long.—Harper's Round Table.

His Mourning Custom.

A Swede who recently buried his third wife made such a scene during the interment that friends were finally obliged to restrain him by force and escort him from the cemetery.

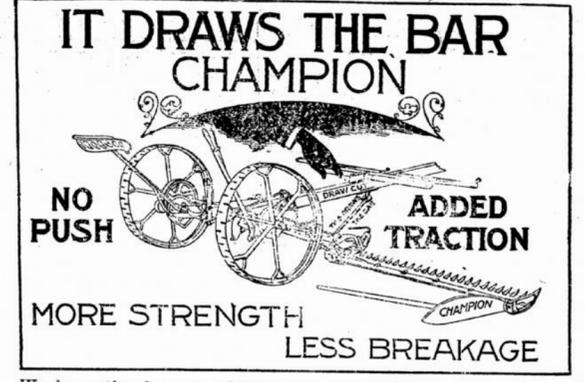
A few days later an acquaintance called upon him to offer condolences. "Ah," said the mourning husband, "you tank Ay feel bad now? You should see me at de grave. Ay always raise hal at de grave!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

What He Deserved.

Husband (handing his wife some money)—There, dear, is \$10, and it has bothered me a little to get it for you. I think I deserve a little applause.
Wife—Applause! You deserve an encore, my dear!—Exchange.

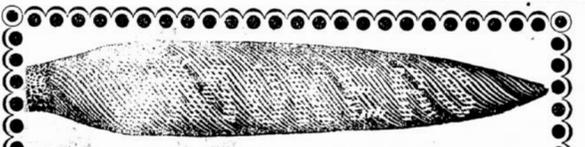
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