



County News

Kandiyohi.

Nov. 14.

Threshing is completed in this vicinity.

Chas. Noid threshing company finished their last job last Tuesday.

Election day was a very quiet day this year.

C. E. Morine has had his furlough extended 20 days longer.

Aug. Holmberg will have to go to Georgia by Dec. 1st.

Mr. Fred Holm gave a husking party last Saturday, and a gay time was had.

Husking parties are the go now-a-days. Frank Broman had one party last Wednesday. It is reported that a large amount of corn was husked.

The Swedish Lutheran congregation will have its new pipe organ ready for use by the 29th of this month.

HELLO THERE!

Green Lake.

Nov. 11.

Threshing is completed in our vicinity.

Mr. Thos. Downes was on the sick list last week.

M. Murray transacted business in Willmar Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Daugherty mourn the loss of their infant daughter, Veronica. The bereaved parents have the sympathy of the community.

A son of Bernard Klevjer was drowned in a 60 foot well last week. The child was 2 years, 1 month and 1 day old. The funeral occurred Nov. 6th.

Irving.

Nov. 10th.

Christ. Emerson is again in the store after a week's vacation.

Our creamery takes in 40,000 pounds of milk a week.

Everybody is rejoicing over Lind's election.

Ole T. Emerson and Mr. Reinart were at Willmar last week on business.

Mr. S. Stenberg, the Irving butter maker, scored 96 at the Omaha exposition for Oct., and will get a medal and diploma.

Ringville.

Nov. 15.

The people did not like the Guaranty Loan director.

Elias Johnson is at Belgrade now-a-days.

Emil Johnson left for Wisconsin last Thursday.

Ole Anderson & Co. finished threshing last Saturday.

Arnt Olson is now in our section again? You do not expect to never mind.

Amund Johnson was unfortunate enough to injure his right foot last Saturday.

A number of Ringville people had a hop at John O. Johnson's last Sunday evening.

Our Portrait Offer.

In a few days a corps of young men will start out on a canvass of the county to introduce our premium portrait offer and to solicit subscribers to the TRIBUNE. A great many different premium offers have been made by various newspapers before. We have made some ourselves, but for real liberality and genuine merit this one eclipses them all.

Willmar Seminary.

Opens Oct. 4, 1893. Good instruction in all common studies. Complete business college. Board at cost. Tuition reasonable. Instrumental music in charge of Miss Maria Railson. For catalogues or further particulars address

H. S. HILLEBOE, Principal, Willmar, Minn.

Reliable Salesman Wanted.

We do not promise great riches but can make it an object to the right man to sell our Lubricating Oils and Greases. Address us at once. The Euclid Oil Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

"77" for Colds and Grip.

Dr. Humphreys' Specific "77" breaks up colds and knocks out the grip. All druggists; 25c.—Doctors book sent free; Humphreys' Medicine Company, New York.

Short Horn Cattle.

I have a few short horn sires left, ranging from 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 years old, on my stock farm near Spicer. All registered, and pedigree will be delivered with each one sold. Being short of stable room I will close them out at \$50 each if taken soon.

J. M. SPICER.

Parties have stolen our labels, style of package, and tell the sick that "Our" tea is just like Rocky Mountain Tea. They would ruin your health for a little added profit. Beware! A. E. Mossberg, druggist.

Temperance Comment.

(Edited by the Press Superintendent of the W. C. T. U. of Willmar.)

Our nation's drink bill now aggregates the enormous sum of \$1,200,000,000 every year.

Some good people think that attention should not be called to the responsibility of the church for the continuance of the saloon. But they are too late, for everybody knows that she has the power to overthrow it. The only way to protect her reputation is to arouse her to her duty.

No department of honest industry can escape the devastating influence of the success of the liquor traffic, except possibly that of the undertaker.

The carnage of war will be perpetuated in memory so long as the national cemeteries tell their sad and impressive tale. Nobody who goes through these silent cities of dead heroes who fell at Gettysburg and Chattanooga, can lightly esteem the sacrifice which was paid by those who fought and fell in order to preserve to us a country one and indissoluble and free. Three, five, ten thousand little stone monuments marking the graves of slaughtered dead seems a stupendous number, but it seems more stupendous because these victims of war were slain in one day and at one place. If they were killed now and then, here and there, some on picket duty, some in a charge, some by accident, some by disease, huge though the year's total might be, it would not be so shocking to public sense. It is this intermittent though constant assassination wrought by the legalized rum traffic, which renders us more or less indifferent to the frightful total of casualties of a given period. For instance, we are callous to the fact well attested, that the saloon claims 100,000 human victims each year, because it is a daily sacrifice of only a few hundred, which makes up this appalling total, and only a small fraction of these fatalities is reported. A daily paper which is widely known for the clean, wholesome character of its pages, in its ordinary reports of news, on a recent morning contained on one page three separate columns of dispatches which narrated the taking of human life under the passion of drink. In one column we were told how a New York policeman, himself a guardian of the law, while crazed by liquor sold by the law's permission, shot and killed his mother, his wife, his four-year-old son, his six-year-old daughter and himself. Another dispatch from South Dakota tells how Edward Shannon, an old and hitherto respected citizen, now inflamed by liquor, murdered his wife, also a public official named Giddings, and a private citizen who had interfered to stay the mad fury of the drunken demon. The third column relates how a Wisconsin Volunteer in our Porto Rican Army, became embroiled with a brother soldier in a wine shop, and killed him. The drunken boy was court-martialed and, instead of returning to his mother wearing the laurels of a victorious campaign, he will languish for life in a murderer's cell at Fort Leavenworth. Here in one morning's news, on a single page of a single paper, we read of ten lives laid on the altar of the drink god, and the public takes it all as a matter of course. We fail to be aroused, or even interested. But, suppose, instead of reading the extraordinary and peculiarly shocking fatalities of this order, it were possible to see in daily print the entire list of human sacrifices which the saloon claims each morning, does anybody doubt that there would be a moral revolution under way in one month? There is no revolution, and it is because as yet the saloon has not laid its hand upon some dear one of our own flesh and blood, and why should we bother about something in which we are not personally concerned? We know that there are 100,000 unnecessary graves to be dug this year, but they are not for us. Are we sure? Are we ever sure that one of those dishonored mounds will not some day confine a form that we love? But even were we sure, is there no obligation to rescue a neighbor's son? Is there no obligation to preserve our nation from the havoc of this moral pestilence?—Ram's Horn.

These are the indoor shoes of the Chinaman. On the street here in the United States nowadays he wears very commonly the leather shoes or boots of American manufacture. That is one of the ways in which he is becoming Americanized. But the outdoor cloth shoe of China is a great deal worn also. That, like the indoor shoe, is very thick and soft in the sole, and the foot is never pinched or strained by it. The healthiest footwear ever known probably was the sandal of the Greeks. It had no upper, and, as you will see in statuary, the feet of men and women were ideally perfect. All the sandal afforded was a protection from the ground. "To him who wears sandals," say the Arabs, "it is as if the world were shod with leather." The Chinaman seems to follow out this motto, and his shoes are nearly soles and nothing more. But the great secret of the excellence of his indoor shoe is the half inch straw sole. —Washington Star.

MEMORIES.

The heart grows sad sometimes when strange hands waken
A strain, a melody of other days,
And backward through the past the mind goes
straying
Till heartstrings snap in twain on which he plays.

I walked today along the village highway,
A sunny head was bare, a form bent low—
Ah, with a pang it brought to me sweet memories
Of one so like him in the long ago!
But bitter sweet, the memories that awaken
The love that filled each heart was never told.
For both of us were proud, and I, so fearful
My secret should be known, was silent, cold.
Ah, well, the same old tale, so oft repeated!
I knew not that he loved me—ah, you smile—
'Twas after years I learned it, but he never,
Never knew I loved him all the while.
—Rose Van B. Speece.

CHINESE SHOES.

The Comfort and Healthfulness of Woven Straw Sandals.

"I may seem to be quarreling with my bread and butter," said an up town chiropodist to one of his best customers the other day, "but in my humble and somewhat professional opinion, the most sensible of all men in the matter of footwear is the Chinaman. Did you ever notice his feet? I don't believe there is such a thing as a corn or a bunion in all China. Chiropodists would starve to death there so far as the requirements of the masculine foot are concerned. Whatever the deformities inflicted on the feet of women in China may be, the men certainly enjoy sound and comfortable understandings. Look at the Chinese laundrymen here in Washington. They stand at their work 18 hours a day. No class of workmen I know of spend so many hours on their feet as they do. Yet they never break down there, and, physically, they are a wonderfully healthy race.
"Simple living and freedom from the nervous pursuits of our civilization may have something to do with it, but I attribute their exemption from foot weakness and disease to the kind of house shoe so universally worn by them. I have a pair that I have worn for several years, and I wouldn't wear anything else for genuine indoor comfort. They are woven of straw and seaweed and soled with horse hide. There is a thick sole of straw above the leather, and through this the air can circulate freely, keeping the muscles of the underpart of the foot always cool. The laundrymen, you notice, are usually bare-footed, which is an added advantage in the matter of healthfulness. There is about as little material in the uppers as is consistent with the idea of a shoe, and this is just enough to keep the thing on the foot. This upper, too, is woven loosely of seaweed, so that the air can have access to the foot. Nowhere does this shoe pinch or in the least degree press the foot.
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Neatly Caught.

A certain Greek adventurer some years ago undertook to palm off upon the public some false copies of the gospel manuscripts. Many learned men were deceived, but not Dr. Cox, librarian of the Bodleian library at Oxford. How he detected the fraud is related in his own words in The Spectator:
"I never really opened the book, but I held it in my hand and took one page of it between my finger and thumb while I listened to the rascal's account of how he found this most interesting antiquity.
"At the end of three or four minutes I handed it back to him with the shock comment, "Nineteenth century paper, my dear sir," and he took it away in a hurry and did not come again.
"Yes, I was pleased, but I have handled several ancient manuscripts in my time, and I know the feel of old paper."

Really Managed.

Scene—Editor's sanctum. Printer (rushing in excitedly)—Here's a good Johnson the murderer, has just been found innocent, and the government has telegraphed a pardon. We've got the whole account of the hanging set up, with illustrations, and the form is on the press.
Editor (coolly)—Don't get excited, man. Just put over the account in a large capitals: "Johnson Pardoned. Full Account of What He Escaped!"—Pearson's Weekly.

Cool don't Translate It.

"Is that your baby?" asked the interested party. "What a cute little child! What is he saying now?"
"I don't know," replied the perplexed father. "You see, his mother carries the code book."—Philadelphia North American.

All at Sea.

Absent-minded Professor (in the bath tub)—Well, well, now I have forgotten what I got in here for.—Fliegende Blätter.

Physicians declare that the most nutritious article of diet is butter, and bacon comes next.

Every square mile of sea contains 150,000,000 fish of various kinds.

THE TRIBUNE'S SPECIAL OFFER

We are determined to increase our already large list of subscribers. Among our plans is one that is novel as it is acceptable to all those who become acquainted with it. The TRIBUNE is the leading newspaper of the county. It gives the news, and it is fearless in politics. We want everyone to have it, and are offering big inducements to that end.

We have secured the services of several wide-awake young men to make a thorough house-to-house canvass of the county to present our liberal offer and take subscriptions. They will show you the finest specimens of large CRAYON AND WATER COLOR PORTRAITS you ever saw, and if you want to subscribe for the TRIBUNE, or are already a subscriber, you will be entitled to a portrait at our premium price, made from any photo you like.

The Portraits are Real Works of Art

and hand-worked, not cheap prints, and are true likenesses of yourself or friends such as you will ever prize. These portraits will be offered free of charge, except only the regular subscription price of the TRIBUNE and the slight cost for the materials used in the manufacture of the portraits and actual expense of shipping and delivering them. We get the portraits on these surprising terms on account of our large contract for them. Remember this offer is only temporary, as it will involve a heavy expense.

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