

MALCOLM KIRK

A Tale of Moral Heroism
in Overcoming the World.
BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.
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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVII.

FAITH FIGHTS A BATTLE AND "OVERCOMES."

Faith Kirk was having one of her great battles as she worked over that Sunday dinner. And she had not fought it out when the family returned, bringing with them four friends of Mr. Fulton, business acquaintances from other cities, whose good will it was necessary to keep.

The dinner was served promptly, and Faith had no reason to feel afraid of her success. Mrs. Fulton even came out into the kitchen when it was over and complimented her on the dinner. The guests lighted cigars and retired to the library with Mr. Fulton. It was now nearly 4 o'clock. By the time everything was cleared away in the kitchen it was half past 4 and in the short winter day dark already.

Faith went up to her room tired and rebellious. She sat down and at first said she would not go to church. Then she thought of the dear home circle, and for almost the first time since she came away she grew dreadfully homesick.

She threw herself down on her bed in the dark and had a good, hard cry. When it was over, she felt somewhat ashamed and lay still awhile, thinking. Then she rose and suddenly turned on her electric light.

"Faith Kirk, you are ashamed of yourself. Is this Malcolm Kirk's daughter?" She asked the question as she put on her clean apron and resolutely determined to go to church and be a good Christian in spite of her troubles. "To him that overcometh," the verse happened to be the subject of the Endeavor meeting that very night, and as she took up her Bible and went out of the house she was feeling better as she started down the avenue and then turned toward one of the churches of the same denomination as the one at home. For she was homesick enough to feel that she would enjoy the worship better in a church.

Faith's Sunday in Chicago since she had been there were not at all like the Sundays at home. She had at first tried to attend a church near her boarding place. But at the end of her study experience she had found some Sunday work to do in connection with one of the social settlements. That work was now too far away, and she was compelled to give it up.

Tonight, she said, she would go to the Endeavor meeting in the large church only a few blocks from Mrs. Fulton's. She had seen the notice on the outside of the building, giving 6 o'clock as the hour of services.

The young people held their meeting in the chapel or prayer meeting room adjoining the main room. It was beautifully lighted and furnished, and as Faith went in she was greeted at the door by a young woman, who gave her a topic card and a hymnbook and then showed her to a seat.

The meeting began promptly, and Faith could not help wondering a little as she looked around at the very well dressed young men and women how much any of them knew about the struggle of overcoming. The next moment she rebuked herself for judging others.

"They all have their trials no doubt," she said. "It won't do to judge from appearances. Rich folks are not the happiest ones."

She enjoyed the singing, and some of the more familiar Endeavor songs brought tears to her eyes.

When the hour was about half gone, Faith had an impulse to give her testimony. She kept saying to herself that what she had been through that day was something that might help the others. In her father's church at home the young people had always been encouraged to help one another by relating their experiences, and Faith had no other thought in mind when she rose during a pause and told very frankly something of her struggle that very day.

The young people all turned and looked at her in surprise. Faith knew how to express herself very well. Her father had been very frank in his difficulties, but she spoke more frankly than she might if she had not been overflowing from the day's experience. Besides, her heart warmed to find herself in the society once more, and she longed for the Christian fellowship.

When she sat down, she had time to think if she had said anything she ought not. She had simply confessed her struggle as the Bible said Christians ought, and she had only incidentally mentioned the fact that she was working out. At home they had girls in the society who worked out at service, and they did not think much about it.

But before the meeting was over she grew hot and cold by turns as she thought of having told all those young people that she was a "hired girl." She was almost tempted to get up again and tell them that she was the daughter of a minister and a high school graduate and that her father had more than one letter from the pastor of the very church where she now was commending the work done in Conrad and asking for counsel as to similar work in the great city. Then she glowed with shame for her lack of courage. "If I did tell them what I am doing, it is no disgrace! It is an honest thing to do. I am not ashamed of it."

In spite of all that, when the meeting was over, Faith fancied that the girl who had been sitting next to her turned away very hurriedly without trying to speak to her. The one who had ushered her to her seat, however, came to her and introduced her to a girl standing near by. The girl shook hands rather stiffly and then excused herself, saying she had some committee work to do. Faith was left standing alone, and no one else spoke to her. She tried to believe that there was no intention in the neglect. But her face burned, and she finally resolved to go out, to shake the dust of that church from her feet and never return to it.

She had reached the door when the face of her father came up before her, the patient, loving, long suffering father at home, who had, to Faith's own knowledge, refused her every demand.

less privations and slights without losing his Christian manhood or courage. With the face of her father also came another, the Master's, as Faith remembered it from one of the pictures she had at home of Christ in Gethsemane.

"This is not overcoming," she said to herself, and at the door of the chapel she stopped, walked back to the church door entrance and went into the main room.

An usher showed her to a good seat, and she sat there with her head bowed for 15 minutes before the service began. When she raised her head, her eyes were wet with tears, and the people near her looked surprised. But Faith had overcome. She had fought another battle on that eventful Lord's day and had won the victory.

When the service began, she enjoyed it. The singing was by a quartet, and Faith in her present condition the music came with refreshing. The sermon helped her too. It was on the subject of Christ's sufferings, and she felt ashamed as she listened and compared her own troubles with those of the great Sufferer for the sins of a whole world.

At the close of the service she hesitated, but finally went up to the front of the church and introduced herself to the minister.

He was one of the Chicago pastors who had known her father when he was in the seminary. They were not in the same class, but had corresponded a little of late years.

"What?" he exclaimed as Faith spoke her name. "Miss Kirk of Conrad? My dear," he called to his wife, who was near by, "this is Malcolm Kirk's daughter. You remember his stories in the papers. Our boys think there are no stories just like his." We are so glad to see you."

The minister's wife greeted her very kindly, and Faith almost cried, she was so touched by their cordial reception. "Where are you stopping in the city?" the minister asked.

Faith hesitated, and then frankly told him where she was and what she was doing. There was a moment's look of surprise on the faces of the minister and his wife, but they were genuine Christians, and without asking any more questions the minister's wife said as she laid a loving hand on Faith's arm:

"My dear, come and take tea with us next Sunday evening at 5. Don't fail, will you?"

She gave Faith their house number, and Faith walked out of the church feeling as if some Christianity were left in that great sinful city after all.

That night she wrote home a long letter to her mother, telling her all about her week and especially the experience of that day. When she finished, she prayed for blessing on all the dear home circle, and in greater peace of soul than she had known in a long time she committed herself to the care of the All Father.

As the week's work began again, the Fultons found themselves wondering how long the new girl's capabilities would hold out. Faith combined her father's physical endurance and her mother's New England thrift and neatness. Her kitchen shone with brightness. Her meals were delightful surprises to every member of the family. Her good nature seemed unflagging.

"We've got a real treasure," even Mrs. Fulton confessed Wednesday evening to her husband. "The only thing I dread is that she may not hold out. I have never been satisfied with any girl I ever had."

"Perhaps you expected too much," Mr. Fulton suggested, absently, as he continued to read his paper.

"I'm sure we pay enough to get satisfactory results," she replied. "If the capable American girls would only work out more we housekeepers would not have so many trials." Mrs. Fulton sighed, but it is possible if she had changed places with Faith that Sunday she might have understood better why more American girls do not work out at service.

Thursday morning Mrs. Fulton went down to the city on some shopping, and Faith was alone in the house. She started her kitchen work early and then went into the parlor to sweep and dust.

The piano was open, and one of Sousa's new marches was on the rack when Alice had left it. She had been practicing it that morning before she went away to school.

Faith had received a good musical education from her mother. The piano at home had been one of the few expensive things that Dorothy had kept and taken with her when she left her home in the east. Faith was like her mother in having a real passion for music, and she had a more than ordinarily good ear, and her technique was almost professional.

She had not had an opportunity to touch the piano since leaving home. The sight of the open keyboard and the new music fascinated her. Gradually she neared the piano as she was dusting off the furniture, and finally she sat down on the stool and began dusting the keys.

The sound of the notes as her cloth pressed on the ivory seemed to make her forget her surroundings.

She changed the dusting cloth to her left hand and struck a few chords with her right. The instrument was in fine tune, and before she knew what she was doing she had dropped her cloth on the floor and begun the opening measures of the march before her.

After a few attempts the music began to come to her. The march was not difficult, and she was fairly caught by its popular swing and rhythm. She forgot where she was and what she was, a "hired girl," who was not supposed to know anything about pianos and marches. Her fingers seemed to regain their old nimbleness, and she was swept on into the piece with an enthusiasm and pleasure she had not known in a long time.

But just as she had finished the music with a splendid close and felt the glow of the effort she was conscious of some one in the room.

ing there for some little time. There was an expressive silence in the parlor as Mrs. Fulton came a few steps into the room and confronted Faith, who still sat on the piano stool looking at her.

CHAPTER XVII.

FRANCIS RALEIGH AND DOROTHY GILBERT'S DAUGHTER BECOME ACQUAINTED.

Mrs. Fulton was first to speak. "When you are through playing the piano, you can go on with your work," she said coldly.

Faith stooped and picked up the dusting cloth and then rose to her feet. "I didn't hurt your piano." The words were on her lips, and her heart was with within her. But she choked the words down, and without replying to Mrs. Fulton she started to go out. Even in her excited condition of mind she could not help noticing that the young man was gazing at her with great attention.

"It is not your place to touch the piano," continued Mrs. Fulton, who was angry. "You can leave it alone after this."

"Mother!" Alice spoke up in a tone of mild remonstrance. "There has been no harm done, has there? She plays better than I do. I never knew before how that march ought to sound."

"You're right about that," said the young man, in a big, hearty voice. "It was finely done, and I've heard it played by Sousa's band too."

Faith colored her hair at the unexpected praise, while Mrs. Fulton shut the piano with a bang and looked extremely annoyed.

"You can finish your work here some other time," she said to Faith sharply. Faith went out of the parlor without having said a word. She was glad when she reached the kitchen that she had controlled herself, but the effort not to say something in defense, to excuse her action, cost her a tremendous struggle. As she prepared the midday meal she checked several times with a dry sob as she realized that she must not try to be anything but a hired girl while employed in that capacity.

"This isn't the work I ought to do," she said to herself again and again. "But I am doing the best I can. I wouldn't have touched the piano if I hadn't forgotten myself at the sight of the music. If I can get anything else to do, I won't stay here. But what can I do, unless I give up everything and go home? I won't do that until I have to."

Then she quieted her excitement by recalling the home circle. Her father's face came up before her, and she said: "I am selfish to mind such a thing. For dear father's sake!"

When she appeared at the table in answer to Mrs. Fulton's ring of the bell the first time, she showed no signs of temper, and served quietly and cheerfully. Mrs. Fulton looked at her

sharply several times, but apparently found nothing in the girl's face to annoy her. The only embarrassing feature of the meal to Faith was the fact that several times she was conscious that the young man, Malcolm, was looking at her very directly. It was not a star, but it embarrassed Faith somewhat. His face was honest and manly, but the look he often turned toward her was very searching.

She was relieved when the meal was over and she could clear things away. It was Thursday afternoon, and she very quickly put her kitchen to rights and, running up to her room, she put on hat and cloak and went out. She determined to have another look at the picture on State street if it were still there. And if it was gone a plan had suddenly come to her mind which she had resolved to try before going back to the Fultons.

She had been gone out of the house only a few minutes when a surprise occurred in the parlor which would have interested her intensely if she could have heard it.

The young man, Malcolm, had been ill at ease all through the luncheon. When it was over, he had gone into the library, where he had asked leave to write a letter. He was evidently a business acquaintance of Mr. Fulton's, but the conversation at the table revealed the fact that he had not been in the Fulton home before.

He finished his letter and went into the parlor. Mrs. Fulton and Alice were there. The girl had not gone to school on account of not feeling well.

"I am sorry that Mr. Fulton did not come out this noon, Mr. Stanley," said Mrs. Fulton, who seemed anxious to please him. "I am sure he must have been unavoidably detained in the city. He telephoned out in the early part of the forenoon that he would try to meet you here. I know he wanted to see you before you go west."

"Yes, madam," replied Malcolm Stanley. He spoke respectfully, but one who knew him well would have said his tone lacked heartiness. He was evidently very much disturbed about something.

He walked to the window and looked out. Alice went over to the piano and opened it. She sat down and played a few bars of the march. Often when she was feeling miserable a little music would relieve her.

The sound of the piano roused Malcolm Stanley. He came back to the middle of the room, and, taking a seat near Mrs. Fulton, he said with some emphasis, as if he had been making up his mind to a course:

"Mrs. Fulton, where does your girl—the girl who waited on the table, who was playing the piano—where did she come from? What is her name?" Mrs. Fulton looked surprised and also embarrassed.

"She is from Kansas, I believe she told me. Her name is Faith. What is the girl's last name, Alice? I never can remember it," she called to Alice. Alice stopped playing and turned around on the piano stool.

"Oh, yes. She's a peculiar girl in some ways, Mr. Stanley, as no doubt you noticed. It is not often that we housekeepers can furnish support musicians to entertain guests," she added, with a short laugh, which showed that she still thought of the incident of Faith at the piano with great annoyance.

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But Malcolm Stanley had risen, his whole expression betraying great excitement.

"If this girl's name is Kirk, Mrs. Fulton, and she is from Kansas, it is almost certain that she is the daughter of the man who was with my mother when she died in midwestern, the man who held me in his arms, the man who has always been in my thought as one of the heroes of the world."

Mrs. Fulton rose, looking bewildered. She was familiar with Francis Raleigh's painting, but she had never thought of associating Faith with it.

"I must see her," said Malcolm Stanley. He spoke like one who has the right to command.

"I think she has gone out," said Mrs. Fulton. "Alice, will you go and see?" Faith went out and soon came back, saying that Faith had gone. Malcolm Stanley paced the parlor in unusual agitation of manner.

"If this is the daughter of Malcolm Kirk," he said to himself. Then he turned to Mrs. Fulton and bowed formally.

"You will excuse me, madam, if I take my leave now. I am obliged to make some arrangements about the picture at Mr. Raleigh's this afternoon."

"When do you leave for the west?" Mrs. Fulton asked. She was annoyed at the events of the day.

"I had planned to go tomorrow. I expect to visit Mr. Kirk on my way to Denver. But I feel anxious to see Miss Kirk before I go. She certainly must be his daughter. A 'hired girl,' as you call them, would not be likely to have such a musical education, and, besides, she has the look in her face of the portrait. It must be she."

"Yes," cried Alice, her pale face showing some color under the excitement of such a discovery in real life. "She certainly played the piano like one who has had the best of teachers. And, besides, you can see from her manner that she is refined and lady-like." Alice spoke with a glow of unselfish feeling, and Malcolm Stanley looked gratefully at her.

"I may come out with Mr. Fulton this evening," he said.

He bowed and went out, leaving Mrs. Fulton and Alice to talk over the matter, while he went down to Francis Raleigh's studio, determined every moment with increasing resolve to return and see Faith before the day was over.

Meanwhile Faith had gone directly to the familiar window on State street where the picture had been.

She knew before she reached it, place that the picture was gone, because the usual crowd of people was not there. She stopped in front of the window, however, and read the address of the artist which was attached to a small scene of a foreign seaport.

She hesitated a moment, and then resolutely went on to Randolph street, to the block where Raleigh's studio was.

His room was at the top of the building, and when she reached it she hesitated again before going in. When she finally opened the door, she drew back at the entrance, for the room appeared to be empty except for a large canvas and a few decorations. There was another room opening from the first, and after waiting a moment Faith went on to the door of that room.

A man was sitting there with his back to the entrance, so absorbed in his work that he evidently had not heard her come in. But Faith was at once attracted by the sight of the familiar picture of the father which was on a great easel in front of the artist.

She came a few steps farther into the room, and still the artist did not look up, and it was only when Faith had advanced as far as the frame of the picture of her father that he turned his face and looked at her.

"It is Faith Kirk, and that is my father," said Faith, speaking directly.

He rose and bowed with an elegant politeness that brought the color to Faith's cheek, and for a moment they stood facing each other in silence. Then Raleigh brought a chair, and Faith sat down, while the artist looked at her with great and increasing interest.

"I suppose you have come to talk me to task for painting this picture," he said. "It was in one sense a very bold thing for me to do. I think, however, your father will forgive me. I am sure he will when he knows all about my reasons for doing it." He spoke in a tone that made Faith feel somehow that the picture had had a real influence on the life of the artist as indeed it had, and the telling of it at another time revealed the fact that Francis Raleigh had gone through an experience of moral struggle that had led him also victoriously overcoming.

"I'm sure father would be pleased," said Faith slowly. Then she paused for suddenly one of her shy splay came over her and she did not know how to go on. For the first time she seemed to feel as if perhaps her errand would be considered unusual.

"What can I do for you?" said Raleigh. He spoke in a way that moved Faith's shyness at once. If it had not been for that she would have gone away without telling him what she had come for.

"Of course," he continued, "I am wondering every minute how you happened to come in here, for your home is in Kansas, isn't it?"

"Will you let me tell you I happen here to be here?" said Faith, feeling more confident in her errand. "I shall have to tell it before you will understand why I have come."

"Yes, tell me your story," said Raleigh, smiling encouragingly. So Faith related her experience in the photographer's studio and her present place at the Fultons', where Francis Raleigh opened his eyes a little, but continued to listen in sympathetic silence.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

Agricultural Department Pushing Experimental Work.

Washington, March 13.—Secretary Wilson of the agricultural department is pushing the wireless telegraphy experiments along the Virginia and North Carolina coasts. The work is being done by Secretary Wilson's direction under the immediate supervision of Professor Willis L. Moore, chief of the weather bureau. Professor Moore made this statement to the Associated Press regarding the results of the experiments so far conducted:

"The most efficient method of long distance transmission has been found to be from wire cylinders. The new coast stations are being equipped with cylinders of 16 wires each. From these cylinders it is expected to cover a magnetic field of not less than 500 miles. The stations now in operation are at Hatteras and at Roanoke Island, in the Pamlico sound, North Carolina. Workmen are beginning the construction of a station at Cape Henry which will be the third station. When this is finished the two remote stations will be 127 miles apart. The three points now are connected by a government telegraph line, but this line will be abandoned on the completion of Cape Henry station. This incidentally will save the expense of maintenance of a half dozen repeater stations."

BIG MOB AFTER HIM.

Missouri Wife Murderer Will Be Lynched if Caught.

Brunswick, Mo., March 13.—Horace Williams, a white man, charged with the murder of his wife, will be lynched if he is caught by a mob of 300 men which is scouring this section in search of him. At the time of his escape Williams was in the custody of a deputy sheriff here, who, when he saw that he could not protect his prisoner, turned him loose with the words:

"Run, or they will burn you." Bloodhounds are on his track.

NEW BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

The Present Structure to Be Entirely Remodeled.

New York, March 13.—The Brooklyn bridge authorities are contemplating the entire remodeling of the bridge in order to allow the manipulation of the elevated bridge trains. The cost, it is said, will be upwards of \$1,000,000 and the capacity of the elevated tracks will be doubled. The improvements, if decided on, will require a year's time to complete.

Importing Japanese Miners.

Denver, March 13.—It is announced here that the Colorado Fuel and Iron company is importing Japanese miners to fill the places of strikers in their New Mexico mines. Forty have arrived at Gallup, it is said, and 210 more are expected within a few days. It is stated that the company will also employ Japanese to work in Colorado. They are brought from the Pacific coast.

BRIEF BITS OF NEWS.

The transport Hancock has arrived at San Francisco with the Thirtieth volunteer infantry and has been sent to quarantine.

C. T. Gorham, minister to The Hague under President Grant, is dead at Marshall, Mich. Mr. Gorham was 89 years of age.

The stockholders of the Pennsylvania Railroad company, at their annual meeting, decided to vote on the question of increasing the capital stock of the company \$100,000,000.

Results. Immediate and lasting. Before and after trying other remedies use Rocky Mountain Tea—this month. "Well keep you well all summer. A great spring blessing."

A. E. MOSSBERG.

My heart and hand another claimed. His plea had come too late. It's ever thus with people without pluck and vim. Take Rocky Mountain Tea, don't get left again.

A. E. MOSSBERG.

PIGGERS PULLED.

Just as we go to press we learn that Plagman has furnished evidence on which the following were arrested for running blind pigs: Peter Norlander, John Anderson, E. Borg, O. E. Ferguson, and Ole Leydin. Norlander's trial has been set for Saturday at 9 a. m., and he was bailed out by O. B. Olson and Jonas Lundquist. John Anderson was bailed to appear for trial Friday, at 3 p. m. He furnished cash bonds. The rest are still hunting for bondsmen. Ole Leydin has been running the old Waterman joint, E. Borg has been deputy thirsl-slaker in Anderson's liquidarium, and Ferguson has filled a similar position in the bowling alley.

Northern Educational Association. The Northern Minnesota Educational Association meets at St. Cloud on March 29 and 30, for its fifth annual meeting. The sessions will be held in the Normal school building. A very interesting program has been arranged. Supt. W. W. Kilgore of Willmar will take part in a general discussion on the subject of "Centralizing Rural Schools," which will be led by State Supt. J. W. Olson, assisted by Cleve Van Dyke of Douglas county. Supt. E. F. Fink will present a paper on "The Most Important Problem of County Supervision." Besides the many good papers to be read and discussed an excellent musical program has been arranged. On Friday evening there will be a lecture by Supt. R. E. Denfeld of Duluth. Subject, "Literature in the Public Schools." It is probable that several of the instructors from Willmar will be present at the sessions besides Supts. Fink and Kilgore. The railroad will give a rate of one and one-third fare for the round trip on the certificate plan.

M. E. Society Reorganized. Arrangements have been made whereby the local M. E. society will retain their church property and will continue to hold regular services. The recent visit of the presiding elder by Hingley, resulted in the strengthening of the society, and at the quarterly conference meeting held on Saturday evening the following board of trustees was elected: R. D. Weir, W. Searles, F. I. Cairns, E. G. Young, J. J. Cull. A regular pastor will be called, and it is expected that he will be placed in charge at an early date. The pulpit will be supplied next Sunday by a pastor from Olivia.

A Clever Performance. Mme. Elsie de Tournay and company played at the opera house two nights this week before going to Oj Monday evening the bill presented was "Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots," and on Tuesday evening "Romeo and Juliet." Mme. de Tournay is an exceptionally clever actress and her appearance in the star roles was always greeted with hearty applause. The support of the rest of the company was not as strong as might have been expected. The costuming of the plays was fine.

Stricken With Paralysis. A. A. Sperry was stricken with paralysis last Monday so that he is now unable to move his arms or legs. It is indeed a sorrowful affliction to Mr. Sperry in particular and his family in general and they have the sincere sympathy of all. They had recently moved on the W. D. Andrews place at Burbank which farm Dell was to take charge of. The Times hopes that Mr. Sperry may recover the use of his limbs again.—New London Times.

Arrested for Assault. Wm. J. and Ernest L. Libby, of Roseville, were arrested and brought before Justice Ottersen on Monday to answer to the charge of assault in the third degree, preferred by Nathan G. Norris. They were found guilty and each given a fine of \$10 and costs or 15 days in jail. They settled by paying the fine. Another action was brought against them the same day by Norris, to place them under bonds to keep the peace. The case was adjourned until Saturday.

Purchased Blooded Stock. O. J. Haley has just returned from Oregon, Wis., where he has purchased from A. O. Fox 50 thoroughbred Shropshire ewes and also the registered thoroughbred Shropshire ram Concord III. These animals were raised by the well-known breeder, John Dryden, Toronto, Can., and are very fine specimens of the breed. Mr. Haley is an intelligent farmer and believes in having the best stock that can be obtained.

Lecture at Seminary Hall. Torstein Jahr will give a lecture in the Norwegian language at the Seminary hall on Tuesday evening, March 19. Mr. Jahr is an expert librarian and is making a tour of the state before taking up his work in the congressional library at Washington, D. C. His subject is "Choice of Good Reading" and will be especially adapted for students. Admission free.

A TRIBUNE express native called on John Mossberg Monday, and found him in the same cheerful disposition as ever. He was removed to his home on Litchfield avenue only a short time ago, and although he received the best of care at the Frost hospital, it was only natural that he was glad to be with his own folks again.

My heart and hand another claimed. His plea had come too late. It's ever thus with people without pluck and vim. Take Rocky Mountain Tea, don't get left again.

A. E. MOSSBERG.

Dovre. March 5.—The many friends of J. B. Swain will be pleased to learn that he is recovering from his recent illness. Ed Vernon will leave for Minneapolis in the near future. Willie Olson, who has been working for P. J. Thorpe this winter, returned to his home in Willmar last Sunday for a short vacation.

Dissolution of Partnership. We, the undersigned, have by mutual consent dissolved partnership. All bills and book accounts payable to the firm Sletten & Erickson dated after Feb. 4, 1901, will be collected by the new firm, and all indebtedness incurred by said firm after Feb. 4, 1901, will be paid by the new firm. The business will be continued under the same firm name, Sletten & Erickson, as Arnold Erickson and C. J. Odell have this day purchased one half interest in the business.

P. R. SLETTEN.
G. A. ERICKSON.

A Team Wanted. Good young driving team wanted in exchange for lumber. NEW LONDON MILLING CO., Willmar, Minn. 4-7

Seeds. Timothy seed on hand now. We expect a car of seed every day. Some seed out on hand yet.

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No traveling canvassers are employed. Terms for local agents will be sent upon application. All money should be sent by P. O. order, Express order, or by bank draft on New York or Chicago. Do not send individual checks or stamps.

Current Topics. Specially prepared articles on Current Topics, explanatory and instructive, are often just what the newspaper reader wants. Readers of The Minneapolis Journal are to have this advantage February 18th and the special mail edition for February 19th there appears in that paper the first of a series of articles under the general title of

THE CURRENT TOPICS CLUB. Among the subjects to be treated are "Colonial Governments of Today," with reference to the colonial questions that confront our own country. "The Opportunity and the Man," which will show whether the opportunities are all gone. "The Art of Living a Hundred Years," not a whimsical notion but a matter of scientific as well as popular interest at this time. "American Life a Century Ago," interesting and instructive comparisons and contrasts with the present. "The Woman's Club Movement," and what it is really accomplishing, and "What the Government Does for the People," a valuable and instructive insight into a matter about which the most of us have rather vague notions. These articles will appear daily in The Minneapolis Journal for at least four months. Back numbers may be obtained for a reasonable time. The Journal containing these articles for three months and a fine map of Minnesota and map of the world for

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