

The Clearance Sale Is On at The Big Store

All kinds of values are to be had

Don't forget that we are closing out our Clothing Department--- Men's, Youths', Boys' and Children's Suits will be closed out at 15, 20, 25 and 30 per cent discount from actual value.

Come early and get the best selections

The Page-Lindquist Co.

Successors to P. H. Roise & Co.

She Had Lost Her "Child."
A sweet old lady, of the sort that is always young, went shopping the other day with her daughter. They visited a great department store, and there, by some chance, became separated. It was "bargain day," and an immense crowd was surging back and forth. The daughter had the memoranda and the purse.
The dear old lady grew distracted. She ran this way and that, peering into strange faces and following false clues.
"What is it, madam?" asked a sympathetic floor-walker. "Can I help you?"
"Oh, I don't know!" she cried. "But I do wish you'd try."
"Have you lost something?"
"I've lost my child!"
"How old was it?"
"Fifty-two!"
Then they both burst into laughter, and a minute or two later the well-grown "child" came into sight.—Youth's Companion.

Lord's Prayer for Poles.
In Poland the patriots are now endeavoring to popularize the following curious version of the Lord's prayer: "Our Father Who art in Heaven, restore to us the kingdom of Poland. Deliver us from slavery. Give us this day our daily bread, but not steeped in blood and poison through the wickedness of our enemies. Pardon us for the sins which are engraved on our swords. Suffer us not to fall into the temptation of becoming traitors to Poland, and deliver us from the domination of a foreign power, since that is our worst evil." Thousands of Poles have learned this prayer by heart, and invariably use it instead of the old and familiar version.—Chicago Chronicle.

Cold April Every Hundred Years.
French meteorologists have worked out the theory that exceptionally frigid Aprils occur at intervals of exactly 100 years. In April, 1903, the gutters were frozen and snow fell in Paris. In April, 1793, the price of wood rose and people died of cold in the streets, while a chronicler of the period writes: "There is snow at Versailles, and we are perishing of cold at Paris at a season when the sun ought to be warming us. The north winds afflict us, bringing us cold from the mountains." Documentary evidence is not needed to prove that April, 1903, is also distinguished by low temperatures.—Chicago Chronicle.

Doctors.
There are doctors of medicine, doctors of law, and doctors of divinity, to say nothing of doctors of philosophy and veterinary science.
All doctors look alike to the ignorant. In the celebrated dark ages, before America, gunpowder and breakfast foods were discovered, people had about as much faith in doctors of divinity as in doctors of medicine.
People used to worry some as to who should decide when doctors fell out. The difficulty no longer occurs. Doctors have now fallen into such a puddling that they are very careful not to fall out.—Puck.

The Timber Belts.
The impression that British North America is covered with valuable timber is fallacious. Black walnut, red cedar and white oak are not found north of Toronto. A line drawn from the city of Quebec to Sault Ste. Marie will designate the northern limit of beech, elm and birch. The north shore of Lake Superior will mark the northern boundary of sugar hard maple.—Lumber Review.

His Expressions.
Piano Teacher—Don't you think, Mrs. Smith, that your daughter plays with a good deal of expression?
Mrs. Smith—I never noticed that she said anything when she was playing; but I am sorry to say that some of Mr. Smith's expressions at times are simply frightful.—Boston Transcript.

Superfluities.
"To what do you attribute the remarkable majority by which you were elected senator?" asked the confidential friend.
"I have just told you," replied Senator Lotaman, with some irritation, "what my election expenses were."—Chicago Tribune.

Change Only Once a Day.
"Yes, we carry an evening suit," said the arctic explorer.
"But isn't it a lot of trouble changing so often in those cold climates?" protested the friend.
"We don't change often. You know the nights are six months long up there."—Stray Stories.

Real Thing.
"What game have you to-day?" asked the half-starved eastern man, as he registered at an Arizona hotel.
"Seven-up and poker, sir," replied the proprietor, as he extended the glad hand.—Chicago Daily News.

The Cause of It.
Hassett—The way people rave over slender girls makes me tired. I think the plumper a girl is the prettier she is.
Gessett—Ah, I congratulate you, old man! So Miss Dumping has accepted you, eh?—Cleveland Leader.

Applause Is Cheap.
Don't keep so busy applauding the acts of those who are making a brave struggle, that your hands never get down to your pockets to help them.—Atchison Globe.

More Than He Could Stand.
Mother—Don't you like the little girl across the street any more?
Willy—No'm. She's in love with a boy I can't lick.—Puck.

EMERSON ON COMPENSATION

Polarity, or action and reaction, we meet in every part of nature—in darkness and light, in heat and cold, in the ebb and flow of waters, in male and female, in the inspiration and expiration of plants and animals, in the systole and diastole of the heart, in the undulations of fluids and of sound, in the centrifugal and centripetal gravity, in electricity, galvanism and chemical affinity.

The same dualism underlies the nature and conditions of man. Every excess causes a defect, every defect an excess; every sweet hath its sour, every evil its good; every faculty which is a receiver of pleasure has an equal penalty put on its abuse. It is to answer for its moderation with its life. For every grain of wit there is a grain of folly; for everything you have missed you have gained something else, and for everything you gain you lose something. If riches increase, they are increased that use them. If the gatherer gathers too much, nature takes out of the man what she puts into his chest—swells the estate, but kills the owner.

Nature hates monopolies and exceptions. The waves of the sea do not more speedily seek a level from their loftiest tossing than the varieties of condition tend to equalize themselves. There is always some leveling circumstance that puts down the overbearing, the strong, the rich, the fortunate, substantially on the same ground with all others. Is a man too strong and fierce for society and by temper and position a bad citizen, a morose ruffian with a dash of the pirate in him, nature sends him a troop of pretty sons and daughters who are getting along in the dame's classes at the village school, and love and fear for them smooths his grim scowl to courtesy. Thus she contrives to intenerate the granite and feldspar, takes the boar out and puts the lamb in, and keeps her balance true.

This law writes the laws of cities and nations. It will not be balked of its end in the smallest iota. It is in vain to build or plot or combine against it. Things refuse to be mismanaged long. Though no checks to a new evil appear, the checks exist and will appear. If the government is cruel, the governor's life is not safe. If you tax too high, the revenue will yield nothing. If you make the criminal code sanguinary, juries will not convict.

Nothing arbitrary, nothing artificial, can endure. The true life and satisfactions of man seem to elude the utmost rigors or felicities of condition and to establish themselves with great indifference under all varieties of circumstance. Under all governments the influence of character remains the same, in Turkey and in New England about alike. Under the primeval despots of Egypt history honestly confesses that man must have been as free as culture could make him.

All infractions of love and equity in our social relations are speedily punished. They are punished by fear. While I stand in simple relations to my fellow man, I have no displeasure in meeting him. We meet as water meets water or a current of air meets another, with perfect diffusion and interpenetration of nature. But as soon as there is any departure from simplicity and attempt at halfness, or good for me that is not good for him, my neighbor feels the wrong. He shrinks from me as far as I have shrunk from him. His eyes no longer seek mine. There is war between us. There is hate in him and fear in me.

All these old abuses in society, the great and universal and the petty and particular, all unjust accumulations of property and power, are avenged in the same manner. Fear is an instructor of great sagacity and the herald of all revolutions. One thing he always teaches—that there is rottenness where he appears. He is a carrion crow, and, though you see not well what he hovers for, there is death somewhere. Our property is timid; our laws are timid; our cultivated classes are timid. Fear for ages has boded and mowed and gibbered over our government and property. That obscene bird is not there for nothing. He indicates great wrongs which must be revised.

Human labor, through all its forms, from the sharpening of a stake to the construction of a city or an epic, is one immense illustration of the perfect compensation of the universe. Everywhere and always this law is sublime. The absolute balance of give and take, the doctrine that everything has its price, and, if that price is not paid, not that thing, but something else, is obtained, and that it is impossible to get anything without its price—this doctrine is not less sublime in the columns of a ledger than in the budgets of states, in the laws of light and darkness, in all the action and reaction of nature.

In the nature of the soul is the compensation for the inequalities of condition. The radical tragedy of nature seems to be the distinction of More and Less. How can Less not feel the pain? How not feel indignation or malevolence toward More? Look at those who have less faculty, and one feels sad and knows not well what to make of it. Almost he shuns their eye; almost he fears they will upbraid God. What should they do? It seems a great injustice. But face the facts and see them nearly, and these mountainous inequalities vanish. Love reduces them all as the sun melts the iceberg in the sea. The heart and soul of all men being one, this bitterness of His and Mine ceases.

Real Estate Transfers.
EDWARDS.
July 13—Anton Knoblauch to Caroline Hemming, net, nt sw2, st nw2, sec. 14, 320 a. \$9,600.
Aart Korhio to Caroline Hemming, net, nt sw2, st nw2, sec. 14, 320 a. \$1,000.
IRVING.
July 11—Nels B. Larson to Lewis Thompson & M. L. Mickelson, nt nw2, sec. 18, 78.82 a. \$800.
July 13—State of Minnesota to Herman Gratz, sec. 36, 40 a.
NEW LONDON.
July 11—Severine Lindland to August Lundberg, lot 5, sec. 29, and sec. 30, so. 50 a. of et net, sec. 31. \$2,881.
CITY OF WILLMAR.
July 14—A. E. Rice et al. to Martin Forsberg, lots 1 to 7 incl. & 12, 13 & 14, bl. 4 (Hanson's add.) \$550.

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HAPPENINGS IN THE COUNTY

As Observed and Related by Regular Correspondents to the Tribune.

Lake Lillian.
Haying is on in full blast in spite of the high water and low grass. A new wind mill is noticed on the Ward place.
The storm on last Thursday morning did considerable damage to the 'phones, as well as the lines through out the vicinity.
Victor Erickson had the misfortune of losing a valuable horse, while returning from the creamery last Monday. The animal was apparently in good health until all of a sudden it dropped dead while traveling.
Chris. Anderson, the hustling local salesman and agent for the American Cream Separator Co., reports another sale of a 500 pound capacity machine. This makes his second. The first pleased the purchaser so immensely that Chris. has all ready secured a recommendation from the party.
Oscar Lundquist, the butter maker, has erected a very handsome dwelling house, which is nearing completion. Oscar is a painter himself consequently he reserves the right to do the coloring.
Lars Erickson, our postmaster, who was hurt by a cannon fire cracker while celebrating the glorious Fourth of July, is recovering the use of his fingers again. It being the right hand things were kind of awkward, especially accounting until his left was taught to do the job of pushing the pen.
The lazy wanderer, who is so unfortunate as to apply at the door of a labor famine strike farmer now-a-days is sure to make a sore figure or hire out for two months at the small (?) sum of \$80 or the like.
The Misses Minnie and Hattie Jacobson of Thorpe were seen passing over the roads on their way to Raymond last Friday, where they visited friends, after which they called on Willmar relatives.
Two young ladies, the daughters of

John S. Anderson, proprietor of the Summit Hill Stock Farm of Atwater, spent a week visiting with their uncle, A. E. Anderson and family. They returned home Sunday, after a very enjoyable stay.
There will be an ice cream picnic at Ole Lundquist's place, one and one-half mile south of the lake, next Sunday afternoon. The proceeds will go to the fixing up of the Swedish Lutheran church, a good cause. Turn out one and all, and enjoy a dish of that ice cream and fun.
Last Saturday evening there was a coffee social at the home of Mrs. Pete Anderson.

Mamre. July 17.
Miss Tena Enblom of Kandiyohti is spending this week at the home of Jonas Jonson.
Miss Nellie Bergquist of Duluth is here for a visit with relatives.
Martin Sandberg came home from Minneapolis last Monday, to stay during the busy season.
Miss Hildure Peterson of St. Paul is spending a few of the summer weeks with friends here.
Mr. and Mrs. Olaf Larson returned to their home at Viking, N. D., the first of the week, after several days' visit at the home of Mr. Larson's parents.
Haying is in full swing now-a-days, but owing to the rain much progress has not been made yet. The indications are that hay will not be as plentiful this year as last.

Svea. July 17.
Oscar Lundberg has entered the service of our buttermaker, Sorenson, for a year.
Otto Trulson has returned home from St. Paul.
The repairing of the church steeple, which was struck by lightning some time ago, has commenced. It will be covered with galvanized steel. Osberg & Selvig of Willmar will do the job.
A violin concert was held in Dist. 55 last Sunday evening. It drew a large crowd. All pronounced it satisfactory.
The meeting of the Young Peoples society was held here last Friday evening.
Plans are made for the dedication of the pipe organ soon. It is not yet, however, decided on what date it will take place.
Mr. and Mrs. Aug. Johnson of Willmar Sundayed at J. A. Wahlstrand's. Boiler inspector, Bergstrom, was around last week.
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Soderberg were tendered a very pleasant surprise last Saturday evening, when about 50

guests entered their home. A purse of hard cash was left as a token of esteem.

Aug. Lindblad and family spent Sunday at Granquist's.
The gasoline engine for the Svea Milling Co., arrived here last Tuesday. It will be put up immediately and the Company will soon be ready to do grinding.
Arthur, Marion and Alice Klint of Fahlun spent Sunday at August Johnson's.
A game of ball will be played between the North and South Whitefield teams next Sunday.
Last Sunday morning at 6:30 o'clock occurred the death of Lewis Norling. Deceased was a respected citizen of the town of Whitefield. He leaves to mourn his death a widow and seven children, two brothers and a large circle of friends and relatives. Deceased was 47 years old. The funeral took place Tuesday afternoon, Rev. Shoberg officiating. The remains were laid at rest in the cemetery at Fahlun. POE.

His Ninety-third Birthday.
Last Thursday in the town of Norway Lake, Sven Gunderson celebrated the ninety-third anniversary of his birthday, and the occasion was the gathering of a large number of relatives besides many other invited guests. The aged gentleman makes his home with his son, Gunder Swenson, and the family had planned to make this observance of his birthday one in which all the relatives in the county could be present and make it a pleasant re-union. All the families represented in the relationship included a total of 51 persons and in addition to these there were neighbors and friends that swelled the number of guests present on the occasion to 75. The grandchildren and families who were present from this city were the following: Samuel, Gunder and Silvert Osmundson, Mrs. A. O. Qvale, Mrs. Hendrick Johnson and Mrs. John Noren.
Mr. Gunderson is said to be quite active for his age and may yet reach the date when he can celebrate his 100th birthday. He is an early resident of the county, coming here before the Indian outbreak, and has many reminiscences of the pioneer life to relate.
It is needless to say that the old gentleman enjoyed Thursday's celebration fully as much as his children, grand children and great grand children as well as other relatives present.

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