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Victor E. Lawson, Editor. Aug. O. Forsyth, Associate Editor. Geo. E. Johnson, City Editor. J. Emil Nelson, Business Manager.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1904.

Platform. For direct issue of money by the government. For public ownership of railroads, express services, telegraph and telephone lines, and public utilities in general. For direct legislation. For tax reforms. For county option on liquor question in Minnesota. For thorough common school education in fundamental branches as against university system.

A patron on rural route is entitled to get his mail at the postoffice if there is any when he calls for it.

The matter has been referred to Postmaster Bristow's decision as follows: "The extension of rural service into any community does not debar its patrons from the privileges of receiving at the office—called for during regular hours—any mail that may have arrived for them after the departure of the rural carrier upon his route. It is not required that rural patrons rent a box in order to obtain this local service."

The death sentence of the Nelson boys has been commuted to life imprisonment. Now some one ought to start a movement to pardon them on the same theory as that of the commutation, viz. that society is partly to blame for their depravity. On that theory it is possible to extenuate almost every crime.—Minneapolis Journal.

No, not exactly that. But the officers of the city of Owatonna are responsible for the conditions surrounding the Nelson boys and they deserve punishment just as much as the Chicago authorities deserve punishment for the Iroquois theater disaster. Society also deserves punishment, and in time it will get it, just as the miserable saloonkeeper paid the penalty of his crime against society with his life.—Nevilleville Press.

Right you are, Bro. Holmes. When a city possesses such lax officials as are reported to have been in charge of affairs in Owatonna it is only natural that crimes will result from such conditions.

Home Training the Best.

As men are largely the creatures of environment, the home life of a boy is necessarily largely responsible for his character. If he is parentless and is left by society to shift for himself, probably to inhabit the haunts of vice and crime, his criminal education is begun early and is speedily finished. If he is neglected by a shiftless and careless father or mother, his footsteps turn irresistibly to the prison door. It is only by intelligent home training, by the proper exercise of parental authority, by tender solicitude for the physical wants and moral needs of our children, that we can hope to make them good men and women. A neglected child is usually a child lost. It imbibes premature ideas of independence, goes forth into the world before its time and is dazzled by the palaces of sin and the haunts of crime.—Ex.

Prohibition Press Bulletin.

Possibly prohibition does not prohibit, but it is safe to say that the piggery of Willmar would admit that the law has prohibitive tendencies. Fines and jail sentences are being handed out to a few of the gentry by the court with a reckless abandon that makes at least a noticeable impression upon the sightless porkers.

Billy Bryan, a versatile Nebraskan, says that the only political issue that can hold the attention of the people is a moral issue. The intense consideration that some portions of the country have been giving to bootlegging and graft leads one to feel that immoral issues get something of a grip on the thoughts of the people. By the way, if the Nebraska colonel wants an issue of genuine moral import, the Prohibitionists stand ready to supply the real article.

About a year ago London, England, with a somewhat ostentatious beating of tom-toms, put into effect an ordinance prohibiting bar-keepers from selling to habitual drunkards. The effort has been declared a failure by some of the students of the problem. It ought to fail. The crime of selling to a habitual drunkard, whose mind and body are diseased by constant indulgence, is nothing compared with the sin of sowing the seeds in all of the minds and bodies of healthful youths. If there is to be any regulation other than immediate death to the liquor traffic, let it be high treason to sell to any person not a habitual drunkard.

Here are a couple of choice bits of Billingsgate. The wine and spirits news relieves its troubled mind in a couple of columns, of which the following is a sample: "Who is more penurious, more ungenerous, more hypocritical as well as hypocritical, than a Prohibitionist? Narrow in his ideas, contracted in his reason, bigoted in his belief, penurious to a stringency, prating his superior virtues, conceited above all things, and illiberal in his private acts—here is our modern day Prohibitionist for you—Let these words burn into the paroled, parasitic soul of every penurious, peanut-headed, bloodless-hearted, Prohib in the United States." "Both sides," another liquor organ, runs out a column of this tenor: "It is a fact that the Prohibitionist—a man

is the most narrow minded, selfish, bloodless-hearted vampire on God's footstool." "The town of Worthington, Minnesota, has an official scandal. Its state representative, its judge of probate, with others, have been running a gambling den, and an attorney at law, with political ambitions, dropped \$695 00 to the 'official' gamblers, and now he is out with suit for recovery. The people get what they vote for and sometimes lots of it.

ALICE OF OLD VINCENNES

By MAURICE THOMPSON

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CHAPTER XIV. A PRISONER OF LOVE.

LICHT put on her warmest clothes and followed Captain Farnsworth to the fort, realizing that no pleasant experience awaited her. The wind and rain still prevailed when they were ready to set forth, and, although it was not extremely cold, a searching chill went with every throb that marked the storm's waves. No lights shone in the village houses. Overhead a gray gloom covered stars and sky, making the darkness in the watery streets seem densely black. Farnsworth offered Alice his arm, but she did not accept it.

"I know the way better than you do," she said. "Come on, and don't be afraid that I am going to run. I shall not play any trick on you." "Very well, mademoiselle, as you like, I trust you."

"They hastened along until a lantern in the foot shot a hazy gleam upon them. "Stop a moment, mademoiselle," Farnsworth called. "I say, Miss Roussillon, stop a moment, please."

Alice halted and turned, facing him so short and so suddenly that the rapier in his hand pricked through her wrap and slightly scratched her arm. "What do you mean, sir?" she demanded, thinking that he had struck purposely. "Do I deserve this brutality?"

"You mistake me, Miss Roussillon. I cannot be brutal to you now. Do not fear me. I only had a word to say."

"Oh, you deem it very polite and gentle to jab me with your sword, do you? If I had one in my hand you would not dare try such a thing, and you know it very well."

He was amazed, not knowing that the sword point had touched her. He could not see her face, but there was a flash in her voice that startled him with its indignant contempt and resentment.

"What are you saying, Miss Roussillon? I understand you. When did I ever—when did I jab you with my sword? I never thought of such a thing."

"This moment, sir, you did, and you know you did. My arm is bleeding now."

She spoke rapidly in French, but he caught her meaning and for the first became aware of the rapier in his hand. "Hold on! Hold on! Believe me, believe me, Miss Roussillon. I did not mean it."

"I should like to believe you," she presently said, "but I cannot. You English are all, all despicable, mean, vile!"

"Some time you shall not say that," Farnsworth responded. "I asked you to stop a moment that I might beg you to believe how wretchedly sorry I am for what I am doing. But you cannot understand me now, but when I have hurt, Miss Roussillon? I assure you that it was purely accidental."

"My hurt is nothing," she said. "I am very glad."

"Well, then, shall we go on to the fort?"

went out of his room, a curious smile playing around his firmly set lips. "She's the most beautiful vixen that I ever saw," he thought. "She doesn't look to be a French girl either; decidedly English." He shrugged his shoulders, then laughed dryly. "Farnsworth's as crazy as can be, the beggar; in love with her so deep that he can't see. By Jove, she is a beauty! Never saw such eyes. And plucky to beat the deuce. I'll bet my head Barlow'll be daff about her next!"

Still, notwithstanding the lightness of his inward comments, Hamilton regarded the incident as rather serious. He knew that the French inhabitants were secretly his bitter enemies, yet probably willing, if he would humor their peculiar social, domestic and commercial prejudices, to refrain from active hostilities, and even to aid him in furnishing his garrison with a large amount of needed supplies. The danger just now was twofold—his Indian allies were deserting him, and a fleetly headed with provisions and ammunition from Detroit had failed to arrive. He might if the French rose against him and were joined by the Indians, have great difficulty defending the fort. It was clear that M. Roussillon had more influence with both creoles and savages than any other person save Father Beret. Urgent policy dictated that these two men should somehow be won over. But to do this it would be necessary to treat Alice in such a way that her arrest would aid, instead of operating against the desired result—a thing not easy to manage.

Captain Farnsworth took his fair prisoner straightway from Hamilton's presence to a small room connected with a considerable structure in a distant angle of the stockade. Neither he nor Alice spoke on the way. With a huge wooden key he unlocked the door and stepped aside for her to enter. A dim lamp was burning within, its yellow light flickering over the scant furniture, which consisted of a comfortable bed, a table with some books on it, three chairs, a small looking glass on the wall, a guitar and some articles of men's clothing hanging here and there. A heap of old embers smoldered in the fireplace. Alice did not falter at the threshold, but promptly entered her prison.

"I hope you can be comfortable," said Farnsworth in a low tone. "It's the best I can give you."

"Thank you," was the answer, spoken quite as if he had handed her a glass of water or picked up her handkerchief.

He held the door a moment while she stepped with her back toward him in the middle of the room; then she heard him close and lock it. The air was almost too warm after her exposure to the biting wind and cold dashes of rain. She cast off her outer wraps and stood by the fireplace. At a glance she comprehended that the place was not the one she had formerly occupied as a prisoner, and that it belonged to a man. A long rifle stood in a corner, a bullet pouch and powder horn hanging on a projecting hickory ramrod. A lead fur topcoat lay across one of the chairs.

Farnsworth, who had given Alice his own apartment, took what rest he could on the cold ground under a leaky shed hard by. His wound, not yet altogether healed, was not benefited by the exposure.

In due time next morning Hamilton ordered Alice brought to his office, and when she appeared he was smiling with an unusual approach to affability as his disposition would permit. He rose and bowed like a courtier.

"I hope you rested well, mademoiselle," he said in his best French. He imagined that the use of her language would be agreeable to begin with.

"She can have no comfort of—"

"Take her along, sir. Any place is good enough for her so long as she behaves like a—"

"Very well," Farnsworth bluntly interrupted, thus saving Alice the stroke of a vile comparison. "Come with me, please, Miss Roussillon."

He pulled her toward the door, then dropped the arm he had grasped and murmured an apology.

She followed him out, holding her head high. No one looking on would have suspected that a sinking sensation in her heart made it difficult for her to walk or that her eyes, shining like stars, were so inwardly clouded with distress that she saw her way but dimly.

It was a relief to Hamilton when Helm a few minutes later entered the room with something breezy to say.

"What's up now, if I may ask?" the jolly American demanded. "What's this I hear about trouble with the French women? Have they begun a revolt?"

"That elephant Gaspard Roussillon came back into town last night," said Hamilton sulkily.

"Well, he went out again, didn't he?" "Yes, but—"



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Willmar, Minn.

the sturdy Briton. He liked pluck, especially in a woman, all the more if she was beautiful, yet the very fact that he felt her charm falling upon him set him hard against her, not as Hamilton the man, but as Hamilton the commander at Vincennes.

"You think to fling yourself upon me as you have upon Captain Farnsworth," he said, with an insulting leer and in a tone of prurient innuendo. "I am not susceptible, my dear." This more for Farnsworth's benefit than to insult her, albeit he was not in a mood to care.

"You are a coward and a liar!" she exclaimed, her face flushing with hot shame. "You stand here," she quickly added, turning fiercely upon Farnsworth; "and quietly listen to such words! You, too, are a coward if you do not make him retract! Oh, you English are low brutes!"

Hamilton laughed, but Farnsworth looked dark and troubled, his glance going back and forth from Alice to his commander as if another word would cause him to do something terrible.

"I rather think I've heard all that I care to hear from you, miss," Hamilton presently said. "Captain Farnsworth, you will see that the prisoner is confined in the proper place, which, I suggest to you, is not your sleeping quarters, sir."

"Colonel Hamilton," said Farnsworth in a husky voice, "I slept on the ground under a shed last night in order that Miss Roussillon might be somewhat comfortable."

"Humph! Well, see that you do not do it again. This girl is guilty of harboring a spy and resisting a lawful attempt of my guards to capture him. Confine her in the place prepared for prisoners and see that she stays there until I am ready to fix her punishment."

"There is no place fit for a young girl to stay in," Farnsworth ventured. "She can have no comfort of—"

"Take her along, sir. Any place is good enough for her so long as she behaves like a—"

"Very well," Farnsworth bluntly interrupted, thus saving Alice the stroke of a vile comparison. "Come with me, please, Miss Roussillon."

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"Bah!" exclaimed Hamilton. "You might as well talk of keeping on the good side of the American traitors. A bloody murrain seize the whole race!" "That's what I say," chimed in the Neuteman, with a sly look at Helm.

"They have been telling me a cock and bull story concerning the affair at the Roussillon cabin," Hamilton said, changing his manner. "What is this, about a disguised and wonderful man who rushed in and upset the whole of you? I want no romancing. Give me the facts."

Barlow's dissolute countenance became troubled.

"The facts," he said, speaking with serious deliberation, "are not clear. It was like a clap of thunder the way that man performed. As you say, he did fling the whole squad all of a heap, and it was done that quickly," he snapped his thumb and finger demonstratively with a sharp report, "nobody could understand it."

Hamilton looked at his subaltern with a smile of unlimited contempt and said:

"A pretty officer of his majesty's army you are, Lieutenant Barlow! First a slip of a girl shows herself your superior with the sword and wounds you, then a single man wipes up the floor of a house with you and your guard, depriving you at the same time of both vision and memory, so that you cannot even describe your assailant!"

"He was dressed like a priest," muttered Barlow, evidently frightened at his commander's scathing comment. "That was all there was to see."

"A priest! Some of the men say the devil. I wonder—" Hamilton hesitated and looked at the floor. "This Father Beret, he is too odd for such a thing, isn't he?"

"I have thought of him—it was like him—but he is, as you say, very odd to be so tremendously strong and active. Why, I tell you that man went from his hands against the walls and floor as if shot out of a mortar. It was the strangest and most astounding thing I ever heard of."

A little later Barlow seized a favorable opportunity and withdrew. The conversation was not to his liking.

Hamilton sent for Father Beret and had a long talk with him, but the old man looked so childishly inoffensive in spirit and so collapsed physically that it seemed worse than foolishness to accuse him of the exploit over which the entire garrison was wondering. Farnsworth sat by during the interview. He looked at the priest's countenance and critically over from head to foot, remembering, but not mentioning, the most unclerical punch in the side received from that energetic right arm now lying so flabbily across the old man's lap.

When the talk ended and Father Beret humbly took his leave, Hamilton turned to Farnsworth and said:

"What do you think of this affair? I have cross questioned all the men who took part in it, and every one of them says simply priest or devil. I think old Beret is both, but plainly he couldn't hurt a chicken; you can see that at a glance."

Farnsworth smiled, rubbing his side reminiscently, but he shook his head.

"I'm sure you know any longer, I have set my foot down. They've got to do better or take the consequences."

He paused for a breath, then added: "That girl has done too much to escape severe punishment. The garrison will be demoralized if this thing goes on without an example of authority rigidly enforced. I am resolved that there shall be a starting and effective public display of my power to punish. She shot you. You seem to be glad of it, but it was a grave offense. She has stabbed Barlow. That is another serious crime; but, worst of all, she aided a spy and resisted arrest. She must be punished."

Farnsworth knew Hamilton's nature, and he now saw that Alice was in dreadful danger of death or something even worse. No sooner had he left headquarters and given Barlow his instructions touching the hunting expedition than his mind began to wander amid visions and schemes by no means consistent with his military obligations. In order to reflect undisturbed he went forth into the dreary, lanellike streets of Vincennes and walked aimlessly here and there until he met Father Beret.

Farnsworth saluted the old man and was passing him by when, seeing a sword in his hand half hidden in the folds of his worn and faded cassock, he turned and addressed him:

"Why are you armed this morning, father?" he demanded very pleasantly. "Who is to suffer now?"

Swanson's Auction

Having rented my farm, known as the L. A. Whitney Farm, in Sec. 25, Town of GREEN LAKE, Kandiyohi Co., I will offer the following property for public sale

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TERMS: Sums of \$5.00 and under, cash; above that amount one year's time will be given on bankable paper bearing six per cent interest.

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WRITES FROM CALIFORNIA

Former Resident of Kandiyohi County Tells of Life in New Home on Pacific Coast.

TURLOCK, Cal., Jan. 22, '04. To the WILLMAR TRIBUNE: As it is very seldom anything is seen in your paper from this place, I will write a few words and express my greetings to friends and readers of the TRIBUNE, by wishing you all a Happy New Year.

We have now been out here in California over a year and we have so far liked it all right. I can recommend the climate as being as good as any one may wish it, both winter and summer. The summer days are warm sometimes, but rarely go above 100 degrees Fahrenheit in the middle of the day and the evenings and nights are cool and fine. The winters here are short and resemble much the falls in Minnesota. It never snows, only some frost in the mornings now and then, but this winter we have had only a few frosty nights as yet. We have had very little rain so that it is unusually dry this winter. The grain is growing and looks well.

Last winter we sowed some alfalfa which grew to a good stand. We also planted some fruit trees, such as apricots and peaches and some raisin grapes, which have been growing well. We have alfalfa which has been cut five times this summer, and which I

have sold a good deal of this fall at \$9 per ton. This place has been improving a great deal during the last year and a great number of people have come here and they are all busy improving their land. Some are building and others are preparing for planting, etc. So we expect that if it keeps on going forward as it has, this place will soon be seen with bearing orchards and vineyards. We live about one mile from the school house and a term of nine months school was commenced last fall. We have about five miles to the village of Turlock, which has improved the last year by the addition of three stores, some dwelling houses, a shoe store, restaurant, drug store, etc. We have about three miles to Merced river in which salmon is running in the winter time. We have been fishing there a few times and caught some weighing 20 pounds. Lastly, I will bring my regards to the TRIBUNE, which comes every week with news from our old community in Kandiyohi county and I will also include a money order for \$1.50 in another year's subscription. Yours truly, LOUIS ANDERSON.

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