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

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23, 1904.

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

USE ONLY BEST SEED

Importance of Farmers Using Only the Best Quality of Grain for Seeding Their Fields.

The writer spent many years in Minnesota and Dakotas in the grain business and made a special study of grain production. We were always convinced that short crops were the result of poor farming and poor seed than climatic conditions. The manner of farming has materially changed and at the present time the quality of seeds requires more attention than any time in the history of the country.

We recommend that farmers give this matter attention in their own way to secure a good quality of seed, and thus aid in securing a better yield of better quality. This is simply a business proposition and should not be delayed. The present seed in many localities is poor quality. They should dispose of this by exchanging it for sound pump seed free from smut germ. The difference in value in quality was presented forcibly this year.

In every locality some farmers have a better quality of seed than others. Do not let the best seed leave the country and then be obliged to use the poorer quality for seed. Secure a cleaning mill, you can purchase one for \$15.00 but will thoroughly clean your seed, then treat your seed with a solution to destroy smut germ, that will not cost to exceed two cents per acre, and with good sound plump seed, well cleaned and treated, on well tilled ground, and the result is increased production, and of better quality.

In securing seed from a distance if there is no desirable seed in your locality, always secure seed produced north of your locality; it will for a period of at least three years produce better results. Any elevator or grain man will tell you how to treat your seed to destroy smut germs, and now is the time to change seed and have it carefully prepared and

ready. Your land is becoming more valuable, good productions will further increase its value. You have a reputation to sustain and you cannot do it without exercising care, and using good seed.—Olmsted Co. Democrat.

SMUT IN WHEAT

Interesting Information to Farmers How to Get Rid of Smut in Their Grain.

Frank Schanders, who is one of the largest land owners in this part of the state, hands us the following article which ought to be of interest to every farmer in this part of the country. He has also written the State Experiment station to see if there is not something that will stiffen the straw so that it will not rattle down easily. The following is the treatment to eliminate smut from wheat.

"There is no question but what smutty wheat was the greatest source of loss to the farmer's last season, and this will be repeated this year unless the greatest care is taken to eliminate the smut germ from the wheat before the seed is sown. There are numerous machines now manufactured for the purpose of cleansing smutty wheat costing from \$15 to \$35 and the expense of treating the wheat averages about 1 1/2 an acre. It has proven that this treatment will kill the smut germ and produce a healthy plant, entirely free from smut, and we think if you can get your farmers to follow this treatment, they will be surprised at the good result obtained at a very small outlay of time and money.

The treatment consists of passing the seed through a solution of one pound of formaldehyde and 40 to 50 gallons of water; this to be done not more than six or seven hours before the grain is to be sown. It is not necessary to use a smut machine for this purpose. Some farmers simply spread the seed on a floor and sprinkle it with the solution but care should be taken to mix it thoroughly and it should be sprinkled more than once so that every seed will become saturated.

It will not be long before the farmers are ready to sow their wheat and we want you to make effort to bring these facts before every farmer in your territory, endeavor to get them to take every precaution against raising another crop of smutty wheat. United efforts on the part of the farmer, elevator men and millers will be productive of good results and of great benefit to all concerned.

Smut in wheat has been increasing heavily of late years and is even now a serious menace to the wheat crop of the Northwest and unless strict and careful measures are taken at once it will get beyond control. We therefore want you to put these facts squarely before the farmers in your territory and if we can be any assistance to them in their efforts to get rid of smut advise us.—Lamberton Star.

Real Estate Transfers.

WHITEFIELD.
March 12—N. A. Nordahl & Heirs to Nils N. Bengtson, et of ne1, nw1 of sec. 34, and sw1 of nw1, sec. 35, 160 a. \$3,350.

GENESSEE.
March 11—Chas. Faulk to Albert Schreder, part of lot 1, sec. 35, 4 a. \$110.

IRVING.
March 8—Knut Halvorson to Charley A. Kullberg, sw1 of nw1, sec. 1 acre in square, sec. 10, and set of ne1, sec. 10 a., sec. 9, 69 a. \$1,700.

VILLAGE OF NEW LONDON.
March 11—O. Ringness to John Gunderson, lot 3 of bl. 8. \$2,400.

VILLAGE OF PENNOCK.
March 11—D. E. Erlandson to E. E. Ostlund & O. P. Sather, lots 23 & 24, bl. 3. \$125.

March 16—Nels Wall to Caroline Olson, n1 of lot 22, bl. 4. \$15.

VILLAGE OF SPICER.
March 5—Spicer Land Co., to John Olson, lots 10, 11 & 12, bl. 18. \$325.

March 10—Erick Anderson to Nels Hendrickson, lots 13, 14 & 15, bl. 14. \$1,000.

March 21—Spicer Land Co., to Ole Johanson, lots 8, 9 & 10, bl. 1. \$150.

VILLAGE OF RAYMOND.
March 10—Henry Van Buren to C. B. Finkema, lot 4, bl. 4, Leighton's 2nd add. \$600.

March 12—Clara M. Leighton to Hugh McAlilly, lot 11, bl. 1, Leighton's 2nd add. \$80.

NEW LONDON.
March 19—A. D. Hanson to John Quam & Hans Guldfeldt, set of ne1, sec. 3, 40 a. \$725.

CITY OF WILLMAR.
March 7—Eric P. Glad to Anders P. Brandt, lot 3 & n1 of 4, bl. 81. \$2,022.50.

March 9—John S. Robbins to Walter DeLaFunt, lots 3 & 4, Highland add. \$4,000.

March 11—J. L. Geer to Sadie J. Knight, lot 10, bl. 56. \$350.

Sadie J. Knight to C. S. Geer, lot 10 & st of 11, bl. 56. \$1,500.

Swan Anderson to Frances F. Nelson, lot 3 & n1 of lot 4, bl. 101. \$1,000.

March 21—Ole Barnstad to The John Gund Brewing Co., lot 9, bl. 24. \$4,500.

A Mere Spectacle Vender

is not an optician. He is a particularly dangerous quack; he should be even more shunned than the empiric in medicine. There is many a quack who may ease your rheumatism. But there is not one chance in a hundred that the spectacles bought from a peddler will help your eyesight; there are a hundred chances that they will hurt your eyes, hurt them seriously, too. It is very important that your glasses should be exactly correct.

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greater proportion. In accordance with an order from Clark they now took position near the northeast corner of the stockade and began firing, although in the darkness there was but little opportunity for marksmanship. Uncle Jazon had found Citizens League and Bosserson, and through them Clark's men were supplied with ammunition, of which they stood greatly in need. Their powder having got wet during their long watery march. By 9 o'clock the fort was completely surrounded, and from every direction the riflemen and musketeers were pouring in volley after volley. Beverley with his men took the cover of a fence and some houses sixty yards from the stockade. Here to their surprise they found themselves below the line of Hamilton's cannon, which, being planted on the second floor of the fort, could not be sufficiently depressed to bear upon them. A well directed musket fire, however, fell from the loopholes of the blockhouses, the bullets rattling merrily against the cover behind which the attacking forces lay. Clark, in passing hurriedly from company to company around the line, stopped for a little while when he found Beverley.

"Have you plenty of ammunition?" was his first inquiry.
"A mighty sight more 'n we kin see to shoot with," spoke up Uncle Jazon. "It's a right smart 'o' dab ruin foolishness to be wastin' it on nothin'; seems like to me 't'd be better set the dastard fort afire an' smoke the skunks out!"
"Speak when you are spoken to, my man," said the colonel a trifle hotly, and trying by a sharp scrutiny to make him out in the gloom where he crouched.



Leaping upon him, he choked him to the ground.

"'Ventrebien! I'm not askin' you, Colonel Clark, nor no other man, when I shall speak. I talks whenever I gets ready, an' I shoots jes' the same way. So y'd better get on 'bout yer business like a white man! Close up yer own whopper jawed mouth of ye want anything shet up!"
"Oho, is that you, Jazon? You're so little I didn't know you! Certainly, talk your whole under jaw off for all I care." Clark replied, assuming a jocose tone. Then, turning again to Beverley: "Keep up the firing and the noise. The fort will be ours in the morning."
"What's the use of waitin' till mornin'?" Beverley demanded with impa-

tience. "We can tear that stockade to pieces with our hands in half an hour."
"I don't think so, Lieutenant. It is better to play for the sure thing. Keep up the racket, and be ready for 'em if they rush out. We must not fail to capture the hair buyer general!"
Beverley submitted to Clark's plan with what patience he could, and all night long fired shot for shot with the best riflemen in his squad. It was a fatiguing performance, with apparently little result beyond forcing the garrison now and again to close the embrasures, thus periodically silencing the cannon. Toward the close of the night a relaxation showed itself in the shouting and firing all round the line. Beverley's men, especially the creoles, had not bravely in the change like that, but even they flagged at length, their volubility simmering down to desultory bubbling and half sleepy chattering and chaffing.

Beverley leaped upon a rude fence and for a time neglected to reload his hot rifle. Of course he was thinking of Alice—he really could not think in any other direction; but it gave him a shock when he started when he presently heard her name mentioned by a little Frenchman near him on the left.
"There 'll never be another such a girl in Post Vincennes as Alice Roussillon," the fellow said in the soft creole patois. "An' to think of her being shot like a dog!"
"A man who calls himself a governor, too," said another. "Ah, as for myself, I'm in favor of burning him alive when we capture him. That's me."

"Et moi aussi," chimed in a third voice. "That poor girl must be avenged. The man who shot her must die. Holy Virgin, but if Gaspard Roussillon were only here!"
"But he is here. I saw him just after dark. He was in great fighting temper, that terrible man. Out, but I should not like to be Colonel Hamilton and fall in the way of that Gaspard Roussillon!"
"Morbieu! I should say not. You may be turned to a change like that. I shouldn't mind seeing Gaspard handle the governor though. Ah, that would be too good! He'd pay him up for shooting Mlle. Alice."

Beverley could scarcely hold himself erect by the fence. The smoky, foggy landscape swam round him heavy and strange. He uttered a groan, which brought Uncle Jazon to his side in a hurry.
"Qu'avez-vous? What's the matter?" the old man demanded with quick sympathy. "Hev they hit ye? Lieutenant, air ye hurt much?"
Beverley did not hear the old man's words, did not feel his kindly touch. "Alice, Alice!" he murmured. "Dead, dead!"

"'Y-as," drawled Uncle Jazon. "I hearn about it soon as I got inter town. It's a sorry thing, a mighty sorry thing. But nebby I wou'd do a little sompin' to that!"
Beverley straightened himself and lifted his gun, forgetting that he had not reloaded it since firing last. He leveled it at the fort and touched the trigger. Simultaneously with his movement an embrasure opened and a cannon flashed, its roar flanked on either side by a crackling of British muskets. Some bullets struck the fence and flung splinters into Uncle Jazon's face. A cannon ball knocked a ridge-pole from the roof of a house hard by and sent it whirling through the air.

"'Ventrebien—et apres? What next? Better knock a feller's eyes out!" the old man cried. "I ain't a-doin' nothin' to ye!"
He capered around rubbing his leathery face after the manner of a scalded monkey. Beverley was struck in the breast by a fattened and spent ball that glanced from a fence picket. The shock caused him to stagger and drop his gun, but he quickly picked it up, and resumed his position.
"Are you hurt, Colonel Jazon?" he inquired. "Are you hurt?"
"Not a bit; jes' skeert mos' into a duck fit. Thought a cannon ball had knocked my whole dang face down my throat! Nothin' but a handful 'o' splinters in my pooty count'nance, makin' my head feel like a porc'pine. But I sort of thought I heerd sompin' give you a diff."

"Something did hit me," said Beverley, laying a hand on his breast, "but I don't think it was a bullet. They seem to be getting our range at last. Tell the men to keep well under cover. They must not expose themselves until we are ready to charge."
The shock had brought him back to his duty as a leader of his little company, and with the funeral bell of all his life's happiness tolling in his agonized heart he turned afresh to directing the fire upon the blockhouse.

About this time a runner came from Clark with an order to cease firing and let a returning party of British scouts under Captain Lamothe re-enter the fort unharmed. A strange order it seemed to him, officer and man, but it was implicitly obeyed. Clark's genius here made another fine strategic flash. He knew that unless he let the scouts go back into the stockade they would escape by running away, and might possibly organize an army of Indians with which to succor Hamilton. But if they were permitted to go inside they could be captured with the rest of the garrison. Hence his order.

A few minutes passed in dead silence. Then Captain Lamothe and his party marched close by where Beverley's squad was lying concealed. It was a difficult task to restrain the creoles, for some of them hated Lamothe. Uncle Jazon squirmed like a snake when he heard part all unware that an enemy lurked so near. When they reached the port, ladders were put down for them and they began to clamber over the wall, crowding and pushing one another in wild haste. Uncle Jazon could hold in no longer.

"'Ya! 'Ya! 'Ya!" he yelled. "Look out! The ladder is a-fallin' wi' ye!"
Then all the lurking crowd shouted as one man, and, sure enough, down came a ladder—men and all in a crashing heap.
"Silence! Silence!" Beverley commanded, but he could not check the wild jeering and laughing, while the bruised and frightened scouts hastily erected their ladder again, fairly tumbling over one another in their haste to ascend, and so cleared the wall, falling into the stockade to join the garrison.
"'Ventrebien!" shrieked Uncle Jazon. "They've gone to bed, but we'll waltz 'em up at the crack of day an' give 'em a breakfas' o' hot lead!"
TO BE CONTINUED.

Easter Offerings at The Popular Store

There is less than two weeks left till Easter. We have employed a great deal of thought and energy planning to supply your wants for the approaching spring holiday. Our showings in wearing apparel and furnishings for men, women and children for this season will surely interest you. We wish to call your special attention to the following lines and prices:

- Ladies' Tailored Suits, the newest materials and styles, \$12 and \$15
- A handsome line of Mercerized Waists, new and dainty, from \$1.00 to 2.00
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- Spring Wraps, the popular waterproof coats, the newest colors and styles, very effective, only \$12 and \$15
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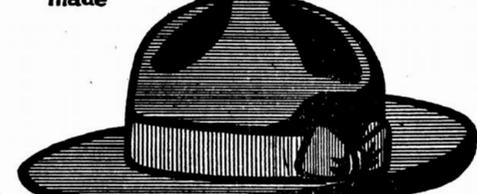
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Locations for Business.

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ALICE OF OLD VINGENNES

By MAURICE THOMPSON

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[CONTINUED.]

The firing sounded as if it were between the fort and the river, but presently when one of Hamilton's cannon spoke M. Roussillon saw the yellow spire of flame from its muzzle leap directly toward the church, and he thought it best to make a side detour to avoid going between the firing lines. Once or twice he heard the whine of a stray bullet high overhead. Before he had gone very far he met a man hurrying toward the fort. It was Captain Francis Maisenville, one of Hamilton's chief scouts, who had been out on a reconnaissance and, cut off from his party by some of Clark's forces, was trying to make his way to the main gate of the stockade.

"'Zit! Diab!e de gredin!" he snarled, and leaping upon him choked him to the ground. "Je vais vous scalper immedieatement!"
Clark's plan of approach showed masterly strategy. Lieutenant Bailey, with fourteen regulars, made a show of attack on the east, while Major Bowman led a company through the town, on a line near where Main street in Vincennes is now located, to a point north of the stockade. Charlie, a brave creole, who was at the head of some daring fellows, by a brilliant dash got position under cover of a natural terrace at the edge of the prairie opposite the fort's southwestern angle. Lieutenant Beverley, in whom the commander placed highest confidence, was sent to look for a supply of ammunition and to gather up all the Frenchmen in the town who wished to join in the attack. Uncle Jazon and ten other available men went with him.

They all made a great noise when they felt that the place was completely invested. Nor can we deny, much as we would like to, the strong desire for vengeance which raised those shouting voices and moved those steady hearts to do or die in an undertaking which certainly had a desperate look. The thought was tremendously stimulating.

Beverley, with the aid of Uncle Jazon, was able to lead his little company as far as the church before the enemy saw him. Here a volley from the nearest angle of the stockade had to be answered and pretty soon a cannon began to play upon the position.
"We kin do better some's else," was Uncle Jazon's laconic remark, foveg back over his shoulder as he moved briskly away from the spot just swept by a 6 pounder. Come this yer way, lieutenant, I hyer some 'o' the fellers a-talkin' loud jes' beyant Legrace's place. They ain't no sort 'o' sense a-tryin' to hit anything a-shootin' in the dark nobow."

When they reached the thick of the town there was a strange stir in the dusky streets. Men were slipping from house to house, arming themselves and joining their neighbors. Clark had sent an order earlier in the evening forbidding any street demonstration by the inhabitants, but he might as well have ordered the wind not to blow or the river to stand still. Uncle Jazon knew every man whose outlines he could see or whose voice he heard. He called each one by name:
"Here, Roger, fall in! Come, Louis, Alphonse, Victor, Octave—venez ici, here's the American army, come with me!" His rapid French phrases leaped forth as if shot from a pistol, and his shrill voice, familiar to every ear in Vincennes, drew the creole militiamen to him, and soon Beverley's company had doubled its numbers, while at the same time its enthusiasm and ability to make a noise had increased in a far-

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