

SPICER-ON-GREEN LAKE

Spicer-on-Green-Lake, July 14.—The Chautauqua on Green Lake is now past. People who have camped and stayed near the lake during the Assembly season have returned to their homes to take up their ordinary routine of work again.

Richard and Euphemia Krantz of Rice Lake, Wis., visited last week at the home of F. O. Swanson, and also attended the meetings of the Chautauqua.

Miss Mary Waldron of the faculty of the New London schools last winter, is spending part of her vacation with Miss Della Horne of Harrison.

Nat. Ostlund and little son Arnold, of Dassel, Minn., spent Sunday in Spicer, calling on acquaintances, having been residents here several years ago.

Lawrence and Enoch Swenson left last Friday for Barry, Minn., where they will be engaged as farm laborers through the summer and fall season.

Mr. and Mrs. Axel Walquist of Willmar spent Saturday and Sunday with relatives in Spicer and vicinity.

Elmer Eckman stopped off at Spicer Saturday evening to spend Sunday at the Chautauqua, on his way from Minneapolis to visit his folks at New London.

Rev. and Mrs. O. Wallin and little son Eugene, of Annandale, Minn., called at the home of their friends at Edenwood Farm from Monday till Tuesday of this week.

Evald, Olive and Hulda Anderson, of Murdock, were guests at the home of S. C. Hillman of the Green Lake mill last week.

Mrs. Peter Johnson of Estevan, Canada, is visiting with friends in this vicinity this week.

Paul and Ingeborg Swanson, of Mamre, visited relatives in these parts Sunday.

Miss Eleonora Abrahamson and Esther Lawson came up from New London for a few days' visit with friends east of Spicer.

Mr. and Mrs. John Brandt, who have stayed at the home of Sam Anderson during the Chautauqua, returned to their home at Murdock Sunday evening.

D. A. Knoek, who is conducting parochial school in the Tripolis congregation at Kandiyohi, spent a few days last week with his college classmate A. Lemuel Swenson of Edenwood Farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Orred return to Stanley, N. D., today. They will be accompanied by Mrs. Jacob Olson.

Grue, July 14.—The buttermaker at Spicer visited in this vicinity last Sunday.

Mrs. Ed Carlin, who has been staying in Willmar for some time, returned to her former home last Tuesday.

Arthur Kleven is assisting Peter Erickson during haying.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Murray of Willmar visited at the latter's parental home Sunday.

Quite a few of our people attended the Chautauqua at Spicer and all report an excellent time.

Martin Gunderson and lady, of Norway Lake, made a short call at his uncle's place here.

Miss Alma Sands left on Friday for Alvarado, Minn., where she will visit relatives and friends. She will be absent for about three weeks.

The annual meeting of Dist. No. 60 will be held in the Grue schoolhouse on Saturday evening, July 18.

An ice cream social will be held at the home of O. O. Bakken on Saturday evening, July 25. Every body welcome.

ROSELAND REPORTS

Roseland, July 13.—The warm weather of last week has helped the corn to make good headway.

The Damhof boys hauled lumber from Danube last Thursday for an addition to their mother's home.

Mr. and Mrs. Lambert Dykema of Chicago are spending a week with Mrs. Dykema's brother Albert Knoll, and from here they intend to go to visit a sister of Mrs. Dykema in North Dakota.

Some have started haying, but it is hard to get at on account of the surplus of water.

Mrs. Dick Edsiga of Hector is spending a few weeks at her parental home, Mr. and Mrs. John Pfeifer's.

Mrs. N. T. Knott of Danube is visiting with her parents out here and with relatives in Prinsburg and Raymond. During her absence her sister Jacobina is keeping house for Mr. Knott.

A Decker hauled a steel culvert from Danube last Friday for Road District No. 5.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bosch of Prinsburg attended services in Roseland Sunday.

Next Saturday will be the annual school meeting. Let everybody turn out and do his duty.

The annual meeting of the Prinsburg Farmers' Telephone Co. was held last Saturday at the Prinsburg schoolhouse.

The John Zuidema family spent Sunday with the Ealing family near Priam.

Quite a few farmers took hogs to the Danube market Monday, the feed being high and price of hogs good.

RINGVILLE RINGERS

Ringville, July 14.—Nels Iverson returned last Friday from a visit with relatives in Madelia, Minn.

Mr. and Mrs. John Stener returned last Tuesday from their visit with relatives in Detroit, Minn.

Ingvald Evenson has hired out to work for Simon Gilbertson this summer.

Ottc Iverson visited with his daughters in Minneapolis last week.

The Ladies Aid society met with Mrs. A. O. Sonstegard last Thursday.

Gina and Minnie Berg and Miss Hanson from Willmar were guests at Christopherson's place last week.

Mrs. A. Olson and daughter Lisa from New London visited at Ole Johnson's home on Sunday.

The Aurora Y. P. society will meet at Mr. H. P. Knutson's place on Sunday, July 19.

Mrs. A. O. Sonstegard and son August made a trip to Willmar last week to see Dr. Peterson.

Ilda Iverson, who has worked in Minneapolis for the last seven years, visited with friends here a few days last week.

MAMRE MELODIES

Mamre, July 13.—Mr. and Mrs. Emil Dahlheim of Willmar have been spending a few days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Anderson of this town lately.

A Trick With Dollars.

By HOWARD FIELDING.
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BALILEY HARROW was a specialist. His employer, John Farnsworth, had accounts in half a dozen banks and notes falling due in twenty others. Like the leaves in Vallombrosa fell John Farnsworth's notes and were caught at the last possible second—or even later—by the whirlwind of finance which kept them from touching the ground. Bailey Harrow rode upon the whirlwind and delighted to guide it in the interests of John Farnsworth.

Bailey may have been about twenty-seven, and he looked like an active little old man, his face deeply lined by wary thinking.

On a certain forenoon Bailey came into Farnsworth's private room. "Everything's quiet at the Corn," said Bailey, laying a bank book on the desk.

"The Corn" was the abbreviation for a name of a national bank. The telephone bell rang, and Farnsworth rose hastily from his chair and

"Well," said he at last, "here's the joker. A leaf containing three checks signed in blank has been out from this book, and I didn't notice it. Shrewd work, Hartzell. You see, that check of yours was too big to be safely handled at your bank, so the rascal deposited it in mine. That gave me a balance of \$4,700 more than I know about, so of course I wouldn't draw against it. Then our thief filled out my blanks to bearer and cashed them at my bank. The way I play this game, Hartzell, any smooth fellow can cash a learner check of mine at the Corn for a couple of thousand without ever being asked to indorse it. I prefer to make some of my payments that way, and the bank knows it."

"Indeed!" said Hartzell, and he stroked his chin again. "I'm afraid you're stuck, Farnsworth."

He turned to go, and Farnsworth did not detain him. As he passed out James Kneeland, the detective, entered, and he gave the departing part a half glance.

"Do you know Hartzell?" said Farnsworth.

"I met him some years ago," responded the detective thoughtfully.

"Has Bailey told you about this game that's been played on me?"

"Kneeland nodded and winked his eyes behind his big round spectacles.

"Now, the point of it," said Farnsworth, "is that Hartzell's letter, with the check, was intercepted and opened in this office."

"If it ever came here," said Kneeland.

"I tell you the thing was done here. Checks have been taken from my book. Who could have done that except some one who knows the ropes and turned to Bailey."

"I could have done it," said Kneeland complacently. "A good many people know where you keep that book."

"But the forged indorsement—how do you account for that?"

"Probably traced. You haven't the check, of course?"

"Yes, Hartzell brought it up from his bank. Here it is," said the detective. "Hartzell left it here," said the detective. "Well, that's good evidence."

"Evidence?"

"That he didn't do the trick himself."

"I'll tell you who did do it," said Farnsworth. "My nephew did it. It's no trouble for him to forge my name. Ask this young lady here. Is Bob's writing like mine?"

"Remarkably so," said Miss Clarendon calmly.

"Important coincidence," said Kneeland. "Have you got a specimen of his hand? I am tolerably familiar with yours."

"There's a letter from him somewhere here," said Farnsworth.

Miss Clarendon went into the next room and returned immediately with an open letter.

"Here is a sample of Mr. Robert Farnsworth's writing," said she and gave a page to the detective, who read as follows, Farnsworth reading over his shoulder:

"You know he lent me \$200 to settle some matters in the west, and I was paying it back at the rate of \$10 every Tuesday. I've kept it up since I've been here, and a fierce strain it has been, for I'm getting only eighteen."

The most annoying part of it is that my pay day is Tuesday, and I get my money about 2 o'clock. So in order to keep my word to him I have to telegraph the money, and the expense comes right out of my dinner. I have written to him suggesting that I send the amount by mail, but the old mud turtle hasn't opened his shell. So I keep at it. I wouldn't fail if starvation were twice as inconvenient, for he taunted me with that loan when we parted."

"Telegraphs you money every Tuesday, eh?" said Kneeland, glancing up. "Do you collect it yourself?"

Farnsworth reddened.

"Yes," said he.

"Mr. Robert Farnsworth was here Tuesday morning," said Miss Clarendon, "on an errand for his employers, but he returned in time to get his wages and send the usual remittance to his uncle."

Kneeland was looking dreamily at Hartzell's check, which was unusually large and of a pale greenish hue.

"Give me your signature," said he suddenly, and Farnsworth wrote it on a bit of paper, using a gold mounted stylographic pen which he always carried in his waistcoat pocket. Kneeland compared the signature and the indorsement on the check.

"This is no forgery," said he. "You wrote it yourself, and you did it with that pen. Hold on," he added, silencing Farnsworth with a gesture. "I have an idea."

He put the check in his pocket and

left the office without another word. Presently a messenger came up from the Corn with Farnsworth's used checks. There were among them three to bearer, drawn in a hand unfamiliar to Farnsworth, but signed by him. The numbers showed that these were the three that were taken from the book, signed in blank. The aggregate of the amounts was \$4,680.

It was nearly 3 o'clock when Kneeland returned. Miss Clarendon was taking dictation.

"I've got your man," said the detective.

"Where is he?"

"Outside," responded Kneeland. "Bring him in."

The detective went out and returned with Bailey Harrow. He was pale, but steady.

"Mr. Farnsworth," said he, "I did this, but I'm no thief. You'd never lose a cent through me. I needed the money for a few days, but I can make it good. It was a borrow, that's what it was, the same as you did with Hartzell's check in April, the one that was sent to Jordan & Co., and we put it through the bank on our own account and told Jordan we hadn't got it. And there was the Thompson matter—"

"We won't go into that," said Farnsworth hastily. "How was this game worked?"

"Bailey has been in a little deal in mining shares," said Kneeland, "quite in the line of his finance, too, and he thinks it will turn out well."

"He had a partner who is a clerk in the telegraph office—in fact, the very same man who has paid you the remittances from your nephew. Bailey is familiar with the machinery of receiving money by telegraph, and it happened to strike him that the green slip which you have to sign and indorse looked just like one of Jacob Hartzell's checks. I happened to think of that while I was sitting here looking at Hartzell's check and hearing about money by telegraph. So I went straight down to the office, found out which of the clerks Bailey was chumming with and frightened the fellow till his complexion resembled the pale sea green paper that has been mentioned. One of my men is with him now, and he gave up a good bit of the money."

"Bailey took Hartzell's check out of the envelope Tuesday morning, a big envelope that will carry the check without folding. He gave the check to the telegraph clerk, and you, Mr.

Farnsworth, indorsed it when you thought you were putting your name on the back of that telegraph blank. Bailey stole your checks out of the book. The clerk filled them in and



"AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE FROM AN HONEST MAN."

cashed them. He also deposited Hartzell's \$4,700 to your order. Now, what shall we do with the men?"

"No arrests, no arrests!" said Farnsworth. "And then, 'Bailey, how could you do this thing to me?'"

Bailey hung his head.

"I'll answer that question," said Miss Clarendon. "For ten years you have trained this young man in dishonesty. You have done to him what the big tricksters of finance have done to you and to ten thousand other men like you till the whole country is poisoned with it. You have made this boy a thief. You tried to make your nephew another, and you couldn't. I have seen this going on, and my soul has sickened at it. Now I am done with it."

"Hold on!" cried Farnsworth. "Where are you going?"

"I have an offer of marriage from an honest man," said she. "Singularly enough, his name is Farnsworth. He earns \$18 a week, and I can do a little better than that, so I think we shall get along nicely. I am going to Pittsfield."

As She Understood It. Little Ethel is one of those bright children who make the lives of their parents and teachers a burden. She recently paid her first visit to the kindergarten school. When she got home her mother asked her how she got on.

"It was awfully nice," was little Ethel's enthusiastic response. "The teacher, Miss Brown, told me if I was a good girl I would grow up into a pretty lady, but if I was naughty I would grow up into an ugly one."

Her mother saw a chance of "pointing a moral," so she said: "Yes, dear; that is quite true."

Little Ethel sat in silent thought for a few minutes. Then she burst out: "Then what a wicked little girl Miss Brown must have been!"

An Amazed Woman. A woman who had an Arabic glass cup of the fourteenth century and did not know its value took it to the British museum. After due consideration the expert, to her surprise, said that, though the museum did not want it, it might be worth \$2,000. The woman shuddered, because she had been carrying in a crowded London omnibus a bit of gas worth so much money and it had miraculously escaped smashing.

Finally, wanting money more than Arabian glass, she sent the object to an auctioneer's. Fancy her amazement when, starting at \$2,500, the Arabic cup went by leaps and bounds and was finally knocked down for the nice sum of \$5,500. The bidding of two art collectors did the business.

A Specimen of Cockney Humor. Cockney humor consists merely in ignoring the horrible or tragic side of a funny situation. Everybody knows the old story of the cockney laughing after a fire. "Jump, yer silly fool!" I says. "Me an' my wife's got a blanket!" An 'e did jump, an' there warn't no blanket, an' 'e broke 'is bloomie neck! Laugh! I 'ave'n't laughed so much!" Blackwood's Magazine.

Mrs. Quiverful (to Mrs. Long's servant girl)—What do you want? Servant Girl—Mrs. Long sends her compliments and says would you be so kind as to count your children and see if you haven't got one too many, as our Kitty hasn't come home and school has been closed two hours.—London Telegraph.

Returned the Plate. A starved and ragged lad wanders for hours about the Liverpool docks search of work. He had not had food since the morning.

A vessel came into dock late in day, and the cook, seeing the boy, vited him to warm himself and dry rags at the galley fire.

He then gave the boy a large piece pork upon a ship's biscuit, which he had as a board, and the famished ran off to tell his mother, who matches near by, of his good luck.

In a short time he returned with biscuit wrapped in paper and said: "Mother thanks you, sir, for the plate, and is much obliged to you for the lot of the plate."—Liverpool Mercury.

Filial Love. That's a pathetic story of the Gout don fishing boat crew. The Goutard boat was manned by a father and his four sons. When the boat sank three of the latter went with her. The old man got an oar, and soon the fourth son appeared by his side. But the oar could support only one, and the lad, taking in the situation at once, bade his parent farewell in the words, "Weel, weel, father, I maun jist awa!" and sank. Only readers familiar with the northern dialect will fully appreciate the depth of kindly resignation and true feeling which the words denote. The father endured terrible sufferings, but was ultimately picked up. "Greater love hath no man than this."—Westminster Gazette.

The Usual Treatment. "Look at that boy!" I exclaimed. Sherlock Holmes' keen gaze followed my own.

The urchin now sketched in pencil on the drawing room wall. Now he carved his name on the piano. Anon, laughing lightly, he spilled milk on a Louis Seize fauteuil.

"In heaven's name!" I cried. "Calm yourself, my dear Watson." Sherlock Holmes interposed. "There is no need for interference here. Do you not understand? That villa has been rented furnished for the season."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The depth of water affects the speed of steamers very considerably, the vessels moving more slowly in shallow than in deep water.

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