

SWITCHMEN'S STRIKE STILL ON

Fight is Won Declare the Railroads. Just Begun Say the Switchmen. Local Situation Same.

The Switchmen's strike is still on and both sides are confident of victory. The railroads claim that they already have the strikers beaten; that they are accepting freight both along the lines and at the terminals; that they have all the men they want, and that they will soon have the freight congestion relieved, as more engines and more men are being put on every day. They refuse to arbitrate, saying they will fight to a finish. On the other hand President Hawley of the Switchmen claims that the fight has just begun; that the railroads are sending out empty cars to make a showing; that they are not able to handle the business given them satisfactorily, and that in the end the men will win out. He also says that if the railroad managers of the United States do not try to settle the strike in the Northwest, the eastern cities will soon be tied up also. An extraordinary session of the executive board of the American Federation of Labor will be held in Cincinnati in a few days, with John Mitchell, Samuel Gompers and other labor leaders in attendance, and it is possible that some action may be taken relative to having other branches of the railroad workers called out.

Locally the situation is about the same. The company is accepting freight for shipment, but so far but little freight has reached Wilmar from Duluth or the Twin Cities. The switching force is more than large enough to handle all the business which comes into the yards. Some trains have been moved during the past week, but all of them have been very light, in a number of instances consisting only of an engine, a caboose and a few empties. The amount of business is small, of course, on account of the congestion at the terminals. Inquiries among leading dealers show that although a good deal of merchandise is being delayed, some goods are arriving daily. Fuel dealers have enough wood and coal on hand to supply customers for some time yet, and with a higher temperature promised by the weather bureau, there does not seem to be any imminent danger of any fuel famine at Wilmar.

BREVITIES

Use **TRIBUNE** postcards.

The Silent Club was entertained by Mrs. H. W. Rest last evening.

Miss Abigail Edgren of Kandiyohi has accepted a position as saleslady at the Leading Store.

Miss Gerda Sorum and brothers Alfred and Herbert returned to Moorhead Monday after a visit at the Magnus Olson home at Eagle Lake.

J. B. Boyd left today for Minneapolis where he will spend a few days visiting his sister, Mrs. J. Eyre, and other relatives and friends.

Mrs. S. H. Hilleboe, the aged mother of Prof. H. S. Hilleboe, died at her home in Adams county, Wis., Monday. The funeral will be held to-morrow, Thursday.

Oswald Grangaard, the well known base ball catcher and high school foot ball player, has been very ill with an attack of typhoid fever. His many friends will be glad to hear that he is now better.

Miss Edith Frost was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last Saturday by Mrs. D. N. Tallman. Next Saturday afternoon Mrs. Geo. W. Tyler will entertain for her. Miss Frost leaves for the East next Wednesday.

The young people of the Lebanon church at New London give their annual bazaar at the village hall in that village Thursday and Friday of this week. A good time is assured all who will come. Doors open soon after seven o'clock each evening.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Wold on Tuesday of last week. The newcomer has been christened Florence Marie. Friends of Mr. Wold may secure a first-class smoke on the young lady by calling at the Kandiyohi county bank.

Miss Esther Lawson, of New London, visited with her brother and wife, at Wilmar a couple of days this week. Miss Lawson has resigned her position as organist at the Lebanon church of New London, to take effect on the first of the year, after many years of continuous service, and may leave for the coast country along in the spring.

J. D. Henderson, Harry Martin and Tom Teit of Harrison, who have been up north hunting deer arrived home Thursday afternoon. The boys have been very successful and got two deer apiece, some of the finest specimens that was ever seen by any one in the village. The young men are justified in the pride with which they displayed their prizes.—Green Lake Breeze.



Hosts of Hints for Holiday Gift Seekers.

We are now displaying our full Holiday Lines. By early buying, you can always pick up the best and newest things, as they are apt to go first.

Holiday Stationery

X-mas Box Stationery, 25c to \$3.00
Sealing Wax Outfits, 25c and 50c
Paper Knives, Initial Seals, Holiday Napkins and Crepe Paper
X-mas Seals, Tags, Labels, Cards.
White and Colored Tissue Paper for wrapping purposes.
Congress Playing Cards with the latest design backs.
Holly X-mas Boxes—just the thing to pack your presents in.

Leather Goods.

Ladies' Hand Bags in goat seal leather, calf and mercurized linings at **75c to \$5**
Ladies' and Men's Purses, Pocket-books, Passbooks, Card Cases and Billbooks, **15c to \$2**
Music Rolls and Folders in latest leathers and colors **90c to \$3**
Collar and Cuff Bags **\$1 to \$3**
Chamois Skins **10c to \$1**

Toilet Articles.

Hair Brushes in Ebony and Rosewood Backs with extra long bristles from **25c to \$3**
Military Hair Brushes... \$1.50 to \$2
Clothes and Hat Brushes up to **\$4**
Good Combs... 10c to 75c
Hand Mirrors in Ebony and Rosewood... 25c to \$3
Stand Mirrors in new designs from **25c to \$4**
Manicure Sets—Brush and Comb Sets—Shaving Sets, Etc.,

PERFUMES

Forty Odors in Bulk Perfumes at 50c, 75c, & \$1.00 an ounce.
Fancy packages in beautiful boxes and containers at 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 up to \$5.
TOILET WATERS—Palmer's, Colgate's, Willow & Hudnut's at 25c, 50, 75c & \$1.00
SACRET POWDERS—15 Odors—at 40c and 50c an ounce.

IRON TOYS OF ALL KINDS IN TOY LAND IRON TOYS OF ALL KINDS

Fire Engines, Hose Carts, Dray Wagons, Patrol Wagons, Automobiles, Trains and Cars, Banks, Stoves, Coffee Mills, Sad Irons, Whistles and Horns, Mechanical Toys, Drums in all sizes, Tool Chests, Magic Lanterns, Horses, Blocks of all kinds, Ten Pins, Go-Carts, Doll Buggies and Sleds, Etc.

GAMES.

Flinch, Pit and Bunco at **50c**
Checkers and Dominoes in wood, also the New Card Dominoes.
Big line of Games at 5c, 10c and 25c for the Children.
Stencils, Painting and Drawing outfits from **10c to 25c**
X-mas Tree Ornaments, Candles and Hangers.

Christmas Cigars

in small boxes for Holiday gifts.
25-5c Cigars... \$1.00
50-5c Cigars... \$2.00
12-10c Cigars... \$1.00
25-10c Cigars... \$2.00
50-10c Cigars... \$4.00

PIPES

in nice cases from **\$1.00 to \$2.50**
Snuff pouches... 25c
Cigar holders... 25c to \$1.00
Cigars & Tobacco Jars, Ash Trays and Smokers Sets.

Fountain Pens.

Moore, Parker and Waterman Pens in plain and designs **\$1 to \$6**
from...
Gold Pens with Pearl Holders at **\$1.50**
Paper Weights... 25c to 50c
Passe Partout Outfits, Bindings, Hangers and Stickers
Postage Stamp Boxes.

Christmas and Holiday Post Cards **IN ENGLISH VARIETY** at 1c, 2 for 5c, 5c, and 10c each

Holiday Candies.

JOHNSTON'S MILWAUKEE CANDIES IN NICE GIFT PACKAGES.
Trio Chocolates... 80c
Dutch Bitter Sweets... 45c to 80c
Debutante Chocolates... 75c
Wafer Stick Candy for the banquet... 10c to 25c
Chocolate Marachino Cherry at... 50c
Chocolate Peach Fruit... 50c
Bulk Chocolates in all flavors per lb... 40c

Holiday Novelties.

Burnt Wood Outfits at \$1.50 to \$2.50 and Wood to Burn in all designs and shapes from **50c to \$2.50**
Kraft Wood in Pipe Racks, Necktie Racks, Nut Bowls, Etc., from **\$.10 to \$.30**
Pipe Racks in Novelties for the "Mans" Den.
Hammered Brass in different ideas.
Book Racks, Candle Sticks, Ink Wells and Jewelry Cases, Etc., Etc.

Christmas Crockery.

Fancy Haviland and Austrian China in Plates, Salad Bowls, Cups and Saucers, Tea Sets, Etc.
Hand Painted China, Japanese ware in odd pieces from **10c to \$1.00**
Vases and Bric-a-Brac in many designs.
Stand Lamps and Hanging Lamps from **\$1.25 to \$10.00**
Electric Table Lamps from **\$5 to \$15**
Souvenir China with Wilmar scenes from **15c to 50c**

New Books.

New Copyright Books... \$1.50
A few copyright books bought as sample line. Regular price \$1.50; special at... \$1
Big lot 75c popular copyrights special at... 50c
200 Books for Boys and Girls by Southworth, Alger, Henty, and Optic at... 25c
Fancy Books in Beautiful Leather Bindings at... 60c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2
100 Small Gift Books by Standard Authors at... 25c to 50c
Bibles, Testaments and Psalm Books in English, Swedish and Norwegian, in limp leather bindings from... 50c to \$3.50

Photograph Albums.

50% Discount 50%
Fancy Albums with Celluloid Covers and Push Backs worth from \$2.50 to \$10.00. Discount price... **\$1.25 to \$5.00**
Smaller Albums worth from 50c to \$2.50. Discount price... **25c to \$1.25**

Post Card Albums.

in all sizes and designs holding from 50 to 500 Postals.
20c Card Album at... 25c
300 Card Album at... 35c
500 Card Album at... \$1.00

Doll Display

DRESSED DOLLS IN BOXES 25c to \$4.00.
Kid Bodies—35c to \$1.00
China Dolls—1c to 75c
Doll shoes, stockings, arms, etc.
Doll Buggies—25c to \$2.00
Doll Heads—5c to \$1.50
Rubber Dolls—10c to 50c
Doll cradles, doll houses, ironing boards, bureaus, pianos, wash sets, etc.

Remember we are in our new building, corner 4th street and Benson avenue, and will be glad to show you goods whether you buy or not. Yours to please,

CARLSON BROS. & FROST

RED CROSS CHRISTMAS STAMPS 1c each They will not carry mail, but any mail will carry them.

DRUGGISTS AND STATIONERS

RED CROSS CHRISTMAS STAMPS 1c each They will not carry mail, but any mail will carry them.

THE WHITE SPY.

By NATHANIEL HUBBARD.
(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

"Who comes?"
"Friend without the countersign."
"Advance, friend without the countersign, and let me see what you look like."
A man stepped forth into the moonlight. The sentinel uttered a cry, threw down his musket and fell on his face. The friend without the countersign passed him, entered the lines and walked hurriedly in among the tents.
"Great heavens, is that a ghost coming?" exclaimed an officer to another, both standing outside one of the headquarters tents.
"Or one of the men parading in his nightclothes?"
Meanwhile the figure came up, and as he did so the officer recoiled. He was in uniform, but in the moonlight his clothes appeared to be made of white linen. The face, hands, hair—indeed, every part of the person was white.
"Who are you, and what the deuce do you want?" stammered one of the officers.
"John Waters, and on my way to see the general."

"What! In that makeup?"
"Yes, I have important information that should be acted upon at once."
"Is that you, John?" called the general's voice from within the tent.
"Yes, general."
"Come in here."
The figure in white entered the general's tent and was received with the same astonishment as before. Ten minutes later staff officers were flying in every direction carrying orders to the subordinate commanders, and in the early morning columns were marching by different roads to cut off the enemy that the white figure had reported to be in full retreat. When his information had been delivered and the orders issued the general called upon him for an account of how he had learned the facts and an explanation of his strange appearance. This was his story:
"I was scouting when I came suddenly upon a body of Spaniards. There was nothing to do but surrender, and this I did. I was carried along in their center right in among the main bodies of their troops, whom I saw always marching southward. It suited my purpose to appear not to understand Spanish, and after awhile they talked freely among themselves in my hearing. They did not know what to do with me, and finally their leader proposed the following plan: They would stop at the next house and get some thing to eat. While thus engaged they

and if I attempted to get away they would shoot me."
"Soon after they stopped at a house next to a flour mill. Leaving me, they went into the house and were rather more lax in their watch than they intended. Still, the ground was open, and if I ran they would have free range at me. I determined on a ruse. I hung my cloak on a bush, put my hat on it and then rolled in among some flour sacks that were scattered about, crawling into one of them. Presently one of the Spaniards came to the door of the house, and I saw him looking at my dummy. He called to the others that I was about to run, and several of them, coming to the door, fired at my cloak. Both hat and cloak fell to the ground, whereupon the men went back into the house."
"There was a horse standing by the mill loaded with flour sacks. I rolled to this horse in my sack and managed to climb up and throw myself over his back among the sacks. After awhile the Spaniards came out. One of them went to my cloak, picked it up and, not finding my body, notified the others. They, much surprised, mounting their horses and rode off in a direction they supposed I had fled."
"Then a man came out of the mill and, mounting a horse, led the one I was on by a halter. When we were on the road I raised myself up, putting my head, white as it is now with flour, out of the bag. The man let go the halter and galloped away as fast as he

could. Throwing off the flour bags, I rode northward with a view to reaching our lines. Fortunately for me it was now getting dusk. I passed the men who supposed they had shot me riding a few hundred yards to my left. I saw by their looks that they took me for a ghost, so I concluded to play the part and rode right on rigidly. Their captain halted me, but I paid no attention to him and was soon lost to them in the darkness."
"I had no trouble in passing outposts, for they all took me for a specter. If any one was courageous enough to challenge me I invariably rode right toward him, making him think that I was about to ride through him. He always got out of the way, and only one man fired at me."
"On approaching our lines I dismounted and, letting my horse go where he liked, walked. I did not dare take such risks among the Spanish rear guard, considering that I was moving toward our lines. I stalked through their picket line and when free from it came on to ours."
"And now, general, I ask your permission to go and wash this flour off me and get something to eat!"
This was in the celebrated peninsula campaign, fought by Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterward the Duke of Wellington. Sir John Waters was invaluable as a spy and kept his general well supplied with information.

Different Caddies.
Some New Yorkers wanted to go around the links at Manchester, Vt., says the Saturday Evening Post. They could find no caddies.
Presently two boys came in with some players.
"Caddies," said the New Yorkers, "come on and go around with us."
"None," said one of the boys. "We done enough today."
"Come on and take our bags."
"No, We've done enough today."
"Why, caddies down in New York where we live are always glad to earn some extra money by going around as many times as they can."
"Yes," replied one of the Vermont boys, "but I callate them caddies down there is all paupers."
The Crank.
The complete crank is a kind of collector of causes, and it is difficult to discover the principle upon which he collects them. A new religion and underwear and a new insipid kind of diet are all the same to him, and he advocates them all with equal earnestness. He wants men to change their lives in every particular and protests against all the ordinary usages of the world both in great and in small things. He does not believe that there is any instinctive wisdom in mankind or any value in past tradition and experience. For his wisdom has only just appeared among men, and his has revealed herself to very few.—London

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE BILL

By A. D. HARRISON.
(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

I met her on a train. There are more impressive made in traveling, I think, than under any other circumstances. She was about twenty, with light, fluffy hair, baby blue eyes, white teeth, and there was neither too much nor too little of her. She sat looking out of the window with rather a bored expression on her face, as though she longed for something with which to occupy her mind. I longed to occupy her mind myself.

However, my opportunity came when a candy boy came along. She wanted a box of sweets and had only a dollar bill to pay for them. It happened that the boy was out of change and looked around for help. I lifted my hat politely to the girl, took a dollar in silver from my pocket and handed it to her, taking in exchange the bill. It was new and crisp and so folded as to show the dollar in a corner. Even if I had not seen its denomination I would not have thrown a doubt upon the lady's honesty by unfolding it. I shoved it in my vest pocket, and she opened the box. I remained where I was, so that she couldn't very well help rewarding me for changing her bill by offering me a bit of candy. She did this with some embarrassment. I sat on the arm of the seat opposite her and thanked her and said some irrelevant things, such as the car was either too hot or too cold, or I hated or liked traveling, or made some other meaningless remark, passing on to another and another, all the while looking more and more uncomfortable on my perch, till at last she cast her eyes on the vacant seat beside me. Construing this as an invitation, I sat down.

When the conductor came along I noticed he punched a Cleveland ticket for her. I was bound for Chicago. She had a suit case in the car with her, on which were the letters E. V. W. I took particular note of these things, for I was delighted with her, and, since I often visited Cleveland, I thought I might wish to continue to fall in her path.

I spent several hours very pleasantly with her. At first she seemed embarrassed at forming an acquaintance in this way, but she soon forgot all about that, and I saw that I was as companionable to her as she was to me. When we reached Cleveland I offered to hand her out of the car, but she said her brother would be there to meet her, and I saw by a look she gave me that she would not care to have him see her receiving attentions from a stranger. I therefore contented myself with thanking her for rendering my trip enjoyable instead of a bore, and told her I hoped that if she ever came to Chicago I might happen to meet her.

The next Sunday morning I got home on Wednesday—I left my bachelor quarters and strolled to my club for breakfast, buying a paper by the way. I always read everything in my Sunday paper, and on this occasion wound up with the "personals." Suddenly I was seized with astonishment as I read:

The gentleman who changed a bill for a lady on a train on the 10th can communicate with her by addressing E. V. W., Box 1, Cleveland, O.
I was not only astonished; I was disappointed. Since my return my brain had been full of love stories of which E. V. W. was the heroine and I the hero. And, after all, I had struck one who was not above calling me to her through a personal. Then it came to me that there must be some mistake. Surely I knew a lady when I saw one, and the girl I had met was not only a lady, but a very innocent and refined one. Why did she make the identification through the dollar bill I had changed? Because, of course, it was the best and only sure means of identification.
This dollar bill was all I had to remind me of the girl who had given it to me. I had transferred it from my pocket to a box of trinkets on my dresser, folded just as it was when I received it. Something, I know not what—one of those mysterious pointers of the brain perhaps that come to us on occasion—prompted me to go to my room and have a look at the bill. I lost no time in doing so, and when I unfolded the crisp bit of paper my eyes bulged from their sockets in astonishment.
It was a thousand dollar note!
Now I saw it all. The wording of the advertisement, instead of indicating that the girl was familiar with methods of assignment, showed her innocence or she would not have used it. It was evident she had inferred that I had discovered the denomination of the bill, and she gave me the means of communicating with her to return it.
I took the midnight train for Cleveland and the next morning went to the postoffice, where I learned that box No. 1—belonged to a family named Worthington. Later in the day I called at the address, which I had also received at the postoffice, and sent up my card, on which I had written, "The gentleman who changed the bill."
I soon heard a rustle on the staircase, and E. V. W. came hurrying in, anxiety on every feature, to know if her money was safe. I hastened to reassure her by handing her the note.
She had received it from her father in New York, who was at the moment engaged in making a cash payment on a piece of real estate, and had inadvertently given her the wrong bill. Within a year I married her.

No Harm Done.
"Dear me, pa," said the young and beautiful heroine, "you'll mortify me to death yet."
"What's the matter now, Lili?"
"You told John to go down to the depot and get the cart's baggage right out loud so that he couldn't help hearing you. Why can't you learn to say station and luggage?"
"Oh, don't mind that. The earl won't care. He's got used to United States talk. He asked me this morning how I got my dough and how much I had of it."—Exchange.

German Mashed Potatoes.
A woman who has lived some time in Germany offers the following recipe as a German way to prepare mashed potatoes: Boil the potatoes in salted water. When they are almost cooked, peel, core and quarter one-third as many apples as there are potatoes. Add them and cook the whole till tender. Then mash thoroughly, mixing in meanwhile a pinch of salt and a generous piece of butter. This dish is served at dinner instead of ordinary mashed potatoes. It looks exactly like the latter, but has a slightly tart flavor.—New York Tribune.

A CASE OF PREMONITION

By GEORGE V. WILLIAMS.
(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

We were sitting in a club at Washington talking about life on what in the sixties were called "the plains," when the natural state was struggling against civilization, when the savage was not yet extinct there and when the buffalo was bucking against the locomotive. There was Tom Sherkie, Dave Boggs, Tom Durham and myself. We had all lived beyond the Missouri river in those halcyon days. Some of us had been worse than we should have been, but we made a fair average sample of the population. One of our number had reached the United States senate, another was a representative, while a third was a big land dealer in the region of which we were speaking. The fourth, Tom Durham, was a prominent clergyman.
"Do any of you remember Phoebe Rusk?" asked Sherkie, "who kept a boarding house first at Julesburg, then at Laramie, following the Union Pacific as it made new terminals?"
"All owned to a remembrance of her except the Rev. Mr. Durham, who maintained silence.
"The biggest piece of blind luck I ever heard of," Sherkie continued, "she furnished. You know how she used to play poker with the boys? She made money in the region of which we were speaking. She made more money keeping, but she made more by poker. She was a jolly, good natured, good hearted woman whom everybody liked and was considered perfectly straight in every respect. She could spot a regular gambler and would never play with any of them."
"Well, this is the story I heard about her great stroke of luck, and I got it from one of the men at the table, who had no interest in lying about it. A number of her boarders sat down to play one night in her parlor and asked her to join them. She said she'd rather not. She didn't want to win their money and somehow she felt that she'd be awfully lucky. She could always tell, she said, when she was going to win big. But the boys persuaded her, and she took a hand.
"Talk as you please, there's a lot in these feelings that some people have about something that's going to happen. I've been there myself. When I was developing my claim at Deadwood I knew the day before I struck the vein that made me rich that I was in for a strike. There was no indication of it any more than there had been when I began to work with my pick. Nevertheless I knew it. I mention this to show you just how Phoebe Rusk felt.
"There were half a dozen of them in the party. A youngster of eighteen, a tenderfoot from the east, wanted to take a hand, but Phoebe wouldn't go in unless he stayed out. So the banker wouldn't give him any chips. The cards had been dealt five or six times when the tenderfoot opened with a jackpot. It happened to be one of those occasions when everybody had a good hand. The pile on the table kept growing till at last Phoebe called a halt. She said she didn't want her house to get the reputation of running such a big game. One man drew two cards, and the rest, all except Phoebe, stood pat. Phoebe said:
"If I don't draw the card to fill my hand is worth nothing. If I do I'll win the pot. It's nothing more or less than a showdown, so I don't mind letting you see my hand. I'll let you see my cards face up on the table. There were the eight, nine, ten and jack of spades and the king of diamonds. Throwing out the king, she said to the dealer: 'Give me either the seven or queen of spades, whichever you like. I'm dead sure you'll give me one or the other.'
"The dealer dealt her the top card on the pack. She turned it over, and it was the seven of spades. She had a straight flush and won the pot.
"That broke up the game. None of them would play longer against a woman who knew she would win and did win."
Those who heard the story were quite sure that there are people so delicately organized in certain respects that they can feel such presentiments as the one given. The Rev. Mr. Durham alone made no comment.
"What do you think, parson?" asked Sherkie. "Do you believe in such foresight?"
"Not in that case."
"Why not?"
"The clergyman hesitated and at last said:
"We are all old plainmen, and I know no one of us would do anything to injure the other, so I don't mind giving you my confidence. Besides, I make no secret that I was an unrighteous man before my conversion, though I don't like, after thirty years in the ministry, to refer to special instances in that life I have since held in horror. I was, as you know, at that time a professional gambler and was a member of the poker party at Phoebe Rusk's, though I wasn't known there as a gambler. Phoebe also was crooked on cards, and her boarding house was really a gambling house. She and I stood in together. When she called for one of the cards she wanted she was quite sure she would get it, for I had dealt her the cards she had, knowing what they were, and had the seven of spades ready to complete her hand."
"That's the way," I remarked, "that presentiments usually come about if we could uncover the cause."