



We do not wish to blow our own horn too hard; but if you will find us out you will find yourselves in.

I really believe it. I am telling you the things that I firmly believe in. I believe that if you will make a purchase here, at my store, you will find out that you can get anything you wish without paying an unreasonable price.

For Christmas Gifts THAT ARE DECIDEDLY POPULAR & PLEASING See Our Line of

- Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Novelties, Toilet Sets, Hosiery, Umbrellas, and Games, Jewelry of Every Description, Cut Glass

C. A. NELSON JEWELER Lewis Blk. :: Fifth St.



Ringville, Dec. 12—Christmas is drawing near. Everybody busy—and no news.

Martinus Amundson and Swen Reikstad visited with old friends in Ringville last week.

The Georgville T. A. S., which was to meet Friday night this week, has been postponed indefinitely. The next meeting will likely be held one evening between Christmas and New Years.

Most of our Georgville people were called to St. Cloud last week as witnesses in Oliver Pederson's case with the Soo Railroad company.

Rasmus Olson is at present enjoying a visit with old acquaintances and friends at Le Roy, Minn.

Rena Halvorson called on Mrs. Warke, west of Belgrade, one day last week.

Amanda Eliason is at present working for Rasmus Olson.

Ida Iverson, from Minneapolis, is staying with her folks here.

Alfred Corneliuson is working for Olaf Sonstegard this winter.

Hannah Chelmen spent a few days with old Grandma Olson last week. Mrs. Olson has been sick for a while but is at the time of this writing able to be again.

Mr. Shipstead is reported to be quite seriously ill.

Dagny Anderson spent a few days with her sister Mrs. P. Quistberg at Georgville last week.

Gertie Sabow was at Mrs. J. P. Iverslie's sewing the last couple of weeks.

Rev. Nordberg will conduct services at Gudsahl church next Sunday and Sunday school will meet right after services for the last time this year. All children should try to be present and practice their pieces for the Christmas tree program.

Alfred Amundson, from Willmar

XMAS PRESENTS

For the BOYS:

- Pocket Knives, Skates, Skis, Carpenter Tools

For Father and the Big Boys:

- Razors, Safety Razors, Razor Straps, Pearl-Handled Pocket Knives, Jack Knives and Carpenter Tools

For Mother and the Girls:

- "Majestic" Steel Ranges, Scissors and Shears, Silver Knives and Forks, Tea and Table Spoons, Granite and Nickel Plated Coffee and Tea Pots, Granite Iron Preserving Kettles, "1900" and "White Lilly" Washing Machines, Ironing Boards, Wringers, Clothes Racks, Lisk Roasting Pans, Meat Cutters

ALL THIS YOU WILL FIND AT THE HARDWARE STORE

Ohsberg, Selvig & Co.

REFORMATION OF CALLOPE.

Love Conquers When the Power of the Law Is Impotent.

By O. HENRY. (Copyright, 1907, by the McClure Company.)

Callope Catesby was in his humor again. Ennui was upon him. This goodly promontory, the earth—particularly that portion of it known as Quicksand—was to him no more than a pestilent congregation of vapors.



THAT FEARFUL, BRASSY YELL.

Not far away was the little railroad station, its building a strong box house 10 by 20 feet resting upon a platform four feet above ground. Windows were in each of its walls.

Callope made a bold and rapid sprint for it, the marshal's crowd "smoking" him as he ran. He reached the haven in safety, the station agent leaving the building by a window.

Patterson and his supporters halted under protection of a pile of lumber and held consultations. In the station was an untried desperado who was an excellent shot and carried an abundance of ammunition. For thirty yards on each side of the besieged was a stretch of bare open ground.

Standing near was a hand truck used in the manipulation of small freight. It stood by a shed full of sacks in a consignment from one of the sheep ranches. On this truck the marshal and his men piled three heavy sacks of wool. Stopping low, Buck Patterson started for Callope's fort, slowly pushing this loaded truck before him for protection.

Abandoning his breastworks, Buck, with his hands, dashed up the steps and into the room. Driving open the closed door with one heave of his weighty shoulder, the members of the posse heard one shot fired inside, and then there was silence.

tactics in kind. Choosing with a rapid eye the street from which the weakest and least accurate fire had come, he invaded it at a double quick, abandoning the unprotected middle of the street with rare cunning the opposite force in that direction, one of the deputies and two of the valorous volunteers, waited, concealed by beer barrels, until Callope had passed their retreat and then peppered him from the rear. In another moment they were re-enforced by the marshal and his other men, and then Callope felt that order to successfully prolong the delights of the controversy he must find some means of reducing the great odds against him.

Not far away was the little railroad station, its building a strong box house 10 by 20 feet resting upon a platform four feet above ground. Windows were in each of its walls. Callope made a bold and rapid sprint for it, the marshal's crowd "smoking" him as he ran.

Abandoning his breastworks, Buck, with his hands, dashed up the steps and into the room. Driving open the closed door with one heave of his weighty shoulder, the members of the posse heard one shot fired inside, and then there was silence.

There now, great, big, strong man! That bullet never touched you—just sketched along the side of your head, and sort of paralyzed you for a spell. I've heard of such things afore. Concession is what they names it. Abel Watkins used to kill squirrels that way—barkin' 'em. Abel called it. You just been barked, sir, and you'll be all right in a little bit. Feel lots better already, don't you? You just lay still a while longer, and let me bathe your head. You don't know me, I reckon, and 'tain't surprisin' that you shouldn't. I come in on that train from Alabama to see my son. Big son, ain't he? Lands, you wouldn't hardly think he'd ever been a baby, would you? This is my son, sir."

Half turning, the old woman looked up at the standing man, her worn face lighting with a proud and wonderful smile. She reached out one veined and calloused hand and took one of her son's. Then, snuffing cheerily down at the prostrate man, she continued to dip the handkerchief in the waiting room tin wash basin and gently apply it to his temple.

"I ain't seen my son before," she continued, "in eight years. One of my nephews, Elkman Price, he's a conductor on one of them railroads, and he got me a pair of come-on-here. I can stay a whole week on it, and then I'll take me back again. Jest think, now, that little boy of mine has got to be a officer—a city marshal of a whole town! That's somethin' like a constable, ain't it? I never knowed he was a officer. He didn't say nothin' about it in his letters. I reckon he thought his old mother'd be skinned about the danger he was in. But laws, I never was much of a hand to get skinned. 'Tain't no use. I heard them guns a-shootin' while I was gittin' off them cars, and I see smoke a-comin' out of the depot, but I jest walked right along. Then I see son's face lookin' out through the window. I knowed him at once. He met me at the door, and he hugged me, and he death. And there you was, sir, a-lyin' there jest like you was dead, and I 'lowed we'd see what might be done to help set you up."

"I think I'll sit up now," said the concussion patient. "I'm feelin' pretty fair by this time." He sat, somewhat weakly yet, leaning against the wall. He was a big, red man, big boned and straight. His eyes, steady and keen, seemed to linger upon the face of the man standing so still above him. His look wandered



COLUMBIA DOUBLE-DISC RECORDS. A different selection on each side. They fit any machine. That tells the whole story except that at 65 cents for the Columbia Double-Disc you get a better record, on each side, than you ever bought before at \$1.20 for the same two selections. Get a catalog! THE WIGGINS CO. 320 5th St. Phone 125

Local G. N. Time Table. All odd numbered trains are West bound. All even numbered trains are East bound. Table with columns for Train No., Arrives, Leaves, and Bound For.

BARGAINS IN City Property FOR SALE: TWO LOTS IN FIRST WARD—Nos. 8 and 9 of Block 136. LOT IN SECOND WARD—50x150 feet, on 9th street. LOT AND HOUSE ON 4TH STREET—Next to my garage, and only 100 feet from new postoffice location. LARS HALVORSON WILLMAR, MINNESOTA

Bullock Skin Boats.

There are few more primitive methods of transportation than those in use today by natives of northern India who make their homes in the vicinity of the swift flowing Sutlej. The boats of these aborigines are nothing more or less than bullock skins inflated by the breath of the natives themselves.

The Symphony.

The symphony was the result of growth rather than a direct creation. It grew in proportion as instruments came. The direct form leading to the symphony was the sonata of the seventeenth century. Then came the concerto, invented by Joralli, who employed the ordinary string quartet and the solo instrument. Wind instruments were later added, and finally the instrumental parts were doubled, and thus a real approach was made toward the symphony, the great tone epics of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven.

The Volcano Circle.

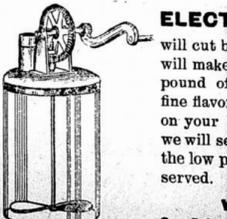
Volcanoes would seem to be arranged with more or less symmetry in belts circling the great oceans. A ring of fire surrounds the Pacific. Starting at the South Shetland islands, several hundred miles south of Cape Horn, a belt of volcanoes extends up the west coast of South America, Central America and North America; from Alaska it crosses the Pacific along the Aleutian islands to Kamchatka; thence it follows the east edge of the Pacific through the Kurile islands, Japan, Formosa, the Philippines, the Moluccas, the Solomon islands, the North Hebrides, New Zealand and finally ends in Mounts Trent and Erebus, on the Antarctic continent.

Nature and Poetry.

Environment aids poetry, but does not create it. Nature is the grand agent in making poetry, and poetry is present wherever nature is. It sparkles on the sea, glows in the rainbow, flashes from the lightning and the stars, peals in thunder, roars in the catarract and sings in the winds. Poetry is God's image reflected in nature, as in a mirror, and nature is present wherever man is.—Selected.

Getting Serious.

"Fluddub says he is thinking seriously about marriage." "Why, I thought he was married two or three months ago." "So he was, but he is just beginning to think seriously about it."—Town Topics.



ELECTRIC BUTTER DOBBLER will cut butter bill nearly in two; that is it will make two pounds of butter out of one pound of butter and one pint of milk. A fine flavored butter, just the thing to spread on your bread. To introduce this machine we will sell a limited number of machines at the low price of \$1.50 each. First come, first served. Write us at once. WAUPAUL ELECTRIC CO., Cor. Prior and Fenelon Aves. Merriam Park, Minn.