

NOTICE TO THE FARMERS AND LABORING MEN

I have received a fine line of hand made working shoes. You cannot find a better shoe for men and boys. Men's shoes \$3.00 to \$3.50. Boys' shoes \$2.75, that can't be beat. I have also received a fine line of Ladies' pumps and oxfords, also Gents' fine oxfords which I will close out at a bargain. I also have the Story & Clark pianos for sale. All parties expecting to purchase will save quite a sum of money by seeing me before buying.

J. L. Gale and E. B. McGannon
Lewis Block, 5th St., Willmar, Minn.

A MINER'S LOVE STORY

By SAMUEL E. BRANT
Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

"The fun's all gone outen this yere country," said the old miner. "Sence the railroads has been built there ain't no more excitement, romantic happenin's and all that. When we traveled in these yere mountings in stagecoaches there was all sorts of things happenen, from lovmakin' to hair raisin'."

He took a long flat piece of tobacco out of his mouth, bit off a piece and resumed.

"I've seen all sorts of things goin' on in stagecoaches. I've been held up by road agents half a dozen times; been chased by Indians; seen a couple that had never seen each other before start out in a coach in the mornin' and married the same evenin' a hundred miles from where they started. And I had a romance onct. I don't know exactly what you call a romance mebby. What is it?"

"Oh, where there's a lot of love goin' on."

"That's it—that's my case. There was love enough to pull the coach without no horses. I was ridin' from Cheyenne to Denver, and the only passenger. Right out on the plains among the prairie dogs, not a cabin in sight nor a tree, either. I saw a young woman a-footin' it along the road ahead. I was a-tittin' with the driver and asked him what he thort she was doin' walkin' that a-way. He said he didn't know and didn't keer. Like enough she'd ask him for a ride and she would not git it unless she paid her fare."

"When we reached her she stepped outen the road and looked up at us sort of pitiful. She was a young thing—not over eighteen—though she was purty tall. I asked the driver to stop. He reined in, and I said to the gal:

"Want a lift, miss?"

"I'd like one," she said in a hoarse voice, coughin', "but I haven't no money."

"Git up," says the driver, says he. But I stopped him, tellin' him I'd pay the gal's fare to Denver. I got down and opened the door. She got in. I followed her and set down beside her. She was mighty bleeged to me for payin' her fare and cottoned to me right away."

"She had red cheeks and was purty as a pictur', all except her hair, that looked as if it hadn't never been combed. It was tussled all over her forehead. I axed her if she'd like a comb outen my satchel for to straighten it out. She larfed and said that was the way ladies wore their hair."

I axed her what ladies, and she said ladies from the eastern states, where there was big towns.

"Of course, she bein' under obligations to me for payin' her fare, we got on mighty fast. One thing led to another, and we was thicker and thicker with each other. Lucky for me nobody got in, though there war'n't much danger of that, for there wasn't a settlement between Cheyenne and Denver. I pumps her to know who she was, and finally she let out that she had been lady's maid to an officer's wife at Fort —. She was goin' to St. Louis to see her mother, who was sick. She'd spent all her money stagin' it and was walkin' the rest of the way, except when she could git a lift."

"Well, we kep' gittin' thicker and thicker till at last I begun to make love like a steam engine. Then when I'd got through tellin' her how purty she was and how I loved her I come down to business and tole her I'd struck a hole up on Clear creek panin' out \$600 to the ton; that I was mighty lonely and wanted a wife to help me spend the money I was makin'."

"She said she wouldn't give up her sick mother for no gold mine and was goin' right on to St. Louis. I tried to coax her, but it didn't do no good. She fit shy after that, and the shier she fit the more I tried to persuade her."

"When we got within about ten miles of Denver she opened the door and was goin' to git out, but I tuk hold of her and held her. She turned round, and I never see such a change in anyone in my life. She was just bollin'."

"I beg yer pardon, I said. 'I didn't intend to insult you. I was just goin' to try once more to get you to listen to me.'"

"You keep your hands off me!" she hollered in a different kind of a voice from before. "I'm goin' to git out of the coach, you, bloomin' idiot, and if you try to keep me I'll knock you into the middle of next week."

"It was wonderful how that love that had been swellin' up in my heart like a balloon collapsed and was a-sinkin' down like the outside with the gas all out of it."

"Who air you, and what you doin' in them togs?" I hollered.

"I don't care now who knows—they won't foller me this far. I'm a deserter from the 3rd infantry, stationed at Fort —."

"With that he jumped down on to the road and skeddaddled in a southwest direction, and that was the last I seen of him."

"I got up with the driver. He was laudin' in to himself. 'I knowed she was a deserter,' he said, 'from the fust. There is scarcely a trip I make this way that I don't overhan one or more of 'em. Sometimes they're in uniform, sometimes in citizen's togs, and onct in a while some young un with peach cheeks 'll travel as a woman.'"

Two Oliver's

A Skating Episode
By Clarissa Mackie
Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

Oliver had discovered the forest in closed pool as he tramped through the woods on his survey of the territory. The ice was thick and dark and smooth as glass, and it invited him to test it. The next day he deserted his assistants and sought the frozen pool with a pair of skates slung over his shoulder.

He was kneeling on the bank fastening his skates when he heard the sound of light footfalls on the thin crust of snow. He looked up.

A girl was coming down the woodland path, swinging shining skates over her shoulder. He could see that she was dark, with soft masses of curling black hair and large black eyes; a lovely rose color bloomed in her cheeks and tinted her tender lips. She wore a bright red skirt with a jaunty fur jacket, and on her head was perched a cap of something soft and dainty.

The girl did not seem to see Oliver as she came lightly down to the edge of the pond and knelt down to adjust the skates to her pretty russet shod feet.

For an instant she poised on the edge of the ice like a bright hued bird.

Now she suddenly dashed toward him with fur gloved hands outstretched. Instinctively he dodged her embrace, and as he slipped past she uttered a soft chuckling laugh.

There ensued the most startling experience in Oliver's career. For a half hour he was pursued about that small icy space by this girl of the fairy form and luminous black eyes. Not a word did she utter, but now and then she suddenly dashed toward him with fur gloved hands outstretched. Instinctively he dodged her embrace, and as he slipped past she uttered a soft chuckling laugh.

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H. MEYER

"I dodged her embrace," then that low, delicious laugh broke from her lips as her finger tips brushed his shoes.

Oliver, puzzled and quite as silent as his fair pursuer, doubled and turned and twisted and found difficulty in evading the grasp of her hands.

There was no sound in the forest save the ring of their skates upon the ice and the occasional fall of some frozen laden twig. In the distance bluejays were screaming, and occasionally the call of a crow came down from some altitude.

All at once, when Oliver had again slipped through her little fingers, the girl stopped and pressed her hands over her beating heart.

"It's not fair, Oliver," she pouted. "You have decidedly the advantage of me. If I had not been handicapped I would have caught you long ago."

Oliver Ray caught his breath sharply. What was this girl saying, and why did she call him Oliver?

Again she spoke, this time with an acute note of anxiety in her sweet voice.

"Don't tease, Oliver. Won't you speak? Your silence frightens me."

Again her head was bent in that listening attitude, only the eyes turned toward the young man were pitifully eager.

"I wonder if you have not made a mistake?" began Oliver gently, when the sound of his voice startled her into a terror that carried her swiftly to the other side of the pond.

"Oh, who is it? Where is Oliver?" she called.

"I am Oliver Ray," said the owner of that name apologetically. "I am in charge of the surveying party, and I took the liberty of enjoying a quiet skate on this pond. I am sorry if I frightened you, but I thought you could see that I was a stranger."

"I thought it was my brother Oliver. He came down to skate, and I was following him. Sometimes he tries to tease me by keeping very quiet and pretending that he is not here. Have I—have I been pursuing you around this pond?" she asked in a horror-struck voice.

"I rather enjoyed the exercise," admitted Oliver with a smile.

"And your name is Oliver also?" she asked suspiciously.

"Here is my card, if you will look at it," said Oliver, tugging at his breast pocket.

"Oh, I couldn't read it; I am blind," she said simply.

"Blind? Lord, how could I guess that?" gasped Oliver. "Why, if I had only known I might have saved you all this trouble. Pardon me, but it does not seem possible."

"It is only too true," said the girl, a tinge of pathos in her voice. Then, as a college president in an address on pedagogy said:

"The most remarkable changes in the last thirty years of teaching is the abolition of corporal punishment. A boy of this generation is never whipped. But boys of the last generation must have believed that their instructors all had for motto: 'The swish is father to the taught.'"

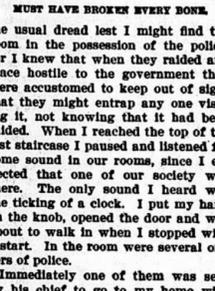
White pine water tanks have been known to last twenty years, while some built of cypress have lasted twenty-five years.

Trapped

But There Were Two Traps and One Neutralized the Other
By Della B. Thoms
Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

My husband and I had been working for some time educating the peasantry in Russia and had the good luck to escape the police. Our work was done by means of matter written, printed and distributed all in secret. So long as we had no traitors among us we felt comparatively safe. And since we were all doing the work as a matter of duty the only danger from traitors was that some spy should come among us for the express purpose of betraying us. The other dangers were that the police should get word of our depots of supplies or intercept the matter while leaving our hands.

One day I went to the main depot to get some matter ready for shipment. The room was at the top of a business building, and I climbed the stairs with



H. MEYER

But what a misfortune I have had in getting into the wrong room!"

I was at the time quite a distance from our rooms, but since I kept a straight path, not turning corners, as I had done before, my attendant did not consider that I was deceiving him. At any rate, he said nothing, walking beside me stolidly. I was in front lest my husband had not been warned. If he had been I did not expect to find him at home, but did expect that our rooms would be stripped of documents.

Our home was on the second floor of an apartment house. I led my husband upstairs and opened the door of our living rooms with a wildly beating heart. I was shocked to see my husband sitting in an easy chair reading. He gave me and my attendant a look of wonder as we entered, but I knew that it was assumed. It told me also, or rather, I inferred, that he had been warned and had remained at home in the hope that he might save me.

I threw myself at his feet and begged him not to condemn me unheard; that the fact that I came in charge of a police officer would be explained; that I had made a blunder which had resulted in very serious consequences. In short, I recounted what I had said to the police officers.

My husband took the cue readily, though I gave him plenty of time to understand by not leaving him an opportunity to reply, so voluminous were my excuses for coming home in charge of an officer. But when I paused for breath my husband raised me, took me in his arms and said to me, "I believe every word you say. I confess I have been jealous of this man, who has been trying to induce you to look favorably upon him, but I have perfect confidence that you would not tell me a lie." Then on pretense of kissing me on the cheek he whispered: "Leave it to me."

"And, now, sir," he said, turning to the officer, "what can I do to convince you that my wife is a loyal subject of the emperor?"

"I must search these rooms," said the man doggedly.

"Do so. Go where you like. They are all on this floor."

But the man, though not very bright looking, was not so stupid as to let us remain in the living room while he went elsewhere.

"You come with me," he said, including both of us.

"Certainly," said my husband. "We will assist you in your search. We will open up every closet, guide you to every nook, and when you are convinced of our loyalty I trust that you will report it so that it may reach his majesty's ears."

There were but few rooms, and we, rather, my husband—led him through them all. In a cabinet was found a number of pamphlets that my husband had published some years before embodying suggestions to the government as to how to deal with revolutionists and profuse with expressions of loyalty. The pamphlet had been written when my husband first became interested in bettering the condition of our people and had greatly pleased the government. But the suggestions had not been followed, and the author had taken the work of education into his own hands. I did not doubt that he had placed these pamphlets where they would be found, though he had done so, expecting that an officer of higher rank would examine them.

The officer glanced at them, then put them under his arm to turn over to his superior. He poked his nose everywhere till finally my husband threw open the door of a closet. The man entered, and quiet as a flash my husband closed the door. The man put his foot in the opening and endeavored to force his way out. My husband and I both roared out. We were scarcely equal to the task. One thought of Siberia was enough to give us sufficient strength to hold our own, and while my husband remained braced against the door, I, who am by no means a light woman, brought the heel of my heavy walking boot down on the officer's toes. The pain must have been intense, but he held his foot in place. I looked about for something heavier than my boot and in a fireplace noticed the androns. A few seconds' absence was enough to bring one of them, with which I dealt such blows that they must have broken every bone in the man's foot. He withdrew it, and I turned the key in the lock.

I, being dressed for the street, needed to put on no other clothing, and my husband seizing his hat, we were about to go downstairs when we heard the door below open, and looking down the staircase, saw three officers of police enter. Doubtless I and my guard had been shadowed. The house was built in a block, walls at the sides, open front and rear. We rushed to a bedroom at the rear, locked the door, made a rope of the bedclothing and let ourselves down to the ground.

"Give me one more chance," I said. "I have finally made up my mind to take you to my home, to face my husband and have an end to this matter."

Wedding Gifts

We are prepared to take care of your wants in wedding gifts. We have the most complete line of suitable articles for wedding gifts in Silverware, Cut Glass, China and Clocks.

We respectfully ask you to call and see the fine chests of silverware just received. 26 pieces in chest at the very low price of \$7.50.

Anderson Bros. & Co.

The Fourth St. Jewelers and Opticians
WILLMAR, MINNESOTA



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Power pollutes. Power, like a desolating pestilence, pollutes whatever it touches, and obedience, Bene of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth, Makes slaves of men and of the human frame A mechanized automaton. —Shelley.

As a Weapon.

"The late O. Henry," said a magazine editor, "was always doing and saying the unexpected thing. That was the secret of his charm. Mr. Porter—to give him his right name—was once prevailed on by my wife to address a mothers' meeting in Brooklyn. His address, a brilliant one, began with the announcement: 'Few women know the full value of a stationery.'"

ORDINANCE NO. 118.

An ordinance granting to Arthur C. Bowe, his successors and assigns, the right, franchise and privilege of building, constructing, operating and maintaining a telephone system and exchange in the City of Willmar, Minnesota, upon and along the streets, highways and alleys of said city.

Be it ordained by the City of Willmar as follows:

Section I.

That Arthur C. Bowe, his successors and assigns, be and they hereby are granted the right, franchise and privilege of using the streets, highways and alleys of the City of Willmar, Minnesota, for the laying and constructing of underground conduits and manholes connected to the wires and the placing of telephone cables therein; the setting and erection of poles and posts with fixtures and crossbars and the stringing of wires and cables thereon; of building, constructing, operating and maintaining a telephone system and exchange upon and along said streets, highways, and alleys, for the purpose of furnishing said City of Willmar and the residents thereof with a good, sufficient and modern telephone system and exchange; said grant being made upon the following conditions and not otherwise:

Section II.

The telephone system and exchange to be built, constructed and operated under this ordinance shall be what is known as a Central Battery System.

Section III.

All telephone wires to be used in the building and constructing of the telephone system and exchange within the following portion of the said City of Willmar, to wit: All that portion bounded on the North by the North line of Pacific avenue, on the South by the South line of Becker Avenue, on the East by the East line of Second Street and on the West by the West line of Seventh Street; shall be in lead covered cables placed in underground conduits, which conduits shall be of either clay, fibre or cast iron.

The manholes connected with said underground conduits shall be constructed of brick or concrete with cast iron covers.

Section IV.

All poles and posts set or erected under this ordinance shall be of sufficient size and height, shall be placed in alleys wherever possible and all poles, posts and crossbars shall be painted such color as the City Council shall direct.

Section V.

The locating of all conduits, manholes, poles and posts, built, constructed, set or placed under this ordinance shall be under the supervision of the City Council.

Section VI.

Should it, at any time, become necessary, through the change of grade of any street or by reason of any public improvement, to move any pole, post, fixture, manhole or conduit, then upon thirty (30) days notice by the City Council, the said Arthur C. Bowe, his successors or assigns, shall, at their own expense, make such change as directed by the

said City Council to conform to the new grade or public improvement.

Section VII.

The said Arthur C. Bowe, his successors or assigns, shall at all times during the life of this ordinance, save the City of Willmar free and harmless from any and all damages or damage suits caused by or arising from the building, constructing or operation of the telephone system and exchange installed under this ordinance.

Section VIII.

The maximum prices or rates to be charged for telephone service during the life of this ordinance shall not exceed the sum of Twenty-four (\$24.00) Dollars per year for business telephones on private or individual lines, nor the sum of Twelve (\$12.00) Dollars per year for residence telephones on private or individual lines.

Section IX.

Should the City of Willmar desire to purchase or take over the telephone system and exchange installed under this ordinance at any time subsequent to three (3) years from the date said ordinance takes effect, and before the expiration thereof, the said Arthur C. Bowe, his successors or assigns, hereby agree to sell the same to the said City of Willmar at its original cost plus five (5) per cent thereof, or in the event that the said City desires to purchase or take over the said telephone plant and exchange at the end or expiration of the term herein mentioned, said Arthur C. Bowe, his successors or assigns hereby agree to sell the same to said City at a fair and reasonable valuation thereof, said fair and reasonable valuation to be determined by three (3) appraisers, who shall be experienced telephone men, one of whom shall be selected by the City of Willmar through its Council, one of whom shall be selected by Arthur C. Bowe, his successors or assigns, and the third shall be selected by the other two. The valuation in writing made by a majority of the said appraisers shall be conclusive and final between the parties.

Section X.

The said Arthur C. Bowe, his successors or assigns, shall not sell, assign or transfer any right that he or they may acquire under and by virtue of this ordinance to any person, persons or corporation except upon the approval of the City Council of said City by resolution duly passed and adopted by said City Council by a majority vote thereof.

Section XI.

In the event of this ordinance and acceptance of this ordinance by the legal voters of the City of Willmar, upon its submission to them, the said Arthur C. Bowe, his successors or assigns, shall make, execute and deliver to the City of Willmar, a bond in the sum of Four Thousand (\$4,000.00) Dollars as an evidence of his or their good faith and honest intentions, conditioned that said telephone system and exchange shall be built, constructed and in operation within eighteen (18) months from the date of said bond, which shall be forfeited to the City of Willmar at the end of said period if said telephone system and exchange be not built, constructed and in operation at said time, unless such failure to so build and construct the same be caused by restraining orders, injunctions, lawsuits, strikes, boycotts, lockouts, failure of delivery of materials, wrecks, acts of God or by causes beyond the control of said Arthur C. Bowe, his successors or assigns, and no right shall be acquired under this ordinance until said bond shall have been made, executed and delivered as aforesaid and the same approved by the City Council of the City of Willmar by a majority vote thereof.

Section XII.

This ordinance shall be submitted to the legal voters of the City of Willmar as in the City Charter provided at such time as the City Council may fix and determine. It shall take effect and be in force from and after its adoption and acceptance by the legal voters of the City of Willmar and shall remain in such force and effect for the full period of ten (10) years thereafter, but no longer.

Approved June 27th, 1911.
E. C. Wallin,
Mayor.

COURAGE.
The soul, secured in its existence, smiles at the drawn dagger and defies its point.—Addison.

Cowards die many times before their death; The valiant never taste of death but once. —Shakespeare.

Courage in danger is half the battle.—Plautus.

Write on your doors the saying, wise and old, "Be bold, be bold" and everywhere "Be bold; Be not too bold!" Yet better the excess Than the defect; better the more than less; Better like Hector in the field to die Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly. —H. W. Longfellow.

BUSINESS.
A big business country must have big business, and ours is the biggest business country in the world. Business depends upon the ease and quickness with which people can mingle and trade together. To stop the growth of business organizations is to stop the growth of the country. Service is the test of theories. Shall we go backward or forward? The price of the raw materials that go into wagons and agricultural implements has increased, while the price of wagons and agricultural implements has gone down, and at the same time those wagons and agricultural implements today are guaranteed. Politicians denounce big business, but ask the farmer if he is willing to go back to the blacksmith shop for his plows, harrows, wagons and reapers.—Albert J. Beveridge.

A Gentle Hint.
Lenders—Do you ever think of that ten spot you borrowed of me? Borrowers—Don't worry, I still have it in mind.

Lenders—Don't you think it about time you relieved your mind?—Exchange.

REAL SERVICE.
And he gave it for his opinion that whoever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before would deserve better of mankind and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together.—Swift.

The Happy Man.
"I hear she is to be married. Who is the happy man?"
"Her father."—Lippincott's.

The Pace.
"You hear so many people talking of 'the pace that kills.' I wonder what they mean exactly?"
"Well, it depends. There's the messenger boy's pace, for instance. That's 'nearly kills time.'—Philadelphia Press.

No Wonder He Was Ugly.
"What's your husband so ugly about?"
"He's been out of work six weeks." "I should think that would suit him first rate."
"That's it! He's just got a job today.—Megendorfer Blatter.

England and Tobacco.
The people of Great Britain consume less tobacco per head than any other civilized people of the world.