MY LADY OF THE NORTH

The Love Story of a Gray Jacket

By RANDALL PARRISH

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Illustrated by Arthur T. Williamson

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"A mere waste of powder, I fear," was my reply, given thoughtlessly. "When the rush finally comes we are likely to be without sufficient ammunition to repel it. I hardly expect those fellows out there will ever leave without a determined effort to carry the house by storm. I have no doubt they are simply drawing all this fire in the hope that our ammunition will thus be uselessly expended. It is an old army trick, and one I am surprised to see so experienced an officer as Major Brennan yield to. In my judgment they will make an effort to rush us as soon as there is sufficient light."

"But why not warn him?"

"Major Brennan would scarcely welcome any interference on my part."

"But surely, as a soldier, he must value the advice of another soldier?"

"Possibly you forget," I explained, striving to speak as lightly of it as might be, "that there is a lack of friendship between Major Brennan and myself."

"Still?" she asked. "Truly I thought that might all be over. Even if it survived until now, this noble act of yours in coming to our defense should have earned you his gratitude. He—he has never once mentioned your name to me since that night."

"Not even when I came here with my troop, I believe?"

"No; yet I did not connect that fact with the other. I supposed it a mere oversight, or that he believed the mention of your name would not greatly interest me. Surely, Captain Wayne, you are not keeping open this unhappy wound?"

"On my word, no; but I regret to confess it is very far from being closed."

"He—Major Brennan does not know, then, that you are here now with me?" She evidently hesitated to ask this question.

"Certainly not," in surprise at her apparent innocence. "You cannot have supposed I had been sent here by him to talk with you?"

"I—I did not know. I do not think I realized," she stammered, vainly seeking for words with which to make clear her bewilderment. "I imagined you might have come at his suggestion to see that we were amply protected. This is all so very strange. He does not even know you are here with us?"

"No," I admitted reluctantly. "Perhaps I have no excuse even for being here at all. My duty as a soldier is certainly elsewhere, but I could not rest content until I knew you were in a position of safety. Believe me, Mrs. Brennan, I have intended no indiscretion, but I was informed by a soldier that you were being held here under fire."

Her hand touched mine impulsively, and it was warm and throbbing.

"I can merely thank you with all my heart, Captain Wayne, and assure you I both understand and appreciate your purpose. But truly I do not wish any trouble to occur again—you will go back to your post, will you not? You can serve me best in that way, and retain the gratitude and admiration I have ever felt for you."

"At once, Mrs. Brennan," I returned earnestly. "I realize I have done wrong in ever coming here as I have. It is my first act of disobedience to orders in all my military life. But tell me first that I have forfeited neither your confidence nor your friendship?"

She paused a moment, then added quickly, as though in sudden rush of feeling: "No friend stands higher in my esteem than you—now please go, Captain Wayne."

As I crept back through the darkness, passing beneath the piano into the front room, which was filled with the choking fumes of powder, my mind was a chaos of emotions impossible to analyze. The very depth of love which drew me to her operated now in restraint. God alone knows the struggle in the darkness as I continued to move slowly away from her and toward the door. So deep was my agitation, so intense my thought, that I scarcely realized I was creeping along barely beneath the dead line of those bullets which constantly swept the apartment. Their crashing into the wall was almost meaningless, and I barely noted either the dense smoke or the fitful flashes of flame as the little garrison returned shot for shot. It was Brennan's voice—how hateful it sounded then—which recalled my attention.

"Mapes," he said, with the sharp tone of wearied command, "take a crack at that fellow over yonder by the big tree; he must be in range. You men, I verily believe, shut your eyes when you shoot, for there hasn't a man dropped out there in the last half hour."

I had reached the door by this time, but paused now, determined to venture one word of expostulation at his recklessness.

"Major Brennan," I said, speaking sufficiently loud to be audible above the uproar, "do you not think they will attempt to charge the house?"

"Not while we keep up this fire," he returned coldly, evidently recognizing my voice.

"I grant that, at least while darkness lasts. But you have just complained that your men were doing but small execution, and is there not danger of exhausting our stock of ammunition by such a useless fusillade?"

"It will last until our fellows get here—that is, if your man was ever really sent for aid, as you say."

There was a thinly veiled sneer in the words as he spoke them, but I curbed my temper.

"Well, in my judgment, sir—and I tell it you because I deem it a duty—" I retorted plainly, "you are making a grave mistake which you may realize when it becomes too late to rectify it. Possibly I have no right to criticise one who is technically in command, yet I am serving as a volunteer, and the conditions are peculiar. I not only remember the scene witnessed by me in the lines yonder, but also recall the fact that we are here to fulfil a sacred duty—the defense of helpless women from outrage. A fatal mistake upon our part would be horrible."

"Very well, sir"—and his tone was rough and overbearing—"then kindly recall your soldierly instincts to another little matter. I chance to command here by authority of rank, and hold myself responsible for the proper defense of this portion of the house. I believe you have already been assigned your duties; if you will attend to them I shall be greatly obliged, and whenever I may desire your valuable advice I shall take pleasure in sending for you."

I turned away in silence and strode back to my post, white with anger. The dining-room remained as I had left it, and when I lay down in my old position and peered out through the broken blind I could mark no change in the appearance of our besiegers.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Hand to Hand.

The faint gray light of early dawn rested upon the outside world, and through the fleeting shadows of the mist I was able to distinguish much which before had been shrouded by the black curtain. In front of the window where I rested, the grass-covered lawn sloped gradually downward until it terminated at a low picket fence, thickly covered with vines. A great variety of shrubs, which during the night had doubtless afforded shelter for sharpshooters, dotted this grass plot, while beyond the fence boundary stood a double row of large trees. To the far left of our position the burnt stable yet smoldered dully, occasionally sending up a shower of sparks as a draught of air fanned the embers, but there were few signs of life visible. For the moment I even hoped our enemies might have grown discouraged and withdrawn.

"What has become of the guerillas?" I asked in wonderment, turning as I spoke to face the Federal corporal who lay on the other side of me. "Is it possible they have given up?"

"I think not, captain," he replied respectfully, saluting as he would one of his own officers. "They were there just before the light came, and I saw a dozen or more stealing along behind the fence not five minutes ago. See, there is a squad of them now huddled together back of where the stable stood."

"Screw your eye close to the corner of the pane," I ordered hurriedly, "and see what you make out toward the front of the house."

"There's men out there sure, plenty of 'em," he reported slowly. "It looks to me mighty like the end of a line of battle, right there by that big magnolia tree. Anyhow, there must be all of twenty fellows lying close together between there and where the corner of the house shuts off my view. I don't see none this side anywhere, unless it's a shooter or two hiding along the fence where the vines are thick."

"That's it, my lad," I exclaimed, heartily, getting upon my feet as I spoke. "We can stand up now, there's no danger here, but there will be music for all of us presently. Those fellows are getting ready to charge us front and rear."

There were five in the room. I could see them only indistinctly, as the morning light was not yet sufficiently strong to penetrate clearly to where we were, but I was able to note those present—the corporal and his wounded companion, with Hollis and Call of my troop.

"Let the wounded man remain and guard those windows," I commanded. "He would prove of small value in a hand-to-hand struggle, but can probably do some shooting. The rest come with me."

I led them forth into the wide hallway, which extended the full length of the house, with a broad flight of stairs just forward of the center, gradually curving and leading to the second story. The suspended light was yet burning as we came out, but flickered wildly as if in a strong draught of air, and I noticed that the constant rain of bullets during the night had badly splintered an upper panel of the door. Halfway down the broad hallway, and partially obscured by the turn of the stairs, a door stood slightly ajar upon the right hand. Conjecturing this might be where the defenders of the eastern exposure were lying, I peered within. The blinds were tightly drawn and I was able to perceive little of its interior, excepting that the walls were lined with books.

"Ebers," I called, thinking he must be there, "are you in charge here?"

"I vos, captain," came the instant reply, and he at once emerged from the darkness.

"Have the enemy kept you busy?"

"Der vos some shooting, und Hadley he got hurt bad, but der fellers is all gone."

"Bring your men fit for duty out here in the hall, and have them join my party. How many have you?"

"Der is four, captain."

He drew back, and as he disappeared some one came hastily toward us along the hallway from the rear.

"What is it, Caton?" I asked anxiously, as I recognized him.

"They are forming to rush me, I think," he answered. "I need a few more men if I can get them."

"They are preparing to assault front and rear at the same time," I answered. "They are massing now, and in my judgment Brennan will have to face the brunt of it. The front of this house is greatly exposed, and will prove extremely difficult to defend if they come against it with any force. How many men do you absolutely require to hold your position? Remember, the women are all in the front part of the house, and we must protect them at all hazards; come with me. There are times when a higher law than that of military despotism should control our actions. I am going there, orders or no orders. Ebers can command your detachment and accomplish all the service you possibly could. Your rightful place is between these ruffians and the woman you love. How many additional men will be required to make the back of the house secure?"

"I feel like a new man, Wayne," he said thankfully, "and I know you are right. Four more would be sufficient, besides the one in command."

"Good! Ebers," I said, as my portly sergeant again emerged from out the darkness, "take your four men back to the kitchen and assume command. The guerillas are preparing to make a rush there, and you must drive them back by a rapid fire. Hurry along now."

The little group had barely vanished beyond the glow of the light when from without our ears were suddenly assailed by a wild, exulting yell that bespoke the charge.

"There they are!" I cried. "Now, lads, come with me!"

The dull, gray, chilling dawn revealed a room in utmost disorder, the windows shattered, the blinds cut and splintered, the walls scarred with bullets and disfigured with stains of blood, the furniture overturned and broken. A dead soldier in gray uniform lay in the center of the floor, his life-blood a dark stain upon the rich carpet; a man with coat off, and blue shirt ripped wide open, was leaning against the further wall vainly endeavoring to staunch a wound in his chest. Brennan was upon one knee near the central window, a smoking gun in his hand, a red welt showing ghastly across his cheek. All this I saw in a single glance, and then, with the leap of a panther I was beside him, gazing out into the morning mist, and firing as fast as I could handle my gun.

Through the shifting smoke clouds we could see them advancing on a run—an ugly, motley line, part blue, part gray, part everything—yelling as they swept forward like a pack of infuriated wolves, their fierce faces scowling savagely behind the rifles. It was half war, half riot—the reckless onslaught of outcasts bent on plunder, inspired by lust, yet guided by rude discipline.

I knew little of detail; faces were blurred, unrecognizable; all I seemed to note clearly was that solid, brutal, heartless, blasphemous line of desperate men sweeping toward us with a relentless fury our puny bullets could not check. Reckless ferocity was in that mad rush; they pressed on more like demons than human beings. I saw men fall; I saw the living stumble over the dead. I heard cries of agony, shouts, curses, but there was no pause.

"I Was Standing There Apparently Alone, but for the Dead."

I could mark their faces now, cruel, angry, revengeful; the hands that grasped the veranda railings; the leaping bodies; the rifle butts uplifted to batter down our frail defenses.

As trapped tigers we fought, hurling them back from the windows, slashing, clubbing, striking with fist and steel. Two lay dead across the sill before me, cloven to the very chin, but their bleeding bodies were hurled remorselessly aside, while others clambered forward, mad from lust of blood, crazed with liquor. With clubbed guns we cleared it again and again, battering mercilessly at every head that fronted us. Then a great giant of a fellow—dead or alive, I know not—was hurled head-long through the opening, an inert, limp weight, that bore the two soldiers beside me to the floor beneath his body. With wide sweep of my gun I struck him, shattering the stock into fragments, and swung back to meet the others, the not barrel falling to right and left like a flail. They were through and on me! Wild as any sea-rover of the north I fought, crazed with blood, unconscious of injury, animated solely by desire to strike and slay! Back I had to go; back—I trod on dead bodies, on wounded shrieking in pain, yet no man who came within sweep of that iron bar lived. I loved to hear the thud of it, and I fronted those glaring eyes, my blood afire, my arms like steel. Through the red mist I beheld Caton for an instant as twenty brutal hands uplifted, and then hurled him into the ruck beneath their feet. Whether I fought alone I knew not, cared not. Then some one pressed next to me, facing as I did, wielding a sword like a madman. We had our backs against the piano, our shoulders touched; before us that mob swayed, checked for the moment, held fast by sudden overpowering dread. I glanced aside. My companion was Brennan, hatless, his deep-set eyes aflame, his coat torn off, his shirt ripped open to the waist, his bare breast red with blood.

"No shootin', damn ye!" shouted a voice, hoarsely. "No shootin'; I want that Reb alive!"

Through the swirling smoke I recognized the malicious face of Red Lowrie as he pushed his way to the front. To me it was like a personal challenge to combat.

"Rush them!" I muttered into Brennan's ear. "Hurl them back a bit, and dodge under into the next room."

I never waited to ascertain if he heard me. With one fierce spring I struck their stunned line, and my iron bar swept a clear space as it crashed remorselessly into them. The next instant Lowrie and I were seemingly alone and fronting each other. A wild cat enraged by pain looks as he did when he leaped to meet me. Hate, deadly, relentless, glared in his eyes, and with a yell of exultation he swung up his long rifle and struck savagely at my head with the stock. I caught it partially on my barrel, breaking its full force, and even as it descended upon my shoulder, jabbed the muzzle hard into his leering face. With a snarl of pain he dropped his gun and grappled with me, but as his fingers closed about my throat, something swirled down through the maze, and the maddened brute staggered back, his arms uplifted, his red beard cloven in twain.

"Now for it, Wayne!" shouted Brennan. "Back with you!"

With a dive I went under the piano. I heard the sliding doors shut behind us, and almost with the sound was again upon my feet.

"To the stairs!" I panted. "Brennan, take the women to the stairs; those fellows are not in the hallway yet, and we can hold them there a while."

In our terrible need for haste, and amid the thick, swirling smoke filling that inner room almost to suffocation, I grasped the woman chancing to be nearest me, without knowing at that moment who she was. Already the rifle-butts were splintering the light wood behind us into staves, and I hastily dragged my dazed companion forward. The others were in advance, and we groped our way like blind persons out into the hall. By rare good fortune it was yet unoccupied, and as we took the few hurried steps toward the foot of the stairs I found my arm was encircling Celia Minor. The depth of despair within her dark eyes and the speechless anguish of her white face, swept for an instant the fierce rage of battle from my brain.

At that moment the mob, discovering our direction of escape, jammed both doorways and surged forth howling into the hall.

"Up!" I cried, forcing her forward. "Up with you; quick!"

I paused a scant second to pluck a saber from beside a dead soldier on the floor, and then with a spring up the intervening steps, faced about at Brennan's side on the first landing.

"We ought to leave our mark on those incarnate devils here," he said grimly, wiping his red blade on the carpet.

"Unless they reach the second story from without, and take us in the rear," I answered, "we ought to hold back the whole cowardly crew, so long as they refuse to fire."

It was a scene to abide long with a man—a horrible nightmare, never to be forgotten. Above us, protected somewhat by the abrupt curve of the wide staircase, crouched the women. Two were sobbing, their heads buried in their hands, but Maria and Mrs. Brennan sat white of face and dry-eyed. I caught one quick glance at the fair face I loved—my sweet lady of the North—thinking, indeed, it might prove the last on earth, and knew her eyes were upon me. Then, stronger of heart than ever for the coming struggle, I fronted that scene below.

Through the rising haze of smoke I looked down into angry faces, unkempt beards, and branished weapons. The baffled rascals poured out upon us from both doors, crowding into the narrow space, cursing, threatening, thirsting for revenge. Yet they were seemingly leaderless, and the boldest among them paused at the foot of the stairs. They had already felt our arms, had tested our steel, and knew well that grim death awaited their advance.

(To be continued.)

CHILDREN INJURED.

Ordinary Cathartics and Pills and Harsh Physic Cause Distressing Complaints.

You cannot be over-careful in the selection of medicine for children Only the very gentlest bowel medicine should ever be given, except in emergency cases. Ordinary pills, cathartics and purgatives are apt to do more harm than good. They may cause griping, nausea and other distressing after-effects that are frequently health destroying.

We personally recommend and guarantee Rexall Orderlies as the safest and most dependable remedy, which we know, for constipation and associate bowel disorders. We have such absolute faith in the virtues of this remedy that we sell it on our guarantee of money back in every instance where it fails to give entire satisfaction, and we urge all in need of such medicine to try it at our risk.

Rexall Orderlies are eaten just like candy, are particularly prompt and agreeable in action, may be taken at any time, day or night; do not cause diarrhœa, nausea, griping, excessive looseness, or other undesirable effects. They have a very mild but positive action upon the organs with which they come in contact, apparently acting as a regulative tonic upon the relaxed muscular coat of the bowel, thus overcoming weakness, and aiding to restore the bowels to more vigorous and healthy activity.

Rexall Orderlies commonly completely relieve constipation, except of course when of a surgical character. They also tend to overcome the necessity of constantly taking laxatives to keep the bowels in normal condition. Three sizes of packages, 10 cents, 25 cents, and 50 cents. Remember, you can obtain Rexall Remedies only at our store—The Rexall Store.

CARLSON BROS.

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SCANDINAVIAN NEWS

Principal Events Gathered in the Old Scandinavian Countries

DENMARK.

In an excavation for a new house in Vordingborg was found an earthen jar containing 400 old silver coins. The find has been reported to the national museum.

King Frederik has recovered from his recent illness. The matter was quite serious. The king himself realized this. Looking at the magnificent bouquets arrayed in front of his sick-bed, he said with a smile, "Well, these might have been placed on my coffin."

A Polish couple taking a train from Gerser claimed with great persistency that they had lost baggage to the value of $80. The railway authorities of Denmark and Germany tried to recover the property, but their efforts were in vain. Afterwards the couple had a quarrel, and the woman went to the railway station and confessed that they had really lost no baggage. The police finished the business.

It is handy to have a king. A stray dog stopped at a house in Norby, on the island of Fyen, and a little boy soon became so attached to him that he would do almost anything to keep the dog. But the boy's parents explained that they could not afford to pay the dog tax, which amounts to $1.35 a year. The boy began to do a little brain work on his own account. He knew that Denmark has a king. What is a king good for, anyway, unless he is ready to give a poor boy a little lift in an awful pinch like this? The boy at once wrote a letter to the king explaining the situation as best he could. In a few days the boy actually received enough money from the king to pay the dog tax for two years, and in the letter carrying the money the king promised to see to the dog tax two years from now if the dog lives that long.

Captain Koch, who has made himself familiar with the life in the Arctic regions, is making preparations for a new Greenland expedition. First he is going to stay awhile in Iceland, and thence he will cross to Danmarkshavn, in northeastern Greenland. The next place to be visited is Queen Louise's land, a mountainous region where both men and animals thrive, while all the country around it is covered with eternal snow and ice. In the summer of 1913 Captain Koch is going to cross the inland ice from Danmarkshavn to Upernavik. This will be the longest overland journey ever made in Greenland, and it is expected to last about three months. Captain Koch is going to have three companions. Small Icelandic horses will be used for carrying provisions, for they can get along more easily than dogs in loose snow. The estimated cost of the expedition is $16,000. One-half of this amount will be furnished by the Carlsberg fund, and the other half will have to be raised by private subscription.

SWEDEN.

In a bog at Skyttorp station, on the Upsala and Gafle railroad, an oak canoe was found at a depth of three feet. It was fifteen feet long and had been cut out of a log.

The government has endorsed a plan to build a railway from Bengtfors to Amot, and another from Gildalen to Lennartsfors, both of them in Varmland. The combined cost of the new lines is estimated at about $1,650,000.

When it was announced that the government was going to buy a large quantity of cement on the foreign market in order to save a few thousand dollars, such a cry was raised that the orders were finally placed on the home market.

When the public sale of tickets for the Olympic games in Stockholm was opened Feb. 19 it was announced that the sales up to that date had brought over $80,000. The American committee had ordered some of the best seats for about $7,000.

The last wish of a poor telephone girl in Stockholm was that John Forsell, the famous tenor singer, should sing at her funeral. The matter became known to Mr. Forsell, and to the surprise of everybody he appeared at the funeral and sang a hymn at the open grave of the girl.

A dispatch from London says that British sporting experts are highly delighted over the chances of England annexing first honors at the Olympic games at Stockholm this year in the 100, 200 and 400-yards events, with D. McMillan, the long-striding Cambridge university runner. In practice he showed record time, and it was believed that he will defeat any of the sprinters, despite the contention of Americans that they have the winners of the big three events bottled up across the pond. McMillan's best figure for 100 yards is 9 4-5 seconds, and the experts believe he will shade that in Sweden.

No more Halda timepieces? The Halda watch factory, near Karlshamn, is soon going to make a material reduction of its output of watches, in order to be able to satisfy the increasing demand for typewriters and taximeters. There are two reasons for the proposed change: there is more money in the latter goods, and it is getting to be more and more difficult to obtain skilled labor in the watchmaking trade. If the demand for typewriters and taximeters should increase it is even possible that watchmaking may be wholly abandoned at Halda.

A power station is to be built at a cost of $200,000 at Guldsmedhyttan falls, on the Stora river.

The Aby estate, Tumba parish, Uppsala lan, is to be used as a home for persons who have served in penal institutions.

A Stockholm woman who had been married nineteen years recently gave birth to her nineteenth child, a girl weighing twelve pounds.

The Crown Princess of Sweden, who is a daughter of the Duke of Connaught, governor general of Canada, gave birth to a son. Both mother and child are doing well. The crown prince and princess now have three sons and one daughter.

The flying machine factory of Engineer Ask, at Landskrona, is running in regular order. Two monoplanes are in process of construction, and the proprietor claims that he will get more orders for flying machines to be delivered next summer.

A watchman riding a handcar between Svenstorp and Tomelilla was favored by a strong wind, and before he realized what speed he was making his car jumped the track, ran down a steep embankment and landed in an airhole in the Nybro river. Fortunately the water was not very deep, and the man resolutely pulled out his car, placed it on the track, and, his wet clothes freezing into a solid crust around his body, proceeded on his way and succeeded in performing his duty as if nothing had happened.

Swedish athletes used to think that it was not necessary to employ professional trainers in order to be successful in competitive performances. By this time they have learnt to know better, and professional coaches have been engaged by the Swedish athletic associations to train the men for the Olympic games. The Swedes realize that American and English competitors are very hard to beat. But it is believed that the Swedish athletes at least will accomplish something in the pentathlon and decathon contests. These two events comprise five and eight different contests, respectively, in which one athlete must perform alone.

NORWAY.

Bishop Bang has completed his history of the church of Norway and turned the manuscript over to the publisher. The work, which will be richly illustrated, is to appear as a serial in the first place.

The Urd Whaling company of Sandefjord, which has been operating among the Faroe islands, has decided to remove its headquarters to the neighborhood of Bahia, Brazil, where suitable hunting grounds have been secured.

Carl Dahl, a veteran in the ranks of the temperance people, died at Fredrikstad. The attendance at the funeral was very large. There were eighteen banners representing so many societies, and over twenty wreaths were placed on the coffin.

The late Karl Emil Michelet, a Kristiania merchant, donated $95,000 to civic societies before he died, and after his death an equal amount was turned over to the city administration of Kristiania for the benefit of educated people who become poor after reaching an advanced age.

Three young men from Gilleaal were surprised by a snowstorm while fishing on Kjollefjord, Finmarken. They succeeded in reaching the shore. But there were steep mountains all around the place, and they all perished before reaching any human habitation. Those who went in search of them found the place where they had landed. They had torn the boat to pieces, and by means of ropes they had succeeded in climbing up the mountainside, but beyond the precipice no trace was found of them.

The Stavanger Aftenblad contains the following fox story from Issenfjord. A huge shell had grown fast to a rock near the shore. One day the ebb carried away the water so that the poor shell was left high and dry. It opened itself wide, waiting for the sea to rise again. Now it happened that a fox came sneaking around. He noticed the shell and peeped down into it. The red meat in the shell looked so toothsome. The fox was hungry, and he put his tongue down between the shells to help himself. You know how an open bivalve acts when something touches the inside. The shell closed itself as tight as it could, and as the fox began to pull the shell squeezed only the harder. In came the tidewater. The water rose and rose, and by and by the fox was covered. A man who happened to come by in a boat was highly surprised to see the tail of a fox sticking out of the water, but by the time he was ready to leave the place he had a fox and a huge shell in his boat.

A man who was hunting white grouse among the mountains at Lesje, Gudbrandsdalen, was very much surprised to hear a bell in the dreary distance. He soon found that the sound came from seven sheep which were lost last fall. The animals were taken to their owner, and they were found to be in better shape than might have been expected. Some of them have afterwards given birth to lambs.

While Bjorn Andersen, a young sailor, was manipulating a wire on a ship at Porjsgrund, his head was entangled in a coil and in the next instant his neck was completely cut through.

Notice.

To whom it may concern, anyone remitting by check (for Water and Light) after the 20th, will please remit the amount stated on the bill with the 10 per cent added, and save the trouble of carrying same as arrears on the next bill.

Respectfully,
Water & Light Commission,
tf Lewis Fridlund, Sec.

John Styles, Jr. came up from St. Paul on Friday.

Repels Attack of Death.

"Five years ago two doctors told me I had only two years to live." This startling statement was made by Stillman Green, Malachite, Col. "They told me I would die of consumption. It was up to me then to try the best lung medicine and I began to use Dr. King's New Discovery. It was well I did, for today I am working and believe I owe my life to this great throat and lung cure that has cheated the grave of another victim." Its folly to suffer with coughs, colds or other throat and lung troubles now. Take the cure that's safest. Price 50 cents and $1.00. Trial bottle free at Carlson Bros.

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NEWS FROM FATHERLAND

A Brief Resume of the Most Important Happenings in the German Empire.

The Berlin Kreuzzeitung says that it makes no difference to the Germans whether Taft or Roosevelt is nominated, for they are both equally unfriendly to the Germans.

The Kolnische Zeitung declares that Germany and Austria are supporting Russia in her efforts at Rome and Constantinople to pave the way for an understanding between Italy and Turkey.

In Berlin it is proposed to make wrestling bouts illegal. They tend to excite the public, disturb order and encourage betting. Wrestling bouts of separate pairs as exhibitions of skill will be permitted.

The landtag of Elsass-Lothringen, the first one since that province got its new constitution, has decided to discontinue the gratuity of $25,000 which Kaiser Wilhelm has been receiving from the province. The money is to be used for increasing the salaries of underpaid officials.

Dr. Karl Steiniger, city chamberlain of Berlin, was elected mayor of Greater Berlin. Dr. Steiniger's election as first mayor of Greater Berlin places him at the head of the third greatest municipality in the world, the only cities exceeding it in size being London and New York. The population of the city's area is nearly 3,300,000.

More than once during the reign of Kaiser Wilhelm it has been stated that he was to start a newspaper of his own. Now the same story is bobbing up again. His idea is said to be to model the paper after the London Times, but with a dash of American methods to make it popular. It is said the scheme originated with him after the recent elections, when the Socialist party had such a victory, and to counteract this Socialist influence the new paper will preach the doctrines of imperialism.

Will the kaiser snub Italy? It was stated in the press some time ago that Kaiser Wilhelm was going by way of Venice, Italy, on his spring trip to the island of Korfu, Greece. Now it is said that the route has been changed. Instead of going to Venice, the kaiser is to go by rail to an Austrian seaport on the Adriatic, whence the imperial pleasure yacht Hohenzollern is to take him to Korfu. At the same time it is stated that Kaiser Wilhelm will not touch Italy as long as she is fighting Turkey.

Bochum.—A miners' strike which was totally unexpected and which had not been ordered by the miners' union, broke out in three mines here, the men leaving work because, as they assert, unjustified deductions had been made from their wages. The incident, it is feared, may precipitate a general strike of miners on the question of wages which the leaders of the miners' union and the mine owners are just now endeavoring to prevent.

Wild disorder marked a recent session of the lower house of the Hungarian parliament, culminating in the partial wrecking of the presidential tribune. The members of the opposition objected to the method of M. Navay, the speaker, of conducting the business of the house. There were several scuffles, a torrent of invective, howling and banging of desks which turned the chamber into a bear pit. Finally Matthaeus Povaszy, an adherent of the independent group, whose leader is Deputy Justh, charged the presidential tribune and was rapidly demolishing it when the speaker hastily suspended the sitting and retired from the house.

At Hamburg the German government has completed a great harbor for airships. Of airships, huge craft, carrying large crews and heavy weights of explosives, the Germans now possess over a score. A Zeppelin recently stayed in the air thirty-seven hours. Zeppelins move at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, they rise over six thousand feet and come to earth with the ease of a bird. Some have as many as seventeen compartments, and their rigid frames are not collapsible. Recently a Zeppelin collided with a tree. This destroyed one compartment, but the Zeppelin proceeded to its destination. These facts come from Paris, and are the reluctant admissions of French air navigators.

In variety and splendor Kaiser Wilhelm's wardrobe of ceremony far eclipses that of King George, who holds the right to wear over a hundred military and naval uniforms. In the kaiser's suite are nearly 200 complete uniforms. A large proportion of these consists of regimentals of the German army, but the rest are made up of British, Italian, Spanish, Greek, Dutch, Swedish, Russian and Turkish trappings. Indeed, the only European army of which the emperor is not a colonel is that of France; but the reason for this omission is not that his imperial majesty is unable to appear in republican gold lace, for he frequently wears the neat uniform of the Swiss guards, and still retains his Portuguese regimentals under the republic.

A gang of Gypsies that has been terrorizing the country around Gotha has at last been rounded up and placed behind bolts and bars. They killed a forester named Romanus and several other persons, and the people of the neighborhood are so excited that the authorities have placed a strong guard around the jail where the bandits are kept.

The bombardment of Beirut by Italy put a decided damper on the trade at the Berlin exchange. This unexpected move was taken as an indication that a general European war might break out at any time.

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9—From St. Paul	11:10 p. m.	11:15 p. m.	Grand Forks
10—From Fargo, Grand Forks	4:10 a. m.	4:15 a. m.	St. Paul
13—From St. Paul	1:30 p. m.	2:25 p. m.	Fargo
14—From Fargo	1:40 p. m.	2:30 p. m.	St. Paul
21—From St. Paul	9:00 p. m.		
22—To St. Paul		7:00 a. m.	
31—From St. Cloud, Duluth	1:45 p. m.	2:00 p. m.	Sioux City
32—From Sioux City	2:00 p. m.	2:35 p. m.	St. Cloud, Duluth
51—For Sioux City, Yankton		12:01 a. m.	
52—From Sioux City, Yankton	3:45 a. m.		