

Buy an Up-To-Date Low Corn King Spreader

PLEASE note that in the Low Corn King the box is narrow—only 45 inches in width. The Low Corn King can be driven into a modern barn and loaded directly from the stable. That saves work.

The spread is eight feet or wider. That shortens the unloading time. The manure is thrown well beyond the wheels. That enables the driver to match up the edges of his strips without driving on manure-covered ground. You know what a big advantage that is.

The manure gets two thorough beatings. It lands on the ground in a finely-pulverized condition. The soil immediately takes up the fertilizing properties. There is no loss or waste of valuable fertilizing material.

Buy an up-to-date, wide spreading Low Corn King spreader from the local dealer.

International Harvester Company of America
(Incorporated)

Low Corn King spreaders are sold by

BERGESON BROS. & SWALIN

LAKE LILLIAN.

Lake Lillian, April 17—Most of the farmers are treating their seed this year.

Fishing is no good this spring, they claim. Are those wholesale fishers the cause of it?

Why didn't Uncle Sam send Peter Bonde to capture Villa, right after the mischief was done. He would have been in the jail at Willmar long before this.

The skating party at John O. Erickson's last Wednesday was poorly attended as most of the ice went off the day before.

The little miss that came to visit Mr. and Mrs. Lars Erickson seems to enjoy life.

Mr. Chas. Lundahl of Two Harbors made a pleasant call out here Saturday and Sunday.

Lars Erickson returned from his visit to Coteau, N. D.

Mrs. Adolph Erickson came back from Minneapolis last Thursday, where she has been for some time, doctoring their baby girl, and was greatly benefited.

Peter Blomgren's young folks visited at Ole E. Erickson's Sunday.

Messrs. John and Albert Erickson started north with their car Sunday. How far nobody has learned yet.

The Luce line has already gotten the free right of way with the exception of Gustaf Johnson and Joseph Pajaska, where may be all buildings have to be moved.

The town board meets t day to accept bids for road dragging and other purposes.

Miss Ruth Kaiberg of Hector, is at present visiting her sister, Hattie, now teaching at Dist. 53.

The new town site at Lake Lillian will be platted as soon as the county surveyors find time to come and locate the land Mr. Luce bought from Adolph Erickson and John Leeberg, for such purpose.

Mr. and Mrs. John Leeberg were Sunday callers at Lars Erickson's home.

Messrs. Arthur Hed, Eddie Johnson and Alger Erickson left for Niobe, N. Dak., today.

Miss Otterness, teacher of Dist. 5, is preparing for another entertainment.

Henry Aspaas traded his old car for a new one last Saturday.

Mrs. Matt Erickson, formerly of this town, now at Niobe, N. Dak., is reported seriously ill. Her many relatives and friends hope for the best.

Franklin Erickson has left for Keldron, S. Dak., where he will assist his brother, George, for some time with spring work.

ROSELAND.

Roseland, April 17—William Jonk and Oscar Berg of Benville called at the N. Vos home Friday evening to consult about the building of a silo.

Miss Angie Hoekstra spent the week end at the home of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. DeVries.

Rev. J. Brummel preached at Twin Brooks, S. Dak., Sunday.

Mr. H. J. Dragt is on the sick list.

Albert Knoll had Sunday dinner at the N. Vos home.

A certain party had the ill luck while on his way to Willmar last Thursday of having a stubborn horse who refused to pull the buggy, so had to finish the trip on horseback.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Dragt and daughter visited at the Ben Dykema home last Thursday.

Several of the young people spent Wednesday evening at the Prinsburg church, enjoying their annual feast.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Zuidema made a business trip to Danube Wednesday.

Miss Angie Knoll is assisting Mrs. A. Huisinga of Danube during house cleaning.

The Plowman children are on the sick list the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Van den Elnde were entertained for dinner Sunday at the home of the latter's brother, Gerhard Damhof.

Miss Julia Stob assisted Mrs. H. Brouwer during house cleaning.

DOVRE.

Dovre, Apr. 18—A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hanson recently. Congratulations.

Melvin Sletten, son of Carl Sletten, who was very ill with pneumonia is improving at this writing.

Oscar Tommermaas arrived from Benson last week for a visit at his parental home here.

Mrs. M. Overhus and little daughters, Alma and Gertrude visited with Mrs. John Syvertson Tuesday.

Oscar Olson assisted Julius Holland haul hay last week.

Effie Otterness is assisting Mrs. G. I. Nelson with house work this week.

Mrs. E. Bergeson, Mrs. O. Dengerud and Mrs. C. C. Birkland attended the Ladies' Aid meeting at Rev. Larson's last week.

Miss Nora Anderson of Willmar visited with Clara Holland last week.

Obed Rykken arrived home Saturday from Red Wing where he has attended the Red Wing Seminary the past winter.

Miss Ollie Sandbo is assisting Mrs. Leisner with house work.

Horace Reese finished a term of school in Dist. No. 62 last Friday.

Miss Borghild Nygaard left for her home near Starbuck after visiting for two weeks with the parents of her pupils.

EXTRACTS FROM THE AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF

JANE GREY SWISHELM

First Newspaper Woman of Minnesota.

A Remarkable Woman of Antebellum Days—1815-1865

CHAPTER XXVI
Visit Washington.—Age, 35.

When slavery thought to reap the fruits of the war into which she had plunged the nation with Mexico, lo! there was a lion in her path, and not a Bunyan lion either, for this kingly beast wore no collar, no chain held him. The roused North had laid her great labor paw on the California gold fields and stood showing her teeth while the serpent with raised crest was coiled to strike, and the world waited and wondered.

Henry Clay, the synonym for compromise, was still in the United States Senate, and, with catlike tread, stepped in between the belligerents with a cunning device—a device similar to that by which the boys disposed of the knife they found jointly—one was to own, the other to carry and use it. So by this plan the lion was to own California, and the snake was to occupy it as a hunting-ground; may, not it alone, but every State and Territory in the Union must be given up to its slimy purposes. In other words, California was to be admitted as a free State, upon condition of the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill, which authorized the slave-hunter to follow the fugitive into every home, every spot of this broad land; to tear him from any altar, and demand the services of every "good citizen" in his hellish work. Men by thousands, once counted friends of freedom, bowed abjectly to this infamous decision.

Daniel Webster, the leading Whig statesman, made a set speech in favor of thus giving up the whole country to the dominion of the slave power. It was another great bid for the next presidential nomination, which must be controlled by the South. The danger was imminent, the crisis alarming, and the excitement very great. I longed to be in Washington so I wrote to Horace Greeley, who answered that he would pay me five dollars a column for letters. It was said that this was the first time a woman had been engaged in the capacity.

I went to Washington in the early part of '50, going by canal to the western foot of the Alleghenies, and then by rail to the foot of the inclined plane, where our cars were wound up and let down by huge windlasses. I was a whirl of wonder and excitement by this, my first acquaintance with the iron-horse, but had to stay all night in Baltimore because the daily train for Washington had left before ours came.

I had letters to the proprietor of the Irving House, where I took board. Had others to Col. Benton, Henry Clay, and other great men, but he who most interested me was Dr. Gamaliel Bailey, editor of the National Era. The great want of an anti-slavery paper at the capitol had been supplied by five-dollar subscriptions to a publication fund, and Dr. Bailey called from Cincinnati to take charge of it, and few men have kept a charge with more care and skill. He and the Era had just passed the ordeal of a frightful mob, in which he was conciliatory, unyielding and victorious; and he was just then gravely anxious about the great crisis, but most of all excited that the Era should do yeoman service to the cause which had called it into life.

The Era had a large circulation, and high literary standing, but Dr. Bailey was troubled about the difficulty or impossibility of procuring anti-slavery tales. Mrs. Southworth was writing serials for it, and he had hoped that she, a Southern woman with North-ist principles, could weave into her stories pictures of slavery which would call damaging attention to it, but in this she had failed.

Anti-slavery tales, anti-slavery tales, was what the good Doctor wanted. Temperance had its story teller, Arthur. If only abolition had a good writer of fiction, one who could interest and educate the young. He knew of but one pen able to write what he wanted, and alas, the finances of the Era could not command it. If only he could engage Mrs. Stowe. I had not heard of her, and he explained that she was a daughter of Lyman Beecher. I was surprised and exclaimed:

"A daughter of Lyman Beecher write abolition stories! Saul among the prophets!"

I reminded the Doctor that President Beecher and Prof. Stowe had broken up the theological department of Lane Seminary by supporting the anti-slavery agitation raised by Theodore Weld, a Kentucky student, and through their influence against disturbing the Congregational churches with the new fanaticism; that Edward Beecher invented the "organic sin," devil, behind which churches and individuals took refuge when called upon to "come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty." But Dr. Bailey said he knew them personally, and that despite their public record, they were at heart anti-slavery, and that prudence alone dictated their sale of the sale of the Era.

Mrs. Stowe was a graphic story-teller, had been in Kentucky, taken in the situation and could describe the peculiar institution as no one else could. If he could only entice her, the whole family would most likely follow her to abolition ranks; but the bounty money, alas, where could he raise it?

Where there is the will there is a way, and it was but a few months after that conversation when Dr. Bailey forwarded one hundred dollars to Mrs. Stowe as a retaining fee for her services in the cause of the slave, and lo! the result, "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

As it progressed she sent her another, and then another hundred dollars. Was ever money so well expended?

That grand old lion, Joshua R. Giddings, had also passed through the mob, and as I went with him to be sat and loosed with the soles of their boots turned up for the inspection of the ladies in the galleries. Their language and gestures as they expected hither and thither were often as coarse as their positions, while they ranted about the "laws and Constitu-

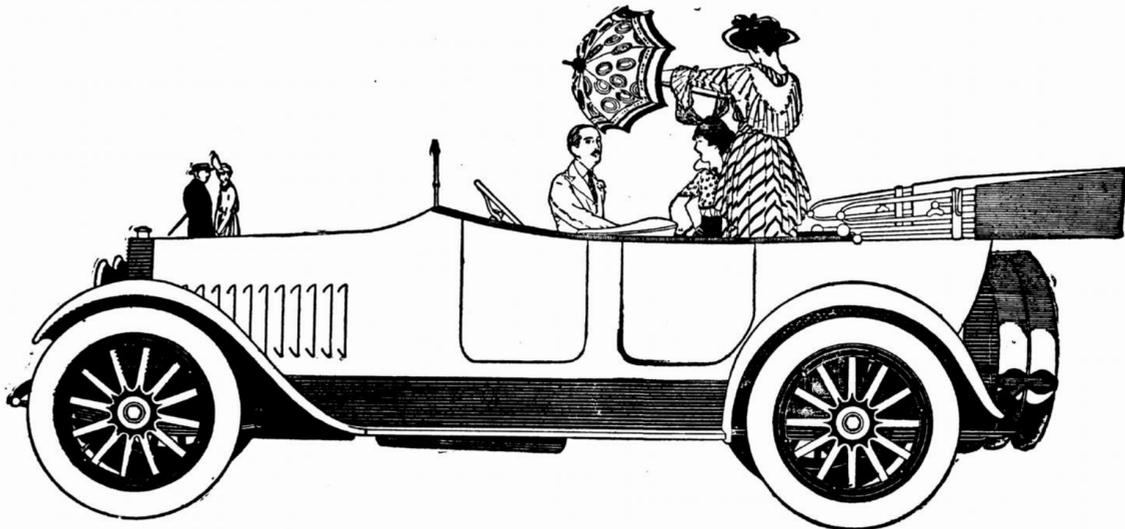
tion," and cracked their slave-whips over the heads of the dough-faces sent from the Northern States.

Washington was a great slave mart, and her slave-pen was one of the most infamous in the whole land. One woman, who had escaped from it, was pursued in her flight across the long bridge, and was gaining on the four men who followed her, when they shouted to some on the Virginia shore, who ran and intercepted her. Seeing her way blocked, and all hope of escape gone, with one wild cry she clasped her hands above her head, sprang into the Potomac, and was swept into that land beyond the River Death, where alone was hope for the American slave. Another woman with her two children was captured on the steps of the capitol building, whither she had fled for protection, and this too, while the stars and stripes floated over it.

One of President Tyler's daughters ran away with the man she loved, in order that they might be married, but for this they must reach foreign soil. A young lady of the White House could not marry the man of her choice in the United States. The lovers were captured, and she was brought to His Excellency, her father, who sold her to a slave-trader. From that Washington slave-pen she was expected to get twenty-five hundred dollars for her on account of her great beauty.

My letters to the New York Trib-

Price now \$1090. Three years ago this car would have cost you \$2000.



She's active, lacks "nerves," and very modern—the 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers

She's active, full of life, lacks "nerves," and delivers a terrific wallop with only the slightest effort.

I mean by that a power-wallop. Because she turns up 3400 revolutions per minute. Her crank shaft speed surpasses that of any other American car.

Though there are three built in the U. S. A. that get a bit beyond 3100 r. p. m.

It's like an electric fan, which turns up 4000 r. p. m., or a turbine which does around 4300.

Of course, the Chalmers engine doesn't hit 3400 all the time. 3400 is the maximum. When the car is running 5 miles an hour she turns up 250 r. p. m.

At 10 miles an hour she does 500 r. p. m. At 15 she does 750. At 20, 1000. At 30, 1500.

So you see the engine isn't hitting the highest speed at the slower car speeds—those speeds you drive 90 per cent of the time.

In a way it's like horse-power. You say the horse-power of your car is 40. You mean by that the maximum is 40.

Yet at 10 miles an hour you are using probably less than 10 h. p. While at 20 miles an hour you are using about 17 or 18 h. p. And so on.

3400 r. p. m. is just another way of stating horse-power. It's the modern way. Because it shows power through supreme engine speed and not through large bore and stroke, which means a brute of an engine, and hence a vehicle of great weight.

The day of such a car has gone by. You and I want a light, spunky beast that responds to the slightest touch of the accelerator, that pulverizes hills, that drives straight as a sunbeam, that has the lure in her lines, and obeys.

That's the 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers. I've never had any person buy one and tell me she wasn't there. For she is—100 per cent.

Run in and I will show you a car that has doubled my business.

Ask me about our service inspection coupons. They are negotiable with all Chalmers dealers everywhere. This system is a most important consideration in buying your car.

Five-Passenger Touring Car, \$1090 Detroit
Three-Passenger Cabriolet, \$1440 Detroit
Two-Passenger Roadster, \$1070 Detroit

Colors: Touring Car and Roadster, Oriford maroon with hood to match, or Meteor blue with black hood. Cabriolet, Oriford maroon or Valentine green with hoods to match or Meteor blue with black hood.

OSMUNDSON GARAGE

WILLMAR, MINN.



Sore Throat

"You may not look upon it seriously, but a sore throat indicates a weakness in the bronchial tubes. If neglected it may soon develop into some chronic complaint.

People who are troubled in this way are most susceptible to influenza, contract pneumonia readily, and fall easy victims to consumption.

To remove this irritation, soothe and heal the inflamed membrane, there is nothing equal to

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

It gives tone to the weakened tissues of the throat, strengthens the bronchial tubes, and at the same time builds up the system. When the throat is healthy, influenza or consumption germs cannot obtain a foothold. Above all things never neglect a child's throat, for it may mean years of suffering for it in after years."

Yours for Health —Jesse Chamberlain

ster, the great Whig statesman of the North, had bowed the knee to Baal, while Col. Benton, of Missouri, was on the side of Freedom.

The third, or anti-slavery party, represented by Chase and Hale in the Senate, was beginning to make itself felt, and must be crushed and stamped out at all hazards—the infant must be strangled in its cradle.

While abolition was scoffed at by hypocritical priests as opening a door to amalgamation, here, in the nation's capital, lived some of our most prominent statesmen in open concubinage with negroes, adding to their income by the sale of their own children, while one could neither go out nor stay in without meeting indisputable testimony of the truth of Thomas Jefferson's statement: "The best blood of Virginia runs in the veins of her slaves."

But the case which interested me most was a family of eight mulattoes, bearing the image and superscription of the great New England statesman, who paid the rent and grocery bills of their mother as regularly as he did those of his wife.

Pigs were the scavengers, mud and garbage the rule, while men literally wallowed in the mire of licentiousness and strong drink. In Congress they sat and loosed with the soles of their boots turned up for the inspection of the ladies in the galleries. Their language and gestures as they expected hither and thither were often as coarse as their positions, while they ranted about the "laws and Constitu-

tion," and cracked their slave-whips over the heads of the dough-faces sent from the Northern States.

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My letters to the New York Trib-

une, soon attracted so much attention that it was unpleasant for me to live in a hotel, and I became the guest of my friend, Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. It was pleasant to look into her great, dreamy grey eyes, with their heavy lashes, at the broad forehead and the clustering brown curls, and have her sit and look into the fire and talk as she wrote of the strange fancies which peopled her busy brain.

Among the legislative absurdities which early attracted my attention was that of bringing every claim against the government before Congress. If a man thought government owed him ten dollars, the only way was to have the bill pass both houses. In my Tribune letters, I ventilated that thoroughly, and suggested a court, in which Brother Jonathan could appear by attorney. Mr. Greeley seconded the suggestion warmly, and this, I think, was the origin of the Court of Claims.

I have never seen a well-whipped rooster run from his foe, without thinking of Foot's advance.

Notice to Chicken Owners. From and after this date the city ordinance requiring poultry owners to keep their chickens from running at large will be strictly enforced.

City of Willmar, April 19, 1916. ALFRED GILBERTSON, Chief of Police.

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ators, the reporters, and others on the floor and in the galleries; but felt that the novelty would soon wear off, and that women would work there and win bread without annoyance.

But the Senate had another sensation that day, for Foot, in a speech alluded to "the gentleman from Missouri." Benton sprang to his feet, and started toward him, but a dozen members rushed up to hold him, and he roared:

"Stand off, gentlemen! Unhand me! Let me reach the scoundrel!"

Every one stamped, and ran, and shouted "Order!" The speaker pounded with his mallet, and Foot ran down the aisle to the chair, drawing out a great horse-pistol and cocking it, cried:

"Let him come on, gentlemen! let him come on!" while he increased the distance between them as fast as time and space would permit. After the hubbub had subsided, Foot explained:

"Mr. Speaker, I saw the gentleman coming, and I advanced toward the chair."

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FOR FIRE INSURANCE see L. E. Berg, Room 1, Old Post Office block. You will save from 15 to 25 per cent of the Standard rates and get the best insurance on earth.—Adv.

TRICK, GLOSSY HAIR FREE FROM DANDRUFF

Girls! Try It! Hair gets soft, fluffy and beautiful—Get a 25 cent bottle of Danderine.

If you care for heavy hair that glistens with beauty and is radiant with life; has an incomparable softness and is fluffy and lustrous, try Danderine. Just one application doubles the beauty of your hair, besides it immediately dissolves every particle of dandruff. You can not have nice, heavy, healthy hair if you have dandruff. This destructive scourge robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life, and if not overcome it produces a feverishness and itching of the scalp; the hair roots famish, loosen and die; then the hair falls out fast. Surely get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store and just try it.

Keep your old rags, rubbers, copper and brass for me. Will sell for and pay highest market price.

E. M. ASPLUND, PENROCK, MINN.

Keep your old rags, rubbers, copper and brass for me. Will sell for and pay highest market price.

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