THE NEW CLARION

By...
WILL N. HARBEN

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CHAPTER XX.
A New Assistant.

THE next morning as Abner sat in the office he had an unexpected visitor. It was Mary Trumbley.

"I went to see Howard, Uncle Abner, and I'm glad I did, for it seemed to cheer him up," she said.

"I'm glad you went, too," Abner replied. "You don't believe he's guilty no more'n I do."

"There was one thing I wanted to speak to him about, but somehow I couldn't get to it." Mary sighed. "So—so, I thought I'd mention it to you. You may look on it as very egotistical, but I have enough confidence in myself to want to try it anyway. Uncle Abner, Howard has talked to me a great deal about his editorial policy, and I think I know as much about his general plan as any one except yourself."

"Yes, I know he confided in you a lot," Abner said gently. "In fact, he told me several times that you had given him some o' his best ideas!"

At this Mary's color rose higher.

"Uncle Abner," she said, "bail has been refused him, hasn't it?"

"Yes," Abner nodded reluctantly.

Mary now looked her old friend straight in the face. "Uncle Abner, I believe I can do work on the paper that—that Howard will approve of. I don't know why I feel so confident, but I know I can, and, feeling that way, I thought"—

"Good gracious! Fine, fine!" Abner clapped his hands. "You are the best person in the state fer the job."

"Well, I'll come in with you in the morning," Mary replied happily.

One evening after supper, at the end of that week, Pole Baker left his wife and children seated on the grass in front of his cottage and went down the road toward Trumbley's. He was bent on seeing Abner Daniel, and thought the present was as favorable a time as any. However, just as he came into view of Trumbley's house in the dusk he saw Abner come out at the front gate and start across an old cornfield toward the mountain beyond it. Pole impulsively puckered his lips to whistle, but suddenly changed his mind.

"Maybe I'd better let the old duck alone," he mused. "Fer all I know he may be out on some private business."

Pole stopped and watched Abner climb over the zigzag rail fence which separated Trumbley's land from the mountain forest, and then another idea came to him.

"He's worried like I am," Pole surmised. "Maybe he's jest tryin' to git to some quiet place away from folks so he kin think what's best to do fer that pore boy. I'll follow 'im, anyway, an' see what's up. I've got to talk to 'im 'fore mornin'."

Hurriedly crossing the field toward the point at which Abner had disappeared from view and finally climbing the fence where Abner had shattered a rotten rail in getting over, Pole paused to listen.

"Ef the old cuss is out possum huntin' it's early in the season," Pole said dryly, "an' he couldn't bag many without a gun or a dog. Ef it was anybody but old Ab I would think he had a notion of makin' somethin' to drink an' doin' it as quiet as possible to avoid detection. No; it ain't that, fer he's open an' aboveboard, an' he's too badly bothered right now to think o' devilment o' any sort."

On the two went, Abner still leading, Pole following as stealthily as a pioneer tracing a redskin over virgin soil. They were now high above the farreaching valley. To the east lay the straggling lights of the town. At the mountain's foot, through an open door, shone the fire in the kitchen at Trumbley's. Suddenly Pole heard closer to him than he expected a sound like that of small sticks being broken, and he paused and stood still in wonder. What could it mean? Stick after stick was cracked asunder, as if Abner was bending them across his knee, some of them giving out sharp reports like the bursting of sand crackers. A moment later a light flared up.

"Well, well, well!" Pole said to himself. "Ef old Ab is runnin' a moonshine still or a secret counterfeitin' plant I may as well hook on to 'im. Lawbreakin' is all right an' safe ef he's doin' it."

Abner stepped back among the bushes suddenly, and Pole saw him bend to the ground and catch hold of a dark object and begin to drag it into the light.

"My Lord, what is the matter with 'im?" Pole asked the question of himself in great perplexity, and in leaning forward to see better he dislodged a stone which began to roll noisily down the steep. Faster and faster it went, bounding and striking the trunks of trees till it finally stopped. Pole held his breath in dismay. He saw Abner draw himself up erect and stand staring fixedly in his direction. For a moment the two pairs of eyes glared toward each other. Then Abner broke the silence.

"Who goes thar?" he called out, as a sentinel might who was doing duty with a sleeping army in his care.

"A friend—Pole Baker! I didn't mean o be nosin' about in yore private business, Uncle Ab, but I went to see you at home jest as you was leavin' You was right ahead o' me. I follered, expectin' you to turn back ever' min ute, till I got away up here, an'—well, here I am."

"Humph!" Abner broke in, and then Pole saw him bend down, grasp the object he had been dragging, and continue pulling it toward the fire. Moving forward, Pole saw that it was a log of wood, a piece of the trunk of a decayed pine about ten feet long.

"Do you want any help?" he asked, smiling in spite of the gravity of the situation.

"No, I kin put it on," Abner answered shortly; "but I'll tell you what you kin do. You kin go whar I got this un an' fetch some o' them fat pine knots lyin' thar to start it to goin'."

"I want to git onto the game fust, Uncle Ab," Pole laughed in a low, mystified chuckle.

Abner was actually blushing now, and his friend could not remember ever having seen the phenomenon before. To hide his confusion Abner went back into the shadows and brough forward some of the pine knots.

"I may as well own up an' be done with it," he finally said, letting his sheepish glance fall into Pole's reso lute stare. "Ef I had evil in mind, settin' the woods afire or the like, it would be easier to explain. I reckon most of us has secret crochets that the world don't know about, an' you've got on to one o' mine."

"I don't know as I'm on yit," Pole said gravely. "An', Uncle Ab, I'll tell you that, so fur in the game, I'm as blind as a bat in broad sunlight. Ef you want to call it off right here I'll promise on my life never to let it go out o' my mouth that I've seed what I have."

"Oh, it ain't as bad as that!" Abner said testily. "Fer you to go away right now after—after seein' me here like this you'd think it was some'n' awful, but it ain't. It really ain't nothin' but a dang whimsy notion o' mine. I know folks well enough to know that they would say I was goin' daft ef they got on to this fool thing."

"I won't tell nothin'," Pole returned more gravely than ever. "I know when to keep my mouth shet."

"You keep makin' so durn much out of it!" Abner sat down on a flat stone by the fire which looked as if it had been used for a seat many times and folded his long hands over his knees. "This is all thar is to it, Pole. I reckon I begun it about five years ago. I was feelin' sorter bad one cloudy day in the fall, an' I started out fer a walk up this mountain. The furder I went the better I felt, till finally I got to this place jest as a brisk shower of rain set in. Ef you'll look good you'll see that the rock thar shelves back an' makes a sort o' roof. Well, to keep from bein' drenched to the skin I got back in thar an' set down. The rain kept on gittin' harder an' harder till I felt chilly, and' then, happenin' to have some matches in my pocket an' seeing

"Who goes thar?" Abner called out.

some dry stuff, leaves an' bark an' one thing or other, I made me a fire. Well, I don't know what it meant, but when that place was all lit up with a red glow an' the steam was belchin' out o' my clothes an' shoes, an' all that tumult o' rain an' wind was surgin' outside, I had the most restful feelin' I ever had.

"I'd look out an' see the treetops wavin' back an' forth, an' the gray mist hustlin' along over the valley, an' hear the patter on the beds o' leaves an' pine needles outside, an' turn back to my hole in the rocks with a feelin' I never knowed a person could have. I come from pioneer stock, an' I now believe the love o' simple outdoor life is in my very bones. Well, do you know? After that day whenever I'd git bothered over any matter or the weather was bad I'd slink off here, an' each time I liked it better an' better. I knowed common folks would swear I was off my base, an' so I never let anybody know I did it.

"See that flat rock agin the big oak? I'll say 'Open, See-same,' in a minute an' let you see what it hides. Under it is a hole I dug about two by two foot, an' it is full o' pans, pots, a knife an' fork, a spoon, a cup an' saucer an', in fact, a camper's complete outfit, even to a hatchet fer choppin' up kindlin', a rope fer draggin' logs an' what not. I've lied to Mrs. Trumbley many an' many a time an' said I was to eat over at yore house or stay in town, when I've bought me a slice o' bacon, some crackers, fresh eggs, a young chicken, coffee an' sugar an" climbed up here an' spent the day like Dan'l Boone or Davy Crockett. Them's been the happiest times I ever spent, silly as it may look.

"The habit would grow on me, I know, ef I let myself loose. Folks laugh at hermits an' say they are cracked, but all of 'em ain't by a long shot. Some of 'em are jest livin' nigher to God an' have the peace that passeth understandin'."

"I don't know as the argument will hold good," Pole said, "fer gittin' soaked with whisky has the same effect. An' ef the Lord instigates a prolonged spree he must leave you to the devil's care when you are comin' out of it."

"Well, it ain't no jokin' matter," Abner spoke. "I've been doin' this, an' in my judgment it is my own affair. Ef I like to be out under God's sky at certain stated times more'n I want to stay under a roof—well, that's jest the way I happen to feel about it.

"I really hain't been here much lately." Abner's glance rested on the leaping flames. "In fact, not since I tuck hold o' that paper; but, to tell you the truth, I'm so bothered—so broke up over Howard's trouble—that I jest had to git off to myse'f."

"That's what I was lookin' fer you about," Pole said eagerly. "I hain't been in to see you because I was at the end o' my rope, an' hated to admit it. I've been told that I'd make a purty good detective, an' I've always thought I did have a sort o' turn that way. So when I settled it in my mind that Howard was innocent I 'lowed I'd only have to look about a little to locate the right party, but the more I looked the furder I was from any kind o' conclusion."

"My case exactly—p'int blank!" Abner chimed in disconsolately. "An' I never was so much put out in my life over anything."

"Howard's mighty nigh give up," Abner sighed. "Billy Barnett, who is by long odds the best lawyer in north Georgia, is workin' like a wheel hoss, but even he can't hold out much hope. He keeps sayin' we must find the man, but what's the use? You know, an' I know, Pole, that no bloody murderer is goin' to give hisse'f up to the scaffold when all he's got to do is to lie low an' let another feller suffer in his place. I know you are a good un to ferret out things, an' I've been countin' on you."

"I've been tryin'," Pole answered. "The fust thing I did was to cross my heart and take a solemn oath that not one drap o' liquor 'u'd pass my lips till some'n' was done for Howard that was wuth while. I followed a blind trail. Craig—between me 'n' you—was hated by two or three young women, an' at fust I 'lowed that maybe one o' them or the'r kin had done the job, but I searched 'em all out, looked 'em in the face an' knowed I was on the wrong scent."

"Then you throwed it up." Abner's tone was almost one of open rebuke "You throwed it up!"

"No, I didn't—that is, not entirely," Pole said, leveling his stare anew on Abner's dejected face. "At least I wanted to see you an' talk over a fresh line. Say, Uncle Ab, it is a ticklish sort o' job when you hain't got nothin' to go by but what you might call suspicion, an' then not be sure that you ain't thinkin' a thing may be so because you are so anxious to carry yore point."

(To be continued.)

EXTRACTS FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

JANE GREY SWISSHELM

First Newspaper Woman of Minnesota.

A Remarkable Woman of Antebellum Days—1815-1865

CHAPTER XL.
A Famous Victory.

The day after the Stearns House meeting, I was thought to be dying. All that medical skill and loving hands could do was done to draw me from the dark valley into which I seemed to have passed; while those men who had planted themselves and their rifles between me and death by violence, came on tip-toe to know if I yet lived. When I was able to be out it was not thought safe for me to do so—not even to cross the street and sit on the high green bank which overlooked the river. Harry was constantly armed and on guard, and a pistol shot from his house, night or day, would have brought a score of armed men in a very short time.

A printing company had been formed to re-establish the Visiter. In it were forty good men and true, and they sent an agent to Chicago to buy press and type. The St. Cloud Visiter was to begin a new life as the mouthpiece of the Republican party, and I was no longer a scout, conducting a war on the only rational plan of Indian warfare. I begged my friends to stand aside and leave Lowrie and me to settle the trouble, saying to them:

"I cannot fight between ramparts of friends. I must take the risks myself, must have an open field. Protect me from brute force and give me moral aid, but stand aside."

But they were full of enthusiasm, and would bear the brunt of battle. There were open threats of the destruction of the new press, and it was no time to quit the field. Of the first number of the resurrected Visiter, the St. Cloud Printing Co. was publisher, and I sole editor. I prepared the contents very carefully, that they might not give unnecessary offense, dropped the role of supporting Buchanan, and tried to make a strong Republican paper of the abolition type, and in the leader gave a history of the destruction of my office.

The paper gave great satisfaction to the publishers, who had not thought I could be so calm; but Lowrie threatened a libel suit for my history of that outrage, and I said to the printing company:

"You must get out of my way or I will withdraw."

At once they gave me a bill of sale for the press and material, and of the second number I was sole editor and proprietor, but it was too late. The libel suit was brought, damages laid at $10,000, and every lawyer in that upper country retained for the prosecution.

This was in the spring of '58. The two years previous the country had been devasted by grasshoppers, and no green thing had escaped. There was no old grain, the mass of people had been speculating in town lots, and such had been the demand for city charters, that a wag moved in legislature to reserve one-tenth of the land of Minnesota for agricultural purposes. The territorial had just been exchanged for a state government, which was not yet in working order. The capital of every man in the printing company was buried in corner lots, or lots which were not on a corner. The wolves and bears cared nothing for surveyor's stakes, and held possession of most of the cities, howling defiance at the march of civilization. The troops were still in Kansas establishing slavery, and we lived in a constant state of alarm. The men were organized for defense against Indians, and must do picket duty. All the money was in the hands of the enemy. Citizens had everything to buy and nothing to buy it with. Provisions were brought up from St. Paul by wagon, except when a boat could come from St. Anthony. Those men of the company who were especially marked, were men of families, and it is hard to starve children for the freedom of the press. The nearest court was St. Anthony. Any defense of that suit must be ruinous to those men, and I advised them to compromise.

A committee was appointed to meet six lawyers, and were in despair when they learned the ultimatum of the great Dictator. With the terms demanded, they had no inclination to comply, but sent J. Fowler to me with the contract they were required to sign.

This bound the company in a bond of $10,000 actual payment, that the St. Cloud Visiter should publish in its columns a card from Mr. Shepley, of which a copy was appended, and which stated that the destruction of the office was not for any political cause, but was solely on account of an attack made by its editor on the reputation of a lady. Also, that said Visiter should never again discuss or refer to the destruction of its office.

Fowler burned with indignation, and was much surprised when I returned the paper, saying that I would comply with these demands. He protested that I should not—that they had set out to defend the freedom of the press.

"Which you cannot do," I remarked. "You sign that paper just as you would hand your money to a robber who held a pistol to your head and demanded it. There is a point at which the bravest must yield, where resistance is madness ,and you have reached this point. The press is mine, leave its freedom to me. Defend me from brute force and do your duty to your families."

He returned to the consultation room, where every one was surprised at my compliance. They had all given me credit for more pluck, but since I surrendered, the case was lost. The contract was signed, the bond executed, and everything made tight and fast as law could make it. The friends of free press were indignant, but bided their time. Stephen Miller a nephew of my mother-in-law, and afterwards governor of Minnesota, was on a visit to Harrisburg during all this trouble, and when he returned, he flew into a towering rage over what he termed the cowardly backdown of the printing company, and published a card in the St. Paul papers, washing his hands of it.

But to the victors belong the spoils and glory, and now they made much of them. Ladies got out their silks, their jewels and their laces. There were sounds of revelry by night, where fair women and gallant men drew around the social board, on which sparkled the wine-cup and glimmered the yellow gold, to be taken up by the winner. Champagne was drunk in honor of the famous victory, hands were shaken over it, stray sheep were brought back into the true Democratic fold, and late opinions about presses and types were forgotten.

Though, among all the rejoicings, the Bar had the best of it. For once its members had not been like the blades of a pair of scissors; had not even seemed to cut each other, while only cutting that which came between. For once its members were a band of brothers, concentrated into one sharp, keen dagger, with which they had stabbed Freedom to the heart. That triumphant Bar stroked its bearded chin, and parted its silky mustache; hem'd its wisest hem; haw'd its most impressive haw.

"If Gen. Lowrie had ah, but ah, taken legal advice ah, in the first instance ah, all would have been well ah!"

They were the generals who had won this famous victory, and wore their laurels with a jaunty air, while a learned and distinguished divine from the center of the State, in a sermon, congratulated the Lord on having succeeded in "restoring peace to this community, lately torn by dissensions,"—and all was quiet on the Mississippi.

On its bank sat poor little I, looking out on its solemn march to the sea, thinking of Minnesota; sending a wail upon its bosom to meet and mingle with that borne by the Missouri from Kansas; thinking of a sad-faced slave, who landed with her babe in her arms here, just in front of my unfinished loft, performed the labor of a slave in this free Northern land, and embarked from this same landing to go to a Tennessee auction block, noboby saying to the master, "Why do ye this?"

Against the power which thus trampled constitutional guarantees, congressional enactments and State rights in the dust, I seemed to stand alone, with my hands tied—stood in a body weighing just one hundred pounds, and kept in it by the most assiduous care. I was learning to set type, and as I picked the bits of lead from the labeled boxes, there ran the old tune of St. Thomas, carrying through my brain these words:

"Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill."

Why did the heathen rage and kings vex themselves? God, even our God, should dash them together like potsherds. What an uneven fight it was—God and I against that little clique—against a world!

I rented the office to the boys, who at once gave me notice that I was no longer wanted in it. They issued a half-sheet Visiter, with "the Devil" as editor and proprietor. His salutatory informed his readers, that he was in full possession and was going to have a good time; had taught the Visiter to lie, and was going to tunnel the Mississippi. Those were bright boys, and they had a jolly week. Mr. Shepley's card appeared, as per agreement, and thus far the terms of release for the printing company complied with, and the contract with the Dictator filled. But what next? Had I actually given up the publication? Of course I had. Its finances were desperate, and what else could I do? What motive could I have for attempting to go on with it? Oh, what a famous victory. The next publication day passed and no Visiter. There was a dress parade of triumphant troops, and that most famous victory was bearing fruit.

Next day the St. Cloud Democrat made its appearance, and I was sole editor and proprietor. Into the first editorial column I copied verbatim, with a prominent heading, the article from the Visiter on which the libel suit was founded, and gave notice that I alone was pecuniarily responsible for all the injury that could possibly be done to the characters of all the men who might feel themselves aggrieved thereby. Of the late Visiter I had an obituary; gave a short sketch of its stormy life; how it was insulted, overborne, enslaved; that it could not live a slave, and died in its new chains.

It seems strange that those lawyers should have been so stupid, or should have accredited me with such amazing stupidity when they drew up that bond; but so it was, and the tables were completely turned. To sue me for libel was folly, for in St. Paul or St. Anthony I should have had the gratuitous services of the best legal talent in the state, and they and their case would have been ground into very small and dirty dust. No famous victory was ever before turned into a more total rout by a more simple ambush, and by it I won the clear field necessary to the continuance of my work.

I still had protection from physical violence, but had no fear of legal molestation, and after the next fall election, border ruffianism fell into such disrepute in St. Cloud that loaded guns seemed no longer necessary to sustain the freedom of the press.

CHAPTER XLI.

When The St. Cloud Democrat began its career as the organ of the Republican party in Northern Minnesota, the central and southern portions of the State were fairly supplied with republican papers, the conductors all being more or less skillful in the art of plowing and sowing the political field; but with no very bright prospect of harvesting a victory. Under the Lowrie dictatorship of the North, it is difficult to see how the success of a Republican could have been made possible, any more than giving the electoral vote of Southern Republican States to the Republican candidate in 1880.

To overthrow that dictatorship was the work I had volunteered to do, and in doing it, my plan was to "plow deep," subsoil to the beam. Preachers held men accountable to God for their Sunday services, but it was my aim to urge the divine claim to obedience, all the rest of the week. I held that election day was of all others, the Lord's day. He instituted the first republic. All the training which Moses gave the Jews was to fit them for self-government, and at his death the choice of their rulers was left with them and they were commanded to

"Choose men, fearing God and hating coveteousness, and set them to rule over you."

For no creed, no form of worship, no act of his life, is a man more directly responsible to God, than for casting his vote or the non-fulfillment of that duty.

When the nominations were made for the second State election in 1859, Gen. Lowrie had lost ground so fast that he needed the indorsement of his party. This was given in his nomination for Lieut. Governor. The Republicans nominated Ignatius Donnelley, a fiery young orator, who took the stump, and was not deterred by any super-refinement from making the most of his opponent's reputation as the stealthy destroyer of a printing office, because he had made a bad bargain in buying its editor. He and the party which had made his methods its own by nominating him, were held up to the most unmerciful ridicule. The canvass seemed to turn on the indorsement or repudiation of border-ruffianism, press-breaking, woman-mobbing. My personnel had then become familiar to the people of the State, and the large man who instituted a mob to suppress a woman of any size, and then failed, was not a suitable leader for American men, even if they were Democrats.

The death-knell of Democratic rule in Minnesota was rung in that election. The whole Republican State ticket was elected, with Gov. Ramsey at its head, and he was the first Governor to tender troops to President Lincoln for the suppression of the Rebellion. The result was gratifying, although our own county, Stearns, was overwhelmingly Democratic, and must remain so, since the great mass of the people were Catholics.

However, the election of the State ticket was largely due to the personal popularity of Gov. Ramsey, and this could not be depended upon for a lasting arrangement, so I spent the winter following lecturing through the State, sowing seed for the coming presidential campaign. I never spoke in public during an election excitement, never advocated on the platform the claims of any particular man, but urged general principles.

Stephen Miller was our St. Cloud delegate to the Chicago convention which nominated Mr. Lincoln, led the canvass in the State, as the most efficient speaker and was chairman of the Electoral College. His prominent position in the Border Ruffian war added largely to his popularity in the State, and once more that little printing office under the grand old trees was plunged into politics; this time into an election on which hung the destinies of the nation. How that election was carried on in other States I know not, but in Minnesota the banner of Republicanism and human freedom was borne aloft over a well fought field. There was not much surface work. Men struggled for the Right against the old despotism of Might, and planted their cause on foundations more enduring than Minnesota granite itself.

Yet, even then, the opposition of the Garrisonians was most persistent. There was a large anti-slavery element among the original settlers of Minnesota, but it was mostly of the Garrisonian or non-voting type, and had lain dormant under pro-slavery rule. To utilize this element at the polls was my special desire. The ground occupied by them was the one I had abandoned, i. e., the ground made by the Covenanters when the Constitution first appeared. They pronounced it "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell," and would not vote or hold office under it; would not take an oath to support it. So firmly had Garrison planted himself on the old Covenanter platform, that it is doubtful whether he labored harder for the overthrow of slavery or political anti-slavery; whether he more fiercely denounced slave-holders or men who voted against slave-holding. Once after a "flaming" denunciation of political abolitionists, some one said to him:

"Mr. Garrison, I am surprised at the ground you take! Do you not think James G. Birney and Gerrit Smith are anti-slavery?"

He hesitated and replied:

"They have anti-slavery tendencies, I admit."

Now, James G. Birney, when a young man, fell heir to the third of an Alabama estate, and arranged with the other heirs to take the slaves as his portion. He took them all into a free State, emancipated them, and left himself wihout a dollar, but went to work and became the leader of political abolitionists, while Gerrit Smith devoted his splendid talents and immense wealth to the cause of the slave. When their mode of action was so reprehensible to Mr. Garrison, we may judge the strength of his opposition to that plan of action which resulted in the overthrow of slavery. His non-resistance covered ballots as well as bullets, and slavery, the creation of brute force and ballots, must not be attacked by any weapon, save moral suasion. So it was, that Garrisonian, off the line of the underground railroad, was a rather harmless foe to slavery, and was often used by it to prevent the casting of votes which would endanger its power.

From the action of the slave power, it must by that time have been apparent to all, that adverse votes was what it most dreaded; but old-side Covenanters, Quakers and Garrisonians could not cast these without soiling their hands by touching that bad Constitution. But that moral dilettanteism, which thinks first of its own hands, was not confined to non-voting abolitionists; for the "thorough goers" of the old Liberty Party, could not come down from their perch on platforms which embraced all the moralties, to work on one which only said to slavery 'not another foot of territory."

Both these parties attacked me. The one argued that I, of necessity, endorsed slavery everywhere by recognizing the Constitution; the other that I must favor its existence where it then was, by working with the Republican party, which was only pledged to prevent its extension. To me, these positions seemed utterly untenable, their arguments preposterous, and I did my best to make this appear. I claimed the Constitution as anti-slavery, and taught the duty of overthrowing slaveryy by and through it, but no argument which I used did half the service of an illustration which came to me:

I had a little garden in which the weeds did grow, and little Bobbie Miller had a little broken hoe. When I went into my garden to cut the weeds away, I took up Bobbie's little hoe to help me in the fray. If that little hoe were wanting, I'd take a spoon or fork, or any other implement, but always keep at work. If any one would send me a broader, sharper hoe, I'd use it on those ugly weeds and cut more with one blow; but till I got a better hoe, I'd work away with Bobbie's. I'd ride one steady-going nag, and not a dozen hobbies; help any man or boy, or fiend to do what needed doing, and only stop when work came up which done would call for rueing.

This conceit struck popular fancy as plain argument could not have done, and the Republican party came to be called "Robbie Miller's Hoe"—an imperfect means of reaching a great end, and one that any one might use without becoming responsible for its imperfections.

During the heat of that Lincoln campaign, Galusha A. Grow, then Speaker of the U. S. House of Representatives, came to St. Cloud to speak, and found me ill with quinsy; but I went to the meeting. It was held in Wilson's Hall, which was on the second floor of a frame building, and was so packed that before he began fears were felt lest the floors should give way. But the speaker told the audience that the floor would "hold still" if they did; and any one who felt uneasy had better leave now. No one left, and for two hours and a half he held that packed assembly in close and silent attention. He was very popular on the frontier on account of his homestead bill, yet the hall was surrounded all the time he spoke by a howling Democratic mob, who hurled stones against the house, fired guns, shouted and yelled, trying to drown his voice. To make it more interesting and try to draw out the audience, they made a huge bonfire and burned me in effigy as—

"The mother of the Republican party."

The result of that campaign is known, for in it Minnesota was made so thoroughly Republican that the party must needs split, in order to get rid of its supremacy.

TYPEWRITER RIBBONS for all machines at Tribune.

(First publication, Aug. 9-2t)

Notice of Hearing on Petition for Formation of New District.

Whereas, A petition has been filed with the County Board of the County of Kandiyohi with the approval of the County Superintendent of Schools of said County endorsed thereon, signed and acknowledged by a majority of the freeholders who reside in the proposed new district herein described, and who are entitled to vote at school meetings in their respective districts, and duly verified by the affidavit of one of the residents of said proposed new district, praying for the organization of a new school district out of the territory hereinafter described, to-wit:

The northwest quarter, and the south one-half of section fifteen; all of section twenty-two; all of section twenty-seven; west one-half of section 34 and the west half of the east half of section 34, and the northeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section 34; the southeast quarter, and the east one-half of the east one-half of the southwest quarter, and the northeast quarter; also the northeast quarter of the northwest quarter of section 33; the east one-half of section 28; the south one-half of section 21, containing 3,280 acres in the township of Roseland, County of Kandiyohi.

Said petition states: That the reasons for the formation of said proposed district out of the above territory, are, that the distance to the schools is too far and the roads often unpassable and that this school will be located on one of the main roads north and south on the corner of sections 21, 22 and 27-28 said town of Roseland; that the number of persons who reside in the above described territory is 80; the names and ages of all children of school age who reside in said territory and the present existing school districts in which said children live; and that said territory lies within the boundaries of the following school districts in said county, to-wit: School District No. 82 in which 38 of said children live; School District No. 64 in which 80 of said children live; School District No. 87 in which 101 of said children live, and the said County Board have appointed a time and place for a hearing upon said petition as by law required;

Now therefore,

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that a hearing upon said petition will be had at a meeting of the said Board, commencing upon the 12th day of September, A. D. 1916, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the office of the County Auditor in the City of Willmar in said County, at which time and place the said County Board will hear arguments of all persons interested, for or against the proposed organization of said new school district.

Dated at Willmar this 10th day of July, A. D. 1916.

By order of the County Board of Kandiyohi County, Minn.

(SEAL) SAMUEL NELSON,
County Auditor and Ex-Officio Clerk of the Board.

N. B. JOHNSON,
Chairman Board of County Commissioners, Kandiyohi County, Minn.

(First publication, Aug. 2, 1916-3t)

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between C. H. Lunstead and Caroline Carlson under the firm name and style of C. H. Lunstead & Co., doing a general shoe repairing business at 324 Benson Ave. W., Willmar, Minn., has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. The business will be continued by C. H. Lunstead.

All accounts due the late firm are payable to said Caroline Carlson.

Dated at Willmar, Minnesota, July 26, 1916.

C. H. LUNSTEAD,
CAROLINE CARLSON.

(First publication Aug. 9-4t).

Order Limiting Time to File Claims, and for Hearing Thereon.

Estate of John Jacobson.

State of Minnesota, County of Kandiyohi, In Probate Court.

In the Matter of the Estate of John Jacobson, Decedent.

Letters of Administration this day having been granted to C. W. Odell,

It Is Ordered, that the time within which all creditors of the above named decedent may present claims against his estate in this court, be, and the same hereby is, limited to six months from and after the date hereof; and that Monday, the 12th day of February, 1917, at 2 o'clock p. m., in the Probate Court Rooms at the Court House at Willmar in said County, be, and the same hereby is, fixed and appointed as the time and place for hearing upon and the examination, adjustment and allowance of such claims as shall be presented within the time aforesaid.

Let notice hereof be given by the publication of this order in The Willmar Tribune as provided by law.

Dated Aug. 2, 1916.

(SEAL) IDA A. SANDERSON,
Clerk of Probate Court.

CHARLES JOHNSON,
Attorney, Willmar, Minn.

(First publication Aug. 9-4t.)

Citation for Hearing on Final Account and for Distribution.

Estate of Claus Johnson.

State of Minnesota, County of Kandiyohi, In Probate Court:

In the Matter of the Estate of Claus Johnson, Decedent:

The State of Minnesota to all persons interested in the final account and distribution of the estate of said decedent: The representative of the above named decedent, having filed in this Court his final account of the administration of the estate of said decedent, together with his petition praying for the adjustment and allowance of said final account and for distribution of the residue of said estate to the person thereunto entitled. Therefore, YOU, AND EACH OF YOU, are hereby cited and required to show cause, if any you have, before this Court at the Probate Court Rooms in the Court House in the City of Willmar in the County of Kandiyohi, State of Minnesota, on the 4th day of September, 1916, at 2 o'clock p. m., why said petition should not be granted.

Witness, The Judge of said Court, and the Seal of said Court, this 7th day of August, 1916.

(SEAL) IDA A. SANDERSON,
Clerk of Probate Court.

R. W. STANFORD,
Attorney for Petitioner,
Willmar, Minn.

(First publication July 26-4t).

Order Limiting Time to File Claims, and for Hearing Thereon.

Estate of Andrew Peterson.

State of Minnesota, County of Kandiyohi, In Probate Court.

In the Matter of the Estate of Andrew Peterson, Decedent.

Letters of Administration this day having been granted to Lewis Johnson,

It Is Ordered, that the time within which all creditors of the above named decedent may present claims against his estate in this court, be, and the same hereby is, limited to six months from and after the date hereof; and that Monday, the 29th day of January, 1917, at 2 o'clock p. m., in the Probate Court Rooms at the Court House at Willmar in said County; be, and the same hereby is, fixed and appointed as the time and place for hearing upon and the examination, adjustment and allowance of such claims as shall be presented within the time aforesaid.

Let notice hereof be given by the publication of this order in the Willmar Tribune as provided by law.

The Willmar Tribune as provided by law.

Dated July 24th, 1916.

(SEAL) IDA A. SANDERSON,
Clerk of Probate Court.

CHARLES JOHNSON,
Attorney, Willmar, Minn.

(First publication Aug. 2-4t.)

Citation for Hearing on Final Account and for Distribution.

Estate of Harry B. Stromert.

State of Minnesota, County of Kandiyohi, In Probate Court:

In the Matter of the Estate of Harry B. Stromert, Decedent:

The State of Minnesota to all persons interested in the final account and distribution of the estate of said decedent: The representative of the above named decedent, having filed in this Court her final account of the administration of the estate of said decedent, together with her petition praying for the adjustment and allowance of said final account and for distribution of the residue of said estate to the person thereunto entitled. Therefore, YOU, AND EACH OF YOU are hereby cited and required to show cause, if any you have, before this Court at the Probate Court Rooms in the Court House in the City of Willmar, in the County of Kandiyohi, State of Minnesota, on the 28th day of August, 1916, at 2 o'clock p. m., why said petition should not be granted.

Witness, The Judge of said Court, and the Seal of said Court, this 1st day of August, 1916.

(SEAL) IDA A. SANDERSON,
Clerk of Probate Court.

GEO. H. OTTERNESS,
Attorney for Petitioner,
Willmar, Minn.

(First publication July 26-4t.)

Citation for Hearing on Petition for Administration.

Estate of Peder E. Whem.

State of Minnesota, County of Kandiyohi, In Probate Court.

In the Matter of the Estate of Peder E. Whem, Decedent.

The State of Minnesota to all persons interested in the granting of administration of the estate of said decedent: The petition of Martha Bredeson having been filed in this court, representing that Peder E. Whem, then a resident of the County of Kandiyohi, State of Minnesota, died intestate on the 16th day of July, 1916, and praying that letters of administration of his estate be granted to Hans E. Whem; and the court having fixed the time and place for hearing said petition; THEREFORE, YOU, AND EACH OF YOU, are hereby cited and required to show cause, if any you have, before this court at the Probate Court Rooms in the Court House in the City of Willmar, in the County of Kandiyohi, State of Minnesota on the 21st day of August, 1916, at 2 o'clock p. m., why said petition should not be granted.

Witness, the Judge of said Court, and the Seal of said Court, this 21st day of July, 1916.

(COURT SEAL)
IDA A. SANDERSON,
Clerk of Probate Court.

Up In the World.

"Are they richer now?"

"Yes. Now they talk of their 'country place' instead of 'the farm.'"

(First publication Aug. 9-4t.)

SUMMONS.

State of Minnesota, County of Kandiyohi,—ss.

In District Court, Twelfth Judicial District.

Andrew E. Anderson, Plaintiff,
vs.
Catherine Harney Forbes, Mary E. Forbes, Agnes Forbes, Catherine Forbes, Silas Whitcomb, George B. Wright, Abner C. Smith, Elizabeth D. Smith, Carrie L. Fitch, Ella B. Dixon, Daniel Buck, Henry L. Smith, Agnes V. Forbes, S. A. Mullerburg, Sven Johnson, Amanda B. Forbes, Ellen B. Dixon, and also all other persons unknown claiming any right, title, estate, interest or lien in the real estate described in the complaint herein,
Defendants.

THE STATE OF MINNESOTA TO THE ABOVE NAMED DEFENDANTS:

You, and each of you, are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint of the plaintiff in the above entitled action, which said complaint has been filed in the Office of the Clerk of the above named Court, at his Office in the Court House in the City of Willmar, Kandiyohi County, Minnesota, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint upon the subscriber at his Office in the City of Willmar, in the County of Kandiyohi and State of Minnesota, within Twenty (20) days after the service of this summons upon you, exclusive of the day of such service, and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint herein.

Dated July 21st, 1916.

CHARLES JOHNSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff.
Bank of Willmar Building, Willmar, Minnesota.

NOTICE OF LIS PENDENS.

State of Minnesota, County of Kandiyohi,—ss.

In District Court, Twelfth Judicial District.

Andrew E. Anderson, Plaintiff,
vs.
Catherine Harney Forbes, Mary E. Forbes, Agnes Forbes, Catherine Forbes, Silas Whitcomb, George B. Wright, Abner C. Smith, Elizabeth D. Smith, Carrie L. Fitch, Ella B. Dixon, Daniel Buck, Henry L. Smith, Agnes V. Forbes, S. A. Mullerburg, Sven Johnson, Amanda B. Forbes, Ellen B. Dixon, and also all other persons unknown claiming any right, title, estate, interest or lien in the real estate described in the complaint herein,
Defendants.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That an action has been commenced by the plaintiff in the above entitled matter, and is now pending in the above named Court; that the object of said action is to determine the title of the said Andrew E. Anderson to the lands and premises hereinafter described, and to debar the defendants and each of them from claiming or asserting any right, title, estate, lien, claim, demand or interest in, to, or upon the lands hereinafter described, and to forever quiet the title of the said Andrew E. Anderson to the said real estate. The lands and premises affected by this action, are situated in the County of Kandiyohi and State of Minnesota, and are described as follows, to-wit: The Southeast quarter of the Northwest quarter (SE1-4 of NW1-4); the Southwest quarter of Southeast quarter (SW1-4 of SE1-4); the Northeast quarter of the Southwest quarter (NE1-4 of SW1-4); and the Northwest quarter of the Southeast quarter (NW1-4 of SE1-4), except a tract of land described as follows:

Commencing at the Northwest corner of the Northwest quarter of the Southeast quarter (NW1-4 of SE1-4) of Section Twenty-six (26), Township One Hundred Nineteen (119), Range Thirty-four (34), running thence South sixteen (16) rods; thence East ten (10) rods; thence North sixteen (16) rods; thence West ten (10) rods, to place of beginning, containing One (1) acre, all in Section Twenty-six (26), Township One Hundred Nineteen (119), Range Thirty-four (34).

Dated at Willmar, Minnesota, July 21st, 1916.

CHARLES JOHNSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff.
Bank of Willmar Building, Willmar, Minnesota.

(First publication Aug. 9-4t).

Order Limiting Time to File Claims Within Three Months, and for Hearing Thereon.

Estate of Karen Eline Olsen.

State of Minnesota, County of Kandiyohi, In Probate Court.

In the Matter of the Estate of Karen Eline Olsen, Decedent.

Letters of Administration this day having been granted to Peder M. Olsen, and it appearing by the affidavit of said representative that there are no debts of said decedent;

It Is Ordered, That the time within which all creditors of the above named decedent may present claims against her estate in this Court, be, and the same hereby is, limited to three months from and after the date hereof; and that Monday, the 13th day of November, 1916, at 2 o'clock p. m., in the Probate Court Rooms at the Court House at Willmar in said County, be, and the same hereby is, fixed and appointed as the time and place for hearing upon and the examination, adjustment and allowance of such claims as shall be presented within the time aforesaid.

Let notice hereof be given by the publication of this order in the Willmar Tribune as provided by law.

Dated August 4, 1916.

(SEAL) IDA A. SANDERSON,
Clerk of Probate Court.

CHARLES JOHNSON,
Attorney, Willmar, Minn.

(First publication Aug. 9-3t.)

NOTICE TO BANKS.

Office of County Auditor, Willmar, Minn., Aug. 7, 1916.

Sealed bids from banks will be received at this office until Wednesday the 30th day of August, 1916 at 10 o'clock a. m.

Said bids will be opened by the Board of Auditors of Kandiyohi County at 2 o'clock p. m., on August 30, 1916 for the deposit of County Funds.

The said bids to be addressed to said Board of Audit in care of the County Auditor, and shall state what security will be given the county for the prompt payment of funds so deposited and shall state the rate of interest that will be paid on funds deposited for a certain length of time.

Each bid must be accompanied by a good and sufficient bond.

The Board of Auditors reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of the Board of Auditors of Kandiyohi County, Minnesota.

SAMUEL NELSON,
County Auditor.

Close.

"Is he a close friend of yours?"

"Yes, indeed. I can't borrow a cent from him."—Judge.

Tribune Want-Ads Bring Results.