THE NEW CLARION

By...
WILL N. HARBEN

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CHAPTER XXVI.

At the Camp Meeting.

MARY and Abner reached the shed together where the religious services were to be held. Leaving him, she took a seat on the side occupied by the women, and he sank upon the last bench near the front end. He was known to be unorthodox in belief and was sel-

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dom asked to speak or lead in prayer. The seats were rapidly filling, and men and boys pressed close against the benches on the outside. He saw Hiram Tinsley enter at the side and take a seat on the platform, bowing his head in prayer according to custom, and as he had come alone Abner decided that Mrs. Tinsley was averse to appearing in public. Another person who attracted Abner's notice was Mrs. Fulton. She was alone and sat directly across the aisle from Abner. He noted that her face was pale and careworn. There was a restless, furtive look in her eyes as she glanced about her, and the thought came to him that perhaps Abe's recent disturbed manner might have attracted her attention. Did the woman know—did she suspect her husband's guilt, and was her conscience troubling her for not revealing the truth? She looked in Abner's direction, saw him for the first time and shrank back so visibly that he was sure the sight of him had startled her.

At this juncture Abner happened to glance toward the entrance and saw Pole Baker directing his wife and children to a seat, while he himself remained back among the bystanders outside. Staring steadily, Abner caught his eye and made a motion to the vacent space on the bench beside him; but, to his surprise, Pole shook his head and slyly motioned Abner to come out. Rising and joining him, Pole led him in silence away from the shed to a spot among the trees where some horses and mules were haltered to stumps and wagon wheels.

"No meetin' fer me today," were Pole's first words. "Got other fish to fry."

"What's up?" Abner asked eagerly.

"I'm watchin' that man o' ours," Pole said. "I don't want 'im to make a move that I don't see. He's a-settin' on a log right back o' the pulpit now. I followed him an' his wife from the'r cabin till I had to jine Jane an' the children down the road a piece. I can't tell Jane about this, an', blame me, ef I don't have as hard work gittin' her to let me alone as all the rest put together. You see, Uncle Ab, ef I don't let her know exactly whar I've been an' what fer she puts it down to some woman devilment o' mine. She seed me come out o' the thicket down the road jest now an' hain't spoke a word since. Ef she says any prayer today it will be that the Lord will bring me to judgment. I believe when a feller tries to turn over a new leaf an' git good that the Lord will help 'im in some ways, but the devil will git at 'im through his wife. It was a cold blooded business arrangement betwixt me 'n' Jane at the start, but she's pinin' down on me like a gal o' sixteen goin' through 'er fust love spasm. She's raked up every bad thing I ever was guilty of, an' you know yorese'f that you'd keep 'er busy. I tell 'er I'm done with all that sort o' thing, but jest let me black my boots, shave up or put on a clean shirt, an' she wants to know whar the woman's hidin'."

"What are you watchin' Abe today fer?" Abner asked, his thoughts far from his friend's domestic affairs.

"Why, I jest imagined," Pole answered, "since I ketched Abe prayin' t'other day that maybe this rousin' meetin' might work on his conscience in the way you spoke of. I thought I'd keep an eye on 'im, anyhow."

Abner was silent for several minutes; then facing his companion, he said:

"You started me out on this particular line, Pole, an' you'll deserve most of the credit if any good comes from it. I don't feel right in keepin' you out of it so much. I'd 'a' let you do more, but I was afeard two on the job would scare 'im off. You are cautious, Pole, an' I want you to do some'n' fer me this morning'. Don't you think you could run across Abe sorter by accident-like an' say some'n' or other in a' offhand, roundabout way that 'd tend to make 'im sorry fer Howard?"

"I reckon I could, Uncle Ab, an' I'll try it ef you think it will do any good."

"Well, go ahead, but don't stay long, fer I'm goin' to talk to 'im myself this mornin'. Let me know when you are through an' I'll take some step or other."

Leaving Abner among the trees, Pole walked around the shed till he was close to where Abe Fulton sat on the log, his shaggy head down.

"You hain't got a good seat, Abe," he smiled cordially, "but it's better'n one you have to stay on till the doxology is sung."

The man addressed made a failure of a smile. "My wife's in thar, but I didn't want to go," he muttered. "I hain't a member." Pole sat down, taking his knife from his pocket and beginning to cut a straight sprout of hickory growing at his feet.

"I'm a backslider," he laughed. "I've slid an' slid down grade, Abe, till it 'u'd take a railroad derrick to hoist me to a seat among the favored. Thar is so many sad things in the world that it takes the heart out of a feller. I'm worried right now. I've got a friend, Paul Chester—you know 'im, I reckon, Abe? He's a good hearted feller, but he was runnin' a 'blind tiger' in town, an' now the pore devil is in jail. He sent fer me, an' I went to see 'im. I expected to find 'im down in the mouth; but, la me! He didn't care so much fer what happened to 'im as he did fer some'n' else. It seems that his cage is right across from the one Howard Tinsley's in, an' the sight o' Howard's awful condition made 'im think his own case wasn't nothin' to compare to it. Paul couldn't talk o' nothin' but Howard. I took a peep at Howard through the bars, an' I certainly understood what Paul meant. He's wasted away to a bare shadow, an' it looks like all faith in man an' God has left 'im."

Pole paused, and Fulton suddenly fixed an unreadable stare on him.

"What do *you* think about it?" he asked, his thick lip hanging loosely, his big right hand clutching his knee.

Pole blinked visibly.

"Me? Well, it's like this, Abe: You see, I've heard so many conflictin' reports that I hardly know what to believe. The truth is, I'm so sorry fer Howard an' his mammy an' fer that nice gal that's workin' in his place, goin' to see 'im every day an' prayin' fer 'im so hard that—well, I hain't fully made up my mind, though I'm inclined to take his word. I've knowed 'im sence he was a little tot, an' I hain't never knowed 'im to lie. I hain't done no particular good in the world—I've been a bad egg from the start, an'—an'—well, you'll laugh, I reckon, at the idea, but considerin' all that lies in front o' Howard, I'll be darned ef I wouldn't be willin' to take his place an' let 'im go free."

The singing was beginning under the shed. A verse was sung, and the minister began to intone another in a clear, mellow voice. Abe was now staring at the ground, and Pole, closely watching him from the corner of his eyes, saw a quiver pass over him. Pole decided that his prompt departure now would strengthen the effect of his words, so he yawned carelessly and rose. "Well, I'll be goin'," he said.

"Hold on; wait a minute!" Fulton turned suddenly. Pole sat down again on the log.

"What is it, Abe?" he asked.

"I jest wanted to ax a question," Fulton faltered. "I don't want to go to any o' them in thar, because I know what they would say, but I—I want to ax you. Is all that singin' an' prayin' in thar pure poppycock, or do they mean it?"

"I'll tell you, Abe, it's like this, I reckon," Pole said finally. "Some of 'em are dead in earnest—them that's done wrong an' know it, but I think all—even down to the youngest—git a benefit in some shape or other."

"Then you think"—Abe's somnolent eyes seemed to burn from fires of agony and indecision—"that thar really is sech a thing as a God?"

"Oh, yes; oh, yes!" Pole felt himself on firmer ground. "Scripture says, 'The fool hath said in his heart that thar ain't no God.' Oh, yes, thar is one, Abe, but I begin to believe as old Abner Daniel does, that he hain't exactly the sort of a God that ever did tell anybody precisely how many nails to drive in the side of a house or dicker with the devil over the best way to tantalize a feller as good as old Job was. Yes, thar's a God, an', whatever he is, he is all right. You can depend upon that. Did you ever listen to old Ab talk? Well, he's a good un."

"That's one thing I want to ax you about." Abe suddenly leaned forward. It was as if he almost held his breath in anxiety. "You've knowed 'im a long time an' had dealin's with 'im. Do you think he would give a man good advice, a—a—man in troub—a man bothered in his mind over anything—business or any private matter?"

Pole's eyes flashed against his will. He pretended to reflect, then he said: "Thar ain't a shadow of a doubt about old Ab's heart bein' right, Abe. Yes, he's a good man. Not many round here know 'im as well as I do. He'd saw off his right arm any day to help a person in distress, an', la me, how he hates to see a friend take a wrong step!"

"But he's sorter tricky, ain't he?" Fulton asked.

"He may be about little trifiin' matters, Abe, sech as hoss tradin' or playin' a harmless joke, but not about big, serious matters. La me, that old man knows me like a book! He's traveled all the way to Atlanta more'n once to git me out of hock in a spree. He's bought new clothes fer me an' fetched me back home an' never told a soul."

"Then you'd take his advice about a very serious matter?" Abe muttered.

"You bet I would," Pole answered promptly, "especially ef it concerned right or wrong." Pole rose again. The minister was beginning to preach. "So long, Abe," he smiled. "I reckon I'll listen to that sermon."

"Wait a minute." Fulton raised his shadowy eyes with the timidity of a frightened child. "I want to see Abner Daniel today—this mornin'—*right now*, ef—ef I kin."

"All right. I know whar he is."

Skirting the shed to reach the spot where he had left Abner, Pole saw him seated on the tongue of a wagon whittling a stick.

"Huh!" Abner grunted. "You certainly took long enough. Did you go home to dinner with 'im?"

"He's primed an' cocked ready to dump the whole thing." Pole smiled broadly. "They say ef you want to catch a bird fust sprinkle salt on his tail an' I've got Abe kivered from head to foot. He said fer me to send you to 'im right off, an' ef I was you I'd not waste any time."

Abner's face beamed as he stood up and brushed the shavings from his trousers. "I know the sort Abe is," he said, "an' we must strike while the iron is hot. I'll tell you what you kin do fer me, Pole. I want you to go to my stable an' hitch up my hoss an' buggy an' drive it this way as quick as you kin. The sheriff is under the shed, but he hain't got nothin' to ride in, an' he'll want to take our man to town ef this thing goes through. Dill will be powerful astonished, but he will act when he catches on."

"All right," Pole answered.

Abner went to where Fulton sat.

"I met Pole Baker round t'other side the shed," Abner began. "He said you wanted to see me, Abe."

"Thar ain't but one thing I want to see you about. You can't browbeat me an' dog my steps like you've been doin'. You don't wear no detective's badge nor carry no policeman's club that I ever seed. Ef you think I've—I've done a certain thing you kin think it all you want to, but—but you hain't got a speck o' proof, an' the way you abused me t'other night has got to stop."

Abner's face, while full of disappointment, was firm.

"Did you send Pole Baker to me to say this?" he inquired.

"Yes," muttered Abe.

"That's a lie, Abe Fulton, an' you know it!"

"You—you dare"— Fulton drew himself up straight and clinched his fist as if for a fight.

(To be continued.)

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

Sept. 22-29.

Celery may be banked with earth or boards to cause it to bleach well.

Many new seedling roses of merit are being put out by rose-growers in Ireland.

It is sometimes a good plan to pull tomato vines, when a hard frost is expected, and hang them in a shed to let the fruit ripen.

Follow up the premium won at the state or county fair with a little judicious advertising. It will help make sales.

If you don't want a lot of seedling asparagus plants coming up wild in your patch, remove the fruiting canes before the seed shells.

Have you laid in a supply of walnuts, butternuts, and hazel nuts for winter use? There may be a few on the trees yet, altho the squirrels have been busy.

Trees and shrubs may be set in autumn, but as a rule it is better to wait till spring. Large trees with a ball of frozen earth about the roots may be moved to advantage late in the autumn.

One of the pretty sights at this time of year along a few of our country roads are flocks of quail. They are protected by law in Minnesota, and have some chance of increasing if the winter is not too severe.

Now is a good time to get together the horticultural books, bulletins, and papers for use this winter.

Have you saved seed of fruiting-shrubs and nut plants to plant next spring? Put them in sand until spring and then plant.

Some vegetable growers have found that it pays to put produce in packages that are easily salable. This saves recounting and handling. Thus, one-third bushel baskets are used for perishable crops like tomatoes; corn is put in sacks holding six dozen.

Be sure the shrubs and trees go into winter with plenty of water at the roots. Remember considerable moisture is lost from the tree from the time the ground freezes until it thaws in spring. Don't water the top of the ground only, but the soil clear to the roots. This means many heavy rains or watering by hand. Mulching later will help to save water, but it must be in the ground to be saved.—LeRoy Cady, associate horticulturist, University Farm, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Erickson-Olson Nuptials.

Yesterday afternoon at five o'clock at the Norwegian Lutheran church a very pretty wedding took place and as a result, New London has lost one of its most estimable young ladies. Or in other words, Miss Carrie E. Erickson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Even Erickson of this village, was joined in wedlock to Mr. Emil Olson, of Thief River Falls, a son of Mrs. Aaron Olson of Irving township. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. M. Hanson, in the presence of only the immediate family of the contracting parties.

The bridal party was taken to the church in automobiles where they met in the church entry and marched to the altar to the strains of Lohengrins wedding march played by Miss Alfie Olson. The bride was arrayed in a gown of brocaded silk net over white satin, trimmed with spangled fringe. She wore a veil and lilies of the valley, and carried a bouquet of American Beauty roses. Miss Christine Olson, a sister of the groom, was maid of honor. The groom wore conventional black. He was attended by Mr. Elmer Erickson, a brother of the bride.

The usual congratulations followed the ceremony, after which all were taken to the Even Erickson home where a splendid six o'clock wedding dinner was served. A little later in the evening the happy young couple left by auto for Thief River Falls, where they will be at home to their many friends at 319 Tindolph Ave., after Oct. 15.

The bride has lived in New London all her life, and to say that she will be greatly missed is expressing it very lightly. She has been a faithful worker in the Norwegian Lutheran church ever since it was built and has assisted with many other organizations here, and was held in the highest esteem by all.

The groom is a young man of sterling character and has a good position with the Soo railroad, at Thief River Falls.

As this happy young couple start out on life's journey, the Times joins with the many other friends in wishing them a long, happy, prosperous life.—New London Times.

A complete line of Men's and Ladies' Shoes will be in readiness Sept. 20. Wait and see them.

Hoeglund & Diffendorf

Tribune Want-Ads Bring Results

EXTRACTS FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JANE GREY SWISSHELM

First Newspaper Woman of Minnesota.

A Remarkable Woman of Ante-bellum Days—1815-1865

CHAPTER XLIX.

The Indian Massacre of '62.

The Indians had been ugly from the first outbreak of the Rebellion, and Commissioner Dole, with Senator Wilkinson, had come out to pacify them. The party passed through St. Cloud, and had camped several miles west, when in the night there came up one of those sudden storms peculiar to this land. Their tents were whisked away like autumn leaves, and they left clinging to such productions of mother nature as were at hand, well rooted in her bosom, to avoid a witches' dance in the air. But it grew worse when the rain had covered the level ground six inches deep in water, and they must keep their heads above the surface.

They returned to St. Cloud in the morning in sorry plight, and the delay was one of the injuries to the poor Indians, and counted as sufficient justification for the subsequent massacre. The delay, however, saved their lives. The messenger who aroused the people of St. Cloud in the small hours was traveling post after this Dole commission, for whose safety there was much anxiety, but none for St. Cloud, since the Indians would not attack us while there were two companies of soldiers in town. True, they were unarmed, but surely arms would be sent and their marching orders rescinded. The outbreak was mysterious. It was of course in the interests of the South, and meant to prevent the troops leaving the State; but why had not the tribes struck together?

The answer was that after the massacre had been arranged in council, two Sioux visited a white family in which they had often been entertained, were drunk, and could not resist the impulse to butcher their entertainers. This precipitated the attack, for so soon as the news reached the tribe, they went to work to execute their bloody purpose.

Johnson , a converted Chippewa, hurried to inform us that his tribe with Hole-in-the-day in council had resolved to join the Sioux and were to have made St. Cloud their base of operations, but the Sioux had broken out before the arms and ammunition came, and these they were hourly expecting. On the same day a formal message came from Hole-in-the-day that Commissioner Dole must come to the reservation to confer with his young braves, who would await his arrival ten days, after which time their great chief declined to be responsible for them.

A runner arrived from Ft. Abercrombie, who had escaped by crawling through the grass, and reported the Fort besieged by a thousand savages, and quite unprepared for defense. There were several St. Cloud people in the Fort, and so far from expecting aid from it, it must be relieved. The garrison at Ft. Ripley had not a man to spare for outside defense. People began to pour into St. Cloud with tales of horror to freeze the blood, and the worst reports were more than confirmed. The victorious Sioux had undisputed possession of the whole country west, southwest and northwest of us, up to within twelve miles of the city, and had left few people to tell tales. Our troops spent their time teaching women and children the use of fire-arms, and hoping for arms and orders to go to the relief of Abercrombie. There was no telegraph, and the last mail left no alternative but to start for Fort Snelling, with such short time to get there that every available man and horse must go to hurry them forward. They left in the afternoon, and that was a dreadful night. Many of the more timid women had gone east, but of those that remained some paced the streets, wringing their hands and sobbing out their fear and despair and sorrow for the husbands and brothers and sons taken from them at such a crisis.

When the troops left, we thought there were no more men in St. Cloud, but next morning found a dozen, counting the boys who were organized to go out west to the rescue of settlers, and still there were some guards and pickets, and some who did nothing but find fault with everything any one else did.

Men and women spoke with stiffened lips and blanched faces. Families in the outskirts gathered to more central places, and there were forty-two women and children in my house the night after the troops left, and for every night for weeks. We kept large kettles of boiling water as one means of defense. I always had the watchword, and often at midnight I would go out to see that the pickets were on duty, and report to the women that all was well. Brother Harry was appointed General of State troops, succeeding Gen. Lowrie, and arms were sent to him for distribution, while women kept muskets by them and practiced daily. The office of my democratic contemporary was closed, and he fled to New England, while his assistant went with my only male assistant to rescue settlers. I had two young ladies in the office, one a graduate of a New York high school, and through all the excitement they kept at work as coolly as at any other time. We got out the paper regularly, and published many extras.

The history of the horrors and heroisms which reached us during the six weeks in which Ft. Abercrombie held out until relief came, would make a volume, and cannot be written here. The unimaginable tortures and indecencies inflicted on brave men and good women are something for which the Christian supporters and excusers of the Sioux must yet account at the bar where sentimental sympathy with criminals is itself a crime; and where the wail of tortured infants will not be hushed by reckoning of bad beef and a deficiency in beans

While the Sioux sat in council to determine that butchery, some objected, on the ground that such crimes would be punished, but Little Crow, leader of the war party, quieted their fears by saying:

"White man no like Indian!. Indian catch white man, roast him, kill him! White man catch Indian, feed him, give him b'ankets," and on this assurance they acted.

One thing was clearly proven by that outbreak, viz: that services to, and friendship for, Indians, are the best means of incurring their revenge. Those families who had been on most intimate terms with them, were those who were massacred first and with the greatest atrocities. The more frequently they had eaten salt with a pale-face, the more insatiable was their desire for vengeance. The missionaries were generally spared, as the source through which they expected pardon and supplies. The Indian was much too cunning to kill the goose that laid the golden egg. The tribe do not object to the conversion of individuals. Saying prayers does not interfere with their ideas of their own importance. Preachers do not labor with their hands, and Indians can join the clerical order or get religion, without losing caste, for labor to them is pollution.

Two wagon loads of arms and ammunition enroute for Hole-in-the-day, were intercepted during the massacre, and for want of them he was induced to keep quiet. For being such a good Indian, he had a triumphal trip to Washington at government expense, got ten thousand dollars, and a seventh wife.

CHAPTER L.

A Missive and a Mission.

Soon after the people had returned to such homes as were left them, I received a letter from General Lowrie, who was then in an insane asylum in Cincinnati. I caught his humor and answered as carefully as if he had been a sick brother, gave an extract in the Democrat, accompanied by a notice, and sent him a copy; after which he wrote frequently, and I tried earnestly to soothe him. In one of his letters was this passage:

"Your quarrel and mine was all wrong. There was no one in that upper country capable of understanding you but me, no one capable of understanding me, but you. We should have been friends, and would have been, if we had not each had a self which we were all to anxious to defend."

After the Sioux had finished their work of horror, Minnesota men, aided by volunteers from Iowa and Wisconsin, pursued and captured the murderers of one thousand men, women and children; tried them, found them guilty, and proposed to hang them just as if they had been white murderers. But when the general government interfered and took the prisoners out of the hands of the State authorities, and when it became evident that Eastern people endorsed the massacre an dcondemned the victims as sinners who deserved their fate, one of the State officers proposed that I should go East, try to counteract the vicious public sentiment, and aid our Congressional delegation in their effort to induce the Administration either to hang the Sioux murderers, or hold them as hostages during the war.

To me this was a providential call, for I had been planning to make a home in the East, that our daughter, then old enough to live without me, might spend a portion of her time with her father.

With letters from all our State officers, I left my Minnesota home at four o'clock a. m., January 2, '63, leaving the Democrat in charge of my first apprentice, William B. Mitchell.

In Washington, the Minnesota delegation secured the use of Dr. Sutherland's church, and a packed audience for my lecture on Indians. It was enthusiastically applauded, and for a time I did hope for some security for women and children on the frontier; but the Secretary of the Interior assured me it was not worth while to see the President, for "Mr. Lincoln will hang nobody!" and our Minnesota delegation agreed with him. Indeed, there was such a furor of pious pity for the poor injured Sioux, such admiration for their long suffering patience under wrong, and final heroic resistance, that I might about as well have tried to row myself from the head of Goat Island up the rapids of Niagara, as stem that current. The ring which makes money by caudling Indians, had the ear of both President and people, and the Bureau had a paying contract in proving Little Crow's sagacity. The Sioux never were so well supplied with blankets and butcher-knives, as when they received their reward for that massacre; never had so many prayers said and hymns sung over them, and their steamboat ride down the Minnesota and Mississippi and up the Missouri, to a point within two days' walk of the scene of their exploits, furnished them an excursion of about two thousand miles, and left them well prepared for future operations. They appreciated their good fortune, have been a terror to United States troops and Western settlers ever since, and have enjoyed their triumph to the full.

One morning Senator Wilkinson and I went to see the President, and in the vestibule of the White House met two gentlemen whom he introduced as Sec. Stanton and Gen. Fremont. The first said he needed no introduction, and I said I had asked Senator Wilkinson to see him on my account. He replied:

"Do not ask any one to see me! If you want anything from me, come yourself. No one can have more influence."

Gen. Fremont inquired where I was staying, and said he would call on me. This frightened me, and I felt like running away. But they were so kind and cordial that our short chat is a pleasant memory; but Mr. Wilkinson and I failed to see Mr. Lincoln. Next day Sec. Stanton gave me an appointment in the Quarter Master's office, but there was no place for me to go to work.

Gen. Fremont called at the houses of two friends where I was visiting, but both times I was absent. In 1850 I had also missed the calls of his wife and sister, and so I seemed destined never to meet the people I admired above all others.

My friends wished me to attend a Presidential reception; but it was useless to see Mr. Lincoln on the business which brought me to Washington, and I did not care to see him on any other. He had proved an obstructionist instead of an abolitionist, and I felt no respect for him; while his wife was every where spoken of as a Southern woman with Southern sympathies—a conspirator against the Union. I wanted nothing to do with the occupants of the White House, but was told I could go and see the spectacle without being presented. So I went in my broadcloth traveling dress, and lest there should be trouble about my early leave-taking, would not trust my cloak to the servants, but walked through the hall with it over my arm. I watched the President and Mrs. Lincoln receive. His sad, earnest, honest face was irresistible in its plea for confidence, and Mrs. Lincoln's manner was so simple and motherly, so unlike that of all Southern women I had seen, that I doubted the tales I had heard. Her head was not that of a conspirator. She would be incapable of a successful deceit, and whatever her purposes were, they must be known to all who knew her.

Mr. Lincoln stood going through one of those, dreadful ordeals of hand-shaking, working like a man pumping for life on a sinking vessel, and I was filled with indignation for the selfish people who made this useless drain on his nervous force. I wanted to stand between him and them, and say, "stand back, and let him live and do his work." But I could not resist going to him with the rest of the crowd, and when he took my hand I said:

"May the Lord have mercy on you, poor man, for the people have none."

He laughed heartily, and the men around him, joined in his merriment. When I came to Mrs. Lincoln, she did not catch the name at first, and asked to hear it again, then repeated it, and a sudden glow of pleasure lit her face, as she held out her hand and said how very glad she was to see me. I objected to giving her my hand because my black glove would soil her white one; but she said:

"Then I shall preserve the glove to remember a great pleasure, for I have long wished to see you."

My escort was more surprised than I by her unusual cordiality, and said afterwards:

"It was no polite affectation. I cannot understand it from her."

I understood at once that I had met one with whom I was in sympathy. No politeness could have summoned that sudden flash of pleasure. Her manner was too simple and natural to have any art in it; and why should she have pretended a friendship she did not feel? Abolitionists were at a discount. They had gone like the front ranks of the French cavalry at Waterloo, into the sunken way, to make a bridge over which moderate men were rushing to honors and emoluments. Gideon's army had done its work, and given place to the camp followers, who gathered up the spoils of victory. None were so poor that they need do them reverence, and I recognized Mrs. Lincodn as a loyal, liberty-loving woman, more staunch even than her husband in opposition to the Rebellion and its cause, and as my very dear friend for life.

Seed Grain Poor; Early Tests Needed

On account of the excessively dry weather this summer and the injury to grain by rust, much of the seed wheat, barley and oats is of poor quality. Light seed necessarily means that there is a limited amount of food material in the seed. Farmers should be exceedingly careful, therefore, to have all seed tested for germination before planting. It will be well, also, to have seed tested early so that good seed may be obtained if the first tests show poor germination.

Much of the testing can be done by the farmers themselves, although the Seed Laboratory, University Farm, St. Paul, Minn., will be very glad to make any tests free of charge, for anyone sending in seed. A good-sized double handful is a sufficiently large sample to send in for testing.—W. L. Oswald, in charge of seed laboratory.

Will We Have Winter?

Weather prognosticators are already telling us that we are to have a mild winter. We advise you, however, to lay in a supply of fuel. The report is that prospectors who have returned to Winnipeg from the northern wilds of Manitoba are convinced the coming winter will be mild. They base their belief on the following signs observed by Indians in the north: The oak trees have no acorns this summer. Squirrels are seldom seen. Muskrats have not started to build. Fur bearing animals have thin coats. The prospectors declared the Indians seldom go wrong on their predictions.—Ex

Will Ship Little Wheat.

What little wheat there is being marketed at Clara City tests No. 4 or no grade. It is about the poorest in quality that the farmers have raised in years but then very little was raised around here. The six elevators in Clara City will probably not ship more than two carloads a piece all season. —Clara City Herald.

Mrs. Bess Wilson purchased the interest of Clem Lauterbach in the Redwood Gazette last week. Mr. Lauterbach is the present postmaster at Redwood Falls.

(First publication, Sept. 20-2t).

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION —OF— GAMBLE-ROBINSON WILLMAR COMPANY.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, That we, the undersigned, do hereby associate ourselves together for the purpose of forming a corporation under and by virtue of Chapter 58 of the Revised Laws, 1905, of the State of Minnesota, and the several acts amendatory thereof and supplementary thereto, and for that purpose do hereby make, execute and adopt this certificate of incorporation.

ARTICLE I.

The name of this corporation shall be GAMBLE-ROBINSON WILLMAR COMPANY, and the principal place for the transaction of the business thereof shall be the City of Willmar, in the County of Kandiyohi, and State of Minnesota. The executive office of the corporation shall be in the City of Minneapolis, Hennepin County, Minnesota.

ARTICLE II.

The general nature of the business of this corporation shall be the buying and selling of merchandise, fruits and vegetables, and all other kinds of produce, and any other kind of property, and the transaction of any and all business of any kind incident thereto, and the handling of real estate, and the handling of consigned merchandise on commission.

ARTICLE III.

The time of the commencement of this corporation shall be the 15th day of September, A. D. 1916, and the period of its continuance shall be thirty (30) years.

ARTICLE IV.

The amount of capital stock of this corporation shall be Fifty Thousand Dollars ($50,000.00), to be divided into Five Hundred (500) shares of One Hundred Dollars ($100.00) each, to be paid in as required by the Board of Directors.

ARTICLE V.

The highest amount of indebtedness or liability to which the corporation shall at any time be subject shall be Fifty Thousand Dollars ($50,000.00).

ARTICLE VI.

The names and places of residence of the persons forming this corporation are as follows:

David F. Gamble, Minneapolis, Minnesota;

Ross A. Gamble, Minneapolis, Minnesota;

Julius E. Fisk, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

ARTICLE VII.

The government of this corporation and the management of its affairs shall be vested in a Board, not to exceed five, or less than three directors, to be elected by and from the stockholders at their annual meeting to be held on the second Tuesday in January of each year, from which Board shall be elected a President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer, who shall be elected by the Directors at their annual meeting to be held on the second Tuesday in January of each year immediately following the annual meeting of the Stockholders. The offices of Secretary and Treasurer may be held by the same person. Said Directors and Officers shall hold their respective offices for the term of one year, and until their respective successors are elected and qualified.

ARTICLE VIII.

The names and addresses of the persons constituting the first Board of Directors are as follows:

David F. Gamble, Minneapolis, Minnesota;

Ross A. Gamble, Minneapolis, Minnesota;

Harry L. Robinson, Minneapolis, Minnesota;

Geo. T. Freeman, Minneapolis, Minnesota;

Julius E. Fisk, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

The following named parties shall act as officers until the first annual meeting of the Stockholders:

Ross A. Gamble, President;
Harry L. Robinson, Vice President;
David F. Gamble, Treasurer;
Julius E. Fisk, Secretary.

And each of the said Directors and officers shall hold his respective office until the annual meetings in 1917 of the Stockholders and of the Board of Directors and until his respective successor is elected and qualified.

ARTICLE IX.

The first meeting of the Stockholders shall be held at the office of the President, No. 222 N. 6th St., Minneapolis, Minnesota, on the 15th day of September, A. D. 1916; and the first meeting of the Board of Directors shall be held at said place on said day immediately following the first meeting of the stockholders.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, We have hereunto set our hands and seals this 9th day of September, A. D. 1916.
Signed, Sealed and Delivered in presence of
L. FLOREN,
GEO. T. FREEMAN.
DAVID F. GAMBLE (Seal)
ROSS A. GAMBLE (Seal)
JULIUS E. FISK (Seal)

State of Minnesota, County of Hennepin,—ss.

On this 9th day of September, A. D. 1916, before me a Notary Public within and for said County, personally appeared David F. Gamble, Ross A. Gamble and Julius E. Fisk, to me known to be the three persons described in and who executed the foregoing instrument and acknowledged that they executed the same as their free act and deed.

LORENZO A. KNUDSEN,
Notary Public,
Hennepin County, Minn.
My commission expires Apr. 30, 1920.

STATE OF MINNESOTA,
Department of State.

I hereby certify that the within instrument was filed for record in this office on the 11th day of September, A. D. 1916 at 9 o'clock a. m., and was duly recorded in Book C-4 of Incorporations on page 409.

JULIUS A. SCHMAHL,
Secretary of State.
61656

State of Minnesota, County of Kandiyohi,—

Filed for record the 13th day of September, A. D. 1916 at 10:30 o'clock a. m., and recorded in Book T of Miscel. on Page 353-354.

OLOF H. DALE,
Register of Deeds.

Big Price in Swift County.

Emil A. Larson disposed of his fine farm of 160 acres in Hayes township last Saturday to Carl Anderson of Lake Superior for a consideration of $100 an acre. This is the first land actually brought that price in our vicinity for a cash price.—Murdock Leader.

(First publication Sept. 13-4t.)

Citation for Hearing on Final Account and For Distribution.

Estate of Inger Jacobson.

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

In the Matter of the Estate of Inger Jacobson, Decedent:

The State of Minnesota to all persons interested in the final account and distribution of the 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 9th day of October, 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 September, 1916.

(SEAL) IDA A. SANDERSON,
Clerk of Probate Court.
GEO. H. OTTERNESS,
Attorney for Petitioner,
Willmar, Minn.

(First publication Sept. 6-4t).

Citation for Hearing on Petition for Probate of Will.

Estate of August Olander.

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

In the Matter of the Estate of August Olander, Decedent.

The State of Minnesota to all persons interested in the allowance and probate of the will of said decedent: The petition of Mary F. Olander being duly filed in this court, representing that August Olander, then a resident of the County of Kandiyohi, State of Minnesota, died on the 17th day of August, 1916, leaving a last will and testament which is presented to this court with said petition, and praying that said instrument be allowed as the last will and testament of said decedent, and that letters Testamentary be issued thereon to Adolph Olander, NOW 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 City of Willmar, County of Kandiyohi, State of Minnesota, on the 2nd day of October, 1916, at 2 o'clock p. m., why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Witness the Honorable T. O. Gilbert, Judge of said court, and the seal of said court, this 5th day of September, 1916.

(COURT SEAL)
IDA A. SANDERSON,
Clerk of Probate Court.
CHARLES JOHNSON,
Attorney for Petitioner,
Willmar, Minn.

(First publication Sept. 27-4t.)

Citation for Hearing on Final Account and for Distribution.

Estate of Andrew Johnson, also known as Andrew Johnson Kent, Decedent.

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

In the Matter of the Estate of Andrew Johnson, also known as Andrew Johnson Kent, Decedent.

The State of Minnesota to all persons interested in the above entitled matter: Whereas, John W. Kent has filed in this court his final account of the administration of the estate of the above named 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 persons thereunto entitled; IT IS ORDERED, that said petition be heard, and that all persons interested in said matter be and appear before this court on the 23rd day of October, 1916, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Rooms in the Court House at Willmar, in said County, and then and there, or as soon thereafter as said matter can be heard, show cause, if any they have, why said petition should not be granted; and that this citation be served by the publication thereof in The Willmar Tribune according to law.

Witness the Honorable T. O. Gilbert, Judge of said court, and the seal of said court, this 25th day of September, 1916.

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

(First publication Sept. 27-4t.)

Citation for Hearing on Final Account and for Distribution.

Estate of Herman Johnson, Decedent.

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

In the Matter of the Estate of Herman Johnson, Decedent.

The State of Minnesota to all persons interested in the above entitled matter: Whereas, Albin Wahlstrand has filed in this court his final account of the administration of the estate of the above named 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 persons thereunto entitled: It is ordered that said petition be heard, and that all persons interested in said matter be and appear before this court on the 23rd day of October, 1916, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Rooms in the Court House at Willmar, in said County, and then and there, or as soon thereafter as said matter can be heard, show cause, if any they have, why said petition should not be granted; and that this citation be served by the publication thereof in The Willmar Tribune according to law.

Witness, the Honorable T. O. Gilbert, Judge of said court, and the seal of said court, this 22nd day of September, 1916.

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

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Read the "Want" Column.