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" 14...Duluth Express...12:27 p.m.
" 26 " " 12:40 a.m.

WEST BOUND

" 13.....Fosston Line.....1:46 p.m.
" 25 " " 3:12 a.m.
" 1....Park Rapids Line..7:17 "

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The Old Sceptic.

I am weary of disbelieving: why should
I wound my love
To pleasure a sophist's pride in a graven image of truth?
I will go back to my home, with the clouds and the stars above,
And the heaven I used to know, and the God of my buried youth.

I will go back to the home where of old
in my boyish pride
I pierced my father's heart with a murmur of unbelief;
He only looked in my face as I spoke, but his mute eyes cried
Night after night in my dreams; and he died in grief, in grief.

Oh, yes; I have read the books, the books that we write ourselves,
Extolling our love of an abstract truth and our pride of debate;
I will go back to the love of the cotter who sings as he delves,
To that childish infinite love and the God above fact and date.

To that ignorant infinite God who colors the meaningless flowers.
To that lawless infinite Poet who matches the law with the crime;
To the Weaver who covers the world with a garment of wonderful hours,
And holds in His hand like threads the antinomies of time.

Is the faith of the cotter so simple and narrow as this? Ah, well,
It is hardly so narrow as yours who daub and plaster with dyes
The shining mirrors of heaven, the shadowy mirrors of hell,
And blot out the dark deep vision, if it seem to be framed with lies.

No faith I hurl against you, no fact to freeze your sneers;
Only the doubt you taught me to weld in the fires of youth
Leaps to my hand like the flaming sword of nineteen hundred years,
The sword of the high God's answer, O Pilate, what is truth?

Your laughter has killed more hearts than ever were pierced with swords,
Ever you daub new mirrors and turn the old to the wall;
And more than blood is lost in the weary battle of words;
For creeds are many; but God is One, and contains them all.

I will go back to my home and look at the wayside flowers,
And hear from the wayside cabins the sweet old hymns again,
Where Christ holds out His arms in the quiet evening hours,
And the light of the chapel porches broods on the peaceful lane.

And there I shall hear men praying the deep old foolish prayers,
And there I shall see, once more, the fond old faith confessed,
And the strange old light on their faces who hear as a blind man hears—
Come unto Me, ye weary, and I will give you rest.

I will go back and believe in the deep old foolish tales,
And pray the sweet old prayers that I learned at my mother's knee,
Where the Sabbath tolls its peace thro' the breathless mountain vales,
And the sunset's evening hymn hallows the wistful sea.

—Alfred Noyes in Spectator.

How Pierre Had His Revenge

By C. MORRIS BUTLER

"This," said the guide, "is the Seix tavern. Shall we stop here for the night?"

It was an old-fashioned, many-gabled house of grand proportions, almost completely hidden from view by immense growth of trees and shrubbery. The neighboring mountains and secluded situation of the picturesque old mansion gave it the air of quiet solitude so conducive to rest to the belated traveler, and many were wont to stop there for refreshments and lodgings before attempting the passage of the mountains.

Like all places of its kind in provincial France, close to the border of Spain, it had its dark history. Our guide related the story to us while we sat in the public room sipping wine and smoking cigars.

"This place is three generations old," he began. "It is said that Jacques Mancient, the original builder of the house, built it much for a rendezvous for the numerous hordes of smugglers and banditti which infested this district. While nothing was ever proven against the man, rumors had it that the fortune he amassed and left to his heir was gained in many dishonest ways. Some hinted even at murder. However, this is of the past.

"When Jacques Mancient died he left his entire estate to his son Jacques

"My time will yet come!"

(named after his father), disinheriting a son, Pierre, entirely. As the story goes Jacques and Pierre were twin brothers. Whether there was any truth in the matter or not, Jacques grew up to be a strong, brawny, hard-visaged man, very much like his father—a typical Mancient, while Pierre took more after the mother, small of stature, more refined in features, quite Spanish in his tastes.

"Jacques like his father before him, possessed a cruel, selfish and scheming nature, which did not improve with age or wealth. No sooner did he become owner of the tavern than he turned his brother Pierre adrift, penniess, to shift for himself. The parting was a brutal blow to Pierre, not so much on account of the loss of home, as because of a boast Jacques made to marry one Claretta Cazanes, with whom it was known Pierre was in love. The brothers fought, Pierre was worsted and ran from the scene swearing vengeance against Jacques.

"Jacques lived in constant dread of assassination for many years, but as Pierre did not 'make good' the belief arose that it was but an idle threat. Pierre being helped by his mother's folks, took up a little farm and opened a tavern on the same highway as Jacques, only the mountains separated them.

Jacques married Claretta, and Pierre also married. Each year for many years on the anniversary of the quarrel Jacques received a letter from Pierre with only two words on it:

"'Remember—Pierre.'

"But for several years after the birth of a son to Jacques no letter was sent. It was a strange coincidence that on the night Jacques' son was born, Pierre also was presented with a son. What was stranger still, the same doctor ushered both boys into the world. Pierre's was the oldest by a few hours.

"There being no physicians in Pierre's neighborhood, he had sent to

"You have said it, Jacques!" Pierre almost screamed. "It's my turn now!"

Seix for one. The doctor came; his duty performed, he started to return home. A tropical storm arose; night being far advanced, the doctor sought shelter in Jacques' tavern. About midnight he was aroused from his slumbers by Jacques, who was beside himself with fear and anxiety, and demanded the service of the doctor for Claretta.

"The storm was still raging fiercely. In the midst of the furor Jacques' son was born. The event was unexpected, and Claretta paid the penalty with her life. The child was given into the care of a mountain woman to bring up and remained in her care until twelve years of age, when he was brought home.

"Strange how the father worshiped this son. It seemed that his fiery nature melted and he became as loving as a woman. Instead of bringing up the lad as he himself had been brought up, the son was sent to school, and from school to the university; reared in luxury and as delicately as one would rear a century plant, all because in him Jacques saw the means to keep Pierre out of the Mancient property. But there was one drop of gall in Jacques' cup. Paul grew up to look the image of his uncle Pierre.

"And so with Pierre's son, Jean. One would suppose that the refined and educated Pierre would rear his son to be at least as well educated as his father, but the reverse was true. Jean never took kindly to learning, but grew up untutored and dissipated, roaming the mountains, associating with questionable characters—in fact, grew to be more of a Mancient even than his grandfather, Jacques, whom he resembled more than he did his father, Pierre.

"Fed by Pierre, Jean nourished a deadly hatred for his uncle Jacques. It was his boast that some day he would live to thrash or kill his uncle. The hatred was bitter and lasting, and grew intense with every success of Paul in school or college.

"'Why should Paul be reared as a gentleman, while he (Jean) lived the life of a dog? The Mancient property belongs as much to my father as it does to his father, consequently he is spending my inheritance as well as his own!' This grated on him, and it is not strange that Jean made up his mind to rob his uncle if he could.

"At last the opportunity came, as Jean thought. One night the Seix tavern was entered by him, and he succeeded in getting into the cellar, where Jacques was supposed to hide his gold. There he was discovered by his uncle and made a prisoner.

"When Jacques discovered that it was Pierre's son whom he had caught his exultation knew no bounds. He swore at the examination that Jean had tried to kill him as well as rob, and made out such a good case against the lad that the magistrate sentenced Jean to twenty years in the galleys.

"Jacques and Pierre met in the hall of justice during the course of the examination.

"'Beware of Pierre, indeed!' sneered Jacques. 'My fine brother must beware of Jacques, methinks, ere I get through with Jean!'

"'So it seems!' replied Pierre, with emphasis on 'seems,' which Jacques did not understand. 'You have Jean in your power—you will rob him of his liberty, just as you robbed the father of his rightful share in the mancient tavern!'

"'I would that it were you instead!' exclaimed Jacques. 'Then my cup of joy would indeed be full.'

"'Your joy will be short-lived,' said Pierre, calmly. 'My time will yet come!'

"'Bah! Such silly talk! You are no true Mancient or ere this you would have had your turn!'

"'Perhaps—if I were you I should have stabbed you in the back! But I have a better way!'

"'Talk, all talk,' said Jacques, 'and while you talk Ishall send Jean to the galleys! How glad I am that Jean tried to rob me! I could not have wished for a greater pleasure than this!'

"'Have your joy now, brother,' replied Pierre. 'I wish you much of it!'

"Jean took his sentence stoically. All he said was: 'Thank you, uncle Jacques! But I shall remember!'

Jacques shuddered then. He knew what that meant, as coming from Jean. It meant that at the end of twenty years, or sooner should Jean get freedom, that in truth he must look out for the knife.

"Jacques and Pierre met on the steps of the hall of justice. Both were surrounded by friends. Jacques could not resist saying:

"'Well, my fine brother! Twenty years of joy, at least!'

"'Not so!' retorted Pierre, with more animation than he had yet shown. 'Cur of a Marcient, I strike you!'

"'At last!' cried Jacques, 'I have forced you to fight with me! I take your blow! When shall I kill you, little brother, and with what?'

"'Now, and with swords!' said Pierre promptly, and there was a smile upon his face. It did not take long to arrange the duel. Seconds were chosen; the party moved on out of the city upon the banks of the river. The spot selected was in sight of this tavern, and Pierre and Jacques took their places opposite each other.

"'Twenty years of joy!' said Pierre, as he rested on his sword. 'You think, my gentle brother Jacques, that you have twenty years of joy ahead of you! Then listen and I will tell you how you lie. For twenty years I have waited for this chance to tell you that I have had my revenge upon you. Today I will kill you! You thought that I was afraid of you all these years. Poor fool, you thought I ought to stab you in the back, as an ignorant Mancient like you would have done! But my way is different. Your tavern you think so much of, who will get it if I kill you?' he asked.

"'My boy, Paul,' answered Jacques. 'There is a model for you! Never fear, though, it is I that will kill you!' but there was something in his brother's voice which cast a damper of fear over him.

"'You have said it, Jacques,' Pierre almost screamed. 'It is my turn now! You are going to leave your tavern to my son! You have sent your own son Jean to prison for twenty years! For twenty years I have lived, and schemed, and hoped for this one day. For twenty years I have laughed in your face because the time I knew would come when I could tell you to your teeth that I bribed the nurse to exchange Paul for Jean. You have made my son your heir, brought him up like a gentleman. I have made your son like you—and you have just sent him to prison for twenty years! At last you know how a true Mancient revenges a wrong! Should you live twenty years, Jean, your own son, will kill you for what you did for him this day. Should I kill you, as I expect to do, Paul, my son, will inherit the Mancient tavern!

"'Don't you think, my dear brother, that my revenge is better than a stab in the dark?"

"Jacques sprang upon him. He was blinded with rage. The effect of Pierre's taunts were just what was expected. Cool and collected Pierre easily warded off the blow and as easily ran his brother through the body. And that is how Paul Mancient came in possession of Seix tavern."

HOWARD GOT HIS HAIR CUT.

His Brother Bill Settled With the Barber and Bossed the Job.

Two Philadelphia boys, Howard and Bill, used to have many disputes about how their hair should be cut. Bill always had his cropped short; Howard wore his in long ringlets. The other day they entered a barber shop together. Previous to this time Howard's mother took great pride in the aristocratic appearance of her child and it was her custom to take him down town to a fashionable hairdresser once a week to have his tresses trimmed. The other day Bill was sent to the barber shop around the corner to have his hair cut and Howard went along. Bill climbed manfully into a chair, and the other barber asked Howard if he didn't want to have his hair cut, too.

"I haven't any money," said Howard.

"That's all right," said Bill, "you cut his hair and I'll pay for it."

So Howard's beautiful locks were shorn to a closeness that left his ears standing out like miniature mountains on a desert scalp. Bill paid for both and the two youngsters went home. Some time later Howard's mother came up to see Bill's mother and vigorously expressed her disgust. That evening Howard's father called on Bill's father to register a further protest, but it didn't ring true. He finally admitted that he was tickled to death over what had happened, for he thought his boy was getting to be entirely too much of a little Lord Fauntleroy.

Wisdom and Folly.

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The Hunting and Fishing

is the best to be found anywhere in the Northwest. The lake abounds in fish and the country surrounding the park limits abounds in game. The lake is full of Whitefish, Muskalonge, Bass, etc. The reason this country has not been pushed as a summer resort is because of the fact that it was a reservation and hunting prohibited by the government.

The Business Opportunities

Of Lake Itasca are as yet undeveloped, but the chances for investment are as good as can be found in any part of the United States. The land around the park is being taken up and by another year the land will be all taken. There are good openings for most any kind of business—particularly a good hotel. Our hotel accomodations are inadequate to the demand. We have a fine proposition to make anyone coming here to put in a first class hotel.
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