

The Warren Sheet.

J. P. MATTHEW, Editor and Publisher
WARREN, MARSHALL COUNTY, MINN.

COURT YOUR WIFE.

Oh, middle-aged man, I've a word with you.
As you sit in your office this morn:
Does the worry of life, with its foamy and stiff,
"Dressed your heart like a foster mother and
Does the touch of your golf-tee and clergy
And you every flattery's scorn?

Atas, for the days when the passions of youth
Burn low in the desolate heart;
When the laughter and tears of our innocent
Years

Never more from the sympathies start,
And the hollow men of intelligence is seen
With the flattering mantle of art?

Perhaps you've tried friendship, and only have
found
Deception and selfishness reared;
Perhaps you have poured to the needy your
gold.

To be tricked by ingratitude's knife;
And to reap up have been through the whole
round of sin.

Do you ever try courting your wife?
No? Then take my advice and I think you will
find

"A pleasure as charming as new,
Follow memory's track till at last you are back
To the days when you were to be true—
Yes, dream more and act less, as of
yore

To watch and sighing for you.
And when you go home to-night by a bouquet
Of the flowers she is so anxious for
Put them into her hand when before her you
stand.

With lover the kiss of desire,
And old "Watch her eyes when they open with
And flame up from a smoldering fire!

Then all the long evening be tender and kind,
Hear her now with eager delight;
Call her "Darling" and "Sweet," the old titles
repeat.

"Till her face is with happiness bright—
Try it, you would be a man, 'tis an excellent
idea.

Go to court your dear wife to-night!
—George Horton, in Chicago Herald.

A CARBON COPY.

How a Law Firm Was Supplied
with Their Opponents' Thunder.

"Somebody interested in this matter
is stealing our thunder," began Mr.
Capias, of the famous law firm of
Capias, Summons & Circuit, as he
motioned an unassuming, quiet-looking,
middle-aged man to a seat in his private
room.

The quiet-looking man said nothing
in reply. He sat down and waited, smiling
pleasantly.

"He is not only stealing our thunder,"
continued the lawyer, sitting bolt
upright in his huge leather chair and
fingering nervously with a paper-knife,
"but he is actually selling it to the
other side."

"You have no idea who it can be?" re-
plied the quiet-looking man.

"Not the slightest. I don't suspect
anybody in this office. Our clerks
have all been in our employ for years.
We feel that we can trust them implicitly.
But so important is secrecy in
this matter that I have given nobody a
chance to go back on us. My interviews
with our client have been conducted
right here in this room with closed
doors."

"Through long habit, the eyes of Henry
G. Marshall, one of the most experi-
enced detectives in the West, rested
for a moment on the man who had
been hermetically sealed. Two winters
ago the crevices had been stuffed with
cotton batting. It had never been re-
moved."

"What letters have you written?
Who has access to your press copy-
books?" was his first question.

Mr. Capias smiled slightly. "The
ability of these men is sadly over-
rated," thought he.

"Letters of this character I always
write myself, copy myself in my private
book, and that book I keep in that
vault under lock and key. The leak is
not in that direction. Now, what do
you advise?"

The detective considered a moment.
"I will work on the case outside for a
few days. I will watch your office and
have those characters who may con-
sider suspicious watched and shadowed.
If I find no clew it may become neces-
sary for me to take a place in the office
myself."

"In my office?" ejaculated the aston-
ished lawyer. "In what capacity, pray?"

"There are a variety of openings. I
can come as a copyist, confidential mes-
senger, constable, just as you wish."

Mr. Marshall took his hat and left.
Mr. Capias said nothing to the man who
with the detective to either of his part-
ners. The case in question, a very im-
portant one, involving the recovery of
a great estate, the Bangs litigation, was
being handled by the firm of Capias, Sum-
mons & Circuit. It was the most impor-
tant and best kept secret in the Minn-
apolis office. The detective and the law-
yer's grand couple. These latter gen-
tlemen, whilst excellent and painstaking
lawyers, lacked the genius which un-
mistakably distinguished Capias in the
management of affairs. Retainers from
great corporations came his way as nat-
urally as water finds its own level. A
great bank rang him up over the tele-
phone one day.

"Please come over at once. We wish
to retain you in an important matter."

"My office is blankety-blankety blank,
Blank street. I shall be in from four to
seven, if I shall be happy to see you.
I am now in conference with the Minn-
apolis office. I shall be in from four to
seven, if I shall be happy to see you."

Messrs. Summons and Circuit were
appalled. Capias was crazy to talk that
way to such an institution as the Minn-
apolis office. Trust, Loan and Universal
Accommodation Association. They ex-
changed looks of alarm.

But Capias was right. There is nothing
your great corporation reveres so
much as independence. A man who de-
clined to come out and see them must
necessarily be a very bad man. An of-
ficial called by a great lawyer with an im-
mense retainer, and confidence was re-
stored in the breasts of Mr. Capias' more
timid associates.

But even Mr. Capias had been unable,
with all his astuteness, to get to the
bottom of the Bangs mystery—who was
furnishing facts to the other side.
He was opposed by very shady prac-
titioners. Slieve, Tove & Sons had a
very unsavory reputation in the pro-
fession of the law.

Neither could Mr. Marshall, the
equally astute detective, succeed any
better. At any rate, he so
informed Mr. Capias at the end of a
week's seemingly fruitless search, add-
ing, however:

"The man must be in your office. I
must come in there Monday morning."

"Who is that new clerk in the office
who spells in conjunction with a 'g'?"
inquired Mr. Capias. Mr. Summons
said: "Did you engage him?"

"I did not," emphatically.

Mr. Capias's face grew as long as that
of a master in chancery who has lost
his fees or the receiver of a fat estate
which has settled amicably with its
creditors.

"Capias must have hired him!" he
ejaculated.

"That settled it. If the new clerk had
spelled in conjunction backwards it would
have made no difference. Capias had
hired him—that was sufficient.

For three days Mr. Marshall re-
mained in the office of Capias, Sum-
mons & Circuit, where a man named
"George" was working. For a
quarter of an hour Marshall kept re-
peating the words in his mind. Sud-
denly an idea flashed across his brain.
With fingers trembling with eagerness
he placed the books before him in their
alphabetical order. A cry of joy, with
difficultly suppressed, arose to his lips,
as the result stood thus:

Expect another letter night must
have been before I say further.

Who was to expect another letter?
Slieve of course. And "night" simply
means "to-night." And Slieve must
have more money before he would "go
any further." He saw it all now.

With an extraordinary feeling of elation,
the detective left the library. As he
stepped across the hall to the eleva-
tor, he disposed of his wig and glasses
and turned down the collar of his coat.
When he stepped into the elevator, he
was once more the new clerk of Messrs.
Capias, Summons & Circuit. All trace
of the old gentleman with his fiery red
hair and the blue spectacles had dis-
appeared. Perhaps he had gone over into
the water office to pay his taxes. Who
knows?

"It is infernally hot in this closet.
Can't get out for a minute," com-
plained poor Mr. Capias.

"Not unless you want to spoil every-
thing. He'll be here, I tell you, as soon
as every thing is quiet. You mark my
words. You won't have long to wait.
It's nearly eight now."

"But I'm suffocating," pleaded Mr.
Capias. "I'm not accustomed to being
trapped up in closets. Am I to stay here
any way, for I heard him ring up a
friend on the telephone and invite him
to dinner."

"I'll bet a week's wages that was a
blind. How do you know he was just
talking into the receiver, without any
connection. Any one can invite peo-
ple to dinner at that rate and not ruin
themselves. Hark! What's that. Hush,
not a sound, and I'll be there in a
minute."

It was quite dark in that closet in Mr.
Capias' room. They listened and heard
a key inserted in the door of the outer
office and caught the sound of footsteps
cautiously approaching. In another
moment a key grated in the door of the
private room and a man entered.

THE FARMING WORLD.

RENEWAL OF ROOTS.
A Tree's Capacity to Develop Feeding
Roots Near the Trunk.

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The illustration shows the present
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T. B. TERRY says: "I believe that at
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On this place the barrel and pack the heat-
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frame over the barrel, and cover the
barrel, with a cover which can be
lifted up when the swill is removed.
Pack this box full with care, and but
little frost can get in. A pall full of
hot water poured in an inner, when
half filled, will make the pipe a warm
drink at noon, which will be appre-
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weeks, when the manure should be re-
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shed, it will be protected from the
wind and snow, and the cold will have
less effect on it. There is no advan-
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The propagation of hereditary dis-
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The hen and of course the rooster
are good "insect eaters." They do not
answer very well in the garden. They
are not discriminating enough. But
they do good work in the orchard or
anywhere else where they will not do
harm to the growing crop. It is true
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have sometimes seen given to turn the
chickens into the orchard to prey upon
the curculio, is nonsense. If we depend
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curculio we shall get sadly left. But
we have seen people who not only
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in the orchard, but acted as if they
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CANADIAN NORTH-WEST NOTES.

An important feature in immigration
into Manitoba during 1890 was the in-
flux of settlers from Dakota. A number
of these were Canadians who had been
discouraged by a succession of poor
crops and decided to return to their
own country. Settlers from Dakota
crossed the international boundary
into the Canadian Northwest all along
the frontier, being anxious to share in
the prosperity of what appears to be a
marvelously productive country.

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from Ontario to Grenfell, and other
points in Eastern Assinibola early in
the spring.

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families have left Manitoba and secured
new homes in Manitoba and the Cana-
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A short time ago a caravan of five
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driven all the way from Kansas.

Mr. E. Bennett, of Craiglea, Manitoba,
lately sold 900 acres of land to two Cana-
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Dakota, but who have now decided to
locate in Manitoba, being satisfied that
the Canadian country offers the best
chances.

Every indication points to an im-
mensely increased settlement in the
Canadian Northwest next season. The
manifest advantages of the country are
now better understood and practical
farmers and others anxious to better
their conditions in life are turning to
the Canadian Northwest.

DIAMOND STEALING.
How the Precious Stones Are Stolen With
Ease.

"Damping a diamond" is the peculiar
name for a process in robbery which
thieves some times adopt. It is popular
when some rascal is without partners
and obliged to work alone. By reason
of the time chief is to run in the
presence of his victim and the chance
thus given to become acquainted with
his looks, the rogue usually assumes
some disguise.

It will be by donning a gray wig,
bringing his eyes to a state of weak
vision, and the assumption of a large
pair of goggles in consequence. In ad-
dition to this he will wear a limp,
inch cork shoe, grasp a cane, bend his
back, totter when he walks, and 'ave all
the indicia of a crippled old man.

In this guise he will drive up to some
jewelry store, and after entering the
store his wants are found to be an un-
cut diamond, or perhaps a pair of them.
They must compare with one which he
has with him, as they are intended to be
disposed of in a set as a present to his
wife and daughter.

The diamond thief exposes is fair
and large—as large as he can get. He
insists on making the comparison him-
self. He grows irascible, peevish, and
at last orders the merchant to bring out
all his gems while he looks over.

To humor one who is so evidently de-
termined to become a desirable customer
becomes the purpose of the jeweler's
life. He spreads before the weak op-
er of his goggle-eyed trader a number of
loose diamonds—probably on a back-
ground of black velvet to demonstrate
and emphasize their brilliancy.

The irritable old diamond hunter is
obliged to give attention to these
things. His eyes are weak, and so to see
the gems he performs has almost to bury
his nose in them. Whilst so engaged
and while the jeweler is standing over
him, he orders the merchant to bring out
with a quick dash of his tongue. Then,
done, he complains that his eyes are not
equal to the selection and concludes to
bring his daughter. To further delude
the merchant he arranges to have his
girl get into the diamond cases, to
his house for the lady to look over. To
this end he gives him a card, naming
some aristocratic residence street. Then
he enters his carriage and is driven
away.

If the thief ever gets out with the di-
amonds he has "damped" they are gone;
for while the merchant may miss them
at once, and feel morally certain the old
Hippie is the prover, the Senator's pro-
ducer who had lost several di-
amonds to the same man in this manner
at last doctored some gems with a pow-
erful drug; so strong, in truth, that the
little which would in nature adhere to
the gems and all the diamonds in the
operator to choke and gag. He caught
the robber, but such luck is infrequent.
—Washington Herald.

SENATORS AND FLOWERS.
The Pretty Gardens Cultivated by Mr. Teller
and Mr. Evans.

Senator Teller has one of the prettiest
gardens in the Northwest. And oh!
what stories the roses could tell there!
The Senator's favorite relation all
the past summer had been in the
illigent personal attention to his flower-
beds.

Constituents, caucus managers and
other gentlemen who wanted to whisper
into the Senator's ear, the Senator's pro-
ducer to find him every evening armed
with a hose-sprinkler going around
among the flowers, and as they talked
they had to follow him around from
bush to bush. They might not have
got all they wanted, but the Senator had
pleasure and relaxation in his garden
work, and now boasts the prettiest-kept
lawn and flower-beds in his neighbor-
hood.

Senator Evans had a nice garden
all summer and has, but he does
not deserve any special mention for it.
It is Mrs. Evans' particular care and
desire to spend her mornings weeding
it, and it is well that she should. Her
self sit down for their after-dinner talk
they get a great deal of pleasure from
viewing the bright blossoms all around
the windows.—N. Y. Letter.

Epidemics Among Animals.
The epidemics which show themselves
at one interval or another among the
domesticated animals have recently
been the subject of many reports and
discussions. Among these diseases
none has attracted more attention than
that which has recently become known
as "epidemic" and "epidemic" birds. Not
very long ago upward of 1,800 canaries
died in one year in Norwich, England, and
occasioned a loss to the owners esti-
mated at about \$5,000. A medical man
has now stated to be hard at work in-
vestigating the true cause of the disease,
which at present is thought to partake
of the character of diphtheria. The
subject is an important one, as the
transmission of diphtheria to children
from domestic animals has come to be
not only frequent, but occasionally most
serious in effects.—Toledo (O.) Blade.

Those Sweet Girls.
"Did you know that Miss Dimes was
going to marry young Smith?"
"I know it, but I can't understand
how she is so intelligent as she is. I
consent to marry a man stupid enough
to want to marry her."—Life.

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In this guise he will drive up to some
jewelry store, and after entering the
store his wants are found to be an un-
cut diamond, or perhaps a pair of them.
They must compare with one which he
has with him, as they are intended to be
disposed of in a set as a present to his
wife and daughter.

The diamond thief exposes is fair
and large—as large as he can get. He
insists on making the comparison him-
self. He grows irascible, peevish, and
at last orders the merchant to bring out
all his gems while he looks over.

To humor one who is so evidently de-
termined to become a desirable customer
becomes the purpose of the jeweler's
life. He spreads before the weak op-
er of his goggle-eyed trader a number of
loose diamonds—probably on a back-
ground of black velvet to demonstrate
and emphasize their brilliancy.

The irritable old diamond hunter is
obliged to give attention to these
things. His eyes are weak, and so to see
the gems he performs has almost to bury
his nose in them. Whilst so engaged
and while the jeweler is standing over
him, he orders the merchant to bring out
with a quick dash of his tongue. Then,
done, he complains that his eyes are not
equal to the selection and concludes to
bring his daughter. To further delude
the merchant he arranges to have his
girl get into the diamond cases, to
his house for the lady to look over. To
this end he gives him a card, naming
some aristocratic residence street. Then
he enters his carriage and is driven
away.

If the thief ever gets out with the di-
amonds he has "damped" they are gone;
for while the merchant may miss them
at once, and feel morally certain the old
Hippie is the prover, the Senator's pro-
ducer who had lost several di-
amonds to the same man in this manner
at last doctored some gems with a pow-
erful drug; so strong, in truth, that the
little which would in nature adhere to
the gems and all the diamonds in the
operator to choke and gag. He caught
the robber, but such luck is infrequent.
—Washington Herald.

SENATORS AND FLOWERS.
The Pretty Gardens Cultivated by Mr. Teller
and Mr. Evans.

Senator Teller has one of the prettiest
gardens in the Northwest. And oh!