



Your Attention For a Moment

If the number of pounds of sugar will influence the destiny of your pocket book come to us as we will meet all advertised prices, and even better them.

Below You Will Find Some Very Interesting Items.

Children's Fine Beaver Shoes, much better than Felt, the only thing for cold feet, regular price, \$2.00, now..... **1.00**

Children's Dongola Kid Shoes Felt lined, in small sizes, regular price \$1.65, now..... **1.00**

Men's Heavy German Socks, regular price \$1.25, now..... **90c**

Men's Caps, in the Latest Shapes and Shades, and in all sizes..... **20c off**

Men's Fine All-Wool Suits in the new colors, grey and brown, all good sizes... **20c off**

We will sell Overshoes until stock is exhausted at a reduction of..... **20c**

Ladies, we are going to close out the Famous C. C. C. Corset for new goods. We have them in all sizes. They will suffer a reduction of..... **25c**

We are disposing of a fine line of Ladies Shoes in all common sizes at..... **50c off**

Ladies Underwear in all sizes from 32 to 34 that retailed for \$1.25 going now for..... **75c**

Men's Duck Coats will also stand a reduction from now on of..... **25c**

We will sell all our new stock of Jackets at a reduction of 25 per cent. Come now while you can get a fit, they are positively snaps..... **25c**

Soap! Soap! Soap! Just think of it! Soap that retails everywhere else for 10c a cake, now..... **5c**

Winter Footwear

We have a very large stock of Winter Footwear which will be disposed of at a great reduction. Call in and see it before you buy elsewhere, for you will save good money.

G. C. Winchester
Warren, Minn.

About Small Pox.

In view of the prevalence of small pox in many localities in the state we publish the following timely article by a member of the state board of health:

Some time ago I was asked by your president to prepare a history of the present smallpox epidemic in Minnesota for this meeting. I promised to do so, not because I thought you would be interested in such, as a local condition, but because the history of this epidemic is in all probability the history of each and every epidemic in province or state of Canada or the United States during the past five years.

In March, 1899, a porter from a Great Northern Railway train was found ill with small pox in St. Paul, after his return from the Pacific coast. His infection occurred at some point between St. Paul and the Pacific coast, probably at Seattle. At the time his case was diagnosed as small pox, he remarked: "In such case there is plenty more of the same thing in the place that I came from."

From exposures to this case, there followed thirty-one cases of small pox in St. Paul, with but one death. The outbreak was well handled by the very efficient health commissioner of that city, Dr. J. Ohage. I did not see any of these cases.

In May, 1899, a gentleman, aged about fifty years, returned from California to his home at Worthington, Minnesota. On his way home he stopped in Nebraska for a few days. There was quite a little small pox in that state at certain points during the winter of 1898 and 1899. This gentleman had, after his return to Worthington, an eruption so mild in type that no physician was called. I understand. I believe some parties thought he had chicken pox. In due time the wife was taken ill. At first her disease was thought to be measles, but in a few days it was recognized as small pox of severe type. After but a few days' illness, she died.

The physician called, to attend this lady, after her disease was recognized as small pox, went into voluntary quarantine with this infected family, for the good of the community. He was not immune to the disease and in consequence became infected and died.

In all there were at this place eight cases of small pox from this infection with two deaths. The disease occurred in varying degrees in these cases, from the very mild type in the father and grandmother to the confluent form in the mother and attending physician.

Late in June, 1899, I was called to East Grand Forks to give an opinion as to the nature of the disease from which a man was suffering. My diagnosis was small pox. The man was quite ill, though not dangerously so, and in about the fourth or fifth day of the eruption. I was asked by a physician to see a boy in Grand Forks ill with an eruptive disease. I again made the diagnosis of small pox. The eruption in this case was remarkable confluent and the patient dangerously ill. When my diagnosis was given out, certain physicians of prominence disputed its correctness. I stated that if two of them, excellent men would visit the boy in their own city (Grand Forks) and would still say that the disease was not small pox, I would hold my opinion in abeyance and watch developments. They visited the case and still gave their opinion that it was not small pox. I thereupon repeated my opinion that the boy had small pox and that he would soon die, and stated that I would be interested to know the cause of death that would be given on the death certificate. I further stated that the East Grand Forks case should be quarantined as for small pox. The Grand Forks patient died in less than thirty-six hours from the time the last negative diagnosis was made by the two resident physicians referred to. Before his death, however, the health officer of the city and the superintendent of the state board of health, both of whom were absent at the time of my visit to Grand Forks, returned to their homes; both pronounced the case as one of small pox. From this time on, the disease in both Grand

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING OF MR. AND MRS. SANTA CLAUS.



Forks and East Grand Forks was without dispute recognized as small pox and the little epidemic quickly suppressed. The perplexing elements in this epidemic were, first the fact that an eruptive disease of very mild type had appeared first among the telephone operators. It was thought that these mild cases were in all probability of the same type as these severe cases, which certainly had all the earmarks of small pox, and it was hard to believe that they could possibly have been small pox. The history given by these recovered patients was very vague. Second, the boy in Grand Forks who died of small pox gave a history of possible exposure to poisons that might have caused an eruption quite similar to that shown at the time of our visit. After careful study of all these cases there was, however, but one conclusion that could be accepted, viz., that all had one and the same disease, small pox, varying greatly in type and severity.

Continued in next Issue.

A Fiddler Without Hands.

In Atlanta, a small town in Illinois, lives Frank Clawson, a fiddler, whose chief bid for fame lies on the fact that he is without hands. Several years ago he was caught in a blizzard and both hands were badly frozen that they were amputated at the wrists. Being somewhat of a mechanical genius, he evolved a contrivance out of heavy wire which enabled him to wield the bow. The matter of fingering was more difficult, but by hard practice he strained the stump of his left hand to make the necessary shifts from one string to another and from position to position. With the fiddle held in place by the chin and knees and with the help of his fingerless arms, Clawson is said to manage and play the old-time airs with nearly as much success as formerly.

Musical Recital.

Miss Louise Grindeland's music pupils gave a very pleasant piano recital at her home last Saturday evening. The young folks showed that they are making commendable progress under her instruction. The following is the program rendered:

Rose Princess.....	Krogman
Afterwards.....	Edith Mattson.
On Third Base.....	Schulz
Duet—Fresh Violet.....	Millie Swanson.
Swing Song.....	Blake
Grandpa's Waltz.....	Leschorn
Home to Our Mountains.....	Evelyn Grindeland.
Flower Song.....	Frank Olson.
Star Polka.....	Verdi
Bohemian Song.....	Lango
Java March.....	Selma Engelstad.
Bed Time.....	Lemoin
Primrose Dance.....	Lily Mattson.
Triumph and Blossom.....	Edith Lundgren.
Home of my Heart.....	Edith Lundgren.
No. 20.....	Leschorn
	Ida Johnson.

W. H. DIXON WRITES.

An Interesting Review of His Trip to and Stay at Hot Springs.

Editor SHEAF:—As I agreed to give you a few items after my arrival here I will try and make my word good, although I am rather tardy, but you will excuse me as I have not been feeling well.

I left Warren November 25 for Hot Springs, Ark. After the usual wait at Crookston, we caught the train to the Twin Cities. The coaches were crowded with a noisy drunken mob of threshers from North Dakota. They swarmed all through the train, using vile language and with their bottles out drinking. Train men could do nothing with them. As there was hardly standing room, I retreated back to the sleeper and secured a berth, retired and roused up in time to dress before arriving in St. Paul; whiled away the day looking around the city, and finally secured a ticket south over the Burlington route, down the river; would like to have made the trip by daylight, but that was impossible as the fast train leaves St. Paul at 8 o'clock p. m. Between Winona and LaCrosse, a light snow covered the ground. When daylight came, we were crossing the river at Rock Island. The road run through a number of manufacturing towns, Moline and Galesburg onto Savannah where the train is divided, part going to Chicago, part going to St. Louis. The country is fine most of the way. Land worth \$100.00 an acre, a great stock feeding country. The day is fine, about like September up north. Stock in the fields feeding, teams and men all through the fields gathering corn; saw a number of teams plowing as we neared St. Louis, where we arrived about 5 p. m.

After looking up my train, I was informed that the train known as the Hot Springs Special would leave at 8 o'clock p. m., over the Iron Mountain road. After getting a lunch I roamed around through the union depot. This is a magnificent structure, costs millions of dollars. The traveling public have all the conveniences and luxuries of a home here while waiting for trains. St. Louis is the point where most of the cripples and invalids from the north and east congregate on their way to the Springs.

The train was on time and the run to the Springs was made in 12 hours—410 miles—with only one stop of any consequence, 20 minutes at Poplar Bluff, where we cross from Missouri into Arkansas. They run a fine vestibuled electric lighted chair car train, the finest I have seen on the route. We arrived in Little Rock at daylight, where the train is boarded by drummers for hotels and boarding houses. They swarm through the train, present you with cards with cut of hotel, each in turn trying to impress on you by his eloquence the advantages to be derived by becoming a guest of his particular place. They are as hard to get rid of as a book agent, or a candidate that wants your vote just before election, in fact they won't take "no" for an answer. But as your subscriber had been here before they did not spend much time with him.

The train reached the Springs at 8 o'clock a. m., weather fine and warm, about like September with us up north. As I go to my hotel I notice a great many substantial improvements since my last visit of four years ago, of which I will try and write you at some future time.

A Token of Appreciation.

—John Dahlgren received a check of twenty-five dollars as a Christmas present from his employers, W. F. Powell & Co., together with a nice letter in which the company express their satisfaction and appreciation of his services, and wish him all the joys of the season. Mr. Dahlgren is proud of the gift and much more so of the letter, which shows the spirit in which it was given. He is a young man of push and energy, and his determination to make his services valuable to his employers, is a good index that he will achieve success in life.