



THE GOOD JUDGE AND THE TREE TRIMMER

JUST by the taste and the way it keeps you tobacco satisfied, you can tell that "Right-Cut" is the Real Tobacco Chew. Pure, rich, mellow tobacco—seasoned and sweetened just enough. And it is a *ready chew*. Less than a quarter your old size chew keeps you satisfied. The flavor comes along so steady and naturally that nobody ever notices that you are chewing. That's a big satisfaction in itself, to say nothing of the better flavor and comfort.

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10 Cents a Pouch
ASK your dealer today. If he doesn't sell "Right-Cut," send us 10 cents in stamps. We'll send you a pouch.

We guarantee it to be pure chewing tobacco and better than the old kind.



WEYMAN-BRUTON COMPANY
50 Union Square, New York

NOTICE OF MORTGAGE FORECLOSURE SALE.

Notice is hereby given that default has accrued in the conditions of the mortgage hereinafter described in that the mortgagor has failed to pay the interest and the taxes upon the property mortgaged and which are now past due; that the mortgage referred to was executed by Sarah E. Middleton, a widow, to Blanche B. Patterson, under date of January 26, 1911. That there is now due and owing upon said mortgage and the note thereby secured, principal and interest, and for taxes paid, the sum of four hundred five dollars fifty cents (\$405.50). That the property described in said mortgage is lots One and Two (1 and 2) in block Three (3) in East Watertown, now a part of the city of Watertown, South Dakota; that said mortgage was filed for record in the office of the register of deeds of Codington county on March 2nd, 1911, at 3:05 o'clock p. m., and recorded in book "88" of mortgages at pages 578-8.

That said mortgage was by written instrument duly assigned to Uriah Skinner, of Watertown, South Dakota, which instrument was dated December 18th, 1913, and filed for record in the office of the register of deeds of Codington county on January 6th, 1914, at 10:15 o'clock a. m. and duly recorded in book "100" of mortgages at page 575; and said Uriah Skinner is the owner and holder of said mortgage. That no action at law or otherwise has been instituted for the collection of said debt or the foreclosure of said mortgage.

That said mortgage will be foreclosed and the property above described will be sold to satisfy the said debt and costs, at the front door of the court house in the city of Watertown, South Dakota, at public auction by the sheriff of Codington county on the 18th day of July, 1914, at 2 o'clock p. m., to the highest bidder for cash.

Dated June 3rd, 1914.
Uriah Skinner,
Assignee of Mortgage.
(First pub. June 4, last pub. July 9)

For sale cheap, a second-hand letter press. The Saturday News office.



KING AERATOR

The only real ventilator. Stronger than a wood cupola, less expensive, neater appearing. See sample erected at our yard.

Botsford Lumber Company

An Ode to the Frog By One Who Knows

The frog chorus that is put on every evening at the various watering places in and surrounding this town, is a delightful music to those who understand its real import. Of course, the meadow lark is a cheerful chirper, but he will sing as lively a tune while his throat is parching on the dry prairie as he will on a dewy spring morning. But the generous voiced frog sings of life giving moisture; he is the living exponent of H₂O; he is the big lunged troubadour of the generosity of Jupiter Pluvius; he is the white ribbon advocate of aqua pura; he is the whole souled, energetic, lusty throated advance agent of the water wagon, and his guttural warbling is an epic gem that tells a wonderful story of well filled ponds and lake beds, profusely nourished roots and bountiful harvests. With over four inches of rain falling in the first week of June, His Green Nibs and all his relations are happy. In the early evening hours when the business man repairs to his garden for an hour, or while the dairyman is milking his cows, the frog chorus starts up. The big, old ones perform wondrous aquatic stunts while the young ones take modest swimming lessons—and all the time they sing joyfully about the many delightful swimming holes they have this June—more than any June within the memory of the original old frog. The wonderful Adelaide Patti may have sung "Home, Sweet Home," in a way to bring tears to the eyes of thousands, Tetracini's lyric soprano trills may fill concert halls with bird like melody; Caruso's purest tenor may tell of Italian skies and Alpine hills, and Lauder's resounding bass may rumble melodious tribute to the sweetness and purity of his Scotch lassie, but for the South Dakota husbandman who for three years has given seed to the ground without adequate returns, there is no music so soul stirring, so enthralling, and so full of promise, as that of the full throated, liberal lunged, wet weather frog—C. E. Besancon in The Blunt Advocate.

SEES SNAKES AT LUDDEN; REDFIELD ENGINEER'S FIND
Redfield—Engineer Thompson of the C. & N. W. Ry., had an exciting experience at Ludden, N. D. While his train was standing in the yards at that place he saw a large snake crawl out of a nearby wheat field. He grabbed a coal shovel and succeeded in killing the reptile by striking it on the head with his shovel. Not knowing what species of serpent it was, he brought it to Redfield and had it examined by H. Hindersman, naturalist and taxidermist, who pronounced it a male boa constrictor, which measured eight feet in length and six inches in circumference.

LOOK OUT FOR HIM; HE'S A SMOOTH ONE
Special agents of the railroads have sent out warnings to merchants to look out for the envelope trick, which has been worked in several cities in this state, says a Montana exchange. The crook who practices this swindle enters a bank or store and asks the cashier for a five or ten dollar bill, as the case may be, in exchange for silver. The pretense is made that he wishes to send the bill away in an unsealed, but directed envelope which he holds in his hand. When the cashier hands him the bill he pretends to put it in the envelope, and to count the silver. Then he finds that he is twenty-five cents short, passes the envelope supposed to contain the bill to the cashier and tells him to hold it until he gets the other two-bits from a friend. He then makes his getaway with both the bill and the silver, and usually works several business establishments before the alarm is given.

Nature of Quack And How to Kill It

J. L. P. of Clark county makes the following inquiry: "I would appreciate it very much if you would give me some information regarding the weed known as 'quack grass,' and your opinion as to how much the presence of 'quack grass' in a limited amount would reduce the value of good land. The land I refer to has eighty acres of pasture and it is said there is a considerable quack grass in this pasture."

"Quack grass looks much like Western Wheat grass and also some like annual Wheat grass," says Dr. A. N. Hume, agronomist at the state agricultural college at Brookings. These two latter species are not such persistent weeds as quack. For instance in your pasture the grass might be Western Wheat, and still look very much like quack.

In permanent pastures, quack is a

to spread to cultivated fields, and it is in such fields that quack cuts down the value of the crop yield.

If small patches of quack start in fields, about the best way to drive them out is to use a sharp disc, often enough to keep the quack absolutely under ground. One summer of such treatment will drive it out. Many farmers fail in doing it by not going at it thoroughly enough. To kill quack by disking, it must be disked so often that no leaves will appear above the ground.

The method of killing quack by such frequent disking may be employed either with small or large area. In some cases, before starting disking, some smothering crop is used, which weakens the quack somewhat, such as millet, or rye, sown thickly.

I heard an experiment station man say once that \$100 land infested badly with quack was only worth \$50. At any rate, if I saw some quack on \$100 land, I would discount it, say at least \$10 per acre, and more than that if badly infested. But there is a lot of land in all states, with more or less quack.

Diplomas are Issued 8th Grade Graduates

County Superintendent Overhulse has issued diplomas to graduates of the eighth grade of the rural schools. There are forty-five members of the graduating class, as follows:

Mary A. Graen, Isabella M. Ries, Henry A. Fox and Lillian O. Rami of Kranzburg.
Florence Faen of Wallace.
Vivian E. Mapes of Waverly.
Albert Thyen and Pearl Brown of district 18.
Sylvia H. Painter and Reuben Halse of district 59.
Mabel R. Ohnstad, district 51.
Violet Pieper, district 50.
Freda R. Henning, district 2.
Freddie Schwandt, Crawford W. Brown and Dorothy Brown, district 44.
Lorenda Moorhouse, district 17.
Albert M. Linde, district 64.
Vernie Sweet, district 7.
Willie Beon, Charles Morrison, Herman J. Hanneman, Lilly C. Elfring, Florence Klix, Mabel Klix and Berdine Current, South Shore.
Gladys Keyes, Vivian, Lawrence, Clarence Clegg, Harold Rawlins, Clifford VanSickle, Laura Ginther, Doris Clegg, Norma Lapper, Robert Hilliard and Clara Hansen, Henry.
Louise Erickson, John F. Krier, Ella Short, Myrtle E. Zirbel, Florence.
Astrid Enevoldson, Hilda D. Madson, Lauretta Jorgenson and Arthur Vogt, district 0.
Lorena A. Faragher, district 8.

The Month of June; Beware of the Chigger

June is the month when brides and grooms, fishermen, graduates and chiggers race for first place in the public's attention—and the chiggers generally win out. The fact that it usually costs from five to ten dollars to see an otherwise sensible couple transformed into bride and groom detracts from these events to a considerable extent. The elasticity of the fisherman's imagination works against his claim for attention. And the world has so often been conquered by new born graduates that its annual repetition is losing interest. But the chigger will be right on the job throughout the summer, putting activity into lawn parties and causing embarrassment in a most shameless way. When a chigger calls for one's attention, it must be given him, and the fact of ladies being present does not alter his determination in the least.

June also is the picnic month, when we take our families out into the woods and eat a scrambled meal that would cause divorce proceedings if served at home. A broken pickle jar that has saturated our sandwiches and cakes with vinegar, or a pie that has been mashed into a pudding and must be eaten from a teacup doesn't disturb a party with the proper picnic spirit. These little pleasure jaunts, however, are extremely dangerous. Caught in a rain, the ardor of a picnic party freezes up in about ten seconds, and only the presence of children prevents a scene.

The hammock girl also blooms out this month. As a matrimonial agency the old fashioned hammock is not asking any favors of the auto or any other modern lure. In fact, the really clever mother with a marriageable daughter now invests a few dollars in a hammock and sooner or later she acquires a son-in-law who has an auto of his own—Vermillion Republican.

SILLO A NECESSITY.

purchase of these money making attachments to the modern farm. Mr. Pixler informs The Chief that the silo he is installing will hold 175 tons of feed. The silo is coming and the progressive farmer that is raising stock—and no farmer can be progressive who does not surround himself with stock—will be on easy street while his small grain neighbor will remain in the rut. There is no getting away from this proposition.—Iroquois Chief.

Edison Says Cigarette Doomed for Extinction

Edison, the wizard, according to the assertion of an exchange, is likely to have the wrath of the cigarette dealers called down upon his head, on account of his advice against the employment of this form of use of tobacco.

Edison has advised his friend, Henry Ford, motor car manufacturer who employs many thousands of men and, incidentally, treats them exceptionally well, that he ought never to employ cigarette smokers. The wizard's reason is interesting. He says, first, that the cigarette paper induces poison into the smoker's system which lessens his efficiency, a familiar argument that gains weight when authorities like Edison advance it. Next says Edison, the cost of fires started by cigarette smokers is tremendous and should be averted by the abolition of the ill-smelling little tube of doped tobacco. Third, he submits—and this is a simple truth, that few have reckoned with—the cigarette smoker uses from three to a dozen matches with every cigarette he smokes unless he puffs constantly until its entire length has been consumed. This means that the smoker is without matches much of the time, for there is a limit to the number of matches a pocket will hold. The consequence is, says Edison, cigarette smokers are eternally borrowing matches from other men and in a factory or office the borrowing matches takes two men, the borrower and the lender, away from their work for the length of time required to complete the transaction.

Tobacco users, generally speaking, may not agree with Mr. Edison as to the effect of the use of the cigarette upon the human system, but they cannot but coincide with his expressed view that every time a workman stops to borrow a match from a brother laborer he is drawing the attention of two men—the borrower and the lender—from their duties.

Gen. M. W. Sheafe Visits Deadwood

"Your climate's just right, your scenery grand, your people superb,

and I've heard your water is good," so General Mark W. Sheafe was recently quoted in a Deadwood newspaper, where he was attending a session of the United States grand jury.

That reminds us of the time that General Sheafe, pointing to a large glass jar in which some sort of small "tree" was growing whose roots practically filled the receptacle with their twining and intertwining and varied ramifications, asked, "What's that?" We replied that it was some kind of a miniature clematis plant. "No," observed the general, "I don't mean the plant but the liquid—what sort of liquid is that in the jar?" "Why, that's just water," we hastened to explain.

"I knew it—I knew it!" rejoined the general. "That's what comes of taking water into our stomachs—a great mass of fungi develops from too much water, like there has grown up in that jar. Water, you know, is only meant for washing your feet in."

But to return to Deadwood. One of its newspapers thus pleasantly speaks of General Sheafe's temporary sojourn in the Hills:

"General Mark W. Sheafe, pioneer, is not losing any time in widening the circle of his friends here during

his stay as foreman of the United States grand jury. General Sheafe is such a jolly good fellow, even if he is a rampart, uncompromising democrat who looks with pity on mere republicans, that everybody likes him. He is an inimitable story teller and does not have spare time enough to tell one-fourth the interesting things he knows. He did find occasion, however, to mention that just thirty-seven years ago he set out from Fort Pierre with General Fred Grant, who was then a colonel, for the Black Hills, the object being to mark the Pierre trail into the Hills. Colonel Grant had been denied an escort but the doughty General Sheafe volunteered to accompany him anyway. They got as far as a point ninety miles from the Hills when the Redskins became so thick they had to turn back to save their lives, but they accomplished the major portion of their task."

HEADACHE AND NEUROSVIS CURED.

"Chamberlain's Tablets are entitled to all the praise I can give them," writes Mrs. Richard Oip, Spencerport, N. Y. They have cured me of headache and nervousness and restored me to my normal health." For sale by all dealers. Adv. 2-7

A Pen that both Fills and Gleans Itself with one Operation

Conklin's Self-Filling Fountain Pen

fills and cleans itself in just 4 seconds by simply a dip in any ink-bottle that's handy and a thumb-pressure on the little "Crescent-Filler"—that's all! And it *absolutely will not leak* in pocket or when writing—no, sir!

14k iridium-tipped gold pens in every style of point from extra fine to stub, either stiff or flexible.



Watertown Printing & Binding Co.

Pretty Soft Eh?

The evidence of Blatz Supremacy is not far to find—the taste proves as well as tempts.

You drink what you like—that's why almost all true judges of good beer prefer Blatz.

No beer brewed gives such general satisfaction to so many men.

Always the same good old

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In Light or Dark Bottles



Farl & Co. Wholesale Dealers