

THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY	
THE COMFORTABLE WAY.	
GOING SOUTH.	GOING NORTH.
6:20 a.m. Duluth.....	9:40 p.m. Duluth.....
9:15 a.m. Brook Park.....	6:40 p.m. Brook Park.....
9:35 a.m. Mora.....	6:17 p.m. Mora.....
9:45 a.m. Ojibwa.....	6:00 p.m. Ojibwa.....
10:20 a.m. Milaca.....	5:30 p.m. Milaca.....
10:30 a.m. Pease (f).....	5:24 p.m. Pease (f).....
10:40 a.m. Long Siding.....	5:18 p.m. Long Siding.....
10:45 a.m. Brickett (f).....	5:07 p.m. Brickett (f).....
10:55 a.m. Princeton.....	5:02 p.m. Princeton.....
11:10 a.m. Zimmerman.....	4:45 p.m. Zimmerman.....
11:30 a.m. Elk River.....	4:20 p.m. Elk River.....
12:00 a.m. Anoka.....	4:00 p.m. Anoka.....
12:45 p.m. Minneapolis.....	3:35 p.m. Minneapolis.....
1:10 p.m. St. Paul.....	3:25 p.m. St. Paul.....
(f) Stop on signal.	

  

ST. CLOUD TRAINS.	
GOING WEST.	GOING EAST.
10:18 a.m. Milaca.....	5:25 p.m. Milaca.....
10:23 a.m. Foreston.....	5:19 p.m. Foreston.....
11:15 a.m. St. Cloud.....	5:25 p.m. St. Cloud.....

  

WAY FREIGHT.	
Tue. Thu. and Sat.	Mon. Wed. and Fri.
10:45 a.m. Milaca.....	2:50 p.m. Milaca.....
12:30 p.m. Princeton.....	1:40 p.m. Princeton.....
3:45 p.m. Elk River.....	11:30 a.m. Elk River.....
5:00 p.m. Anoka.....	10:00 a.m. Anoka.....

Any information regarding sleeping cars or connections will be furnished at any time by

GEO. E. RICE, Agent,  
Princeton, Minn.

ELK RIVER TRAINS.	
(Great Northern) For St. Paul and Minneapolis.	For stations west to Williston, N. D. via Crookston 9:53 P. M.
10:45 a.m. West bound. North Coast Limited. 11:50 A. M. (at tank). Minnesota Local. 10:08 A. M. Manitoba Express. 11:47 P. M. (at tank). East bound. Manitoba Express. 8:40 A. M. Twin City Express. 6:02 A. M. (at tank). Minnesota Local. 4:14 P. M. North Coast Limited. 12:48 P. M. (at tank). and at depot Sundays.	

MILLE LACS COUNTY.	
TOWN CLERKS.	
Bogus Brook—O. E. Gustafson.....	Princeton
Borgholm—Emil Sjoberg.....	Bock
Greenbush—R. A. Ross.....	Princeton
Hayland—Alfred P. Johnson.....	Milaca
Isle Harbor—Otto A. Hagberg.....	Isle
Milaca—Ole E. Larson.....	Milaca
Milo—R. W. Atkinson.....	Princeton
Princeton—Otto Henschel.....	Princeton
Robbins—C. N. Archer.....	Vineyard
South Harbor—Olas Freer.....	Cove
East Side—Andrew Kalberg.....	Princeton
Onamia—G. H. Carr.....	Onamia
Page—August Anderson.....	Page

  

VILLAGE RECORDERS.	
F. T. P. Neumann.....	Foreston
J. C. Borden.....	Princeton
J. H. Ward.....	Milaca

NEIGHBORING TOWNS.	
Haldwin—H. B. Fisk.....	Princeton
Slus Hill—Chas. D. Kalher.....	Princeton
Spencer Brook—J. L. Turner.....	Spencer Brook
Wyanett—Ole Peterson.....	Wyanett
Livonia—M. K. Jiff.....	Zimmerman
Santiago—W. W. Groundrey.....	Santiago
Dalbo—P. M. Mattson.....	Dalbo

## Grain and Produce Market.

Wheat, (new) No. 1 Northern.....	\$ .68
Wheat, (new) No. 2 Northern.....	.65
Corn.....	.35
Oats.....	.25
Beans (hand picked).....	.25
Wild hay.....	1.00 to 1.25
Flax.....	.06 to .07
Rye (new).....	.45 to .46

## Princeton Roller Mills and Elevator.

Wheat, (new) No. 1 Northern.....	\$ .69
Wheat, (new) No. 2 Northern.....	.67
Corn.....	.36
Oats.....	.26

RETAIL.	
Vestal, per sack.....	\$2.35
Flour, (100 per cent) per sack.....	2.35
Flour, (90 per cent) per sack.....	2.35
Flour, (80 per cent) per sack.....	2.35
Flour, (70 per cent) per sack.....	2.35
Flour, (60 per cent) per sack.....	2.35
Flour, (50 per cent) per sack.....	2.35
Flour, (40 per cent) per sack.....	2.35
Flour, (30 per cent) per sack.....	2.35
Flour, (20 per cent) per sack.....	2.35
Flour, (10 per cent) per sack.....	2.35
Flour, (0 per cent) per sack.....	2.35

FRATERNAL LODGE NO. 92, A. F. & A. M.	
Regular meetings every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.	
W. J. ZIMMERMAN, W. M.	
C. A. CALEY, Sec'y.	

PRINCETON LODGE NO. 93, K. of P.	
Regular meetings every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.	
T. F. SCHENK, R. S. A.	
S. A. CRAVENS, C. C.	

K. O. T. M., Tent No. 17.	
Regular meetings every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, in the Macabee hall.	
W. G. FREDERICKS, Com.	
W. G. FREDERICKS, R. E.	

PRINCETON LODGE NO. 208, I. O. O. F.	
Regular meetings every Monday evening at 8 o'clock.	
OSWALD KING, N. G.	
OSCAR STARK, R. Sec.	

## The Rural Telephone Co.

THE PEOPLE'S FAVORITE.

Lines to Dalbo, Cambridge, Santiago, Freer and Glendorado.

Good Service in Princeton and to all adjoining points. We connect with the Northwestern Long Distance Telephone.

Patronize a Home Concern.

Service Day and Night.

## Hotel Livery AND FEED BARN.



KALHER & GALVIN, Props.

Princeton, Minn.

Single and Double Rigs at a Moments' Notice.

Commercial Travelers' Trade Specialty.

a fury beyond control, almost leaped at Tom's throat.

"Here's the tea sipping old granny!" he bellowed hoarsely. (He was ordinarily very fond of Tom.) "Here's the master! Here's the man whose example teaches Crailey Gray to throw mud at the flag. He'll stay here at home with Crailey, of course, and throw more, while the other boys march out to die under it!"

"On the contrary, general," answered Tom, raising his voice. "I think you'll find Crailey Gray the first to enlist, and, as for myself, I've raised sixty



men in the country, and I want forty more from Rouen in order to offer the governor a full company. So it's come to the king, not the man. Polk is a pitiful trickster, but the country needs her sons; that's enough for us to know. And, while I won't drink to James Polk," he plunged a cup in the bowl and drew it out brimming—"I'll empty this to the president!"

It was then that from fifty throats the long, wild shout went up that stirred Rouen and woke the people from their midnight beds for half a mile around.

CHAPTER XIV.

FOR the first time it was Crailey who sat waiting for Tom to come home. In a chair drawn to his partner's desk in the dusty office he half reclined, arms on the desk, his chin on his clenched fists.

Tom took his own time in coming. He had stayed at the club to go over his lists—he had told Crailey—with the general and old Bareaud. His company was almost complete, and Crailey had been the first to volunteer, to the dumfounding of Trumble, who had proceeded to drink his health again and again. But the lists could not detain Tom two hours, Crailey knew, and it was two hours since the new volunteers had sung "The Star Spangled Banner" over the last of the punch and had left the club to Tom and the two old men. Only once or twice in that time had Crailey shifted his position or altered the direction of his set gaze at nothing. But at last he rose, went to the window and, leaning far out, looked down the street toward the little clubhouse. Its lights were extinguished, and all was dark up and down the street. Abruptly Crailey went back to the desk and blew out the candle, after which he sat down again in the same position. Twenty minutes later he heard Tom's step on the stair, coming up very softly. Crailey waited in silence until his partner reached the landing, then relit the candle.

"Tom," he called, "come in, please. I've been waiting for you."

There was a pause before Tom answered from the hall:

"I'm very tired, Crailey. I think I'll go up to bed."

"No," said Crailey; "come in."

The door was already open, but Tom turned toward it reluctantly. He stopped at the threshold, and the two looked at each other.

"I thought you wouldn't come as long as you believed I was up," said Crailey. "So I blew out the light. I'm sorry I kept you outside so long."

"Crailey, I'm going away tomorrow," the other began. "I am to go over and see the governor and offer him this company, and tonight I need sleep, so please—"

"No," interrupted Crailey quietly; "I want to know what you're going to do."

"To do about what?"

"About me."

"Oh!" Tom's eyes fell at once from his friend's face and rested upon the floor. Slowly he walked to the desk and stood in embarrassed contemplation of the littered books and papers, while the other waited.

"I think it's best for you to tell me," said Crailey.

"You think so?" Tom's embarrassment increased visibly, and there was mingled with it an odd appearance of apprehension, probably to relieve which he very deliberately took two long cheroots from his pocket, laid one on the desk for Crailey and lit the other himself with extreme carefulness at the candle. After this ceremonial he dragged a chair to the window, tilted back in it with his feet on the low sill, his back to the thin light and his friend, and said in a slow, gentle tone:

"I suppose you mean that I ought to offer my explanation first?" said the other, still standing. "Well, there isn't any." He did not speak doggedly or sullenly, as one in fault, but more with the air of a man curiously ready to throw all possible light upon a cloudy phenomenon. "It's very simple—all that I know about it. I went there first on the evening of the Madison masquerade and played a little comedy for her, so that some of my theatrical allusions—they weren't very illu-

minating—to my engagement to Fanchon made her believe I was Vanrevel when her father told her about the pair of us. I discovered that the night his warehouses burned—and I saw something more, because I can't feel seeing such things—that yours was just the character to appeal to a young girl fresh from the convent and full of honesty and fine dreams and fire. Nobody could arrange a more fatal fascination for a girl of nineteen than to have a deadly quarrel with her father. And that's especially true when the father's like that mad brute of a Bob Carewe! Then, too, you're more or less the town model of virtue and popular hero, in spite of the abolitionism, just as I am the town scamp. So I let it go on and played a little at being you, saying the things that you only think—that was all. It isn't strange that it's lasted until now, not more than three weeks, after all. She's only seen you four or five times and me not much oftener. No one speaks of you to her, and I've kept out of sight when others were about. Mrs. Tanberry is her only close friend and, naturally, wouldn't be apt to mention that you are dark and I am fair or to describe us personally any more than you and I would mention the general appearance of people we both meet about town. But you needn't tell me that it can't last much longer. Some petty, unexpected trifle will turn up, of course. All that I want to know is what you mean to do."

"To do?" repeated Tom softly and blew a long scarf of smoke out of the window.

"Ah!" Crailey's voice grew sharp and loud. "There are many things you needn't tell me. You need not tell me what I've done to you nor what you think of me. You need not tell me that you have others to consider; that you have Miss Carewe to think of. Don't you suppose I know that? And you need not tell me that you have a duty to Fanchon!"

"Yes," Tom broke in, his tone not quite steady—"yes, I've thought of that."

"Well?"

"Have you—did you?" He hesitated, but Crailey understood immediately.

"No; I haven't seen her again."

"But you?"

"Yes, I wrote. I answered the letter."

"As?"

"Yes; I signed your name. I told you that I had just let things go on," Crailey answered, with an impatient movement of his hands. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going over to see the governor in the morning. I'll be away two or three days, I imagine."

"Vanrevel," exclaimed Crailey hotly, "will you give me an answer and not beat about the bush any longer, or do you mean that you refuse to answer?"

Tom dropped his cigar upon the brick window ledge with an abysmal sigh. "Oh, no; it isn't that," he answered mildly. "I've been thinking it all over for three days in the country, and when I got back tonight I found that I had come to a decision without knowing it and that I had come to it even before I started. My leaving the letter for you proved it. It's a little like this Mexican war—a mixed up problem. The thing is bound to happen, and you can't stop it. I believe the men who make this war for their own uses will suffer for it. But it is made, and there's only one thing I can see as the thing for me to do. They've called me every name on earth—and the same with you, too, Crailey—because I'm an abolitionist, but now, whether the country has sinned or not, a good many thousand men have got to do the bleeding for her, and I want to be one of them. That's the one thing that is plain to me."

"Yes," returned Crailey. "You know I'm with you, and I think you're always right. Yes, we'll all be on the way in a fortnight or so. Do you mean you won't quarrel with me because of that? Do you mean it would be a poor time now, when we're all going out to take our chances together?"

"Quarrel with you?" Tom rose and came to the desk, looking across it at his friend. "Did you think I might do that?"

"Yes, I thought so."

"Crailey!" And now Tom's expression showed desperation. It was that of a man whose apprehensions have culminated and who is forced to face a crisis long expected, long averted, but imminent at last. His eyes fell from Crailey's clear gaze, and his hand fidgeted among the papers on the desk.

"No," he began with a painful lameness and hesitation. "I did not mean it—no. I meant that, in the same way, only one thing in this other—this other affair that seems so confused and is such a problem—only one thing has

grown clear. It doesn't seem to me that—that"—here he drew a deep breath before he went on with increasing nervousness—"that if you like a man and have lived with him a good many years—that is to say, if you're really much of a friend to him, I don't believe you sit on a high seat and judge him. Judging and all that haven't much part in it, and it seems to me that you've got yourself into a pretty bad mixup, Crailey."

"Yes," said Crailey. "It's pretty bad."

"Well," Tom looked up now with an almost tremulous smile, "I believe that is about all I can make of it. Do you think it's the part of your best friend to expose you? It seems to me that if there ever was a time when I ought to stand by you it's now."

There was a silence while they looked at each other across the desk in the faint light. Tom's eyes fell again as Crailey opened his lips.

"And in spite of everything," Crailey said breathlessly, "you mean that you won't tell?"

"How could I, Crailey?" said Tom Vanrevel as he turned away.

CHAPTER XV.

"Methought I met a damsel fair, And tears were in her eyes; Her head and arms were bare; I heard her bursting sighs."

"I stopped and looked her in the face. 'Twas then she sweetly smiled. Her features shone with mournful grace Far more than nature's child."

"With diffident and downcast eye, In modest tones she spoke. She wiped a tear and gave a sigh And then her silence broke."

SO sang Mrs. Tanberry at the piano, relieving the melancholy which possessed her, but Nelson, pausing in the hall to listen and exceedingly curious concerning the promised utterance of the damsel fair, was to suffer disappointment, as the ballad was broken off abruptly and the songstress closed the piano with a monstrous clatter. Little doubt may be entertained that the noise was designed to disturb Mr. Carewe, who sat upon the veranda consulting a strong cigar, and less that the intended insult was accomplished. For an expression of a vindictive nature was precipitated in that quarter so simultaneously that the bang of the piano lid and the curse were even as the report of a musket and the immediate cry of the wounded.

Mrs. Tanberry at once debouched upon the piazza, showing a vast, clouded countenance. "And I hope to heaven you already had a headache," she exclaimed.

"The courtesy of your wish, madam," Carewe replied, with an angry flash of his eye. "Is only equaled by the kindness of heaven in answering it. I have, in fact, a headache. I always have nowadays."

"That's good news," returned the lady heartily.

"I thank you," retorted her host.

"Perhaps if you treated your daughter with even a decent Indian's kind of politeness you'd enjoy better health."

"Ah! And in what failure to perform my duty toward her have I incurred your displeasure?"

"Where is she now?" exclaimed the other excitedly. "Where is she now?"

"I cannot say."

"Yes, you can, Robert Carewe!" Mrs. Tanberry retorted, with a wrathful gesture. "You know well enough she's in her own room, and so do I, for I tried to get in to comfort her when I heard her crying. She's in there with the door bolted, where you drove her!"

"I drove her!" he sneered.

"Yes; you did, and I heard you. Do you think I couldn't hear you raging and storming at her like a crazy man? Why can't you be a good father to her?"

"Perhaps you might begin by asking her to be a good daughter to me."

"What has she done?"

"The night before I went away she ran to a fire and behaved there like a common street hoiden. The ladies of the Carewe family have not formerly acquired a notoriety of that kind."

"Bah!" said Mrs. Tanberry.

"The next morning, when I taxed her with it, she dutifully denied and insulted me."

"I can imagine the delicacy with which you 'taxed' her. What has that to do with your devilish tantrums of this afternoon, Robert Carewe?"

"I am obliged to you for the expression," he returned. "When I came home this afternoon I found her reading that thing." He pointed to many very small fragments of Mr. Cummings' newspaper, which were scattered about the lawn near the veranda.

"Well?"

"Do you know what that article was, madam, do you know what it was?" Although breathing heavily, Mr. Carewe had compelled himself to a certain outward calmness, but now, in the uncontrollable agitation of his anger, he sprang to his feet and struck one of the wooden pillars of the porch a shocking blow with the bare knuckles of his clenched hand. "Do you know what it was? It was a eulogy of that Vanrevel! It pretended to be an account of the enrollment of his infernal company, but it was nothing more than a glorification of that nigger loving hound! His company—a lot of sneaks, who'll run like sheep from the first greaser—elected him captain yesterday, and today he received an appointment as major! It dries the blood in my veins to think of it—that black dog a major! Heavens, am I never to hear the last of him? Cummings wrote it, the fool, the lying, fawning, slobbering fool. He ought to be shot for it! Neither he nor his paper ever enters my doors again! And I took the dirty sheet from her hands and tore it to pieces!"

"Yes," interposed Mrs. Tanberry, "it looks as if you had done it with your teeth."

"—and stamped it into the ground!"

"Oh, I heard you!" she said.

Carewe came close to her and gave her a long look from such bitter eyes that her own fell before them. "If you've been treacherous to me, Jane Tanberry," he said, "then God punish you! If they've met—my daughter and that man—while I was away, it is on your head."

He turned and walked to the door, while the indomitable Mrs. Tanberry, silenced for once, sank into the chair he had vacated. Before he disappeared within the house he paused.

"If Mr. Vanrevel has met my daughter," he said in a thick voice, stretching out both hands in a strange, menacing gesture toward the town that lay darkling in the growing dusk, "if he has addressed one word to her or so much as allowed his eyes to rest on her overlong, let him take care of himself!"

"Oh, Robert, Robert!" Mrs. Tanberry cried in a frightened whisper to herself. "All the fun and brightness went out of the world when you came home!"

But there were other reasons than the return of Robert Carewe why Rouen had lost the joy and mirth that belonged to it. Nay, the merry town had changed beyond all credence. It was hushed like a sickroom and dolefully murmurous with forebodings of farewell and sorrow.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Afflicted With Rheumatism.

"I was and am yet afflicted with rheumatism," says Mr. J. C. Bayne, editor of the Herald, Addington, Indian Territory, "but thanks to Chamberlain's Pain Balm am able once more to attend to business. It is the best of liniments." If troubled with rheumatism give Pain Balm a trial and you are certain to be more than pleased with the prompt relief which it affords. One application relieves the pain. For sale by Princeton Drug Co.

Early Glassmaking.

The first attempt at glassmaking in this country was some years before the Revolution and was made at Quincy, Mass., by a company of Germans. Some specimens of their articles still exist. The place in Quincy where their manufactory was established acquired from them the name of Germantown, which name it retains to the present time. The site of their manufactory is now occupied by the institution called the Sailors' Snug Harbor. About 1785 Robert Hewes, a well known citizen of Boston, made probably the first effort to establish a window glass manufactory on this continent. Mr. Hewes carried his works to the fuel and erected his factory in the forest of New Hampshire.

What's In a Name?

Frequently in the south one finds among the negroes as remarkable Christian names as those bestowed upon their offspring by the Puritan fathers. A gentleman of Virginia tells of a negro living near Richmond who for years had been familiarly known to him as Tim. It became necessary at one time in a lawsuit to know the full name of the darky. The not unnatural supposition that Tim stood for Timothy met with a flat denial.

"No, sah!" exclaimed the negro. "Mah name ain't Timothy. It's What-timorous-souls-we-poor-mortals-be Jackson. Dey jest calls me 'Tim fo' sho'!"—Success Magazine.

Notice of Application for Liquor License.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, ss. County of Milne Lacs, ss. Village of Princeton, ss.

Notice is hereby given, that application has been made in writing to the common council of said village of Princeton and filed in my office, praying for license to sell intoxicating liquors for the term commencing on 15th day of April, 1906, and terminating on the 14th day of April, 1907, by the following person, and at the following place, as stated in said application, respectively, to-wit: Albert H. Smith. That certain room on the lower floor of the brick building situated on the central twenty feet of lot six (6), block three (3), of Damons' addition to the township of Princeton, Minn., and commonly known as Kalher's barber shop.

Said application will be heard and determined by said common council of the village of Princeton at the recorder's office in the village of Princeton in Milne Lacs county, and State of Minnesota, on the 16th day of March, A. D. 1906, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., of that day.

Witness my hand and seal of village of Princeton this 6th day of March, A. D. 1906.

J. C. BORDEN,  
Village Recorder.  
(Corporate Seal.)

First Publication Mar. 1, 1906.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, ss. County of Milne Lacs, ss. In Probate Court.

In the matter of the estate of Samuel A. Carewe, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Eiden F. Douglas, claiming to be entitled to a conveyance of certain real estate from the executors of said estate, setting forth that Samuel A. Carewe, deceased, was bound by a contract in writing to convey said real estate to the said Eiden F. Douglas, as assignee of said contract, upon the terms and conditions therein stated, with a description of the land to be conveyed; and praying that said claim to conveyance be predicated, and praying that the said executors to convey such real estate to said petitioner as the person entitled thereto.

It is therefore ordered, that all persons interested in said estate may appear before this court, at a special term thereof to be held on Thursday, the 22nd day of March, A. D. 1906, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon at the probate office in the court house in the village of Princeton in said county, and oppose said petition.

And it is further ordered, that this order shall be published once in each week for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing in the Princeton Union, a weekly newspaper printed and published at Princeton in said county.

Dated at Princeton the 1st day of March, A. D. 1906.

By the court,  
B. M. VANALSTEN,  
Judge of Probate.  
(Probate Seal.)

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