

WELCOME WORDS TO WOMEN.

From the view point of the average man housework is very easy. The wife is right at home. She is her own mistress. She can sit down and rest any time. She can even go to bed for a nap if she feels like it. She can order her household affairs just to suit her own convenience. If she doesn't feel equal to doing work to-day, she can do it to-morrow. That's the beautiful theory of the average man.

Just suppose the Egyptian task-masters, when they made the required daily tale of bricks tax the uttermost of human strength, had said to the toiling slaves, "Don't hurry, take a rest every now and then—only don't forget that your tale of bricks must be all right at night or else there'll be trouble."

There's the fact. There are the day's duties to be got through, and the woman who can rest may not. The woman, who, when she married, said, "Now, I'll be my own mistress," finds herself a slave to household cares and duties.

And oh! how much that woman needs rest sometimes. She brushes and scrubs, and rolls pastry, her temples throbbing, her back aching, her nerves quivering under the stress of pain. What she would give if she could just creep upstairs and throw herself on the bed in a darkened room and rest.

Rest would temporarily relieve the strain, doubtless, but it would be the same story over again to-morrow. The real need of weak, nervous women is strength, and that need is fully met and satisfied by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. It removes the causes of women's weakness, tranquilizes and invigorates the nerves, encourages the appetite and induces restful sleep. "Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhoea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions and irregularities, prolapsus or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteverision, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness of the ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

made of native roots—Nature's own restoratives, compounded after a formula concerning which there can be no question, by skilled chemists and by thoroughly scientific processes. Doctor Pierce is perfectly willing to let every one know that his "FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION" contains Blue Cohosh root, Lady's Slipper root, Unicorn root, Black Cohosh root and Golden Seal root. Every doctor knows that such a prescription is beneficial in the diseases of women and when properly compounded is certain to effect a cure in nearly all cases when given a fair trial. Every bottle of the "FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION" which leaves Dr. Pierce's immense laboratories in Buffalo, N. Y., has plainly printed upon its wrapper all the ingredients of which it is composed. Thus Dr. Pierce proves to the world his own confidence in the remedy which for forty years has borne his name and which is known all through the United States and Canada, England, Australia, and in parts of South America, Africa and Asia, as a sovereign cure for those diseases which, unchecked, make our women old before their time.

It will be noticed that there is no alcohol in the "FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION." Dr. Pierce never believed in using alcohol in the preparation of his famous household remedies. For it, he substitutes chemically pure glycerine, which has wonderful properties for extracting the medicinal principles of roots and preserving them at their full strength, without any deleterious effect whatever.

In favor of Dr. Pierce's medicines is the frank, confiding, open, honest statement of their full composition, giving every ingredient in plain English, without fear of successful criticism and with confidence that the good sense of the afflicted will lead them to appreciate this honorable manner of confiding to them what they are taking into their stomachs when making use of these medicines.

Dr. Pierce feels that he can afford to take the afflicted into his full confidence and lay all the ingredients of his medicines freely before them because these ingredients are such as are endorsed and most strongly praised by scores of the most eminent medical writers of all the several schools of practice as cures for the diseases for which these medicines are recommended.

Your druggist sells the "FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION" and also that famous alterative, blood purifier and stomach tonic, the "GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY." Write to Dr. Pierce about your case. He is an experienced physician and will treat your case as confidential and without charge for correspondence. Address him at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., of which he is chief consulting physician. It is as easy to be well as ill—and much more comfortable. Constipation is the cause of many forms of illness. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, two a mild cathartic. All dealers in medicines sell them.

Send 31 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing and get a copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, over 1000 pages. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"I am pleased to add my testimony in behalf of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," writes Miss Earline Agard, Chapin, Patriotic Daughters of America, of 413 1/2 Michigan Avenue, Lansing, Mich. "I cannot find language to express my gratitude and joy over the fact that I am well once more. Wearing my corsets too tight seemed to have brought on an extra abdominal pressure, weakening the ligaments and pushing the internal organs down. What to do I knew not, as no medicines I took seemed to help me.

"I had heard of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and determined to try it, as a last resort. Before the first bottle was used I began to feel better, but could hardly believe that this was permanent, but my improvement went steadily on, and within four months I was like a new woman. Now I have no more pains, am well and strong, and am extremely grateful to you."

"There is nothing to conceal about the make-up of 'FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION.' It is an absolutely pure medicine—

It is an absolutely pure medicine—

Twenty-five BUSHELS of WHEAT to the Acre

means a productive capacity in dollars of over **\$16 per Acre**

This land, which has cost the farmer nothing, but the price of tilling it, tells its own story. The

Canadian Government

gives absolutely free to every settler 160 acres of such land.

Lands adjoining can be purchased at from \$5 to \$10 per acre from railroads and other corporations.

Already 175,000 farmers from the United States have made their homes in Canada.

For pamphlet "20th Century Farms," and all information apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada; or to the following authorized Canadian Government Agent:

E. T. Holmes, 315 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn. Mention this paper.

NOT YOUR HEART

If you think you have heart disease you are only one of a countless number that are deceived by indigestion into believing the heart is affected.

Lane's Family Medicine

the tonic-laxative, will get your stomach back into good condition, and then the chances are ten to one that you will have no more symptoms of heart disease.

Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.

POPULAR HANSKA GIRL MARRIED

Miss Chambard's Wedding Social Event of Week.

On Wednesday evening, June 6th, Miss Cora K. Chambard, daughter of Mrs. E. Chambard, was married to Mr. John P. Peterson at the home of the bride's brother, F. G. Chambard. Rev. Frank F. Fitch of St. James officiated. The bride was gowned in white crepe de chien over silk and carried roses. The Misses Amy Chambard, a sister of the bride, and Edith Whitmer of Fairfax, acted as maid of honor and bridesmaid. The groomsmen were Harry E. Chambard and J. M. Thompson. Miss Una Chambard played the Mendelssohn wedding march for the entrance of the bridal party and "Simple Confession" and "Evening Prayer" during the reading of the service.

The wedding supper was served at the home of the bride's mother. Out of town guests were Mr. and Mrs. Ole Melvold, Emil Peterson, Mrs. J. J. Newton, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Whitmer and the Misses Edith and Anna Whitmer, all of Fairfax; and Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Chambard and Mrs. F. F. Fitch of St. James.

After a short stay at Lake Minnetonka, the bridal couple will reside at Calvin, N. D.—Hanska Herald.

Agents Wanted:

San Francisco Earthquake Disaster. Thousands killed and injured. \$50,000,000 worth of property destroyed. Full and authentic story told by survivors and eye witnesses. Largest and best book. Best illustrated. 80 per cent profit to agents. Freight paid. Credit given. Outfits free. Send 4-two cent stamps for postage. Address COOPER & CO. 124 Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

Stuebe Bros.

Both Phones 152. 118 N. Minn.

Bingham Bros. Coal & Grain.

DEALERS IN NEW ULM, MINN.

The Holladay Case

A Mystery Of Two Continents
By BURTON E. STEVENSON
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CHAPTER XIV.

I WATCHED him with a kind of fascination until he disappeared through the door of the cabin. I could guess what it had cost him to drag himself from his bed, what agony of apprehension must have been upon him to make him take the risk. The Jourdain, puzzled at my not returning, unable to keep silence, suspecting, perhaps, some plot against themselves, had doubtless gone to the hospital and told him of my appearance—there had been no way for me to guard against that. He had easily guessed the rest. He had only to consult the passenger list to assure himself that Mr. Royce and I were aboard. And he was following us, hoping—what? What could a man in his condition hope to accomplish? What need was there for us to fear him? And yet there was something about him—something in the atmosphere of the man—that almost terrified me.

I came back to earth to find that Royce and Mrs. Kemball had drifted away together and that my companion was regarding me from under half closed lids with a little smile of amusement.

"So you're awake again, Mr. Lester?" she asked. "Do you often suffer attacks of that sort?" "Pardon me," I stammered. "The fact is, I—"

"You looked quite dismayed," she continued relentlessly. "You seemed positively horror stricken. I saw nothing formidable about him."

"No, you don't know him!" I retorted and stopped, lest I should say too much.

"I think we'd better sit down," she said, smiling. "Your knees seem to be still somewhat shaky."

So we sought a seat near the stern, where we could watch the city sink gradually away in the distance as the great boat glided smoothly out into the bay.

I confess I was worried. I had not thought for a moment that Martigny would have the temerity to board the same boat with us—yet it was not so wonderful after all, since he could not guess that I suspected him, that I knew him and Bethune to be the same person. That was my great advantage. In any event we were in no danger from him. He was probably following us only that he might warn his confederates, should we seem likely to discover them. Certainly they were in no present danger of discovery, and perhaps might never be. But his following us, his disregard of the grave danger to himself, gave me a new measure of his savage determination to baffie us. I found myself more and more beginning to fear him.

Should I inform Mr. Royce of this new development? I asked myself. Then I remembered the doctor's words. He must have rest and quiet during the coming week.

"I trust that I'm not in the way, Mr. Lester?" inquired a low, provoking voice at my side, and I awoke to the fact that I had again been guilty of forgetting my companion.

"Miss Kemball," I began desperately, "let me confess that I'm in an exceedingly vexatious situation. The fact that I can't ask advice makes it worse." "You can't ask even Mr. Royce?" she queried, with raised brows.

"He least of all. You see, he's just recovering from a severe nervous breakdown."

"I see," she nodded.

I glanced at her again—at the open, candid eyes, the forceful mouth and chin—and I took a sudden resolution.

"Miss Kemball," I said, "I'm going to ask your help—that is, if I may."

"Of course you may."

"Well, then, that man who came on board last is the inveterate enemy of both Mr. Royce and myself. We're trying to unearth a particularly atrocious piece of villainy in which he's concerned. I have reason to believe him capable of anything and a very fiend of cleverness. I don't know what he may plot against us, but I'm certain he'll plot something. Mr. Royce doesn't even know him by sight and shouldn't be worried, but unless he's forewarned he may walk right into danger. I want you to help me keep an eye on him—to help me keep him out of danger. Will you help me?"

"Why, certainly!" she cried. "So we're to have a mystery—just we two!"

"Just we two," I assented.

She looked at me doubtfully.

"I must remember Mr. Graham's warning," she said. "You haven't invented this astonishing story just to entertain me, Mr. Lester?"

"On my word, no," I responded a little bitterly. "I only wish I had!"

"There?" she said contritely. "I shouldn't have doubted. Forgive me, Mr. Lester. Only it seemed so fantastic, so improbable!"

"It is fantastic," I assented, "but, unfortunately, it is true. We must keep an eye on M. Martigny, or Bethune."

"Which is his real name?"

"Those are the only names I know, but I doubt if either is the true one." Royce and Mrs. Kemball joined us a moment later, and we sat watching the low, distant Long Island shore until the gong summoned us to lunch.

A word to the steward had secured us one of the small tables in an alcove at the side. Our first meal at sea was

a merry one, Mr. Royce seeming in such spirits that I was more than ever determined not to disturb him with the knowledge of Martigny's presence.

As the moments passed my fears seemed more and more uncalmed for it was quite possible, I told myself, that I had been making a bogey of my own imaginings. The Frenchman did not appear in the saloon, and afterward an inquiry of the ship's doctor developed the fact that he was seriously ill and quite unable to leave his stateroom.

I may as well confess at once that I was seasick. It came next morning, ten minutes after I had left my berth, not a violent sickness, but a faintness and giddiness that made me long for my berth again, but Mr. Royce would not hear of it. He got me out on deck and into my chair, with the fresh breeze blowing full in my face. There was a long line of chairs drawn up there, and from the faces of most of their occupants I judged they were far more miserable than I.

After awhile the doctor came down the line and looked at each of us, stopping for a moment's chat.

"Won't you sit down a minute, doctor?" I asked when he came to me, and motioned to Mr. Royce's chair.

"Why, you're not sick!" he protested, laughing.

"It wasn't about myself I wanted to talk," I said. "How's your other patient, the one who came aboard last?" His face sobered in an instant.

"Martigny is his name," he said, "and he's in very bad shape. He must have been desperately anxious to get back to France. Why, he might have dropped over dead there on the gang plank."

"It's a disease of the heart?" "Yes, far advanced. He can't get well, of course, but he may live on indefinitely, if he's careful."

"He's still confined to his bed?" "Oh, yes. He won't leave it during the voyage if he takes my advice. He's got to give his heart just as little work as possible or it'll throw up the job altogether."

I turned the talk to other things, and in a few moments he went on along his rounds. But I was not long alone, for I saw Miss Kemball coming toward me.

"So mal de mer has laid its hand on you, too, Mr. Lester!" she cried.

"Only a finger," I said. "But a finger is enough. Won't you take pity on a poor landsman and talk to him?"

"But that's reversing our positions!" she protested, sitting down, nevertheless, to my great satisfaction. "It was you who were to be the entertainer! Is our Mephisto abroad yet?" she asked in a lower tone.

"Mephisto is still wrestling with his heart, which, it seems, is scarcely able to furnish the blood necessary to keep him going. The doctor tells me that he'll probably spend the voyage ahead."

"So there'll be nothing for us to do after all! Do you know, I was longing to become a female Lecoq!"

"Perhaps you may still have the chance," I said gloomily. "I doubt very much whether Mephisto will consent to remain inactive."

She clapped her hands and nodded a laughing recognition to one of the passing promenaders.

"You're going to Paris, aren't you, Miss Kemball?" I asked.

"To Paris—yes. You too?"

"We go first to Etretat," I said and stopped as she leaned, laughing, back

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A word to the steward had secured us one of the small tables in an alcove at the side. Our first meal at sea was

in her chair. "Why, what's wrong with that?" I demanded, in some astonishment.

"Wrong? Oh, nothing. Etretat's a most delightful place—only it recalled to me an amusing memory of how my mother was one day scandalized there by some actresses who were bathing. But it's hardly the season for Etretat. The actresses have not yet arrived. You'll find it dull."

"We will not stay there long," I said.

"But tell me about it."

"Etretat," said my companion, "is a bohemian resort. It has a beach of



gravel where people bathe all day long. When one's tired of bathing there are the cliffs and the downs, and in the evening there's the casino. You know French, Mr. Lester?"

"Oh, I know the phrase made immortal by Mark Twain."

"'Avez-vous du vin?'—yes."

"And I think I also have a hazy recollection of the French equivalents for bread and butter and cheese and meat. We shan't starve. Besides, I think Mr. Royce can help. He's been to France."

"Of course—and here he comes to claim his chair."

"I won't permit him to claim it if you'll use it a little longer," I protested.

"Oh, but I must be going." And she arose, laughing. "Have I been a satisfactory entertainer?"

"More than satisfactory; I'll accept no other."

"But you won't need any at all after this morning—I don't really believe you're ill now!"

She nodded to Royce and moved away without waiting for my answer.

Saturday, Sunday and Monday passed, with only such incidents to enliven them as are common to all voyages, but I saw that quiet and sea air were doing their work well with my companion and that he was steadily regaining his normal health, so I felt more and more at liberty to devote myself to Miss Kemball, in such moments as she would permit me, and I found her fascination increasing in a ratio quite geometrical. Martigny was still a bed, and so the ship's doctor told me, was improving very slowly.

It was Tuesday evening that Mrs. Kemball and her daughter joined us on the promenade, and we found a seat in the shadow of the wheelhouse and sat for a long time talking of many things, watching the moonlight across the water. At last we arose to return, and Royce and Mrs. Kemball started on ahead.

"Two more days and we'll be at Havre," I said. "I'll be very sorry."

"Sorry? I'd never have suspected you of such a fondness for the ocean."

"Oh, it's not the ocean!" I protested, and—what with the moonlight and the soft night and the opportunity—the time and the place and the loved one, all together—would have uttered I know not what folly had she not sprung suddenly forward with a sharp cry of alarm.

"Mr. Royce!" she cried. "Mother!" They stopped and turned toward her just as a heavy spar crashed to the deck before them.

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"You shan't puzzle any more," I said. When I laid the case before her, step by step. She listened with clasped hands and intent face, not speaking till I had finished. Then she leaned back in her chair with a long sigh.

"Why, it's horrible!" she breathed. "But you haven't given me your explanation yet, Mr. Lester."

"I haven't any explanation," I said helplessly. "I've built up half a dozen theories, but they've all been knocked to pieces, one after the other. I don't know what to think, unless Miss Holladay is a victim of hypnotism or delirium of some kind."

"Sometimes she's nice and at other times she's horrid. It recalls 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' doesn't it?"

"Yes, it does. Only, as I say, such an explanation seems absurd."

"There's one theory which might explain it—part of it. Perhaps it wasn't Miss Holladay at all who returned from Washington square with the new maid. Perhaps it was the other woman, and the barred windows were really to keep Miss Holladay a prisoner."

"But she wasn't there!" I protested. "We saw her when we gave her the money."

"Yes, in a darkened room, with a bandage about her forehead, so hoarse she could scarcely speak."

I stopped a moment to consider.

"Remember, that would explain something which admits of no other reasonable explanation," went on my companion—"the barred windows and the behavior of the prisoner."

"It would explain that, certainly," I admitted, though at first thought the theory did not appeal to me. "You believe, then, that Miss Holladay was forcibly abducted?"

"Undoubtedly. If her mind was going to give way at all it would have done so at once and not two weeks after the tragedy."

"But if she had brooded over it," I objected.

"She wasn't brooding—at least she had ceased to brood. You have Mr. Royce's word and the butler's word that she was getting better, brighter—quite like her old self again. Why should she relapse?"

"I don't know," I said helplessly. "That affair last night has upset me so that I can't think clearly. I feel that I was careless—that I wasn't doing my duty."

"I shouldn't worry about it; though, of course," she added a little severely, "you've realized by this time that you alone are to blame for Martigny's presence on the boat."

"But I had to go to the Jourdain's," I protested, "and I couldn't help their going to him. To have asked them not to go would have made them suspect me at once."

To be continued.

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The social event of the village of Lafayette last week was the marriage of Miss Esther Olson to Ernest T. Anderson. Both of the young people are residents of the village and both are well known not only in that part of the country but in this city as well. The groom is one of the business men of the city and has a prosperous business in the city restaurant, being the only one in the city he has a monopoly of the business. His wife is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claus Olson.

After the ceremony the bridal procession and the guests all repaired to the bride's parents' beautiful home where the Mr. and Mrs. Anderson received the congratulations of their friends and where refreshments were served. An elegant wedding dinner was also served at 6 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson left Thursday morning on a short wedding tour after which they will go to housekeeping in the second story of Dr. Ericson's house where they will be pleased to see their many friends. They were the recipients of many beautiful presents.

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