

The Thirteen Towns.

By A. W. FOSS.

The Office of THE THIRTEEN TOWNS is on Stephens Avenue, Opposite Postoffice.

Entered at the Post Office at Fosston as Second Class Mail.

Fisher citizens have given up the idea of fighting for a county seat this year. Now McIntosh must go it alone.

Taxpayers will do well to remember that at least one-half of their real estate taxes must be paid into the county treasury before next Friday, June 1st, after which time the ten per cent penalty will be imposed.

Former Senator Washburn's vice presidential boom is receiving consideration in many quarters, particularly where the Washburn family has connections. The fact that we already have two candidates for vice presidency in Minnesota—Towne, the populist, and Donnelly, the mid-road populist—it might be considered expedient by the republican national convention to nominate a Minnesota man.

The blank schedules to be used in the next census are now being distributed by the census office to the enumerators, who will start to work on June 1. The schedules contain questions which some persons may think prying, purposeless, or excessive in number. But their number and character have been determined by congress, not by the census office, and all of them have been asked in previous censuses. The only important change since 1890 is that some questions have been abandoned.

In spite of the vigorous efforts of the democrats to exaggerate and keep alive the feeling which at one time obtained with reference to the passage of the Porto Rican tariff bill, that "issue" is already almost as thoroughly forgotten as is the Boer "issue" which was raised by the democrats six months ago. This country is a progressive one, and one of widely diversified interests. The people are interested in that which surrounds them rather than in something which is at a distance. The republican party can go before the nation upon a platform simply pointing to what it has done. The democrats can only plead for votes upon what they can promise to do. The present administration has been the greatest since that of Lincoln and the most successful. It has been confronted with greater issues and charged with heavier responsibilities than any other administration since Lincoln. In the working out of the great problems confronting it, it would be remarkable if some mistakes had not been made in the matter of detail. The best men in the country now admit that there was no other possible way of immediately relieving the needs of the Porto Ricans except by passing a tariff bill which would give them for the support of their local government the revenues upon imports into the island, all exports to the United States being free and unrestricted. It is already being admitted by many who opposed the bill that it was the best possible solution of the problem and long before the election shall have been held, the people will see that, as usual, the republican party acted wisely.

If troubled with rheumatism, give Chamberlain's Pain-Balm a trial. It will not cost you a cent if it does no good. One application will relieve the pain. It always cures sprains and bruises in one-third the time required by any other treatment. Cuts, burns, frostbites, quinsy, pain in the side and chest, glandular and other swellings are quickly cured by applying it. Every bottle warranted. Price, 25c and 50c. P. M. Mark. (30)

The ancients believe that rheumatism was the work of a demon within a man. Any one who has had an attack of sciatic or inflammatory rheumatism will agree that the infliction is enough to warrant the belief. It has never been claimed that Chamberlain's Pain-Balm would cast out demons, but it will cure rheumatism, and hundreds bear testimony to the truth of this statement. One application relieves the pain, and this quick relief which it affords is alone worth many times its cost. For sale by—P. M. Mark.

If sweet young widows want to "ketch" some sweet-heart in the sunny tangles of their golden curls, they'd better take Rocky Mountain Tea. Great Medicine. 35c.—P. M. Mark.

He Fooled the Surgeons.

All doctors told Renick Hamilton, of West Jefferson, O., after suffering 18 months from Rectal Fistula, he would die unless a costly operation was performed; but he cured himself with five boxes of Bucklin's Brnica Salve, the surest Pile cure on earth, and the best salve in the world. 25 cents a box. Sold by—P. M. Mark Croggett.

Madge Marbury's Message

Summer Romance
In a City.

"No, I'm tired of seaside romances, so I propose to stay here and see what sort of romance a summer in New York has to offer."

Sam Storow jumped upon a north bound electric car as he spoke, leaving the man to whom he had announced his plans in a speculative mood.

"I'll bet," murmured Ralph Ralston, as he hailed the next south bound car, "that Storow's had a row with Madge Marbury."

Since the date, just four years ago, when they had left Harvard, neither Sam Storow nor Ralph Ralston had settled down to any serious occupation. They had devoted themselves to the somewhat indefinite pastime of "looking around."

It had been the kind of looking around usual with idle men of private means—moderate dissipation and love-making, or the pretense of love-making, with women who were as well off and as idle as themselves.

But it must be admitted of the two Storow's life had been much the more innocent, and his affair with Miss Madge Marbury might have resulted in matrimony ere this were it not for the frequency of their petty quarrels, none of which might ever have occurred if they had not had so much idle time to quarrel in.

The excitement of these little tiffs had begun to pall upon him, and when the last one occurred he decided that he would stay in town when Madge went away. In fact, he was hard up for a new sensation.

The electric car whirled him rapidly up Madison avenue. He looked at the monotonous array of drawn shades in the house fronts—inevitable symptom of the summer season—and the thought came to him of the darkened, silent reception rooms so gay with beauty and fashion in winter time. But the butterflies had fled to shore and mountain, leaving Madison avenue to console itself until their return. Miss Madge Marbury had gone to Ear Harbor.

"Goodby, Mr. Storow," she had said to him just before they parted. "I hope you'll find some romance in the city to compensate you for your self imposed and solitary martyrdom."

These words came back to him now, and the recollection made him feel more than ever resolved to find his romance during his summer in town. He would not have Madge Marbury chaff him on her return.

Ralph Ralston thoroughly disagreed with Sam Storow as to the relative charms of city and seaside in summer. This was natural, for the two men had never agreed upon any question since the day they first met, and neither bore much love toward the other.

So a few days after the meeting with Storow Ralston was in the vortex of Ear Harbor's gay life, troubling himself very little about romance and content with agreeable realities.

There was no more agreeable reality than his present proximity to Miss Madge Marbury on the veranda of a cottage that nestled picturesquely up among the pines.

They were enjoying the beauty of the cool Maine night. The intense blue of the heavens gave that suggestion of illimitable vastness which, though the suggestion may be always there, is only borne in on us under the spell of certain moods: the song of the pines kept time with the more distant music of the incoming tide, and the breeze came laden with a mingled fragrance of balsam and odor of ocean brine.

"Can you imagine, Miss Marbury, a more fantastic notion than his staying in town in search of romance when he might be here?"

Ralston had been expatiating upon the eccentricities of Sam Storow. "I don't know," she said. "We may find our romance in the most unexpected places."

"I rather imagine that Storow somehow is not without some definite idea of where to find his romance."

She began to think. If that were so, why should he not find it near her? Her vanity was piqued, and Ralston, being a good tactician, tried to follow up his advantage.

"Of course, Miss Marbury, I am not in Sam Storow's confidence."

But it takes a very wise man to head off the sudden turns of a feminine train of thought, and his words had just the opposite effect to that he had intended.

She said impulsively: "No; if you had his confidence, you would probably tell me more."

The next moment she regretted her impulsiveness, for it was no part of her policy openly to antagonize him until she had more fully made-up her mind as to which of these men—

Well, the thing was to repair her mistake.

"You take me too seriously, Mr. Ralston. You know, women must not be interpreted too literally."

Ralston was far from being inclined to take the sex too seriously, but it was as well that women, for their own peace of mind, should think otherwise. He took his cue from her and answered, with another laugh:

"It would upset any one's seriousness to think of Sara Storow installed over of the east side in a tenement and going to Tompkins square on band nights in search of the romance of the slums."

"Is that really true?"

"Yes; he has been seen there."

"By whom?" The words escaped her before she could obey an intuition to keep them back.

"You would not have me betray confidences?" he rejoined.

She began to think she had been un-

just to him, and when he came and stood close to her she did not push her chair away, nor when he picked up her fan from the next chair, where she had thrown it, did she make any sign of disapproval, and so it was natural that he should presently occupy the chair the fan had vacated.

"After all," he reflected, "you can bring any of these women round if you only go the right way about it."

And, as for her, she had veered back to the old point of view—that as between the two men one had shown his devotion by his presence, whereas the other had found a superior attraction elsewhere.

"If I thought you could betray any confidence, Mr. Ralston," she said now in belated answer to his last query, "I should not want ever to see you again."

He knew what she meant well enough; for, like herself, he was thinking of how very near to victory he had been not longer ago than last night on this same veranda.

Somehow it seemed to have grown darker. The song of the pines swelled into a stronger chorus, and there was a deeper, more sullen, note in the distant booming of the surf.

They were standing together now on the edge of the veranda, and he had taken her hand without any protest on her part. He had drawn her gently and gradually around, so that she was half facing him now, and his other arm, which, embraced the post of the piazza at her left, was ready to encircle her neck the moment his instinct should tell him it was safe to make the attempt.

"Miss Madge," he whispered into her very ear, "say that you believe me worthy of all your confidence."

It was the last ditch, and there was plainly a struggle going on within her, for in spite of the cool Maine night her blood coursed so fast that it was a race between her heart and pulse beats.

His purely animal instinct warned him that she was winning a victory this time over herself and over him, and as he tightened his hold upon her hand and let his hand drop from the piazza post across her shoulder she gave a sort of gasp, wrenched herself free from him and darted into the house through the open French window.

The band was playing in Tompkins square to the motley east side audience who had poured out from the reeking rooms of torrid tenements as well as from homes of comparative comfort. Decent poverty, shabby need, relative wealth, rubbed shoulders here upon a ground of common equality.

But in a remote corner of the square the electric light played with a rather weird effect upon the strangely determined face of a woman—a refined looking, high bred woman, clearly not in touch with her surroundings. Beside her sat Sam Storow, his eyes upon the ground. But his companion was keenly alert, and presently, when she saw another woman approaching, she waited until she noticed Storow give a surprised start of recognition, and then she arose and spoke to the newcomer.

"Miss Marbury," she said, "when I sent you that anonymous letter to Ear Harbor I believed I could reach your heart, although I had never seen you. I brought you here to open your eyes. A week ago Mr. Ralph Ralston, walking with me across the square, pointed out Mr. Storow, whom I did not know. 'Storow,' said he in his usual flippant way and as if it were the best joke in the world, 'is slumming for romance this summer in town. Get acquainted with him and show him the tender romance of the slums.' I am one of a university settlement party living among the east side tenements, and I got acquainted with Mr. Storow and with his story from his own lips."

"Miss Marbury, to Ralph Ralston's propensity for fickle flirtation I owe my romance and its loss. Now it is my turn, and my resolve to spoil Ralph Ralston's romance is no stronger than my resolve that you shall benefit by my experience. Miss Marbury, I am not a man hater, but I still trust I shall never be less than a woman, and my revenge upon Ralston will be sweeter if I know that you have found your romance in one who is worthy of you."

She glanced at Storow, who sat there dumfounded, while the incandescent globe, glowing with a fitful radiance, illumined the flush of triumph on one woman's face, on the other's the first dawning of the truth.—Chicago News.

I reckon not the seasons,
For the years that come and go,
Life's an all-around pleasure to me,
Since taking Rocky Mountain Tea.—P. M. Mark.

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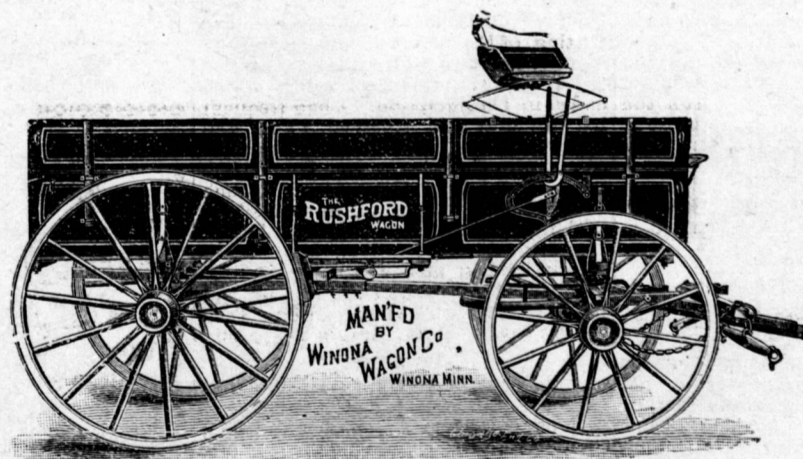
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