

In Minnesota.

State News of the Week Briefly Told.

Surgeon General Stone proposes to organize a state association of military surgeons.

Derrick Green, a woodchopper, was fatally injured by a falling tree at Swanville.

Fire destroyed the general store of C. D. Kronsey at Burtrum. Loss, \$2,500; insurance, \$1,500.

Charles Judson, one of the oldest settlers in Wright county, is dead at the age of eighty-three years.

Public Examiner Pope's report to the governor shows that the county banks are unusually prosperous.

Jerry Corbett, one of Faribault county's oldest pioneers, died suddenly, practically deserted and alone.

The Congregational church at Glencoe has called Rev. Arthur Dascomb of Pennsylvania to its pastorate.

E. S. Ferguson has been appointed postmaster at French, Otter Tail county, vice Nettie R. Everts, removed.

The public schools of Northfield have been closed for three weeks, as a result of the prevalence of diphtheria.

It is estimated that the St. Paul churches have paid off more than \$100,000 of indebtedness during the past year.

Burglars robbed P. J. Flynn's general store at Lake Henry of \$300 worth of clothing, shoes, tobacco, candy and notions.

The Marshall-Wells Hardware company is building a large harness factory in connection with its wholesale stores at Duluth.

John Meyers of Jordan, aged ten, shot Joseph Hoffman, aged three years, in the right lung. The boy will probably die.

The village of Winsted has voted \$2,000 to pay for the right of way of the Duluth, Glencoe & Mankato railway through the town.

Gunder Brooten, a carpenter of Hendricks, committed suicide by taking strychnine. He leaves a wife and family near Rathron.

Burglars stole two overcoats from the checkroom of the Winona hotel at Winona. They also entered the Westlicher Herold office and broke open the cash register.

The city of Duluth is expected to take early action to raise the municipal building one story, in order that the water and light departments may be accommodated.

A Duluth advice says: The late loss by fire to the Tower Lumber company has been adjusted by the insurance companies. The loss was total, and aggregated \$70,000.

Judge Searle has decided the case of Marcus Maurin vs. Elizabeth Carns, involving a Morrison county farm valued at \$15,000. He gives a decision in favor of Maurin.

A well developed case of smallpox has appeared within a mile of Swanville. The family and all others suspected of exposure have been quarantined and the school has been closed.

Fire destroyed the general stores of P. L. Melberg and Anderson & Pepple at Borup; also, the hardware stores of the latter firm and of Peder Olson. The loss is about \$15,000; insurance, about \$750.

A meeting of farmers was held at Jordan and a co-operative creamery association organized. An effort will be made to have all the farmers tributary to Jordan become members of the association.

A woman was found lying in a straw stack at Rose Creek. Upon investigation it was found that she had been there three days. The wonder is that she was not frozen to death. The doctor says she may live.

All of the indictments which have been pending for over eighteen months against Samuel A. Phillips, formerly of St. Paul but now of New York city, have been dismissed. These are the last of the cases against Phillips.

The personal damage case of Emma Peterson vs. The Village of Cokato, for injuries claimed to have been sustained by reason of a fall on a defective sidewalk, resulted in a verdict in her favor for \$1,500. The amount sued for was \$10,000.

Mrs. Isabelle Sterling of Red Wing has received word of the death of her daughter, wife of Rev. C. C. Lenth, a missionary to India. Mrs. Lenth was a graduate of Hamline and of the Winona normal.

As one of the inducements to get out the full vote of the county of Redwood at the recent election, a number of Republicans made up a purse of \$75 to be given to the school district getting out the largest vote in proportion to registration. The town of North Hero won the first prize. The total registration before the polls opened was 119. Six were added during the day. Every vote registered was cast. The town of Honner was given second prize.

While N. R. Bell of Osakis was out sleigh riding with his wife, he stepped into his office a few moments, and left her to hold the horses. The team became unmanageable and started down the street at a furious rate. After running four or five blocks Mrs. Bell was thrown from the sleigh, and the horses, dashing across the railroad tracks in the east end of town, collided with a team drawing a load of wood, killing one of the farmer's horses. Mrs. Bell was uninjured.

The eleven-year-old daughter of J. E. Shipman of Owatonna, traveling salesman for the North Star Boot and Shoe company of Minneapolis, disappeared mysteriously one day last week, and although diligent search was made for her, she was not located until four days after her disappearance, when she was found at the City Hotel in Mankato. She had two grips with her, and it is a mystery why she should have gone to Mankato, as the family have no relatives there.

The state has been reduced by calling in \$70,000 worth of bonds.

CROWE NEARLY CAPTURED.

Suspected Kidnapper Obligated to Leave Part of His Ransom. St. Joseph, Mo., Dec. 27.—Pat Crowe, for whose arrest there is a reward of \$25,000 in case he is proved to be the man who kidnaped the fifteen-year-old son of Edward Cudahy of Omaha, has been dodging the police and detective force of this city for three days, and yesterday so artfully disappeared from his place of concealment as to entirely baffle the officers. Crowe was located Tuesday night at the home of a woman with whom he has been associating for several weeks, and after the house had been surrounded early yesterday morning Crowe in some way eluded the net that had been spread for him, and all that the officers could find upon entering the house was the woman and a portion of Crowe's ransom. Crowe talked to Patrolman Ed Long Tuesday night at the Hotel Donovan and made that officer believe that he (Crowe) was no longer wanted for the kidnaping. He was seen by and talked with Policeman Charles Scott Tuesday. The woman with whom Crowe has been associating is said to have given the officers some important information, and one of the detectives said that some of the \$25,000 secured from Mr. Cudahy has been recovered.

G. A. R. THREATS.

Encampment Will Not Go to Denver Unless Low Rate is Made.

Chicago, Dec. 27.—The chairman of the Western Passenger association has again asked all lines to vote on the proposition to make a rate of 1 cent a mile for the next annual encampment of the Grand Army provided it is held in Denver in September. The executive committee of the organization has decided that unless all the railroads agree to make the 1-cent rate the encampment will be held in some other city, probably Cincinnati. The Rock Island, Burlington and Milwaukee have offered to make the rate desired for the old soldiers, but the executive committee of the G. A. R. wants positive assurance that all the Western railroads will make the same rate. Undoubtedly it will be given.

CONTRACT SIGNED.

The Cramps Will Build a Cruiser for Turkey.

Philadelphia, Dec. 27.—Charles H. Cramp said: "We have received a cablegram from Gen. Williams informing us of the signing of the contract with the Turkish minister of marine for the construction of a first-class cruiser. The particulars of the contract we do not know, nor can I say just when work on the cruiser will begin or when it is to be completed. Gen. Williams is now on the way home and he is expected to arrive here in about fifteen days. We will then know more about the contract."

TO SEE THE YACHT RACES.

Emperor William and the Prince of Wales Will Be Invited.

London, Dec. 27.—"The New York Yacht club," says the Daily Express, "will invite Emperor William and the prince of Wales to witness the cup races, and President McKinley will also send notes expressing the pleasure their visits would give." Sir Thomas Lipton, who has been interviewed on the subject for the Daily Express, said he thought it within the range of possibility that the prince of Wales would accept such an invitation.

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

Expected by Thirty-Six Persons in Convention in Chicago.

Chicago, Dec. 27.—Thirty-six persons from various parts of the United States who allege that by recent signs they have been led to believe that the second coming of Christ is at hand, are assembled in convention here watching and praying that they may be in readiness to receive the robes of immortality. They are to remain in session until Jan. 3, by which time a number claim they expect to observe the object of their vigils.

CANADIAN STOVE COMBINE.

Works of the Syndicate to Be at Hamilton and Toronto.

New York, Dec. 27.—A special to the World from Toronto says: After nearly a year's work Dr. McCauley of Boston has got all the stove-making firms in Canada to form a syndicate. The capital is placed at \$6,000,000, and the works of the combine will eventually concentrate at Hamilton and Toronto.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

But First Shot a Glass From the Hand of a By-stander. St. Louis, Dec. 27.—James Kennedy lies at the point of death in the city hospital. He went into a saloon intoxicated, ordered a drink, drew a pistol and shot a glass from the hand of a by-stander and then put a bullet in his own brain before he could be interfered with.

PASTOR BURNED TO DEATH.

Missionary Fatality Caused by the Explosion of an Air-Tight Stove.

St. Joseph, Mo., Dec. 27.—Rev. J. L. Leonard, pastor of the Providence M. E. church, colored, was burned to death in his home by the explosion of an air-tight stove. He formerly lived in Topeka, and had been here but a few months.

No Panic in Mexico.

City of Mexico, Dec. 27.—Dispatches to the United States to the effect that Mexico is on the verge of a financial panic are exaggerated. Money it is true is high, yet business houses continue to receive large orders from the interior for merchandise, machinery, etc., and excellent contracts are being made in all lines.

Murdered by a Negro.

Macon, Ga., Dec. 27.—Mrs. Davy Birdsong, wife of a well known farmer living about six miles from this city, was murdered at her home. The murderer is supposed to be a negro, and parties are now searching for him.

Fire at Mason City.

Mason City, Iowa, Dec. 27.—This city suffered a loss of \$30,000 by fire. The blocks owned by H. E. Francisco and J. E. Knutson were badly damaged. A dozen firms and offices suffered losses. The insurance will cover the loss.



New Year's Eve, and at home. This is a cozy little den of mine, just as it looks now, quite eclipses anything I ever see at the club; books, pipes, easy chairs, a cheerful fire in the grate; pictures, busts, my well-beloved etchings all about the walls.

What's the matter with you, old man, tonight? Why are you taking an inventory of these surroundings on this last night of the year? Everybody thinks you are tired of them, don't you know, for you spend very little time in their midst, says some provoking little voice. (Wonder if it's my conscience.)

Dorothy is up stairs, the servants are out; as soon as she finishes the sewing of a button on Johnnie's refractory trousers she will come down, she says, and watch the old year out, being evidently well pleased over the prospect of a club night of our own, a little "Home, Sweet Home" sort of an arrangement.

It seems that Johnnie is the only member of our family not a member of a club. Dorothy simply holds on to the little shaver by the collar, tied to her apron strings he is, and I am glad of it.

Can I ever forget the day when our



neighborhood took on a sudden quiet? The question arose, where are those boys? Dorothy and I knew all about it, for were we not invited to become honorary members of their club, "The Ollapodrida?" We helped to foot the bills and evinced an interest in the affairs of the club; we lent them ten cents to buy material to reseat an old worn-out chair; there was another item; twenty-five cents for lumber, etc., and last, but not least, and that which caused Dorothy much suffering, were sundry pieces of rope to be furnished with all the paraphernalia of a trapeze arrangement, preparatory to meandering aloft, all of which caused a rush of blood to my head, as I thought of these venturesome boys, three of them at work daily, experimenting with the center of gravity, walking on their heads being the objective point apparently.

We are happily rejoicing these days, however, in a more recent occupant of the family cradle, who so far walks feet downward after the fashion of mortals.

As time goes on, the children's youthful exploits, with the accompanying worries of their elders, fade into oblivion, as the more serious aspect confronts us.

The Ollapodrida members of my family have taken unto themselves a few extra years; two of these aforesaid members are looking college-ward, and I seem to worry about them in a wonderful way quite unlike myself.

The bread and butter question confronts me? What profession will be theirs? Are they sufficiently strong in purpose to resist this or that?

The day will come when Dorothy and I cannot shield them or stand between them and the cold world; we won't be here to settle the little accounts or encounters, or watch the little collisions they are going to have with the dwellers of this mundane sphere.

Then comes the question over again: "Well, old fellow, what's the matter now? Can't you let the boys alone, and let them fight it out just as you did?" Some truth in that, I answer. "I will wait until Dorothy comes, and I'll ask her, just for curiosity, what she thinks of my past, and the general outlook."

In part I am going to turn over a new leaf.

Here is a volume of Longfellow beside me on the table; he is so human, you know, and I will close my eyes, open the book (a little game of chance, you see), and on the page where my finger rests I will try if by chance a word of comfort come to me, that would hit my case.

I seem to have a case of the blues; probably staying away from the club on this convivial occasion is not agreeing with me.

"Shut your eyes, open the book," says the little exhorter, that unseen individual.

Presto—change—O, what meags my eye? Will it be some dire prophecy

or? Here it is under my forefinger: "A Shadow." It reads:

I said to myself if I were dead, What would befall these children? What would be their fate, who are now looking up to me

For help and furtherance? Their lives, I said.

Would it be a volume wherein I have read But the first chapters, and no longer see

To read the rest of their dear history So full of beauty and so full of dread. Be comforted; the world is very old, And generations pass, as they have passed.

A troop of shadows moving with the sun; Thousands of times has the old tale been told; The world belongs to those who come the last, They will find hope and strength as we have done.

Was ever answer sent to a mortal man more clearly?

I think I'm sent for; there's something besides old Father Time after me, surely. Here is the very answer to my dismsals as to those boys and their doings. But here comes Dorothy, singing, apparently in a very cheerful mood.

"This is perfectly lovely, George Augustus."

"Johnnie's trousers are all right for tomorrow, and I have been looking over my precious tin box, and I find such lovely bits of literature and all sorts; suppose we look them over tonight."

Perhaps Dorothy noticed an unusual expression on my manly countenance, for she paused and said: "What are you thinking about? What has this old year been saying to you? Are you having a retrospective sort of revival meeting all by yourself?"

"Only a few ideas have struck me, Dorothy. I rather like this den of mine, especially tonight, and one or two articles in these books here seem to have been written especially for me, and an uncomfortable little voice has been questioning me. A thought strikes me that we, you and I, have drifted apart rather more than I ever dreamed we could. There has been a sort of 'We fellows at the club' air and manner about me, that I really think now, as I sit here, has been a foolishness on my part that I shall endeavor to discontinue; a sort of desire to be 'in with the boys' and 'off with my wife.' I hope, Dorothy, that you do not think my past is really a dreadful one to look back upon."

"O, no," Dorothy replied, with something of a twinkle in her eyes; "but, then, you know, you might be more of a saint, if you tried, dear."

"And perhaps, most noble and adorable (my temper rising) and twentieth century wife, if I should give up my Sunday evenings at the club, possibly you may be willing to sacrifice a few of those insufferable 'teas' and bring an appetite uncontaminated with such diet as sipping frappes, Russian teas and chocolate to a respectable, cozy dinner with your George Augustus; and," (pausing for breath) "don't be angry; couldn't you leave out that tiresome, quarrelsome card party and await my return with unruffled nerves, for instance, meet me at the door just

Good-bye, old year! We've journeyed on together many days, And now behold the parting of our ways

Is very near; With thoughts of mingled gladness and of dread, I see the winding way that I must tread

To Future Lands; For there awaits the realm of shadows deep— The Silent Land of years that lie asleep

With folded hands.

Good-bye, old year! A few more steps ere we forever part— A few more words that wake the throbbing heart

To hope and fear; A farewell smile, a lingering clasp of hand, Ere thou shalt lie within the shadow-land

All silently; The while I haste a glad new year to greet, The while I journey on with memories sweet,

Old year, of thee.

Good-bye, old year! Alas, not half I felt or knew till now How kind and brave and true a friend wert thou;

For ah, twice dear A loved one seems when comes the darkened day

When heart and lips all tremulous Must say

A last good-bye; Yet, though thy friendly face no more I see, The memories sweet my heart has kept of thee.

—Alice Jean Cleator.

Tragic.

"I shall not see you till another year Has dawned," he said. Oh, fickle maid! she turned not pale with fear— She laughed instead. This seems a tragic lay, till we remember It occurred the thirty-first day of December.

—N. Y. Truth.

None to Turn Over.

"I thought you were going to turn over a new leaf, John," she said. "I was," he replied, "but I find I can't."

"Why not?"

"There won't be any new leaves until spring."—Chicago Post.

The New Century.

Love's harmonies flow toward him full and sweet; Sin's wild, discordant cries are past him hurled. With sad, glad heart and brave, reluctant feet He steps upon the threshold of the world.

sort of trapeze swinging high or low with the wings of ambition, up to greater heights." By the way, Dorothy sketches and paints. I will give her a subject, earth, sky and water, the soft green turf, the blue ethereal, the hazy mountain top, while the lazy lapping waves touch the eager feet of the climbers yet in the valley as they stand on the shore twixt earth and sea, girded and armed for the steep ascent to the shrine on the distant heights.

Send them wings, O guardian angels, and give me sight, I cannot read the all of their dear history.

Vanish old year; Forward, the new! —Detroit Free Press.

The New Year Spirit.

The return of New Year's day invites many people to the most somber reflections. Undoubtedly most of us can find abundant occasion for these, but there is such a thing as pushing self-examination and self-condemnation to the point of discouragement.

The best temper with which we can enter upon the new year is that of faith, faith in God and faith in ourselves through His help. It is about as certain as anything can be that the new year will bring us new experiences. Our courage, our capacity for endurance, our steadiness of character and power of resistance is to be tested.

At the end of the year we are going to be nobler men and women than we are today, or we shall have deteriorated morally, and forever afterward there will be narrowing opportunities.

While we think of the latter alternative it is well to strengthen our hearts by the former. Let us believe that we are not going to fail and we have taken a long step towards success. When another New Year's day comes around we are going to be able to reckon solid gains in character won through the trials and temptations and emergencies of the year's experience.—Boston Watchman.

Four Doctors Failed.

A Michigan Lady's Battle with Disease and How It Was Won.

Flushing, Mich., Dec. 22.—(Special.)—One of the most active workers in the cause of Temperance and Social Reform in Michigan is Mrs. P. A. Passmore of this place. She is a prominent and very enthusiastic W. C. T. U. woman, and one who never loses an opportunity to strike a blow against the demon of Intemperance.

Mrs. Passmore has suffered much bodily pain during the last three years through Kidney and Bladder Trouble. At times the pain was almost unbearable, and the good lady was very much distressed. She tried physician after physician, and each in turn failed to relieve her, let alone effect a cure. Home remedies suggested by anxious friends were applied, but all to no purpose. At last some one spoke of Dodd's Kidney Pills as a great remedy for all Kidney and Bladder Diseases, and Mrs. Passmore decided to try them. She did, and is now a well woman. She has given the following statement for publication:

At different times in the past three years, I have suffered severely with Kidney and Bladder Trouble, and after trying four of the best physicians I could hear of, two of them living in the state of New York, I found myself no better. I took any amount of home remedies suggested by kind friends, with little or no relief from anything. I decided to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. Less than one box has done me more good than all the other treatments combined. I am still using them, and can say from experience that they are an excellent remedy for Kidney and Bladder Trouble. I would heartily recommend them to all those suffering from these ills in like manner.

MRS. P. A. PASSMORE, Flushing, Mich.

When physicians and all other methods of treatment have failed try Dodd's Kidney Pills. What they did for Mrs. Passmore, they will do for any one similarly afflicted.

50c. a box. All dealers.

Balloon Chasteline.

The Parisian laundries have discovered a novel use for the balloon, and one to be recommended. Instead of hanging clothes out to dry in the open, on the ordinary clothesline, and thus offending the eyesight of the fastidious, bamboo frames are attached to a captive balloon and the linen to be dried is attached to them. The balloon is then allowed to ascend to a height of 100 feet, and the clothes are very soon thoroughly dried and aired.

Jell-O, the New Dessert.

pleases all the family. Four flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts. Try it today.

It Was Strictly Modern.

"She has received a strictly up-to-date education, you say?"

"Well, rather. She hasn't a bit of practical knowledge about household affairs, but she has more theories than you could get in a book, and she can talk about parliamentary law in a way that will make her shine in any woman's club you can pick out."—Exchange.

Piso's Cures for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1903.

A Distinction.

"And you had the nerve to say that you first saw the light of day in 1867? You know you were born in 1869."

"Yes; but I lived the first seven years in Chicago."—Indianapolis Press. An old bachelor says a rich and pretty widow never comes a-miss.

C. H. Crabtree, Des Moines, Iowa, will on request, explain all about the Gladiolator Gold-Mining company; extremely interesting—write me.

All foods are products of constructive activity of protoplasm in the presence of abundant oxygen.

Even in the "fatherland" they invariably speak the "mother tongue."

Needed.

"I recommend to future generations," said Uncle Nathaniel, as he put away his bandana handkerchief, "that they encourage the growth of two noses—one to take cold in, the other for general use."—Harper's Bazar.

Fire a Shot 20 Miles.

The United States will fire a shot twenty miles, which will be a record-breaker for the distance. The gun from which it is to be fired will be a marvel of American ingenuity and workmanship. Another marvel of American ingenuity is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. For fifty years it has cured constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia and biliousness.

Indeed He Did.

"Work!" scornfully echoed the woman at the kitchen door, to whom he had been relating the hardships of his checkered existence. "Work! You do not know what work is!"

"You bet I do, ma'am," said Tuffold Knutt. "That's why I gingerly avoid it."—Chicago Tribune.

Best for the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache, to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARETS help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

That Was Different.

"Yes; George asked me how old I would be on my next birthday."

"The impudent fellow! Of course, you said nineteen."

"No; I said twenty-six."

"Mercy, girl! You aren't but twenty-four!"

"No; but George is going to give me a cluster ring, with a diamond in it for every year."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.