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The Pine County Pioneer.

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DEVOTED TO THE GENERAL INTERESTS OF PINE COUNTY, AND THE WELFARE OF ITS READERS.

The Pioneer has the largest bona fide circulation of any paper published along the "Duluth Short Line."

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PINE CITY, PINE COUNTY, MINNESOTA; FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, 1902

NO. 35

F. A. Hodge, President. P. W. McAllister, Vice-Pres. JAMES D. BOYLE, Cashier.

FIRST STATE BANK PINE COUNTY. (INCORPORATED.)

Commercial Banking in all its Branches.

Insurance written in Reliable Companies.

Drafts on domestic points sold cheaper

than express or postoffice money orders,

Drafts on Europe sold. Land Bought and sold

Taxes Paid for Non-Residents.

PINE CITY, MINNESOTA.

FLOUR

We represent some of the best flouring mills in Minnesota and can always supply you with the very best goods on earth at right prices.

We have all kinds of Ground Feed and Coarse Grain. Salt of all kinds. Oatmeal, Cornmeal, etc. always on hand; and we are cash buyers of all kinds of products, and Live Stock.

FARMERS' EXCHANGE J. J. Madden, PROP.

Pine City Mercantile Company.

GENERAL DEPARTMENT STORE.

WE CARRY A LARGE ASSORTMENT

OF

Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Maple Flooring, Yellow Pine Flooring and Ceiling, Sash and Doors, Casings, Blocks, Mouldings, Porch Posts, Brackets and Porch Trimmings, Building Paper, Roofing Felt, Lime, Cement, Hair and Hard Plaster, Nails, Locks, Knobs, and all kinds of Building Material at the

BIG STORE.

The Big Store closes at 8 o'clock every evening except Saturdays.

Pine City Mercantile Company.

PINE CITY, - - MINN.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent)

WASHINGTON, Aug. 4th, 1902.

No event in the political field has been watched with greater interest by the party leaders in Washington than the Iowa state convention. The fact that Secretary Shaw, Secretary Wilson and Director of the Mint Roberts all had a voice, personally or through their representatives, in the convention added the weight of administrative endorsement to the proceedings. It is further understood that it was at the directly expressed wish of the President that the tariff plank, as framed in the Des Moines platform, was adopted. While that plank expresses, in the most conservative terms, a sentiment in favor of tariff revision, it is believed here that such an expression coming from Iowa will have its effect on the national policy and that not only in the fall campaign but in that of 1904, the Republican party will stand for moderate tariff revision. The more radical in their views, express the belief that the short session of the Fifty-seventh Congress will, as a result of this action, appoint a committee, a sub committee of the Ways and Means Committee, to sit during the summer and draft a tariff bill to be considered during the first session of the Fifty-eighth Congress. That tariff revision will be possible during the short session no Republican believes. The Democrats, on the other hand, claim that if the Republicans are really in earnest they will rush through a bill which will remove or reduce the duties on trust made goods, even though they are obliged to defer a more extended consideration to the next Congress.

himself to guard the interests of the veteran and whatever is left on earth belonging to him."

† † †

In connection with the above, a statement which has never been made public but which reaches your correspondent from sources believed to be thoroughly reliable, is to the effect that the President, in his desire to make this "a young men's administration" has issued a sub rosa order to the members of his Cabinet to the effect that no appointment, promotion or reinstatement be made in the case of a person over 35 years of age. If this be correct, it will be seen that there is little opportunity for the veteran of the civil war in the employ of the government and it is intimated that the object of General Dyrenforth is to cause the rescinding of the order referred to. It was a garbled form of this order of Mr. Roosevelt which led out in the Treasury Department and resulted in the sensational statement that Secretary Shaw was opposed to tenure of office for any employee exceeding four years in length, a statement Mr. Shaw promptly denied.

† † †

A case docketed in the Supreme Court this week, and one that body will soon have to decide, is in some respects as important and technical as any that ever came before it, and one in which the whole country will be interested. Daniel Cronin, of Denver, Col., a saloon keeper, opened a wine room for women. The city passed an ordinance prohibiting such a place for females. Cronin asked for an injunction restraining the city from enforcing the ordinance. He contended that he had as much right to sell liquor to women as to men, and that they have as much right to drink as men have. He also referred to the fact that female suffrage prevailed in Colorado, and argued that since women have been given the right of suffrage, they stand on the same footing in all respects as men, and hence are entitled to "the pursuit of happiness" and the same "rational enjoyment" as their brothers. The district court upheld this contention, but the finding was overruled by the State Supreme Court.

† † †

A subject which is attracting considerable interest in Washington is the proposed reorganization, on new and broader lines, of the Union Veterans' Union. Heretofore admission to this society has necessitated, on the part of the candidate for admission, that he has served at the front during the Civil War. It is now proposed to open the membership to all soldiers and their immediate descendants, and possibly to members of the National Guard. It has been claimed that notwithstanding the fact that the G. A. R. admits members of all political parties to its ranks, it has been and is, to all intents and purposes, a Republican organization, while it is hoped to make of the U. V. U. a secret society which shall have but a single aim, and that the espousal of the interests of the soldiers, their wives and families. The chief promoter of the changes is General R. G. Dyrenforth, now national commander of the U. V. U., but he is ably assisted by "Private" Dalzell, Colonel Stratton of the Post Office Department and others.

Speaking of the aims of the U. V. U., as he interprets them, General Dyrenforth told your correspondent that he desired to see the new organization a political unit for the benefit of veterans especially. "The new organization," said General Dyrenforth, "will be neither Republican nor Democratic but will throw its weight of numbers and votes in every national, state and municipal election in favor of the candidate who will pledge himself to favor the interests of the soldier, his widow or orphans and, while some members might vote the Republican ticket in one place, others might vote the Democratic ticket in another. The single object, the furtherance of the interest of the veterans, will be the aim of the U. V. U."

"Interest is being awakened throughout the country in this movement, as there is not a village in the land that does not contain some veteran, or his relief. It is proposed to test the power this organization can exert in the coming election by going into some Congressional districts where there is decided majority for the party which has a candidate not avowedly friendly to the old soldier, and rallying strength in favor of the opposing candidate, provided he will pledge

PERFECT SATISFACTION

is something that we are bound to give. Last January some people were longing for some of this warm weather. Now they want just the opposite. They can have it—

AT OUR SODA FOUNTAIN.

There is a strong suggestion of January's coldest day in the delicious and refreshing beverages we are now serving. Our Soda Fountain Motto is, "PLENTY OR ICE." No objection to your adopting it for your own during this hot weather if you will kindly remember our

FOUNTAIN

BRECKENRIDGE'S Pharmacy

Main St. - - Pine City, Minn.

THERE IS MONEY FOR YOU IN EVERY SACK OF PINE CITY FLOUR.



Pine county land has been fertilized by nature ever since Creation, and produces the Best Wheat in the World. We buy this wheat direct from the farmers and make into flour in a modern, up-to-date plant. Bread from this flour is more wholesome than that made from prairie wheat. It retains moisture longer and makes more bread from the same amount of flour. You know you have a flour that is as good or better than ours, you can know that he is trying to make money out of some other flour.

We employ Pine City labor, burn Pine City fuel, and gain Pine City grain. Don't you think it would pay you to use our flour? Give it a trial anyway. We guarantee it.

Pine City Mill & Elv. Co.

BLIHOVDE & ENGER

DEALERS IN

NEW AND SECOND-HAND

Furniture, Stoves, Wagons, Buggies, Sleighs, Cutters, and Agents for all kinds of

FARM MACHINERY.

Rath Block,

Pine City, - - Minnesota.

The Story Teller

TEMPLE-BUILDERS.

The hands that weave the simple home-spun thread
That delve within the slender garden bed,

That lay the rude foundations deep and strong,
For him where life may pass in peace and song.

O obey the secret yearnings of the soul
And build a temple to Supreme Control
Near by the mart, upon the open hill,
These dreams of faith invite to worship still;

And while the solemn wood and bending sky
Show the Creator is forever nigh.

The pointed root and heaven-aspiring pine
Rise with the soul's invisible fire.

Wherever love has striven in the dark,
Where e'er joy sings, dear joy, lies late lone lark.

There rises in the quieted carven stone
A tribute to the trust that soothes man's bone.

And on the temple stands an emblem of loty thinking and of loving hand.

With patience here is wrought that patient art
Which bides the mind a servant of the heart.

And as the heart is raptured with the bliss
Of prayer's low-bending and immortal kiss,

So temples mark the consecrated man,
The recognition of a perfect plan.

But every altar stained with bloody creeds,
And every canon born of selfish need,

No higher than that instant toll
Which daily groans for an earthly spoil.

O builder, not through pictured windows falls
The holy light that honest living thralls.

Not in the candelabrum's gleaming stars
Is there a potency which evil bars;

Not where the swinging censor's perfume rises
Shines more a vision of true paradise;

The bleeding crucifix, the sacred font,
The weary steps that worn confessors mount;

The golden arches and the heaving dome,
White-columned spaces, where sweet echoes roar—

Not these proclaim the temple's mystic spell,
Within the heart, the heart, the good must dwell!
—Charles W. Stevenson, in New York Observer.

THE N-BAR FREAK.

How a Cowboy Won His Spurs.

BY WILLIAM SINCLAIR.

HE rode to the outfit one afternoon, just as the cowboys had finished working the herd, and tackled the wagon-boss for a job. Now the Circle Four was possessed of a string of horses—a half dozen head or more—which could kick highest and crowdest them which should be scared up elsewhere in northern Montana, and that is saying a good deal. They had caused two or three of the best broncho-twisters in the country to quit the outfit, and no ordinary cowpuncher could tackle them all to work with a good deal of interest that the boys lying in the shade of the mess-wagon, listened to the conversation which took place between the new-comer and the boss.

"Can you ride?" asked old Doby. "Well I reckon I can ride cow-horses," replied the stranger.

"Well, you won't get any gentle horses if you work for this outfit. I've got a string of horses here that want ridin'! want it bad. I'll give you \$60 a month if you can ride 'em, but I tell you, now, stranger, you're not going to ride like a scared injun if you start with 'em."

"I'll take chances with 'em; if I can't ride 'em I'm out!"

"All right," answered old Doby; "you can go to work in the mornin'."

Nothing more was said. The stranger pulled the saddle off his horse, and then, with a muttered "How do, hoys?" dropped down beside the wagon tongue and began rolling a cigarette.

"Know him?" asked Johnny Layton of Kid Moore.

"I don't know his name, but I saw him around the N-Bar ranch last spring. He was breakin' horses then, they called him the 'N-Bar Freak' over in that country. Queer looker, ain't he?"

"Id tell a man! But he'll be a sight more of a freak when he gets off with them crazy horses of old Doby's!"

Doby was a good rider, but he had tried the rough string, and after being stood on his head a time or two in a bunch of cactus, had concluded that there was more of hard knocks than glory in a broncho-twister's life, and that the same kind of work would be good enough for him. He had also arrived at the conclusion that one horse, Kingbolt by name, which had been the cause of his downfall, could not be ridden by any mortal man; he was ready to let a month's wages on it go.

"Well, I don't know," said the Kid, reflectively. "Them fellows over around the N-Bar said he was about as good as they make 'em. One thing's sure; there'll be heaps of fun when he steps up on old Kingbolt. That's

about the first one old Doby'll eat out for him."

"Sure. He'll give him the worst ones first; if he can ride him he can ride the rest. But I've got \$40 to bet that old Kingbolt throws him down. I've worked a cow and cattle fits in every state between here and the Rio Grande, and seen and rode all kinds of buckin' horses, but never run into one like that old devil. Tell you he'd make a man crazy. I've never seen him hit the ground; and you can never tell which way he's goin' to jump. He's a bad actor, and no mistake."

Kid Moore laughed, but his reply was cut short by the ear-splitting roar of the gun, and all hands made for the cook-tent.

After supper was over the horsewrangler drove the horses into the rope corral, which was situated near the creek, and those of the cowboys who were booked to go on night-guard—they were gathering beef cattle, and had quite a herd—caught their night horses and returned to the stock corral.

The rest of them lost no time in rolling into bed, for the gunpowder who puts in 12 or 14 hours in the saddle every day, and stands guard two and a half hours every night, needs a chance to sleep.

Early the next morning they were awakened by the musical jingling of the bells on the C.M.Y. as the night-hawks drove them into the corral.

Soon the bugle blared "Roll out—breakfast time!"

Now it takes a very short time for a bunch of hungry cowpunchers to eat breakfast, and in a little while they were preparing to move camp to Clearwater creek, about ten miles away. The tents were pulled down, the wagons were loaded, and all the paraphernalia prepared over by old Jake Devilin—as jolly a soul as ever boiled a pot of coffee—were loaded upon the mess-wagon. The boys, sleeping-tight, roared and roared, as the team-herds were piled into the other wagon.

After the team-herds were caught and harnessed, the boys began catching their saddle horses. The Freak after helping to load up, got his lariat and started for the corral, but Kingbolt, who had held down the job solo only on account of his ability, was the first which had to be tackled. And behold, he had come to the Circle Four, hired out for a broncho-twister—and had been piled up the first morning. It was maddening. But the Freak, who had been sold a hard thought, if Kingbolt had been as bad as he was said to be, he would soon have a chance to show the Circle Four what he was made of.

It was with this thought in mind that he started for the corral, and his saddle, stepping into the rope corral, and threw the noose over the head of Kingbolt. After slipping a half-hitch over his nose, he led his pony, and, with much coaxing and pulling, and by the time he had him, he then picked up the saddle-blanket and attempted to place it on the horse's back; but Kingbolt had decided that the performance had gone far enough. He remained silent, and sat with both front feet. The Freak dodged, and, picking up a lariat which lay near, made a small loop, and spreading it on the ground in front of the horse, led him up a little at a time until both feet were in the stirrups when he jerked his head back and both hind legs.

Kingbolt reared straight up as the rope tightened about his feet, and a savage jerk from the Freak brought him flat on his side. No sooner had he fallen than the rest of the team bolted, and the head-on and gripping his ear and the other over his nose, while another held the foot-rope, leaving the Freak free to saddle him. This was soon accomplished. All hands and the cook were out watching eagerly for the result.

The Freak gathered his reins in one hand, in the other he held a braided, shot-loaded quirt. One of the boys pulled the rope off Kingbolt's feet. As he scrambled up, the Freak sprang into the saddle, and a performance took place which defied description.

"That's right; but we'll find out this afternoon," said Doby. "Well, come on boys—it's let's hit the trail."

The cowpunchers swung into their saddles, and the team-herds followed. They knew that the little black, though fairly gentle, could make a man ride for a few seconds, but if he got started that way. But they were disappointed. The Freak gathered his reins, and, patting the little black on the neck, right along he came, having shaped the horns of the saddle with the other and shook it gently. Then he stuck his foot in the stirrup and swung lightly into the saddle. The little black walked off like a lamb.

Up out of the creek bottom they rode. When they reached the top of the first hill, old Doby pulled up and turned to Kid Moore. "Take four or five of the boys, and go down to the mouth of Chin Coules," he said. "Work the country there to the Big Hole on Cleaver Creek, where we'll stop to camp. We'll round up the fat on the boys—it's time for the boys to get a fresh breath."

They turned to follow him. Johnny Layton dropped behind, for he was a good rider, but in his mind he was out over the prairie. Johnny winked at the boys, raised his foot and spurred the little black on the rump. The next instant the Freak was on his back on the ground, and the little black was flying across the prairie with the stirrups flapping wide, and his sides to the boys. Two of the boys dashed after him, raised his feet and led him back.

"How the devil did you git off?" asked Doby, as the Freak climbed on again.

"Oh, I was ridin' careless, an' he got me 'fore I knew what had happened," said the Freak, scowling at Layton, who had on his horse, grinning like Cheshire cat.

"You better not jet 'm git you again. If you can't ride him, that ain't much use of your taskin' Kingbolt."

"Oh, you needn't be none alarmed about me. I ain't asleep all the time; a man ain't goin' to fall off every time a horse steps sideways, just 'cause he git off sideways," said the Freak, who had replaced the saddle, fairly shaking with rage and mortification.

Nothing more was said. Doby let out a good, swift gallop for the next five miles, when they pulled up at the top of the divide to wind the Circle Four outlaw to a finish on the Clearwater road—San Francisco Argonaut.

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Spread before them was a picture

that would have gladdened the soul of an artist. Half a mile farther down the slope the white, canvas-covered wagons were rolling down to Clearwater creek, followed by a long line of saddle horses, driven by horse-wranglers. A mile or so behind them, a great, moving mass of cattle drifted slowly down the ridge. Two men on horseback, and each bearing a rifle, rode alongside the cattle, and with their aids to keep the cattle from spreading out too far. Off across the Clearwater the Bear Paw mountains reared their timbered heads, and with a hollow gurgling between was cut little bunches of stock. There was little time to enjoy the scene, for old Doby started again and soon had his men scattered, in the hills of the country, driving the stock before them toward the Big Flat.

Then Kid Moore and his men appeared with quite a herd, and all the fat cattle belonging to the Circle Four were cut out and driven into the big bunch, which was being rounded up by the gunpowder.

Presently the cowboys were driven to the creek. The tired cowboys rode into camp, turned their horses loose, and lay down in the shade of the wagons until dinner time.

During the day the boys began catching their mounts for the afternoon work, which was simply a repetition of the morning, farther up the creek.

The cowboys had dinner at the camp, and then the gunpowder, who had been waiting for dinner, heard the remarks made the evening before, and had touched a sore spot. He was a good rider; he had held down the job a job solo only on account of his ability, and he was the best which had come to the Circle Four, hired out for a broncho-twister—and had been piled up the first morning. It was maddening. But the Freak, who had been sold a hard thought, if Kingbolt had been as bad as he was said to be, he would soon have a chance to show the Circle Four what he was made of.

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FARM & GARDEN

ANCHORING END POSTS.

If This Is Well Done a Fence Will Last and Stand Firm for a Very Long Time.

In the setting of end posts one cannot be too particular, for the life and usefulness of a fence depends principally on them. If the end posts are not well set, the fence will not stand, nor will it be safe to cultivate the ground near them.

It is important to have good substantial posts, even if other conditions are most favorable.

First get a large post, not less than 10 or 12 inches square (cedar or locust, if you don't want to replace them in a few years);

if you cannot obtain them, get a good

second set of horizontal roots are formed, larger than the others.

These are the main feed roots of the plant, and in loose soil they grow well, but in hard soil, if the post is set in the ground, the roots will develop in the surface as well as below the surface, to the depth of four feet. These vertical roots have few fibrous roots attached, but serve an excellent purpose in holding the soil in place.

When the post is set in the ground, it need not be nailed to the fence, and place it as shown in the illustration, so that it need not be nailed to the post, and not in the hill nor in the roof only.

It is important to set the post in the ground, so as not to interfere with the roots of the plants growing near it.

The fence should be placed on the front side of the post, as the tendency of a post brace in this manner is to pull forward, not being forced backward, as many claim.—T. G. Shriver, in Epitomist.

PIPE IRON TRELLIS.

HOW CORN ROOTS GROW.

Study of the Subject Proves That All Fertilization Should Be Through the Surface Soil.

It is by looking closely, and so reaching

all the facts—in short, getting

real facts, that we can learn

most about everything relating to

nature. On the subject of the roots of

corn a writer in Upton-Dale avances

such a careful examination as

is indicated by direct application to the

finds.

It is near the surface near the

soil, near the surface, that the

roots of corn grow, and these are

the most numerous, largest, and

strongest.

It is these which furnish the

main support to the plant, and

are the chief factor in

the growth of the plant.

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MINNESOTA NEWS.

Course of Fire.

An experiment in the cultivation of pine is being carried on at the Itasca State park under the direction of Attorney General W. B. Douglas, who will undoubtedly be of value to the entire Northern part of the state.

Two years ago Mr. Douglas secured an appropriation of \$50 a year from the state legislature for the planting of trees in the park, and experiments were made both in raising pine from seed and in growing them from cuttings. The object of Mr. Douglas' recent trip to the park was to see how the trees planted last year and this spring were getting along.

The experiments with raising pine from seed were not entirely satisfactory results, but the results obtained in transplanting pine trees have been far better than anticipated.

Twenty-three of twenty-five pine trees transplanted last year are alive and doing well. When it was seen last year that the pine trees did not grow well, the committee gave up the idea of giving up the project to give better results with raising pine from seed. Mr. Douglas consulted with Prof. Green of the Minnesota agricultural school, and prominent business men, and after much discussion the information available from the reports of experiments carried on in Germany decided to try it on a larger scale.

Charging Two Men.

Warden Waifer of the Stillwater prison has discovered that several dealers throughout the state have been selling prison twine at a larger profit than is allowed by law.

The warden has called in the board of control, and was instructed to make a complete investigation. Evidence has been secured against six or seven dealers who will be prosecuted.

The board also has men in the field looking up other reported violations of law, which promises that no dealer shall make a profit of more than 1 cent per pound on the sale of prison twine.

The penalty for violation of the law is a fine of not less than \$25 nor more than \$100 each offense.

The warden has been selling three grades of twine, the highest grade selling for 12½ cents per pound; the next for 11¾ cents, and the lowest for 9¾ cents.

The dealer is allowed to add the freight to the point of shipment and 1 cent per pound for profit to this price.

Killed by Glanders.

Glanders, which is essentially a horse disease, has caused the death of two farmers in Becker county. That the disease is contagious from animals to man is known, but cases of human glanders are rare among human beings. Dr. S. B. Brimhall, of the state board of health, has investigated the deaths and is satisfied that the diagnosis of the local physicians was correct. The men were brothers. One of them died suddenly and another about two weeks later than the brother sickened and died. There were eruptions on the body and some thought that he had smallpox, although some of the most marked symptoms of this disease were not present. Not until another horse died from glanders and the second brother succumbed to the second brother succumbed to the state of facts revealed.

After Horse Thieves.

To save her 12-year-old son, Percy, from drowning, Mrs. McKenzie was lowered into a cistern at her residence, 629 Ottawa avenue, St. Paul. When the boy fell head first through the trap door of a cistern Mrs. McKenzie commanded two women who lived next door to lower her in the hope that she could catch him. In that way she was enabled to grasp the drowning boy and the two were pulled out of the cistern. The boy was resuscitated after being rolled over a barrel.

News in Brief.

The sum of \$300,000 will be expended at Fort Snelling this year and next, and it is expected the entire outfit will be built in the first-class post of the fort will be \$750,000.

Bruce V. Hill, Ph. D., will be one of the new teachers in Carlton college the coming year. He will teach physics and mathematics in the scientific department. He is now studying in Germany.

Italians of republican sympathies have organized political clubs in Ely, Hibbing and Virginia. They are trying to get out of the nationality to take out citizenship papers that they may be able to swing a political force of 1,200 votes at the fall elections and secure their demands.

Mr. George L. Moorehead, a prominent business man of Moorhead, was held to the grand jury to answer to a charge of selling prison twine at a higher price than the schedule rate. The complaint was sworn to by Warden Waifer.

The organization of the Northwest Central Bible Institute, a training school, or a college, under the auspices of the First Baptist church of Minneapolis, has been completed by the acceptance by Dr. A. J. Frost, former Angelical pastor, of the position of head of the faculty.

Josephine Kastner, and Mary Siler were drowned in Long lake, near New Brighton while bathing.

ROUND ABOUT THE STATE.

Arid Gustafson, near Milaca, was nearly forced to death by a bull. C. F. J. Goebel of Milaca had his leg fractured by the kick of a horse. John Johnson, a Minneapolis domino player, was dead in her room.

Kost & Lammeyer's hardware house in the town of St. Cloud burned at a loss of \$1,000.

Heber Tenney, cook on the steamer Louis, fell from the boat at the foot of Broadway, St. Paul, and was drowned.

Seth Woods, the 23-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Burl Woods, was killed in a collision with the house of his grandfather, M. H. Woods, at Elyta.

Burglars entered the Log Cabin house in Minneapolis and secured \$15 in cash and a gold watch valued at \$65.

The watch was the property of a citizen of Duluth, who had left it for a small amount.

Vic Teller, several Indians were in camp. They fished freely and a quarrel arose between John W. Farbans, a member of this reservation, was killed and killed by his wife. It is reported that poison and whiskey were the causes of the murder. The woman escaped.

A hallstorn log cabin over Cottonwood creek which stands on a strip south of here, probably two miles wide and four or five miles long. The farmers estimate their loss at about \$100,000. The fall rains have been causing the great log edge on an area much larger than that visited by him.

The handsome summer cottage of Miles Lake lake, belonging to D. H. Robbins, was destroyed by fire Saturday.

The cottage was unoccupied and the origin of the fire is unknown. Loss, \$200.

Emma Hatcha, three years old, fell from the second story window of her home at St. Paul, to the stone pavement below, receiving injuries from which she may die. Her head is badly bruised, and her left side painfully injured.

Reports are about that Minneapolis will have a new hotel to contain at least 400 rooms. It will be the most accessible in the city and perhaps the most spacious.

When Ell Torrance of Minneapolis, commander-in-chief of the G. A. P., heads the parade during the national encampment in Washington, in October, he will have a special escort of 100 members of the commandant-in-chief is a member.

The Northern Consolidated Granite Company has been organized at St. Cloud by S. B. Benson and others to take over several granite quarries.

The capital stock is about \$150,000, and common equities will be pinned never had there will be paid in.

An organized gang of log thieves which has been operating along the upper Mississippi river for some time is still plying its trade according to the testimony of lumbermen and steamboatmen, and the log owners are at their wits end as to how to put a stop to the thievery which is becoming very disagreeable and is a source of considerable loss.

Frank Nelson aged 7 years, and George Neff, aged 11, were drawn in the river near South St. Paul. The boys were playing on a raft which they had constructed and the current swept them ashore by the current.

The bodies have not been recovered.

A committee of the recently organized Native Sons of Minnesota association has prepared to make arrangements for a banquet for the natives of this state by the president of the society, P. M. Holl.

Some boys of Elmore attacked three men who came up from Lead, Ind. The boys, the section foreman at Leadville, and others who carried a hammer. One man, the section foreman on the Chicago & North-Western at Leadville, was severely injured.

A special election was held at Monticello and bonds in the sum of \$100,000 voted for a system of waterworks.

A naval force of 40,000 is desired by Rear Admiral Neff. The present limit of 2,600 is not enough to meet the needs of the fleet.

Because of a sawmill boiler on the farm of George Neff, near Bellaire, O., and John Shaw, George Wheeler and Charles Shaw.

While brooding over a fear of insanity, G. W. Bray shot and killed his daughter, G. E. Bray, and then committed suicide in Granger, Tex.

Portions of a human skeleton were found in a coal bin at the Brown mining man.

In Lake City, shot and killed Little Russell and dangerously wounded F. M. Paxton.

A naval force of 40,000 is desired by Rear Admiral Neff. The present limit of 2,600 is not enough to meet the needs of the fleet.

Commissioner of Penitentiary says that legislation started by the last session of the legislature will be continued by the new legislature.

Oscar Mr. and Mrs. John Shadown, of South Haven, Mich., adopted 12 children from various countries, and brought them up in their own home.

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THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUG. 5.

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