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Wahpeton, DAKOTA.

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Office in Pierce's Block.
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Titles to lands investigated and abstracts
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Wahpeton, DAKOTA.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
(Successor to Dr. Borkwell).
Office in Bee Hive Block. Residence,
Eight St., (Dr. Reno's house). Telephone
61. Office hours—9 to 11 a. m. and 2 to 4 p. m.

L. LAUDER & VOORHEES,
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Negotiators of first mortgage loans on Red
River valley lands. Corner Broadway and
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Office over Peirce's Hardware Store.
Wahpeton, DAKOTA.

R. J. HUGHES & CO.,
Keep constantly on hand a full line of
Agricultural Implements.
Carriages, Phaetons, Buggies, Road Carts and
all kinds of Spring and Lumber Wagons
in such grades as can be Fully
Warranted, all at Reason-
able Prices.

NO SHODDY GOODS KEPT IN STOCK.
We have the latest in Corn Tools, Best Machine
Oils and Window Glass. Agents for the

Walter A. Woods
MOWERS and HAY RAKES,
—and the new—
SINGLE APRON HARVESTER
AND BINDER,
And for Threshing Machines and Engines.
We handle the Well Known
Yankee Gang Plow,
The Lightest Draught Plow in the Market. 12

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of an execution
issued out of and under the seal of the district
court, in and for the county of Richland,
North Dakota, upon a judgment rendered
and docketed in the said court, on the 9th
day of March, A. D. 1889, in an action wherein C
Autman & Co. was plaintiff, and Thore O. Wold
was defendant, in favor of the said plaintiff and
against the said defendant, for the sum of one
hundred, nine and 30/100 dollars, which execution
was directed and delivered to me as sheriff
in and for said county of Richland, I have this
16th day of July, A. D. 1889, levied upon all the
right, title and interest of the said defendant
Thore O. Wold, in and to the following described
personal property, to-wit: One Twine Binder
and Harvester.
Notice is hereby given, that I, the undersigned
as sheriff aforesaid, will sell the above de-
scribed personal property to the highest bidder
for cash, at public auction, at the village of
Abercrombie in the county of Richland and ter-
ritory of Dakota, on Saturday the 27th day of July,
A. D. 1889, at 10 o'clock p. m. of that day, to satisfy
the said execution, together with the interest
and costs thereon.
Dated July 16th, A. D. 1889.
J. H. MILLER,
Sheriff of Richland County, Dakota Territory.
(First publication July 16, 1889.)

Farm For Sale.
I will sell my pre-emption quar-
ter section in German settlement.
This is good wheat land only half
mile from Wild Rice river. It is
10 miles southeast of Mooreton, 4 1/2
miles northeast of Hankinson, 5
miles southeast of Keystone Ele-
vator, 4 1/2 miles southwest of Great
Bend. Price \$7.50 per acre, time to
suit purchaser. Will take in first
payment cattle, horses, or city prop-
erty. Inquire or write for further
information. W. M. HOUSE,
173 Wahpeton, Dakota.

The Wahpeton Times.

Vol. 11.

Wahpeton, Richland Co. North Dakota, Thursday, August 1, 1889.

No. 18.

LOCAL NEWS.

Wheat is 78 and 71 cents.
Call and see Miksche's large stock
of clothing. 16

Mrs. Joakim Bauer has gone to
St. Paul on a few week's visit.

W. H. Willard will soon have
his new butcher shop ready for oc-
cupancy.

Big stock of clothing just received
at Miksche's. 16

The Swedish Ladies Concert Com-
pany of Stockholm, Sweden, under
the auspices of the Red Faith Ly-
ceum bureau, will appear in Seely's
opera house, September 11th, next,
and will give our people a great
treat.

Rev. J. W. Mower has given up
the M. E. pulpit of this city on ac-
count of ill health. Presiding
Elder Plannette conducted the
quarterly business meeting Tuesday
and will place a new man as soon
as convenient.

Chas. LaFlare in the city last
week remarked to THE TIMES that
he had just secured a flowing well
on his farm. We are glad to learn
of Charlie's good fortune. Good
pure water in such abundance on
the farm is a great blessing.

The blind pig prosecutions have
thus far cost Sargent county about
\$3,000. Net result: Five boys in
jail at Wahpeton at a weekly cost
to Sargent county of \$31.25. Dear,
indulgent tax-payers, hadn't we
better "take a little suthin'" and
"call a new deal?"—Independent.

Call at the McCormick stand on
5th street for McCormick machines,
twine, extras and repairs, lumber,
sash, doors, mouldings, door and
window frames, Marblehead white
lime, hair, brick, cement, plaster
etc. Special low prices on carload
lots. 12th SCHULER BROS.

At the bank fire the other morn-
ing Supt. Bishop pumped 7000 gal-
lons of water, costing \$6; at the
same time the consumers' pump
registered 2000. Mr. Bishop says
the works do not pay. The cost is
heavy during a fire on account of
burning slabs to make fire quickly.

Rev. Mr. Lalbach preached a very
interesting, scholarly and instructive
sermon Sunday morning to a
crowded house. In the evening the
Rev. Mr. Allison lectured on Mor-
monism, and being one of the best
of speakers, was decidedly interest-
ing. It was a treat to hear him.

THE TIMES has been favored with
a copy of the premium list of the
third annual fair of North Dakota,
which occurs at Grand Forks, Sep-
tember 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, and
21st, 1889. The attractions will be
greater than ever this year, and the
roads granting special rates prom-
ise to make a grand success of the
present occasion.

Mrs. Dr. Baldwin departed for
her Joliet, (Ill.) home last week,
having gotten most of the doctor's
affairs straightened up in good
shape, and leaving some secured ac-
counts in agent's hands for collec-
tion, really did very satisfactorily.
Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin's many
friends hope for their success in
the new home, which they will
attain if the doctor's health keeps
good. If that fails he may return
to Dakota, never having enjoyed
better health than while here, and
often not as good.

An agent representing a Maine
banking firm owning lands near
Colfax, had John Meyer and others
arrested the other day for cutting
hay on said lands. The farmers
have been cutting the hay on these
lands the past several years unmo-
lested, but this year, without hav-
ing put up notices or done anything
to forbid the cutting, the agent
comes along and even without ask-
ing pay for the hay already cut, has
these people arrested, charged with
larceny. In cases of this kind it is
customary for owners to put up
notices forbidding trespass, which
farmers never fail to respect. If a
farmer or any one else cuts wild hay
when notified not to do so he should
be convicted. That is the law
which attains in this matter.

Should Exhibit.
Richland county could make a ten-
strike this year by sending samples
of her grain to the Minnesota and
even Dakota state fairs. The ma-
jority of our farmers have the best
grain they ever raised. Who has
time to attend to this matter.

Call for Bids.
Bids for the erection of one school
house in the township of Grafton,
on sec. 10 T. 134 R. 50. Bids will
be received by the undersigned until
1 o'clock p. m. Tuesday, the 10th
day of September, 1889. School
board reserves the right to reject
any or all bids. Plans and speci-
fications on file with S. Smith of
Mooreton and C. Olson of Dwight.
NEIL CAMPBELL,
18-4 School Township Clerk.

Game Warden Appointed.
Upon application of a good many
local sports, the Governor has ap-
pointed Chas. G. Bade, Deputy
Game Warden for Richland county.
Enough money has been raised to
effectually enforce the present game
law, which provides that no birds
shall be shot before the 1st day of
September. Mr. Bade has the
hearty support of all lovers of a
good hunt and he will prosecute
each and every one who is caught
violating the game law.

Her Usual Argument.

Soon after the organization of the
convention, we published this item:
Judge Lauder cast his fortune with the carpet-
bagger's machine, while Andrew Storten cast
his with Farmer Fancher, and Fancher snowed
"em under!"

And since obese and vulgar Mrs.
Billingsgate of the Globe made no
defense of Mr. Lauder's action in
the premises, but simply indulged
in her native and filthy brawl, are
we to presume there was no defense
to be made, or that she had a fit of
blind staggers and didn't know
what to say. She was on the ground.
Read it:

THE TIMES with its usual editorial brilliancy,
makes an use of itself in its efforts to sling mud
at W. S. Lauder and other gentlemen who seem
to enjoy the respect and confidence of Richland
county Republican farmers. The editor of THE
Times is looked upon with contempt by the
rock-ribbed Democracy of Richland, but since
the Globe expressed its contempt for the re-
spected, law-breaking saloon element, they have
commenced to "pull his leg" and he now basks
in the sunshine of their black-eyed smiles.

Did Mr. Lauder support Mr.
Fancher or H. F. Miller? Is Miller
classed with the so-called farmer
element or the so-called Republican
element? Does the Republican
element consist of Ordway, Pierce
and Allen, or are there others in the
element worth mentioning, and if so
who's boss? Does it not work like
a machine—is it not a machine?

Does any one suppose that Ordway,
Pierce or Allen would be in Dakota
today were it not for office?—not
muel's? Then it is no hardship to
use the term carpet-bagging ma-
chine, the head of which would not
be here except for office, you say?
Notwithstanding the "respect and
confidence" above claimed, Al-
ready they have driven—and cer-
tainly with Mrs. Billingsgate's pri-
vate consent—the Hon. John Miller,
of whom we have heard so much,
from the track, in the interest of his
royal nibs, the general! What fea-
tures in Dakota politics afforded
Mr. Miller any mention or popu-
larity? Was it the carpet-bagging
machine?—not much! It clearly
was the interests he has deserted in
his support of Allen and the
machine!

However, Judge Lauder is well
thought of at the convention, but
he doesn't owe any of his good
fortune or opportunities to the Re-
publican carpet-bagging machine,
this time.

And the idea of this vulgar nin-
compoop, whose empty head is
swollen larger than his bloated
belly, talking about rock-ribbed
Democracy holding THE TIMES in
contempt. This overgrown, stupid
straddler undertaking to lie about
any one on such a point is more than
absurd. Why, the blatherskite's
whole career is one straddle and sell
out. She has been on every side of
every question coming up before the
community since she drifted in here
from her bankrupted field in Sar-
gent county. She is one day a Re-
publican, then a Democrat, then a
license advocate and then a prohibi-
tionist; in one breath she is a vin-
dictive, egotistical brawler and in
the next a slimy odorous boor—full
of deception on all minor points
touched. Two years ago this com-
bination of bloat and colic and
fever was about dead in the shell
and whining—and being misunder-
stood by the county commissioners
was picked up and fed into life,
only to have the irresponsible and
colicky thing vomit all over them as
it has done in the past few weeks—
and in its present heroic support
of prohibition!—and getting the
worst of it, seeks to blame and shift
the fight on to THE TIMES.

And these men who fed the thing
back into life when it was almost
dead and whom it refers latterly to
in the above extract, and for other
sufficient cause, hold the monstrosity
in this sort of contempt, as published
last week:

BRUTAL—PROVOKES INDIGNATION.
Citizens Resenting Insults.
The Globe editor says he has no
quarrel with the gentlemen who
signed the open letter in THE TIMES
of the 4th inst. Is it not picking
a quarrel when the editor at every
imaginary opportunity refers to
honorable citizens in brutal, rowdy
slang in his worthless sheet which
no respectable person can read with-
out the deepest indignation? Has
the Globe editor arrived at such a
stage as to be devoid of all editorial
taste and decency without being
aware of it, and into whose corrupted
mind no wholesome thought can
penetrate? The editor must indeed
have received a slice from "that
other side," judging from the pre-
sent tenor of his sheet.

MARTIN SCHOTT,
MAYER BROS.,
W. H. WILLARDT,
W. F. ECKES,
ANTON GILLES,
H. G. ALBRECHT,
ANTON MIKSCHKE,
MICHAEL SCHMITT,
J. BAUER,
MURPHY BROS.,
FRANK BRAUN,
JACOB SCHONBORN,
J. SCHWEIZER.

SHOULD HAVE PAID UP FIRST.
Citizens Resenting Insults.

Before the Globe editor expressed
his contempt for the "red nosed
law-breaking saloon element" it would
seem to have been no more than
just to have settled his whiskey
bills. It is whispered the editor
hopes to inherit a certain prohibi-
tion relative property, and in order
to obtain it he must denounce the
saloon element. Should this be true

the editor is to be pitied. It is also
whispered that occasionally when
his lady went visiting, the editor
got gloriously full and handled him-
self like a drunken elephant. A boot
and shoe man tells us that when he
ordered the Globe he ordered it of
the editor in a saloon while he (the
editor) was drinking beer, and he
paid the editor in advance in order
that he could pay for his treat.

Mr. Editor, it is not from the use
of water as a beverage that you are
obliged to carry such a corporeity.
We have seen you come trudging
along when we cleared the road,
thinking it was a load or hay. We
know lots of jolly editor stories and
unless you are a good boy, we will
tell them all. One should not
throw stones while living in a glass
house.

MARTIN SCHOTT,
MAYER BROS.,
THEODORE JURGENS,
L. J. MIKSCHKE,
MICHAEL SCHMITT,
HENRY BOESCH,
LANEET HUPPELER,
JOHN SCHONBORN,
MATH SCHONBORN,
WAGNER & TONN.

Dr. Spotswood of Hankinson, was
in the city yesterday.

Anything in the line of clothing
may be had at Miksche's. 16

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Boltzen lost
an infant son, Tuesday, five months
old.

The Democratic State convention
occurs at Fargo, August 20th, next.
Will publish the call next week.

Jimmie Cutler has gone into A.
Miksche's store to take the place of
Joe Plut who has gone into business
at Fort Sisseton.

Regular preaching at the M. E.
church next Sabbath by Rev. J. H.
Keeley, who has been appointed for
the remaining part of the confer-
ence year.

A fine boy arrived at the home
of H. E. Rice last Saturday.
His cousin, another boy arrived at D.
E. Rice's yesterday. Congratulations
all around.

A judgment for \$55,772.72 has
been rendered against the Wahpeton
Water Company in favor of the New
Hampshire Trust Company, and exe-
cution has been issued on the same.

M. H. Morrill of the Gazette, ac-
companied by his wife, made the
excursion with the South Dakota
editorial association this year, re-
turning yesterday. The party vis-
ited the twin cities, Sault Ste Marie,
Duluth and West Superior, and en-
joyed the trip hugely.

Temperance Meeting.
The following is the program for
the union temperance meeting to be
held at the Congregational church
next Sunday evening, under the
auspices of the W. C. T. U.

Calling of Meeting to order by President.
Music.
Reading of Scripture by President.
Prayer by Rev. Lalbach.
Music.
Remarks by Rev. Hill.
Music.
Offering by Mrs. Geo. Fritz.
Music.
Work of the W. C. T. U. past, present and
future, Mrs. A. M. Wilcox.
Remarks by Rev. Lalbach.
Doxology and Benediction.

An Unjust Basis.
The farmers' picnic on Island
Park, Saturday of last week, was
addressed by Rev. John Allison,
state lecturer for Minnesota, but
the meeting was not as largely
attended as it should have been,
owing to the busy season. In the
course of Mr. Allison's talk he called
attention to the fact that our far-
mers were forced to sell their wheat
at Liverpool prices, which prices in
fact governed the world's product,
but that unfortunately for us, the
basis was made on India wheat—a
very poor quality of grain, the
American millers succeeding in ar-
resting on this unfair basis, all our
best grades of wheat, sending only
the poorest to Europe. And on this
point, Benj. Taylor remarked, after
the lecturer had taken his seat,
touching this point, that when he
was in England and Liverpool a few
months ago, he took the trouble to
look up this point and after a
good deal of searching he found
some American wheat and said it
was about such as is here graded
three northern. And there being no
question about American wheat
gumblers basing the price of our
incomparable grain upon poor
India and Russian articles, it is
seen how we are held at a very
great disadvantage.

However, one Mr. Gautier de
St. Croix, representing the English
millers, has favored THE TIMES
with several letters, the past few
months, one of which we published,
setting forth the proposition that
our wheat producers sell their grain
directly to English millers, show-
ing at the same time what it would
be worth to our people. This gen-
tleman is soon expected in Duluth,
he having perfected arrangements
to ship American wheat directly to
Liverpool for the use of English
millers. And if this feature of
competition will be the means of
our people getting nearer what is
right for their grain, a good work
will have been accomplished.
Blaine's protective falacy and home
market nonsense is driving the
American producer off the high
seas, it being now difficult to
arrange a line of transportation for
our wheat to Liverpool, we being
even forced to depend upon an
Englishman to do that for us.

Eastern Excursion Rates.

The Northern Pacific now has on
sale round trip tickets to Canada and
points east at very low rates. For
tickets, fares and information call on
or address the undersigned. This is
the only line running Pullman
sleepers between Wahpeton and St.
Paul.
D. M. BALDWIN,
Agent at Wahpeton.

HORSES FOR SALE.

J. L. LaValley has just returned
from below with a car load of fine
Percheron mares, which may be
found for sale on his stock farm
near McCauleyville. Mr. LaValley
knows the wants of our people and
has purchased with that view, and
will make prices to suit the hard
times. 16

Money at 6 per cent. Any Amount of Money To Loan at 6 per cent. Money at 6 per cent.

ORCUTT & ORCUTT.

We make LOANS on FARM or CITY PROPERTY in Richland, Sargent,
Cass and Wilkin Counties.

No RED TAPE or DELAY in getting the Money. Payments of Interest
Made Very Easy.

TOWN, CITY, SCHOOL, DISTRICT and COUNTY BONDS bought at
Highest Market Price. We write INSURANCE in
the best old line companies.

We invite you to call on us whether you want money or not.
Office over Post office. Wahpeton, Dakota.

GO TO A. MIKSCHKE'S

—FOR YOUR—
Spring and Summer Clothing,
DRY GOODS and NOTIONS.

New Patterns in white Dress Goods.
His Stock of
Groceries is Fresh and Large.

ALL AT BOTTOM PRICES.

Farm Loans.

TEN PER CENT. STRAIGHT.

When you pay interest you
can make a payment on your
mortgage if you wish.
Interest payable in the Fall.

I do not send your applica-
tion East and keep you wait-
ing for your money.
I loan on City Property.

J. ASPLUND,
Loan Broker.

Frank J. Hohman, WAGON AND CARRIAGE MAKER

—Has just opened a—
Complete Blacksmithing Shop

in connection with his wagon shop, having secured a good man and
is prepared to do—HORSE SHOEING—and all repairing
with Neatness and Dispatch. New platform
wagons put up in fine order.

Repairing a Specialty. 2 Give Frank a Call.

A HODEL, Tinner and Jobber in Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Work.

Roofing and Repairing a Specialty.

All Work done in the most Workmanlike Manner.

OPP. MIKSCHKE'S STORE. WAHPETON, DAKOTA.

D. E. RICE, Undertaker and Embalmer.

COFFINS, CASKETS, SHROUDS, ROBES, SUITS, SLIPPERS, BLACK
and WHITE GRAPE, ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS, DISINFECTANT
for Contagious Diseases and Dealer in

Sewing Machines and Organs,
Organ Stools, Organ Instruction Books, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Mattings
Window Shades and Fixtures. PICTURE FRAMES MADE
TO ORDER. Call and leave your order for a trial of the

Davis Sewing Machine.
Mail and Telegraph Orders Filled Immediately.

D. E. RICE

Read this "Don't Pass us By." Read this.

FANCY GROCERY SPECIALTIES

Such as Shelf Groceries, Canned Fruits, Canned Meats and Fish, Dried
and Evaporated Fruits and Berries. Special drives in TEAS,

COFFEES and Spices. Baking Powders, Cigars and
Tobacco. Green Fruit of all kinds. A Good

Assortment of Queensware, Chinaware,
Lamps, etc., which I will

Close Out at Cost to Make Room
for Other Goods.

THE ENTERPRISE.

Telephone Call No. 18. Old Bank of Wahpeton Building.

J. H. NOBLE,
Painter and Paper Hanger,
SHOP ON DAKOTA AVENUE,
Between Second and Third Sts.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED.
Wahpeton, Dakota.

THE CHICAGO
MILWAUKEE
AND ST. PAUL
RAILWAY CO.

PAST MAIL LINE with Vestibule Trains be-
tween Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Min-
neapolis.
TRANS-CONTINENTAL ROUTE between Chi-
cago, Council Bluffs, Omaha and the Pacific
Coast.
GREAT NATIONAL ROUTE between Chicago,
Kansas City and St. Joseph, Mo.

500 MILES OF ROAD reaching all principal
points in Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa,
Missouri and Dakota.
For maps, time tables, rates of passage and
freight, etc., apply to the nearest station agent
of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway,
or to any Railroad agent anywhere in the world.

R. MILLER, General Manager. A. V. H. CARPENTER,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

For information in reference to lands and
towns owned by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St.
Paul Railway Company, write to H. G. HAUGAN
Land Commission, St. Paul, Minn.

Fargo Southern.
7 30 Lv. Fargo. Ar. 9 00
10 30 Lv. Fargo. Ar. 12 15
3 00 Lv. Fargo. Ar. 12 15
4 05 Lv. Fargo. Ar. 12 15
4 45 Lv. Fargo. Ar. 12 15
N. F. MILLER, Local Agent.

THE ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS & MANITOBA RAILWAY

Reaches all principal points in
NORTHEN and CENTRAL
MINNESOTA and DAKOTA.

THE SHORT LINE TO
St. Cloud, Fergus Falls,
Moorhead, Fargo,
Grand Forks, Casselton,
Morris, Aberdeen
and Ellendale.

SLEEPING CAR SERVICE UNSURPASSED.
DAY COACHES LIGHT, CHEERFUL AND COM-
FORTABLE.

SOLID TRAINS
To MINOT, DAK., and WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

MANITOBA-PACIFIC ROUTE

For full particulars apply to
H. H. St. John, Local Agent, Wahpeton.
C. H. WARRER, Gen'l Pass. Agt., St. Paul, Minn.
W. ALEXANDER, General Traffic Manager.

Local Time.
Express from the east, 8 a. m. and 5 p. m.;
Express to the east, 9:30 a. m. and 9:45 p. m.
Morning accommodation, Tuesdays, Thurs-
days and Saturdays, arrive 11 a. m. and return
2:15 p. m.

NORTHERN PACIFIC

—RAILROAD—
The direct line between
ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS, OR DULUTH

And all points in
Minnesota, Dakota, Montana, Idaho,
Washington Territory,
OREGON.

British Columbia, Puget Sound
and ALASKA.

Express trains daily to which are attached
Pullman Palace Sleepers and Ele-
gant Dining Cars.

No CHANGE OF CARS
BETWEEN
St. Paul & Portland

On any class of ticket.

EMIGRANTS SLEEPERS FREE

The only All Rail Line to the
YELLOWSTONE PARK.

For full information as to time, rates, etc.
Address,
CHAS. S. FEE

General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

Local Time.
Passenger from east arrives 8:30 a. m. Going
east, leaves 7:25 p. m. daily. Freight going
west arrives 7:00 a. m. daily. Freight going
east arrives 5:30 p. m. daily, except
Sundays. This line makes close connections
at Wadena, with trains on the main line to
and from the twin cities and Duluth. Through
Pullman sleepers from Wahpeton to St. Paul.

DWIGHT M. BALDWIN,
Agent, Wahpeton.

W. A. Seely, INSURANCE

Wahpeton, Dakota.

MONEY.

DO YOU WANT A FARM LOAN? If you do,
read this before you make it.

1. PARTIAL PAYMENT PLAN. We can make
you a loan, and divide the principal up into
\$50, \$100 or \$200 notes any one or more, or
all of which you may pay at any date of any
interest payment in any year, or you need not
pay any of them until the end of the full five
years. When you pay any of these notes, the
interest on the ones paid is stopped. By this
means, if you have a good crop, you can pay
part or all of your mortgage. If you have a
poor crop, you need not pay any of it.

2. INSTALLMENT PLAN. We can allow you
to pay your loan in four installments, one-
fourth of it at the end of the second year, one-
fourth of it at the end of the third, one-fourth
at the end of the fourth, and one-fourth of it at
the end of the fifth.

3. ON OR BEFORE PLAN. We can give you
a

VERY HARD CASH.

A Matter-of-Fact Romance.

By CHARLES READE.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

At receiving this cavalier reply for the reward of his patient, Mrs. Dodd was not hurt, and so nearly angry, that she rose with dignity from her seat, with her cheek actually pink, and the water in her eyes. Sampson, as she was ruffled, and appealed to Julia, of all people. "There's no use, Miss Juliet," said he, "she is in a rage because I won't humbug her. Popus would do it. I tell you, ma'am, it is not a cure; it's a cure. Give me disease, and I'll cure it; I'll tell you what to do. Let her take that willow bark Barkton Dork's prescription, and after these four tinctures of her plenty herbs to mend them and for me!" Here was irony. Mrs. Dodd retorted by sneering, and turned on him with a sneering smile and said: "Never mind doctors and patients; it is so long since we met; I do hope you will waive ceremony and dine with me again."

He accepted with pleasure, but must return to his first and get rid of his dirty boots and pashatis. And with this he whipped out his watch, and saw that, dealing with universal medicine, he had disappointed more than one sick individual; so shot out as hard as he had shot in, and left the ladies looking at one another after the phenomenon.

"Well!" said Julia, with a world of meaning.

"Yes, dear," replied Mrs. Dodd, "he is a little eccentric. I think I will request them to make some addition to the dinner." "No mamma, if you please not to put off so transparently; tell me first the reason you did not ring the bell, and bid the servant conduct that man to the door, very early in the conference? If I had interrupted, and shouted, and behaved so, you would have packed me off to bed, or somewhere, directly."

"Don't say 'packed,' love. Dismissed me to bed." "Ah!" cried Julia, "you are yourself again; that privileged person is gone, and we must all mind our P's and Q's once more. This is more than natural. You would not lay down your character for a single person, to take it up again the moment he was gone—without a reason. Here is some mystery." Then she clasped her hands, and raised them to Heaven, just like the best statues. "My own mother has a secret; a secret from Julia. Well, I deserve it. This acknowledgment slipped out through speaking too fast, and was no sooner uttered than this statue-like Hebe hung his head most practically, and looked as if she could bite her tongue off."

Mrs. Dodd, with an air of nonchalance, replied to the effect that Dr. Sampson was not her offspring; and she was not bound to correct his eccentricities. "And I suppose," said she, lazily, "we must accept these extraordinary people as we find them; and it is time to dress for dinner."

That day her hospital board was spread over a trap. Blessed with an oracle irrevocably fluent, and dumb to the point, she had asked him to dinner with maternal address. He could not be on his guard eternally; sooner or later, though invariance, or in a moment of convivial recklessness, or in a parenthesis of some grand Generalship, he would cure her child, or, perhaps, at his rate of talking, would wear out all his little teeth, down to the very "well-being of mankind," and then Julia's mysterious indisposition would come on the blank tapis. With these secret hopes she presided at the feast. All grace and gentle amity, Julia, too, sat down with a little dignity, but a very different one, viz., of being a chilly, good-natured, and company, for she disliked this new acquaintance cordially, and hated the science of medicine.

The unconscious doctor chatted away with both, and cut their replies very short, and did strange things; sent away Julia's chicken, regardless of her scorn, and prescribed muton-couff for champagne, and to drink it, and put, and thus excited Mrs. Dodd's hopes that he was attending to the case by degrees.

But, after dinner, Julia, to escape medicine, universal and particular, turned to her mother, and dilted on the treachery of her literary guide, the Criticaster. "It said 'Odds and Ends' and 'Notes on the Road' by the seaside. So I thought 'then oh, how different it must be from most books, if you can sit by the glorious sea and even look at it.' So I sent for it; and it would not come, believe it was an impossible thing; all flirtation and carousals. The sea, indeed! A pond would be fitter to read it by; and one with a good many green weeds."

"Was ever such simplicity?" said Mrs. Dodd. "Why, my dear, that phrase about the sea does not mean anything. I shall have you believing that Mr. No-matter, a novel, and a 'sticker' fashionable folly, and that a 'pale' incident to one shop-keeper has 'thrown a glow' over the whole market-town, and on. Nowadays every phrase is of this character; a startling note. Once, it appears, there was an age of gold, and then came one of iron and then of brass. All these are gone, and the gone, and the age of 'jargon' has succeeded."

She sighed, and Sampson took a "tremendous" leader" off the sea-side novel into the sea of fiction. He recited the joyous art Frecklin, and lashed its living professors. "You devour their three volumes greedily," said he, "but after your meal you feel as empty as a drum; and so you read ideas in 'um; now, there always is in Mollere; and he comprehended the medicine of his age. But what fundamental truth is in his novel, I never convey? All they do is to pile up elegant. Their customers dictate their articles; and the medicine is: 'Boah; why they bleed still for falls and fever; and never mind vital chromatin. Then they don't look straight at Nature, but see the whole in a new light, and repeat one another twelve deep. Now, listen to me: there are the characters for an 'ideal' feeling, and an 'ideal' and an 'ideal' write it, too, only I haven't time to say so."

At this, Julia, forgetting her resolution, broke out: "Romantic characters in Barkington? Who?"

"Who should they be but my patients? Ay, my patients, Miss Juliet, but wait till you see them." He was then seized with a fit of candor, and admitted that some of his patients were colorless; indeed, not to mislead the matter, six or seven of that sacred blood were nullity in person. "I can compare the beggars to nothing," said he, "but the globe of the De-Notings; do—disappear, and nothing in its own. Aut the others make up. Man alive, I've got a rosy cheeked man, and a 'black' doctor, and an 'honest' man, and a 'garden', with a hide like a cart-horse."

"Mamma! what is Mr. Maxley?" cried Julia, clapping her hands, and thawing in her own despite.

"Then there's my virgin martyr, and my puppy; they are brother and sister; and there's their father, but he is an impetuous dog—won't be known. However, he strives to draw kicks for the other two, and so keep em going. By-the-by, you know my puppy?"

"We have not that honor. Do we know Dr. Sampson's puppy, love?" inquired Mrs. Dodd, smiling languidly.

"Mamma!—I know no one of that name."

MY OWN SISTER.

How sweet it was to think and speak of my dainty, darling Sisley like that!

She was my own sister—all and only my very own!

I had no brother to share my precious affection! And no one but me could take in her dear love a brother's place—not even Howard Martmar, although he was the handsomest and best fellow in the world, and adored her as he would have adored an angel—not even Dicky Sheldon, although he had a heart of gold and would have walked unshod over burning ploughshares for her dainty sake!

How I used to smile at their wasted devotion. For was she not my own sister?—was not I her own and only brother? Then how could any of my myriad worshippers ever be as near and dear to her as I?

And yet I could not wonder at the enthusiastic devotion she inspired from her countless admirers. For she was the loveliest and most radiant creature who ever walked the earth since Eden was in its prime of gladness, and glory, and bloom.

Her figure, in its delicate curves, in its perfection of Hebe-like symmetry and grace, was lovelier than any which ever charmed a sculptor's dream. No canvas ever immortalized a face so dazzling as hers, with her rich dark skin; with her lustrous, jetty black hair tumbled in silky little rings all over her proud little head, with her great luminous, midnight eyes fringed by long, witching lashes, curling low on her soft round cheeks.

Then Sisley had the daintiest little feet; and her hands were like lily petals, so exquisitely white, with delicately pink nails, and ravishing little dimples where knuckles are supposed to be.

And Sisley's voice was such wondrous melody—the strains of some mystic eastern song like the delicious music of the nightingale singing in the dewy dusk amid the summer's freshest perfumed bloom.

And, besides, she was gentle and gracious; she was earnest, sincere, and true; she was refined and accomplished.

And yet she disdained no homely duty, if done for love or for duty's sake.

And with Sisley dress was an art which she knew without being taught; and her every gown was a poem, just as her every attitude was a picture.

She was a sister of whom any brother might be proud—and can one marvel that I loved her as never man loved sister before?

I was five years older than my Sisley. When I left home for college she was a laughing, coquettish miss, with a fleecy of raven curls rippling below her tiny waist.

When I returned, after three years of study, and an additional three years of educational polish, and of traveling experience in Europe, she appeared before me as a revelation.

My shy yet coquettish, my saucy yet demure, little maid had been transformed to a dazzling young lady, whose enchantments bewildered me.

My puritan blossom, with her thousand merry and innocent inconsistencies, had bloomed into a brilliant, radiant, and inconsistent still, but infinitely more lovable.

How well I remember what she wore, how she looked, even every available day of our meeting.

I was lounging in a big, tempting, Turkish chair, which somebody had smuggled into the music-room, when suddenly, straight before my eyes, two exquisite hands drew a dull crimson portiere apart on either side, forming an admirable frame for the vision which appeared between the parted folds.

I saw a tall girl of 18 in a marvelous gown of lustrous and diaphanous white, with broad bands of unjeweled dead gold about her bare arms, and the swan-like neck, so chastely draped with misty laces. A mass of wonderful hair, lustrous and gleaming, was piled high on a proud little head; and in that glorious hair and upon that lovely bosom, she wore tiny knots of some delicate flower, brightly red, like drops of blood.

As our eyes met the olden half-ly and half-coquettish smile hovered her exquisite lips.

Not until then had I recognized her, so bewildering had been the change!

Her black, tropic eyes sparkled with mirth as she lifted

of her alim white hand for her brother's first kiss.

I took it reverently as a royal subject might take the hand of his sovereign; I looked admiringly at the pink nails, at the witching dimples. It was a perfect hand, and the hand of a perfect woman.

But I did not avail myself of her indulgence.

"No," said I, still feigning resentment, "it is a dear, lovely, most precious hand, but I would have my own sister's lips for her brother's first kiss."

"Beggars must not be choosers," she retorted gayly, as she drew the hand away and moved idly toward the piano.

The year succeeding that happy homecoming was a year of unceasing and undisturbed delight.

We had always been a rarely happy and harmonious family at all times.

There were but four of us, my parents and myself—and Sisley.

My parents were as proud and as fond of Sisley as I was.

And she had even been the most loving, devoted, and faithful of daughters.

And, besides, we were a wealthy family; we had no tastes, no needs, which our riches could not gratify or supply. And then tastes were all simple; we cared much for quiet intellectual pleasures, and not at all for social extravagances.

So there was no sage and sensible reason why we should have been otherwise than happy.

But the shadows crept at last about us; the clouds gathered, and at length the storm settled upon our household—the long, chilling, sunless storm!

We were spending a few weeks in a cozy gray nest of a village, nestled in a tiny, emerald valley which was surrounded by fragrant pine woods.

Before the little village was a stretch of old ocean, and just behind loomed up a range of mountain peaks.

Of these hills, the lower elevations were heavily timbered. The higher peaks showed vast masses of naked rocks—mighty, out-jutting boulders—and tracks, here and there, rankly luxuriant thickets, which in many places was impassable.

In fact, among the more wildly picturesque sections of the irregular range there were spots which—so far as known—had never been trod by the feet of man since the days of the ill-fated aborigines.

Sisley and I liked the rugged grandeur of those wild hills, and nothing delighted us more than a long morning tramp, as near as we dared to go, to the eternal fastnesses of the loftier peaks.

It was in the very beginning of those glorious tramps that the shadows crept upon us.

I discovered that I was no longer best and nearest to my own sister. Sisley, my dainty darling, my idolized one, had betrothed herself to Dicky Sheldon—a simple-minded Dicky who had a heart of gold, but who was no more worthy to be mated with Sisley than he was fitted to become the consort of a crowned queen.

I was stunned by the announcement of Sisley's betrothal, agonized to the depths of my being.

As the wife of simple, dull, plodding Dick Sheldon, where would be the blessedness of the affection between me and my own sister?

"Why did you do it, Sisley? I cannot believe you love him," I complained to her.

"And yet," I continued, "I cannot reproach you—for I have myself committed the same folly."

Then she lifted her great eyes with a look—a strange, inscrutable look—which I could not understand, but which pierced me to the heart.

"You!" she repeated. "You! oh, Jack!"

There was something in her voice which I could not define. I only knew that it hurt me like a dagger thrust in my bosom.

"Yes," I answered her, as calmly as I could speak, "I engaged myself to the silly, pretty, stupid, Vinie Leigh, whom I met in Europe. You remember Dick mentioning her in his letters! He has made her acquaintance somewhere in his eastern trip."

"And you, do—or do not—you love her?"

TROUBLE FOR THE TELLER.

How a Woman Maneuvered Before Banking a Ten-Dollar Bill.

"I've got \$10," said she to the blonde-mustached teller of a Broadway bank, "and I want to open an account."

"With pleasure, madam. What is your name?"

"Simpkins."

"Christian, name please?"

"Sophroniska."

"Any middle name?"

"Katherine."

"What is your age, please?"

"That's none of your business."

"Pardon me, madam, it is the rule of the bank to make these inquiries. I cannot go on without these inquiries. It is as necessary for your own protection as ours."

"Thirty-five, then."

"Are you married or single?"

"Now, look here, mister, you are impertinent. Do I look married? I'd like to see the man who'd marry me if he dared."

"Shall I write 'married or single'?"

"Be as quick as you can, please."

"Single, then. And, as I said, if you think—"

"Residence?"

"Right here in this city."

"Quite so, but the street and number, please."

"That's nothing to do with it. I don't want you to call, and if you dare send a police to see—"

"What is the place and number?"

"Thirteen—place. But I never saw anything like this in my born days."

"Where were you born?"

"Same place, if you want to know."

"Have you an occupation?"

"Now, see here, I suppose you want to know where I got this money. But I didn't steal it, if that's any satisfaction to you. Of course I—"

"What did you say your occupation is?"

"I didn't say; you didn't give me a chance. I keep the best boarding house in the town; meats three times a day, and—"

"Please sign your name on this line."

"Sign my name? Don't you believe me? I never sign anything, only—"

"Very well; if you can't write, make your cross."

"Make me cross! That's just it; you make me so cross, I can't. Sophroniska Katherine Simpkins's. There."

"That will do. Kindly make way for the next person."

"Oh, but mister—say, look here! What have you got it?"

"Got what?"

"The age."

"Thirty-five."

"Does it make any difference if it isn't right?"

"It might make a serious difference."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I've gone and perjured myself. But it's all your fault, you horrid man, you flustered me so. Did I say thirty-five? I didn't mean it. It's forty-five, so there!"

And away she goes in a state of great indignation and perplexity.—New York Star.

An Educational Problem.

If we lived in Boston, where 18,000 public school children were thrashed in the last year, and if we wanted to give our boy a liberal education, we shouldn't know whether to send him to school or to a carpet cleaning machine.—Washington Post.

Caught on the Fly.

The Siberian blood hounds in the play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" too often look insipidly good-natured.

Wagner loved her better than he did music. A very ordinary eccentricity, however.

The writer who succeeds is generally the one who selects a topic that he knows something about.

In Chicago bay windows are called foot receptacles.

It is the desecration in the rear who "scent the battle from afar."

A rag carpet can be made to look pretty by covering it with Persian rugs. They are artistic and save the carpet.

It is the female wasp that stings. Still, her sex does not prevent the average man from swearing.

A Kansas man fed his hens sawdust under the delusion that he could induce them to lay bureau knobs.

A man may "reckon without his host," but it is best for him to reckon with the waiter.

Thirteen at the table is unlucky when there's only enough for half the number.

The groom is likely to be a more stable character than his master.

"Can a man commit suicide by holding his breath?" asks an exchange. A woman can.

"To 'shoot folly as it flies' may be a good maxim, provided folly don't fly too high.—Detroit Free Press.

Didn't Want Much.

"I like to ask you some questions," he said to the sergeant at the police station last evening.

"Go ahead."

"Vas dere some newspaper in New York called—"

"Called what?"

"Vell, I haf forgotten the name. Let me see? I gif it oop. I can't remember."

"Well?"

"Vell, vas dere some reporter named—named—"

"Named what?"

"It vas gone out of my head. I doan't remember him if I vas to die."

"What did you want to get at?"

"Vhy, dot man writes up my place for ten dollar, and I pay him half in advance."

"But you can't remember either his name or that of his paper?"

"No."

"Well, what do you expect us to do?"

"I like you not to tell anybody I vas soch a fool ash dot. Dot vas all. Good-day."—Detroit Free Press.

My love was a maiden once fair to see,
But now she's a woman of high degree;
And this is the way that she talked to me:
"Yes, dear, I love you, I love you, I love you."
The day when you found little life I'll be,
Your love is the sunshine of life to me.
O, a dear little womanly maid was she.

Three years I waited for her decree,
As happy as mortal on earth could be;
Then I called at her "office" my love to see,
And this is the way that she talked to me:
"L'evator labii superioris,
Tarsus tertio, et ankylosis.
Minimi digiti, splenic cirrhosis.
Gluteus, hallux, scortie thrombosis.
Adfandibulum, sphenoid et antrum.
Hernia, calculus, gysterio-cisternum.
Thoracic expansion and forced respiration,
Gouty diathesis, likewise amputation!"

Ten minutes I sat ere I rose to see
As sane as man as man could be;
I breathed one word, it began with "D",
And then in plain English: "Good night,"
said she.

My love was a maiden once fair to see,
But now she's a woman of high degree;
And an old maid doctor she'll always be,
If she talks to all as she talked to me.
—New York Sun.

OH, TO BE A MAN!

London Society.

Miss Hannah Steptoe was a prime little old maid, with a flat, round ruddy face and dark brown hair neatly fastened behind in a little knot. She invariably dressed in gray silk or satin, wore a gold brooch containing a lock of white hair, and was very particular about her cap—curious compounds of ribbon and muslin and lace, which varied from the severe turban in the morning to the latest new fashion from Paris in the evening. These caps wrought a remarkable change in her appearance; she seemed to grow younger as the day advanced, so that the question of her age was often debated by the gossiping inhabitants of Dullish, the small and dreary watering-place in which she had made her home.

She lived with a confidential old servant in a little cottage facing a triangular green. Roses were carefully trailed over the wooden porch; the path through the tiny garden was bordered with white pebbles; the flower-beds were cut with mathematical precision; in short the outside of the cottage clearly indicated the orderly habits that prevailed within. Nothing ever went wrong there. Doors opened and shut without creaking; hot mutton punctually at 1 o'clock on Sundays was followed by cold mutton punctually at 1 o'clock on Mondays; the muffs were done to turn on Thursdays, when a few friends always came to afternoon tea; habit had worn for itself deep grooves, and everything ran smoothly undeviatingly along them.

When any Sunday-school teacher wanted a model of commonplace propriety for the example of her pupils, she was sure to select Miss Hannah Steptoe. No one would have dreamed of suspecting the slightest tinge of romance in this quiet little lady.

And yet, so inconsistent is human nature, she had set her affections upon a man much younger than herself, while her life was haunted by the dark desire to see the world as it really is, and not as it was presented to her and her set of highly respectable friends, all of whom stood upon the neat and narrow platform of conventionality and never ventured to look over the edge. She longed to do what they dared not. The placid smile that sometimes lighted up her face as she sat in the arm-chair before the fire and watched her cat sleeping on the hearth-rug was caused, not by a pleasant retrospection which affords enjoyment to so many old ladies, but by a fanciful picture of her friends' feelings as they believed her plunging into some wild extravagance.

Certain persons of undoubted piety, John Wesley among them, are said to have been beset by a horrible and almost irresistible temptation to do something outrageous. The temptation that beset Miss Steptoe was somewhat similar in degree, though different in kind. "Oh, to be a man!" was the thought that continually rose to her lips, but never escaped them. It was more than feminine curiosity; it was almost a mania with her, cleverly as she concealed it. Perhaps, after all, the very stiffness of manner and habit, which was supposed to be her leading characteristic, was but an extreme precaution against her besetting temptation.

"Oh, to be a man!" The thought was no sooner driven from her mind than it was back again, often bursting upon her at the most incongruous times, when she was making a pudding or knitting a stocking. But the day came when, with dazzled eyes, she saw a way to the attainment of a wish which she had always regarded as unattainable.

Late one autumn there arrived in Dullish a mesmerist, who called himself Professor Sobrinski. In spite of his name he spoke English with very good accent. He was a tall, thin, saw-toothed man, with an enormous nose and cold, snake-like eyes. Possessed of a fund of grim humor he regarded human nature as a plaything, and was never so pleased as when trying the effect of a round block in a square hole. It was doubtless this propensity that had led him to adopt mesmerism as a means of livelihood.

A successful seance in the town hall brought Professor Sobrinski into notice. At first his vocation as a public performer—a sort of play-actor, in fact—was decidedly against him, but somebody started the story that he was a Polish Count, whereupon he became quite the rage in Dullish. He was invited to dinners, teas and suppers, and all of them was expected to give illustrations of his art gratuitously. This he did, revenging himself by making fools of his host and hostesses.

Among the Professor's warmest admirers was Miss Hannah Steptoe. In the crowd that used to gather round him she always occupied a prominent place; her prim little figure rigid, her daintily attired head held on one side as she hung upon his every word. She had conceived a most fantastic idea of the powers of mesmerism. By its aid, it seemed to her, the transmigration of souls was brought within the range of possibility, if not of accomplished facts. Glowing with excitement, she hatched a little plot based upon this conclusion. She invited to a cozy afternoon tea a few friends, including the Professor and Captain Henniker, a tall, handsome, indolent man with a big mustache, which had captivated all the young ladies in Dullish—and Miss Hannah Steptoe. But it was not solely the mustache that had wrought the mischief in her case. The Captain, in spite of his drawing tones, and eyes which were seldom really open, was reputed to have seen more of the world than most people of double the age. This alone would be quite enough to explain her secret admiration of him.

The preparations for her entertainment were prodigious. Never was there such a baking of cakes and toasting of muffs and washing of quaint little cups and saucers. The kettle was unusually tedious, and when the tea was made the solemn servant terrified her mistress with the suggestion that the water had never boiled after all. With awed faces they peered into the splendid silver teapot, which was reserved for state occasions, and when they beheld several leaves floating on the surface their expressions were most tragic.

"Martha, this is too dreadful," exclaimed Miss Steptoe, with uplifted hands. "Yes, ma'am, it is," replied Martha. "I've never known the like to happen in our house before—no, never."

It was some time before Miss Steptoe recovered from the shock. Her domestic duties imposed such a strain upon her she almost forgot the excitement of her plot. But when, attired in her best gray silk and daintiest cap, she sat down to await the coming of her guests, she was all a tremble.

Her manner, when receiving them, was marked by extreme nervousness, but no one, looking at the prim little lady, would have attributed the cause to anything more extraordinary than a catastrophe in the kitchen. When she had poured out the tea and Martha had handed round the cakes and muffs and retired, she lost no time in coming to the point. "Wouldn't it be very nice and interesting, you know, Professor Sobrinski," she said to that distinguished foreigner, whose big nose, hovering over his cup, resembled the beak of a bird, "to carry mesmerism a little further than you do?"

A breathless silence fell upon all, for the Professor was about to speak. Every eye was eagerly bent upon him as he sat down his cup. The only person who saw any humor in the situation was himself, and he was too clever to show it.

"In what way?" he asked. "Well," replied Miss Steptoe, "your subjects can't resist the power of your will, can they?"

"No, Miss Steptoe."

"You can make them do precisely what you like. You can even separate soul from body."

"Just so," assented the Professor. "Then why not make somebody's spirit enter somebody else's body? A sort of temporary exchange, you know, and then each would have the thoughts and feelings of the other. Wouldn't such an experiment tend to more brotherly love? I mean, by enabling us to see things from different standpoints."

"No doubt," said the professor, smiling, though the glitter in his eyes was anything but pleasant. "Upon whom, Miss Steptoe, do you wish me to experiment?"

"As she glanced round the silent circle gathered before the fire, there was a very general shivering. The ladies cowered behind their tea-cups, and several of the gentlemen standing in the background were mean enough to hide behind their neighbors."

"Well," said Miss Steptoe, with recognition, "if it will serve the interests of science, I don't mind offering myself."

By this time the ladies were thoroughly frightened, and several began to remonstrate. But Professor Sobrinski took no notice of them.

"Who else?" he asked.

"Captain Henniker, won't you?" timidly said Miss Steptoe, after a pause. "A soldier oughtn't to be afraid, you know. Won't you join me in the sacred cause of science?"

"With pleasure," he drawled, bowing from a chair opposite. "Only too happy to oblige a lady. But no larks, Professor! You must let me get back to myself, or it might be awkward for Miss Steptoe. I wouldn't inconvenience her for the world."

"My experiments never fail," said the Professor; "please let us begin at once."

He proceeded in the usual way, making each of his subjects gaze fixedly at a coin held in such a position as to throw a strain upon the eyes. The spectators watched the operation with some curiosity and no little trepidation, not a word being spoken by any of them. It was the Professor and not his subjects, who riveted their attention. There was a strange fascination about his glittering eyes, and as the flickering light fell upon his tall figure and saw-toothed face and hovering hands he reminded many a creature.

Captain Henniker, though at the first a trifle restive, eventually fell under the magician's spell. Miss Steptoe succumbed at once. When Professor Sobrinski examined their eyes he found that both his subjects were thoroughly under the mesmeric influence. Then he smiled grimly, just as he had smiled before.

"So far so good," he said "now for the next stage." He placed his fingers in front of Captain Henniker. "Remember you are Miss Steptoe." He turned and repeated the gesture before her. "And you are Captain Henniker."

With a singular sly expression she looked up at him and said: "No larks, Professor!"

The gentleman fairly shrieked with laughter, the speech was so unexpected. Their merriment was increased by the ridiculous appearance of Captain Henniker. With his hands folded over his knees, he wore an air of mild reproval, just such an air as Miss Steptoe would ordinarily have worn under the same circumstances.

All this time she had been fidgeting in her chair. As nobody spoke, all waiting for what was coming next, she rose impatiently, saying: "You people are so unconsciously dull that I, really can't stand this any longer—I'm off."

"Where to?" asked Professor Sobrinski, the only one who was able to speak.

"For a spree. Bother these old maids. They are enough to drive one crazy."

Her words threw a sudden stiffness into the attitudes of the ladies present. They positively glared after her, as, with her little nose high in the air, she walked to the door.

Captain Henniker almost dropped from his seat, he was so dismayed. Like her, he was only obeying an irresistible power, for he had full possession of his own identity. He knew what an ass he was making of himself, but he could not utter otherwise, hard though he tried to do so. And now that Miss Steptoe was going out he was filled with horror, for how in her absence could he regain control over himself? Yet her womanly baseness and other characteristics having been impressed upon him, he could not utter one word to stop her. "He said to himself, 'daring! And when the door closed upon her, this careless soldier with the big mustache actually began to weep."

Miss Steptoe went up-stairs to her room and, with the speed and inattention of a man, put on her mantle and bonnet. There was no lingering at the glass, no searching for stray ribbons, no final plumping of feathers. In a wonderfully short space of time she was out of the house and on her way to the Parade.

Mr. Macnish, a pompous little man, who would have been startled to learn that he was a butt for every joker in Dullish, happened to be swaggering along in front of her. She stepped up to him and slapped him on the back.

"Well, old chap, where are you off to?" demanded this astonishing little lady.

When Mr. Macnish recognized Miss Steptoe he nearly had an apoplectic fit.

"Oh, you wagi!" she exclaimed, pointing at him.

"Good gracious!" gasped Mr. Macnish, falling back in alarm.

"Ta-ta," laughed Miss Steptoe; "I'm bound for the Parade. You are not going my way, I suppose?"

Mr. Macnish, with very shaky knees, stood staring after her. "The man's mad," he said at last. "There can be no doubt about it. Then he turned and made for her cottage as fast as his legs could carry him."

Here another surprise awaited him. Martha, who did not know that her mistress had gone out, told him there were a number of visitors in the drawing-room; should she show him in? "Yes," he replied in bewilderment, and entered, peering about like a traveler arrived at the dead of night in a strange land. He found Professor Sobrinski speaking to an entranced audience, but his arrival caused a general flutter. His extraordinary story created much amusement, and while the mystery was being explained to him there was a good deal of laughter.

"Poor thing," exclaimed Mr. Macnish, "she shouldn't have been allowed out; I call it an abominable practical joke."

"My good Sobrinski," you speak too fast. It was Miss Steptoe herself who proposed the experiment. She has sacrificed herself in the cause of science."

"Science be hanged," said Mr. Macnish, "I'm going after her."

Captain Henniker rose eagerly. "Allow me," he said, "I ought to have kept near her. I feel dreadfully ill apart from her. If you will go good enough to excuse me, I will go after her." He looked doubtfully at Professor Sobrinski.

"You may go," said the Professor. Captain Henniker bowed and left the room.

He felt obliged to proceed slowly and sedately, eager as he was to regain the society of Miss Steptoe. Besides his anxiety to recover that part of himself with which he believed she had walked off, her spirit was shrinking within him, and while he shrank from the contemplated act, he was irresistibly impelled to make a declaration of love. "What a dolt I am," he kept saying to himself as he went towards the Parade; "I don't care a straw for the old tramp and yet—I love you to distraction, my darling. There was there ever such a horrible position? The words will come out but they are not my words."

Grassy banks, thinly planted with shrubs, sloped down to the Parade, a converted park by the side of the sea. A few lamps twinkled along the edge of the beach; they had just been lighted when Captain Henniker arrived. The breeze being chilly, he was surprised to see a good many people walking about, while a few occupied seats near the little circular erection where the band played in the evening. In the distance was a prim little figure sauntering along as if the whole place belonged to her. She stopped and spoke to nearly every body she met, and as she passed on again they gazed at her in speechless amazement. Miss Hannah Steptoe they knew; but who was this eccentric person who assumed her guise and then started them with the most extraordinary speech-acts and gestures? They gathered in groups and pointed after her. There was quite a commotion upon the Parade.

If there was one thing more than another that Captain Henniker abhorred it was being mixed up in a scene. He shuddered at the very idea of making himself ridiculous,

and yet he went after Miss Steptoe, and, though struggling against what was compelling to do, entered into conversation with her and walked by her side. The curious spectators observed that she dropped her flirtatious manner at once, but they did not know what had caused the change. They could not help, however, being struck with Captain Henniker's respectful attitude.

"I very much wanted to see you alone," he said, "so I have taken the liberty of following you. You can guess what I am going to say, can't you?"

"How should I?"

"Oh, my darling, how I love you! You know it, don't you? You have known it all along. Do you love me?"

"I do," she answered softly.

"Then," cried this miserable puppet, "I am the happiest man in the world."

He stretched out his arms towards her. As he did so a peal of laughter reached his ears, and proved stronger than the spell. He started back shivering.

"This place is frightfully public," he said; "let us go away from it."

A pompous little man came tearing along the Parade. He waved his stick and was evidently in a tremendous passion. It was Mr. Macnish.

"Captain Henniker," he cried, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You are making Miss Steptoe the talk of the whole town."

"Not me," stammered Captain Henniker.

"But you are, sir, Pray," said Mr. Macnish, turning to Miss Steptoe, "let me see you home. The air is keen here."

To Captain Henniker's surprise, she went quite meekly; she did not utter a word of remonstrance; she did not even look back. He had yet much to learn of Professor Sobrinski's power over his subjects.

When Captain Henniker awoke next morning he was painfully conscious of what had happened on the previous day. There could be no doubt he was in a very awkward predicament, and he could see no way out of it. In despair he sent his servant to ask his friend and confidant, Leonard Haughton, to come to breakfast. Haughton accepted the invitation, but was rather late in arriving.

"I say, old boy," he began, "you look precious seedy. Did Miss Steptoe's tea disagree with you?"

"I hate a fool," said Captain Henniker testily. "Sit down and help yourself."

"Billous, eh?" said Haughton with a smile. "Well, perhaps it is not to be wondered at. Thank goodness, my appetite will make amends for yours."

He helped himself largely, and for a time breakfast proceeded in silence; but presently Captain Henniker threw down his knife and fork; and said:

"Look here, Leonard, I'm in a most frightful mess. It makes my hair stand on end when I think of it. How I can have been such a fool I can't conceive. I allowed that viper Sobrinski to mesmerize me, and then I became Miss Steptoe and she became me. Do you follow me?"

"Not exactly," answered Haughton dryly, "but go on."

"Well, Miss Steptoe—that was me, you know—walked off to the Parade, and left me—that was Miss Steptoe—behind, and after a while I—er, rather Miss Steptoe. But, you understand, it was really Miss Steptoe who proposed to herself."

"Nonsense, man. I'll put it more plainly for you. The spirit of Miss Steptoe in my body proposed to my spirit in her body."

"Was the spirit whisky or gin? Upon my word Henniker, you are not sober yet. Who proposed to whom?"

"That is just what I can't make out. It seemed as if I was proposing to her, but it was she who proposed to me. How do I stand? That is what I want you to tell me."

"Give it up," answered Haughton. "Never was good at riddles. Am I bound by the proposal?"

"I should say you were. When a fellow takes too much—shall we call it tea?—over night, he must expect to answer for it in the morning."

"Then," said Captain Henniker desperately, "the proposal must be respected by me. Say good-by to your old friend Leonard. I feel as if I should cut my throat."

That afternoon he called at Miss Steptoe's cottage, in order to ratify what had occurred between them. It was, he considered, the only honorable course open to him, and therefore he had resolved to take it, though the spell itself had ceased to operate. It seemed as if his hateful effects were to last a lifetime, compelling him to do what he detested, and leaving him no more control over his own destiny, than is possessed by chaff driven by the wind.

Martha opened the door to him. With a face brimful of importance she said, before he had time to speak: "Have you heard the news, Captain Henniker?"

"News?" he gasped, fearing that he knew it only too well.

"Miss Steptoe is engaged to Mr. Macnish."

He scarcely knew how he made his escape, he was at once so astonished and so delighted. It was not until afterwards, when he was able to think more clearly, that a slight feeling of soreness entered his mind. It was rather humiliating to be rejected in favor of Mr. Macnish. He could not conceive how it happened. Any woman could have told him. But Captain Henniker thought it prudent not to ask.

The Planary for Swearing at Boreas.

A writer in a scientific magazine says the earth is being bored too much and is liable to lose its place among the heavenly bodies in consequence. The busy editor can sympathize with the earth. He is also likely to lose his place among the heavenly bodies from being bored too much—judging from the language he uses when the bore leaves—Norristown Herald.

A Comforting Night Cap.

"It ain't everybody I'd put to sleep in this room," said old Mrs. Jinks to the fastidious and extremely nervous young minister who was spending the night in B. at her house. "This here room is full of sacred associations to me," she went on; "my first husband died in that bed with his head on these very pillows, and poor Mr. Jinks died sittin' right in that corner. Some times when I come in to the room in the dark I think I see him sittin' there still."

"My own father died layin' right on that lounge under the window. Poor pal he was a spiritualist, and he alius said he'd appear in this room again, after he died, and some times I'm foolish enough to look for him. If you should see anything of him to-night, you'd better not tell me; for it'd be a sign to me that there was something in spiritualism, and I'd hate to think that."

"My son by my first man fell dead of heart disease right where you stand. He was a doctor, and ther's two whole skeletons in that closet that belonged to him, and a half a dozen skulls in that lower drawer."

"Well, good night; and pleasant dreams."—True Flag.

Mosquitoes.

The bill of a mosquito is a complex institution. It has a blunt fork at the head, and is apparently grooved. Working through the grove, and projecting from the angle of the fork, is a lance of perfect form sharpened with a fine velvet. Beside it the most perfect lance looks like a hand-saw. On either side of the lance two saws are arranged, with the points fine and sharp and the teeth well refined and keen. The backs of these saws play against the lance. When the mosquito alights with its peculiar hum, it thrusts its keen lance, and then enlarges the aperture with the two saws, which play beside the lance until the forked bill with its capillary arrangement for sucking blood can be inserted. The sawing progress is what grates upon the nerves of the victim and causes him to strike wildly at the sawyer.

Do You Believe This!

As the chestnuts circulated among the tavern loafers the doctor finally got himself in edgewise and told the following: "My friend, Joe Woodstock, started into the side show business with the homeliest man on earth, and he made cords of money on him while he had him. Everybody that had a mug of doubtful beauty went to see him, and the contrast made 'em handsome. He was an Irishman, and one Saturday night Joe let him off to a wake. When he got back Monday morning one of his ears was chewed off and his nose was smashed, and it improved his appearance so much Joe had to discharge him."

She Can Everlastingly Drink Soda, Buffalo Express.

"There goes a girl who is the champion soda-drinker of Buffalo," said a Main Street pharmacist to a man who is addicted to the habit. "Yes, sir," continued the garrulous compounder of nauseous drugs, "that girl can get outside of more soda water than any three girls in the high school. She came in here Saturday night, and on a wager poured seven glasses of the stuff down her pretty little throat in just fifteen minutes. She drinks at least two glasses of soda, with vanilla flavor, every time she comes in here."

The Ism He Had.

"What keeps Mr.—from kirk, James?" said a worthy minister; "I hope it is not Methodism!"

"No!" responded the verger. "It's something worse."

"What, then. Is it Calvinism?"

"Worse, your reverence, worse."

"Surely, James it is not Deism?"

"Much worse, an' it please your reverence, that that."

"Can it be Atheism which deprives us of the best church-warden that ever shook a box?"

"Truly," responded James, "tis a much more serious matter, it is rheumatism."—St. Louis Magazine.

For 24 years Dobbin's Electric Soap has been identified by unscrupulous soap makers. Why? Because it is best of all and has an immense sale. Be sure and get Dobbin's and take no other. Your grocer has it, or will get it.

A new financial plan is evolved by the Northern Pacific.

It is a pleasure and satisfaction to many to learn that Allen's Lung Balm, that standard family medicine for coughs, croup, and all lung diseases, can now be procured at 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 a bottle at all drug stores.

Mrs. John McGregor of Youngstown, Ohio, drowned herself and two children. Her husband had left her in destitute circumstances.

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Are quickly given to every part of the body by Hood's Sarsaparilla. That tired feeling, listlessness, and loss of appetite we find it invaluable, and carries health instead of disease to every organ. The stomach is toned and strengthened, the appetite restored. The kidneys and liver are aroused and invigorated. The brain is refreshed, the mind made clear and ready for work. The whole system is built up by

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Box 437 Minneapolis.

Plenty of Time to See the Bull.

A man out in the fields wanted to inspect more closely a 3-year-old bull. He bellowed at him and succeeded in attracting his attention. His bullship thought some of the neighboring bulls had got into his territory, and came up with head down and nostrils extended and fire in his eye, prepared to fight, but fortunately for the man there happened to be an apple tree close at hand, which he succeeded in dodging behind just as the bull made a dive for him, striking the tree plump in the center, which luckily was the right side to fit between his horns, thus holding him fast for a moment, which gave the frightened man a chance to use his horns as a stepladder, thus enabling him to climb the tree, where he amused himself throwing apples at the infuriated bull, who stood pawing dirt and bellowing until his owner came after the cows in the evening and drove him away.

Schools in Russia.

According to the latest educational report of 1884, only 1,466,913 of the 15,000,000 children in the Russian empire attended schools. About 60 per cent., therefore, of young Russia receive no instruction at all. In sixty governments there is only one school for secondary instruction to every 18,000 boys and 22,000 girls. Only 63 per cent. of the boys of an age to attend a public high school can be accommodated. For girls, the number of such schools is even more insignificant. The schoolmaster cannot be said to be abroad in Russia yet.—Science.

Bloomington (Ill.) has an eight-year-old horse thief. His last escapade was to steal a horse and trade it to a playmate for a goat.

We recommend "Tansill's Punch" Cigar.

The state department at Washington has been informed that yellow fever has made its appearance at Colon.

If You Feel Miserable in General take Allen's Iron Tonic Bitters. All genuine bear the signature of J. P. Allen, Druggist, St. Paul.

Engineer Hancock and Fireman Dutton were fatally injured by the explosion of a switch engine at Topeka, Kan.

"The race is not to him who doth the swift start run. Nor the battle to the man who shoots with the longest gun."

"All the same," a long gun does count, and "the longest pole gets the pearmain." If you are not satisfied with your equipment for the race for financial success, or position in the battle of life, take our advice and write to R. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., and our word for it they will show you how to get a fresh start, with the best possible chance of winning some of the big prizes.

Mrs. Francis Tendush, mother of Architect Tendush of Kaukauna, walked into the street at that place by mistake and was drowned.

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1 inch.	3.50	4.00	4.50	16.00	40.00	70.00	140.00	3.50	35.00
1 inch.	4.00	4.50	5.00	18.00	45.00	80.00	160.00	4.00	40.00
1 inch.	4.50	5.00	5.50	20.00	50.00	90.00	180.00	4.50	45.00
1 inch.	5.00	5.50	6.00	22.00	55.00	100.00	200.00	5.00	50.00
1 inch.	5.50	6.00	6.50	24.00	60.00	110.00	220.00	5.50	55.00
1 inch.	6.00	6.50	7.00	26.00	65.00	120.00	240.00	6.00	60.00
1 inch.	6.50	7.00	7.50	28.00	70.00	130.00	260.00	6.50	65.00
1 inch.	7.00	7.50	8.00	30.00	75.00	140.00	280.00	7.00	70.00
1 inch.	7.50	8.00	8.50	32.00	80.00	150.00	300.00	7.50	75.00
1 inch.	8.00	8.50	9.00	34.00	85.00	160.00	320.00	8.00	80.00
1 inch.	8.50	9.00	9.50	36.00	90.00	170.00	340.00	8.50	85.00
1 inch.	9.00	9.50	10.00	38.00	95.00	180.00	360.00	9.00	90.00
1 inch.	9.50	10.00	10.50	40.00	100.00	190.00	380.00	9.50	95.00
1 inch.	10.00	10.50	11.00	42.00	105.00	200.00	400.00	10.00	100.00
1 inch.	10.50	11.00	11.50	44.00	110.00	210.00	420.00	10.50	105.00
1 inch.	11.00	11.50	12.00	46.00	115.00	220.00	440.00	11.00	110.00
1 inch.	11.50	12.00	12.50	48.00	120.00	230.00	460.00	11.50	115.00
1 inch.	12.00	12.50	13.00	50.00	125.00	240.00	480.00	12.00	120.00
1 inch.	12.50	13.00	13.50	52.00	130.00	250.00	500.00	12.50	125.00
1 inch.	13.00	13.50	14.00	54.00	135.00	260.00	520.00	13.00	130.00
1 inch.	13.50	14.00	14.50	56.00	140.00	270.00	540.00	13.50	135.00
1 inch.	14.00	14.50	15.00	58.00	145.00	280.00	560.00	14.00	140.00
1 inch.	14.50	15.00	15.50	60.00	150.00	290.00	580.00	14.50	145.00
1 inch.	15.00	15.50	16.00	62.00	155.00	300.00	600.00	15.00	150.00
1 inch.	15.50	16.00	16.50	64.00	160.00	310.00	620.00	15.50	155.00
1 inch.	16.00	16.50	17.00	66.00	165.00	320.00	640.00	16.00	160.00
1 inch.	16.50	17.00	17.50	68.00	170.00	330.00	660.00	16.50	165.00
1 inch.	17.00	17.50	18.00	70.00	175.00	340.00	680.00	17.00	170.00
1 inch.	17.50	18.00	18.50	72.00	180.00	350.00	700.00	17.50	175.00
1 inch.	18.00	18.50	19.00	74.00	185.00	360.00	720.00	18.00	180.00
1 inch.	18.50	19.00	19.50	76.00	190.00	370.00	740.00	18.50	185.00
1 inch.	19.00	19.50	20.00	78.00	195.00	380.00	760.00	19.00	190.00
1 inch.	19.50	20.00	20.50	80.00	200.00	390.00	780.00	19.50	195.00
1 inch.	20.00	20.50	21.00	82.00	205.00	400.00	800.00	20.00	200.00
1 inch.	20.50	21.00	21.50	84.00	210.00	410.00	820.00	20.50	205.00
1 inch.	21.00	21.50	22.00	86.00	215.00	420.00	840.00	21.00	210.00
1 inch.	21.50	22.00	22.50	88.00	220.00	430.00	860.00	21.50	215.00
1 inch.	22.00	22.50	23.00	90.00	225.00	440.00	880.00	22.00	220.00
1 inch.	22.50	23.00	23.50	92.00	230.00	450.00	900.00	22.50	225.00
1 inch.	23.00	23.50	24.00	94.00	235.00	460.00	920.00	23.00	230.00
1 inch.	23.50	24.00	24.50	96.00	240.00	470.00	940.00	23.50	235.00
1 inch.	24.00	24.50	25.00	98.00	245.00	480.00	960.00	24.00	240.00
1 inch.	24.50	25.00	25.50	100.00	250.00	490.00	980.00	24.50	245.00
1 inch.	25.00	25.50	26.00	102.00	255.00	500.00	1000.00	25.00	250.00
1 inch.	25.50	26.00	26.50	104.00	260.00	510.00	1020.00	25.50	255.00
1 inch.	26.00	26.50	27.00	106.00	265.00	520.00	1040.00	26.00	260.00
1 inch.	26.50	27.00	27.50	108.00	270.00	530.00	1060.00	26.50	265.00
1 inch.	27.00	27.50	28.00	110.00	275.00	540.00	1080.00	27.00	270.00
1 inch.	27.50	28.00	28.50	112.00	280.00	550.00	1100.00	27.50	275.00
1 inch.	28.00	28.50	29.00	114.00	285.00	560.00	1120.00	28.00	280.00
1 inch.	28.50	29.00	29.50	116.00	290.00	570.00	1140.00	28.50	285.00
1 inch.	29.00	29.50	30.00	118.00	295.00	580.00	1160.00	29.00	290.00
1 inch.	29.50	30.00	30.50	120.00	300.00	590.00	1180.00	29.50	295.00
1 inch.	30.00	30.50	31.00	122.00	305.00	600.00	1200.00	30.00	300.00
1 inch.	30.50	31.00	31.50	124.00	310.00	610.00	1220.00	30.50	305.00
1 inch.	31.00	31.50	32.00	126.00	315.00	620.00	1240.00	31.00	310.00
1 inch.	31.50	32.00	32.50	128.00	320.00	630.00	1260.00	31.50	315.00
1 inch.	32.00	32.50	33.00	130.00	325.00	640.00	1280.00	32.00	320.00
1 inch.	32.50	33.00	33.50	132.00	330.00	650.00	1300.00	32.50	325.00
1 inch.	33.00	33.50	34.00	134.00	335.00	660.00	1320.00	33.00	330.00
1 inch.	33.50	34.00	34.50	136.00	340.00	670.00	1340.00	33.50	335.00
1 inch.	34.00	34.50	35.00	138.00	345.00	680.00	1360.00	34.00	340.00
1 inch.	34.50	35.00	35.50	140.00	350.00	690.00	1380.00	34.50	345.00
1 inch.	35.00	35.50	36.00	142.00	355.00	700.00	1400.00	35.00	350.00
1 inch.	35.50	36.00	36.50	144.00	360.00	710.00	1420.00	35.50	355.00
1 inch.	36.00	36.50	37.00	146.00	365.00	720.00	1440.00	36.00	360.00
1 inch.	36.50	37.00	37.50	148.00	370.00	730.00	1460.00	36.50	365.00
1 inch.	37.00	37.50	38.00	150.00	375.00	740.00	1480.00	37.00	370.00
1 inch.	37.50	38.00	38.50	152.00	380.00	750.00	1500.00	37.50	375.00
1 inch.	38.00	38.50	39.00	154.00	385.00	760.00	1520.00	38.00	380.00
1 inch.	38.50	39.00	39.50	156.00	390.00	770.00	1540.00	38.50	385.00
1 inch.	39.00	39.50	40.00	158.00	395.00	780.00	1560.00	39.00	390.00
1 inch.	39.50	40.00	40.50	160.00	400.00	790.00	1580.00	39.50	395.00
1 inch.	40.00	40.50	41.00	162.00	405.00	800.00	1600.00	40.00	400.00
1 inch.	40.50	41.00	41.50	164.00	410.00	810.00	1620.00	40.50	405.00
1 inch.	41.00	41.50	42.00	166.00	415.00	820.00	1640.00	41.00	410.00
1 inch.	41.50	42.00	42.50	168.00	420.00	830.00	1660.00	41.50	415.00
1 inch.	42.00	42.50	43.00	170.00	425.00	840.00	1680.00	42.00	420.00
1 inch.	42.50	43.00	43.50	172.00	430.00	850.00	1700.00	42.50	425.00
1 inch.	43.00	43.50	44.00	174.00	435.00	860.00	1720.00	43.00	430.00
1 inch.	43.50	44.00	44.50	176.00	440.00	870.00	1740.00	43.50	435.00
1 inch.	44.00	44.50	45.00	178.00	445.00	880.00	1760.00	44.00	440.00
1 inch.	44.50	45.00	45.50	180.00	450.00	890.00	1780.00	44.50	445.00
1 inch.	45.00	45.50	46.00	182.00	455.00	900.00	1800.00	45.00	450.00
1 inch.	45.50	46.00	46.50	184.00	460.00	910.00	1820.00	45.50	455.00
1 inch.	46.00	46.50	47.00	186.00	465.00	920.00	1840.00	46.00	460.00
1 inch.	46.50	47.00	47.50	188.00	470.00	930.00	1860.00	46.50	465.00
1 inch.	47.00	47.50	48.00	190.00	475.00	940.00	1880.00	47.00	470.00
1 inch.	47.50	48.00	48.50	192.00	480.00	950.00	1900.00	47.50	475.00
1 inch.	48.00	48.50	49.00	194.00	485.00	960.00	1920.00	48.00	480.00
1 inch.	48.50	49.00	49.50	196.00	490.00	970.00	1940.00	48.50	485.00
1 inch.	49.00	49.50	50.00	198.00	495.00	980.00	1960.00	49.00	490.00
1 inch.	49.50	50.00	50.50	200.00	500.00	990.00	1980.00	49.50	495.00
1 inch.	50.00	50.50	51.00	202.00	505.00	1000.00	2000.00	50.00	500.00
1 inch.	50.50	51.00	51.50	204.00	510.00	1010.00	2020.00	50.50	505.00
1 inch.	51.00	51.50	52.00	206.00	515.00	1020.00	2040.00	51.00	510.00
1 inch.	51.50	52.00	52.50	208.00	520.00	1030.00	2060.00	51.50	515.00
1 inch.	52.00	52.50	53.00	210.00	525.00	1040.00	2080.00	52.00	520.00
1 inch.	52.50	53.00	53.50	212.00	530.00	1050.00	2100.00	52.50	525.00
1 inch.	53.00	53.50	54.00	214.00	535.00	1060.00	2120.00	53.00	530.00
1 inch.	53.50	54.00	54.50	216.00	540.00	1070.00	2140.00	53.50	535.00
1 inch.	54.00	54.50	55.00	218.00	545.00	1080.00	2160.00	54.00	540.00
1 inch.	54.50	55.00	55.50	220.00	550.00	1090.00	2180.00	54.50	545.00
1 inch.	55.00	55.50	56.00	222.00	555.00	1100.00	2200.00	55.00	550.00
1 inch.	55.50	56.00	56.50	224.00	560.00	1110.00	2220.00	55.50	555.00
1 inch.	56.00	56.50	57.00	226.00	565.00	1120.00	2240.00	56.00	560.00
1 inch.	56.50	57.00	57.50	228.00	570.00	1130.00	2260.00	56.50	565.00
1 inch.	57.00	57.50	58.00	230.00	575.00	1140.00	2280.00	57.00	570.00
1 inch.	57.50	5							