

ALMONT ARENA
ALMONT, NORTH DAKOTA.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE ARENA PUBLISHING CO.
ALMONT, NORTH DAKOTA

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SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1913.

Subscription Price
In advance . . . \$1.25
Time and arrears . . . 1.50
Subscriptions will not be carried more than 12 months—See Postal Laws

DISPLAY ADVERTISING: 25 cents per inch for each insertion. A discount on long term contracts.

LOCAL RATES: 10 cents per line for the first insertion, and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

PIANO CONTEST IS NOW ON

Are You a Candidate?
Do You Want to Win
A Fine Prize?

WHG Are the most popular and ambitious ladies in this community in the talk at present, and from the large number of nominations indicate that the candidates are getting busy to try to win the title.

The beautiful \$400 Don Pierre Piano that we offer is sufficient to make any lady compete for it—saving nothing about the Eigin Gold watches and other prizes that we offer.

If you or your friend's name does not appear in the list of candidates remember that it is not too late to be nominated. Send in your name or that of your friend immediately as the contest is just starting, and you have plenty of time to get in the race and win. It costs nothing to enter and only a little effort is required gathering ballots and coupons. Ballots are had by clipping them from this paper every week and are worth ten votes. Coupons can be had from the merchants on every purchase and are worth 25 votes each. Get busy and ask your friends to gather ballots and coupons for you and send them to this office as soon as possible.

Below are the nominations sent to this office, and many of the candidates would be surprised if they knew the large number of votes they have at the present time. We will publish the standing of the candidates June 7th, thus giving those who are nominated a chance to get in the race and have a large number of votes to their credit when the standing is published. It also gives the ambitious candidates a chance to poll a large vote before we make the announcement. Read the rules and regulations in another column.

Next week we will make a special offer and it will be to the interest of every candidate to get out and hustle coupons and ballots to receive the benefit of it. Ask your friends, neighbors and relatives to demand merchants' coupons for you, as they will increase your standing immensely.

Candidates Beware.

You can secure votes with every twenty-five cent purchase at your stores and if they haven't the coupons, they can secure them for you, remember that every vote counts—and for this reason—you should insist on having them. They cost you nothing extra and means for you the winning of a prize.

Votes On Subscription.

Two weeks hence we will offer a fine inducement on subscription. Line up your friends and have them save their

This Comfortable Convenient and Snappy Garment

IS A SPECIMEN
of the work done by our tailors.

ORDER
your summer suit now or before the 1st of June and get a hat, cap or belt, free. Fit guaranteed or money refunded.

Ask for Merchants Coupons with each purchase.

O. C. Ellingson.



The Marlin Model 20 REPEATING RIFLE

You can buy no better gun for target work and all small game up to 200 yards.

Without change of mechanism it handles .22 short, long or long-rifle cartridges perfectly. The deep Ballard rifling develops maximum power and accuracy and adds years to the life of rifles.

The solid top is provided with a sliding cover over the breech and the magazine, and the rifle is so constructed that it can be broken down and carried in a case. A great vacation rifle. Ask any gun dealer.

Get the new 25 cent book, "The Marlin Process," which tells all the details of the rifle and how to use it.

The Marlin Process Co.
412 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.

Thresh Your Grain with an Avery, and Save It

There is just one way to absolutely clean your grain and that is to make it pass through an Avery Separator. It is able to remove thoroughly all the chaff, straw, and other impurities, and so for three years it has been the standard of the grain elevators. The average output of the 17 units was 92.5-100 per cent.

Units of 11, 12, and 13 are also available. The 11 unit is especially adapted for threshing hard grain, and has a record made by Avery.

AVERY Yellow Fellow Grain Separator

Intervene every threshing season to save the grain and make more money. Let the work get more jobs and make more money. Let the work get more jobs and make more money. Let the work get more jobs and make more money.

G. G. Chamberlin, Agent, Almont

STEVENS

The STEVENS No. 333 Double Barrel Hammerless Shotgun—is stronger where other guns are weaker. The barrels and legs are drop-forged in one piece—of high pressure steel, checked hard for stress powder with matted rib.

Pick up this gun and feel the balance of it—examine the working parts closely and see the fine care and finish of detail—work will not wear.

It bats at only \$35.00 and will be shipped direct from the factory at that price.

Get it through a dealer.

STEVENS ARMS CO. CORP.
F. O. Box 200
Chicago, Ill.

A. F. BANKE
NEW SALM, NORTH DAKOTA

Dealer in high grade and artistic pianos.

PIANO TUNING
Voicing, Action Regulating
Pipe Organ, Organ and
Piano Repairing

Expert work guaranteed. Drop me a postal. Remember I carry a diploma of the largest and best tuning school of the world.

I can write your
Insurance
Place your
Farm Loans
at the lowest rate of interest,
I can handle your
Real Estate
And make your
Collections
Insurance written in only
reliable companies.

E. E. Templeton.
ALMONT, NORTH DAKOTA.

you've lost it.

Everything is uncertain before it is attempted. Your first problem is to get a show, and now is the time to commence.

There is no much theory of how to be successful. It isn't a matter to be figured out, it must be worked out. Correspondence schools can't teach you to be rich. There's no rule by which fortune is won. The problem is just the same as it was at the beginning of time; well directed effort backed by enthusiasm and ambition, caution, care of detail, and constant dissatisfaction with yesterday's best—they are the elements on which prosperity has been founded since he start of society.

If you are popular and ambitious and don't back them, it's our fault, so start now; do not wait; for others will get ahead of you.

The following are the candidates who have been nominated. Is your name among the popular list?

FARMERS' EXCHANGE

This department is open to all at the same terms—1 cent a word for the first insertion, and 1 cent a word for each subsequent insertion—and cash must accompany orders in all cases. No order taken for less than 50 cents. In computing the number of words in an ad, each initial, number, name and address must be included and paid for.

Name your farm and have the Arena print some fine stationery for you. adv.

END, MATTRES AND SPRINGS, for sale, cheap. Inquire at Arena office. adv. 12.

Hjalmer Anderson announces that he will grind feed in the evenings only or on days when he cannot work in the fields. adv. 71.

GALLOWAY BULL for service at my farm. Fee \$1.00 for standing calf. Chase P. Hall, Almont, N. D. advt.

Merchants' coupons cost you nothing extra, ask for them.

Only the misses and Mrs. can secure prizes, but be sure you have the Misses working for you.

Monday afternoon, Lawrence Nelson left on No. 7 for the west and after a short visit to relatives in Montana, will go on into Canada in search of work as a salesman for some large implement concern. He will in all probability be associated with his brother Arthur who is with a threshing machine company in Alberta.

red Vollrath who has been in business here for the past few months left Monday afternoon for Glendive, Montana, on a home-seeking tour. He will probably take a claim in that section and if the proper opening exists, enter the oil business in some of the towns on the Sidney extension of the N. P.

Rev. Mr. Villavig, traveling representative of the North Dakota Temperance Society, spent Wednesday here and delivered a very stirring lecture on temperance at the school house Wednesday evening. Owing to the lack of advertising and the rain a small number were present.

If you want good portraits and enlargements, also views of your home; machinery and animals, please call on E. M. Holmboe, New Salem Photographer. 19-13

You can secure a piano, sewing machine, watch or some other valuable prize if you save your coupon and ballots.

A full Brand New Line of Jewelry—Send your watches to be repaired, etc. to H. J. Werhman, Jeweler, New Salem, N. D. Only first class work done. Adv.—19-5.

Ask for a coupon with your next purchase and receive a prize.

ALMONT.
Mrs. H. M. Ellingson, Mrs. Jonas G. Hin, Mrs. F. J. Thomas, Mrs. E. Ring, Mrs. Nels Salin, E. W. Crofoot, Edna Larson, Gladys Eld, Manda Nelson, Ruth Sherwood, Joga Ima, Miss Aarvad, Mary Timmerman, Clara Johnson, Regina Kuntson, Angie B. Johnson, Olive Jacobson, Anna Wang, Hilda Jacobson, Christine Nelson, Agnes O'Brien.

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GLORN ULLIN: Eva Deub, Margaret Burns, LARK; Florence Dean, CARL; Mrs Oscar Bonus, BAHM; Mrs. John Bahda, DEVAUL; Mrs. Gus G. Malone.

Fernwood Creamery BUTTER.

We are now handling the popular Fernwood Creamery Butter made at the Hess Creamery in Glen Ullin—a Morton county product for Morton county people.

One pound, packed in sanitary wrappers at

35c per lb.
The Holritz Store
G. E. KELSVEN, Manager, Almont, N. Dak.

Notice!

We have just added a complete line of builder's hardware to our large stock of building material, and can now furnish your bills complete.

A CARLOAD of nails and wire just received. Come in and get our prices as it will pay you to let us figure on your estimate.

Yours for business,
C. H. Chase Lumber Co.
Building material and grain.

We Do

Job Printing

We Want Your Cream

And we will pay the highest market price for it—CASH—so you do not have to wait for your money, nor do you have to wait for your can. Honest weight, honest test a quick satisfactory service.

R. E. Cobb Company,
O. C. Ellingson, Buyer at Almont.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

Insure your building in the Hanover of New York. This company has an enviable reputation and has a splendid business in this state.

Enquire at the Arena Office

ARENA - \$1.25 A YEAR

SATISFIES ALL TASTES

IDEAL MENU FOR TWO PERSONS IS GIVEN HERE.

Suggestion for Solution of Problem Which is One of the Hardest With Which Housewife Has to Contend.

One of the difficulties of a family of two, man and wife, is to prepare a bill of fare from week to week and not have to eat the same kind of meat several days in succession. If the man is not a voracious eater, a usual laborer he is quite likely to have a good appetite. The woman does her own housework, perhaps, and she, too, is not a large eater. A ten-pound roast would last two people of this kind much more than a week. To buy less prevents them securing the best cut of beef, although when they buy that it is quite possible to get a good roast much smaller. An excellent idea is to lay out a course in advance. Say something like this: Roast-beef-one-week; lamb-the-next week; chicken-the-third week; miscellaneous dishes the fourth week, like salads from chicken, lobster, if not too high, shrimp, a boiled dinner once. This would be a bill of fare sufficient to satisfy most tastes.

Let the roast be, say, seven or eight pound steaks. Have it boned and one slice of steak cut off of it. The steak will do for the Friday dinner; the bones will make a splendid vegetable soup for Monday dinner, and by Tuesday the beef will be ready to roast. It will surely last for many families two Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, and, perhaps, there will be enough left for a stew on Saturday. Fish may be served Friday one week, another another week, in their season. The second week an eight-pound leg of lamb will give chops for Sunday. Out the bones and take them off both ends of the roast, and a vegetable soup for Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, and the rest the next three days. So on, with the other meats provided for the different weeks. It is possible and advantageous to use each article in its season. Stuffed fish makes an excellent dish occasionally.

Of course, the meats that is prepared above is meant for dinner only whether served at noon or at night. It is for the man with a limited income, say from \$18 to \$25 per week, where the wife does her own work. For those of smaller income, perhaps roast steaks is too expensive, and also roast lamb. Then pork or mutton may be substituted. Instead of roast beef, beef or lamb will be acceptable in the morning often with the egg. Cold corn beef for an excellent dish to keep in the pantry in case of unexpected absence. It makes a good meal at night, will support a fast, and is served instead of dinner.

White Rose Cake. Take the whites of six eggs, one cup of new milk, one cup of white granulated sugar, four cups of flour, two-thirds of a cupful of butter, favoring, and two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Cream-butter-and-sugar-together, then add the milk part of the flour, the beaten whites, and then the rest of the flour. Bake in a round tin. When cool, cover with white icing. Before the frosting is wholly set decorate the tops and sides of the cake with roses formed with almonds. At the time of serving insert in the center of each of the cakes a single little red candle, the end wrapped in paraffin paper, so as to avoid direct contact with the cake. Trails of smilax about the base add a pretty effect.

Spanish Salad. Bleach some heads of endive and arrange them in a mound in the middle of the table. Cut rather large tomatoes, divide them into sections and place around the endive. Roll some eggs very hard and when cold shell and set them in a mortar, mash out the yolks, and add scooped out the yolks, being careful not to break the whites. Put shrimp or lobster meat into the mortar with the yolks and beat to a paste. Fill the hollow of the whites of the eggs with the paste, level off at the top and place around the tomatoes. Brew chopped shallots, sweet pepper over the fire and mix together in usual proportions oil and vinegar, season with salt and pepper, and pour over the salad. Serve at once.

Rice Gems. Cream two teaspoonfuls of butter and one of sugar, add one egg well beaten. Mix one cup of coffee and half a cup of milk, add it alternately with one and one-half cups of flour mixed sifted with one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Then beat in one cup of rolled oats to a paste. Fill buttered gem pans and bake twenty minutes in a hot oven.

To Clean a Lace Veil. Remove them from the dresses in the following manner: Moisten raw starch with cold water, mix with fine white starch and apply to the lace. When it has dried brush the starch from the robe and the lace will be clean. Wash in cold water. Arachis Oyster, Milan Fashion. Arachis Oyster on a shell, garnish with grated Parmesan cheese, pour over it white sauce, and bake in hot oven. Light white sauce.

FRAN BY JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. IRVING MYERS

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CHAPTER I. A knock at the door. Fran knocked at the front door. It was too dark for her to find the bell; however, had she found it, she would have knocked just the same. At first, no one answered. That was not surprising, since everybody was supposed to be at the Union Camp-meeting that had been advertised for the last two months, and that any one in Littleburg should go visiting at half-past eight, and especially that any one should come knocking at the door of this particular house, was almost incredible.

scarcity of coats under the canopy. Fran found a plank without a back, loosely disposed, and entirely unoccupied. She had a sudden, straight as an inflexible, and with the air of being very much at ease. The scene was new to her. More than a thousand villagers, ranged along a street, looked down upon the platform of a dressed plan in front of the platform men and women were kneeling on the ground. Some were bawling in tears; some were weeping blood; some were talking to those who stood, or knelt beside them; some were oblique convulsive hands; all were exhibiting surroundings.

Suddenly the evangelist arose and his hands together, a signal for song and prayer. He uttered a prayer, and then, having obtained a silence that was breathless he leaned over the edge of the platform, and addressed a man who knelt upon the ground: "Brother Clinton, can't you get it?" "The man shook his head. "You've been kneeling there eight or ten minutes, the evangelist continued; "don't you feel that the Lord Jesus is here? Can't you feel it? Can't you feel it now? Can't you get it? Can't you get it now? Brother Clinton, I want you to get through before these revival services close. They close this night, or early tomorrow. This may be your last opportunity. I want you to get it now. All these waiting friends want you to get it now. All these praying neighbors want to see you get it. Can't you get through tonight? Just quietly here, without any excitement, without any noise or tumult, just you and your soul alone in the presence of the Lord. Can't you get through tonight?" Brother Clinton shook his head. Fran laughed aloud.

the proper time and place. His mouth was frank, his forehead open, his shoulders broad. Fran rose as readily as if a giant had lifted her to her feet. "Come on, then," she said in a tone somewhat smothered. She climbed over the "stringer" at the end of her plank, and looked back over her shoulder as if oblivious of drooping eyes. As they passed the last pole that supported a gasoline-burner, Fran glanced up shyly from under her broad array of hair, and looked upon the young man's face, and there was something in the crimson glow, or in the face, that made her feel like crying. "Can't you get it?" she asked. "I've tried the recollection of her loneliness. And as she usually did what she felt like doing, she cried, silently, as she followed the young man out beneath the stars."

ing's harmony, had been stilled. Fran spoke in a choking voice, "I'm afraid." It was not until then, that she knew she had been crying. For once had he looked back. "That she should cry, changed everything. "I am so little," and Fran said plaintively, "and the world is so large." Abbott stood irresolute. He had been to the tent, would destroy the influence, but it pleased him to send her away. He temporized rather weakly. "But you came here alone." "But I'm not going away alone."

No doubt that is why the young woman who finally opened the door after Fran had subjected it to a second and more prolonged visitation of her small hat—looked at the stranger with surprise which was, in itself, proof. The lady in the doorway believed herself confronted by a "camp-meeting" one of those strange creatures of darkness who have no religion of their own, but who are always putting that of others to the proof. The voice from the doorway was cool, impersonal, and with a very aloofness, it would push the wanderer away: "What do you want?"

From the hundred members of the choir, Fran singled out the man she had been seeking for so many years. It was easy enough to distinguish him from the singers who crowded the side and center, bearing down upon him by his resemblance to the picture she had discovered in a New York Sunday Supplement. Hamilton Gregory was clean-shaven except for a silken reddish mustache; his complexion was fair, his hair a shade between red and brown, his eyes blue. His finely marked face and striking bearing were stamped with distinction and grace.

It was strange to Fran that he did not once glance in her direction. True, there was nothing in her appearance to attract his attention, but she had looked forward to meeting him ever since she could remember. Now that her eyes were fastened on his face, now that she was so near, she had a common remark, how could he help feeling her presence? The choir-leader rose and lifted his baton. At his back the hundred members of the choir, some with white hymn-books fluttered open throughout the congregation. Suddenly the leader of the choir started into galvanic life. He led the song with his sweet voice. He sang the words of the hymn with his wild arms, his imperious feet. With all that there was of him, he conducted the melodious charge upon the ramparts of sin and difference. He sang in a voice that he thought him singularly handsome and attractive. He saw how he was inspiring. His blue eyes burned with exaltation while his magic voice soared to thrill with music the hazy ecstasy.

CHAPTER III. On the Foot-Bridge. To the young man, the change of scene was rather bewildering. His eyes were still full of the light from gasoline-burners, his ears still rang with the confusion of tent-noise into which entered the prolonged monotonous of insistent growlings, and the explosive suddenness of seemingly irrelevant amens.

Nothing just then mattered except the fact that he had faithfully attended the camp-meeting for three weeks he found other interests blotting out. The village as a whole had given itself up to religious ecstasy. Those who had professed their faith left no stone unturned in leading others to the altar, as if life could not resume its routine until the unconverted were brought to kneel at the evangelist's feet.

"Where's that camp-meeting? How can I find the place?" was Fran's quick rejoinder. She could not explain the details, and within her heart she was young, herself, to consider the other's youth an advantage, but the beauty of the imperious woman in the doorway—why did it not stir her imagination? Mr. Gregory's secretary reflected, despite its seeming improbability, it might be important for him to see this queer creature who came to strange doors at night-time. "If you will go straight down that road—the pointed—and keep on for about a mile and a half, you will come to the big tent. Mr. Gregory will be at the tent, leading the choir." All right. And turning her back on the door, Fran swiftly gained the front steps. Half-way down, she paused, and glanced over her thin shoulder. Standing there, nothing was to be seen of her but a blurred outline, and the shining of her eyes.

While those words were being dolled out at long and impressive intervals, like the tolling of a heavy bell, more than half a hundred soprano voices were heard their requiescent number of half-notes, thus— "So scatter little, scatter little, scatter little seeds of kindness."

"What's the matter with you?" Fran asked, unadvisedly. "He is at the camp-meeting," the young woman answered reluctantly, irritated at opposition, and displeased with herself for being irritated. "What do you want with him? I will attend to whatever it is. I am acquainted with all of his affairs—I am his secretary." "Where's that camp-meeting? How can I find the place?" was Fran's quick rejoinder. She could not explain the details, and within her heart she was young, herself, to consider the other's youth an advantage, but the beauty of the imperious woman in the doorway—why did it not stir her imagination? Mr. Gregory's secretary reflected, despite its seeming improbability, it might be important for him to see this queer creature who came to strange doors at night-time. "If you will go straight down that road—the pointed—and keep on for about a mile and a half, you will come to the big tent. Mr. Gregory will be at the tent, leading the choir." All right. And turning her back on the door, Fran swiftly gained the front steps. Half-way down, she paused, and glanced over her thin shoulder. Standing there, nothing was to be seen of her but a blurred outline, and the shining of her eyes.

As Abbott Ashton reflected that, because of this young girl with the mocking laugh, he was losing the climactic exposure of the three weeks' campaign, his displeasure grew. Within him was an undefined thought vibration akin to surprise, caused by the serenity of the bushy-headed evangelist in relation to the heavens should be so peaceful with their quiet star-peacocks, while man was exerting himself to the utmost of nature and intellect to bring the weather-stained canvas rolled the warning, not unemotionally: "We reap what we sow. We reap what we sow."

Her eyes were so large, and so soft and dark, that Abbott was glad she was only a child of fourteen or fifteen, perhaps. Her face was so strangely eloquent in its yearning for something quite beyond his comprehension, that he decided, then and there, to be her friend. The instantly higher prevalence of the evangelist's face. There was, in truth, an element of charm in all he could discern of the girl. Possibly the big hat helped to conceal or accentuate that element of charm. As for those great and lustrously black eyes, he could not for the life of him have said what he saw in them. They were like diamonds with a feeling of protecting tenderness. Possibly it was her trust in him, for as he gazed into the earnest eyes of Fran, it was like looking into a clear pool to see oneself.

"I guess," said Fran inscrutably, "you're not Mrs. Gregory." "No," came the answer, with an almost imperceptible change of manner—a change as of gradual petrification. "I am not Mrs. Gregory." And with that the lady, who was not Mrs. Gregory, quietly but forcibly closed the door. It was as if, with the closing of that

"One thing we know. Wherever we go, we reap what we sow. We reap what we sow."

"Won't you go with me, little girl?" of mirth came as the laughter of sounds over the tragedy of an immortal soul. "Several times," he cried, with whitened face, "these services have been disturbed by the noisy. He pointed to the evangelist and said: "You don't see a little girl who should not have been allowed in this tent unaccompanied by her parents. Brothers! Two much is at stake at home! He turned to a shrill from her breast. "Sons are here, waiting to be saved. Let the little girl be removed. Where are the ushers? They are still retained hold a bribe consultation. The task assigned them did not seem included in their proper functions. Only one could be found to volunteer as policeman, and he only because the evangelist's determined eye and rigid arm had never ceased to indicate the disturber of the peace. "Fran was furious; but she was white as a sheet when she stood at the altar of the evangelist. How could she have known she was going to laugh? Her tumultuous emotions, inspired by the sight of the evangelist, and the only way she had found expression in some other way. That laugh had been as a darning of tongue-flame directed against the armored evangelist, whose face was so divinely beautiful, whose voice was so eloquent. Fran was suddenly aware of a man pressing irrepressibly against her, and only when she felt his arm around her, turning her head, she asked in a rather spiteful voice, "Are you the sheriff?"

Above the tide of melody, the voice of the evangelist rose in a scream, appalling in its agony—"Oh, men and women, why will you die, why will you die?" But the stars, looking down at the silent earth, spoke not of death, spoke only of life, as if to say: "I'll give you April days, old earth, balmy springtime and summer harvest before you. What merry nights we shall pass together! The earth answered, with sudden white smiles, for the moon had just risen above the distant woods. At the still where the footpath crossed the tent, Abbott asked: "Why should he go further? This scolar, the one false note in the melody."

"Nobody's little girl!" he repeated, inexpressibly touched that it should be so. "What a treasure somebody was deluded. "Are you a stranger in the town?" "Never been here before," Fran answered merrily. "But why did you come?" "I came to find Hamilton Gregory." (TO BE CONTINUED.)



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As the song swept over the worshippers in a wave of pleading, such words as still retained hold a bribe consultation. The task assigned them did not seem included in their proper functions. Only one could be found to volunteer as policeman, and he only because the evangelist's determined eye and rigid arm had never ceased to indicate the disturber of the peace. "Fran was furious; but she was white as a sheet when she stood at the altar of the evangelist. How could she have known she was going to laugh? Her tumultuous emotions, inspired by the sight of the evangelist, and the only way she had found expression in some other way. That laugh had been as a darning of tongue-flame directed against the armored evangelist, whose face was so divinely beautiful, whose voice was so eloquent. Fran was suddenly aware of a man pressing irrepressibly against her, and only when she felt his arm around her, turning her head, she asked in a rather spiteful voice, "Are you the sheriff?"

ship to others who were dependent upon him. The value of a man to himself is, it is further pointed out, unimportant after he is dead—from a legal point of view. His value to others, however, cannot be considered in a cash estimate, since that kind of value depends upon other than physical resources. It is the value of his mind, which he can best use for support can also be estimated on the material side.

He meant it was not a West Nile, said Charles Myers, a Mason (M.O.) barber, had dashed up the stranger, he raised the chair, and his customers stepped over to one side. The barber-stationer's "up" had about him. "You were asleep," said Charles. "I was so," agreed the stranger. "I'll be so again, if you'll let me be so again." "I'll be so again, if you'll let me be so again." "I'll be so again, if you'll let me be so again."

CHAPTER II. Disturbing Laugh. The sermon wended as the exhortation was at the point of loudest voice and most impassioned earnestness. A sudden, straight as an inflexible, and with the air of being very much at ease. The scene was new to her. More than a thousand villagers, ranged along a street, looked down upon the platform of a dressed plan in front of the platform men and women were kneeling on the ground. Some were bawling in tears; some were weeping blood; some were talking to those who stood, or knelt beside them; some were oblique convulsive hands; all were exhibiting surroundings.

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CHAPTER III. On the Foot-Bridge. To the young man, the change of scene was rather bewildering. His eyes were still full of the light from gasoline-burners, his ears still rang with the confusion of tent-noise into which entered the prolonged monotonous of insistent growlings, and the explosive suddenness of seemingly irrelevant amens.

Nothing just then mattered except the fact that he had faithfully attended the camp-meeting for three weeks he found other interests blotting out. The village as a whole had given itself up to religious ecstasy. Those who had professed their faith left no stone unturned in leading others to the altar, as if life could not resume its routine until the unconverted were brought to kneel at the evangelist's feet.

"Nobody's little girl!" he repeated, inexpressibly touched that it should be so. "What a treasure somebody was deluded. "Are you a stranger in the town?" "Never been here before," Fran answered merrily. "But why did you come?" "I came to find Hamilton Gregory." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

The crowd outside did not arise.

STANDING OF THE CONTESTANTS

No.	Votes	No.	Votes
1	284912	2	487448
3	95318	4	484709
5	94753	6	492153
7	2000	8	463701
9	287236	10	251736
11	122911	12	160990
13	2011	14	2000
15	160938	16	290739
17	125712	18	2000
19	2000	20	24043
21	2000	22	285091
23	2000	24	92000
25	132914	26	187313
27	2000	28	3220
29	170920	30	2000
31	63325	32	2000
33	2000	34	2000
35	4956	36	2000
37	122000	38	2000
39	173711	40	2000
41	2000	42	2000
43	2123	44	2000
45	182919	46	162594
47	101792	48	2000
49	2000	50	2000
51	2000	52	185904
53	281456	54	2000
55	2000	56	2000
57	701215	58	7719
59	122000	60	2000
61	2000	62	2000
63	2000	64	201808
65	2000	66	2000
67	2000	68	7380
69	2000	70	2000
71	2430	72	2000
73	2000	74	2000
75	2595	76	2000
77	2000	78	4563
79	2000	80	2000
81	172355	82	122000
83	3255	84	32912
85	2000	86	2000
87	2000	88	109564
89	129874	90	2000
91	2000	92	74000
93	99323	94	1749235
95	62000	96	4915
97	2000	98	123551
99	122595	100	2000
101	32000	102	2000
103	92909	104	6080
105	2000	106	2000
107	2000	108	2000
109	2000	110	2000
111	92814	112	77417
113	2000	114	2000
115	2000	116	2000
117	2000	118	2000
119	2000	120	2000
121	2000	122	2000
123	2000	124	2000
125	2000	126	32790
127	2000	128	2000
129	32000	130	2000
131	2000	132	2000
133	2000	134	2000
135	2000	136	102637
137	106919	138	44094
139	122561	140	2000
141	2000	142	2000
143	2000	144	2000
145	2000	146	2000
147	2000	148	2000
149	2000	150	2000
151	2000	152	2000
153	2000	154	2000
155	2000	156	2000
157	2000	158	2000
159	2255	160	96186
161	2000	162	9305
163	2000	164	2000
165	2000	166	2000
167	2000	168	2000
169	2000	170	2700
171	2000	172	2000
173	2970	174	32000
175	4000	176	2000
177	2000	178	2000
179	2000	180	2000

(8) to 200 have 2000 votes each.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of Interior, U. S. Land Office at Bismarck, N. D. April 19th, 1915.
 Notice is hereby given that **JOHN WEINBERGER**, of Glen Ullin, North Dakota, who, on April 15th, 1915, made homestead entry, No. 23119, for 160 acres, more or less, in Section 26, Township 18 N., Range 10 W. 5th principal meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before G. H. Anderson, U. S. Commissioner, at Almont, North Dakota, on the 17th day of May, 1915.
 Claimant names as witnesses: **John Peterson, Matt Menden, Theodor Erickson, E. N. Swarna, District.**
 (Legal Advertisement.)

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of Interior, U. S. Land Office at Bismarck, N. D. April 19th, 1915.
 Notice is hereby given that **Ole Halvorsen**, of Almont, North Dakota, who, on July 21st, 1914, made homestead entry, No. 2384, for 160 acres, more or less, in Section 26, Township 18 N., Range 10 W. 5th principal meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before G. H. Anderson, U. S. Commissioner, at Almont, N. D., on June 1, 1915.
 Claimant names as witnesses: **Ole Olson, of Almont, N. D., Tobias Olson, of Almont, N. D., Sigval Olson, of Almont, N. D., Oscar Thomsen, of Almont, N. D., E. N. Swarna, Register.**
 (Legal Advertisement.)

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A narrow minded person who has less brains than a fish is out with a little hammer doing the usual knocking. The subject is the Piano contest, that we are not going to give away a piano, but piano certificates etc. We wish to state the one who has the most votes when the contest closes will receive the beautiful \$400.00 Don Pierre Piano, height four feet, 10 inches and double veneer throughout.
 Do not allow this tack head to deter or discourage you. He gains nothing by his rapping beside a perpetual grinch at another's energy and determination to work and win.
 Our contest is operated by the National Circulation System of Dubuque, Iowa, whose business is conducting contests on dally and weekly papers and who come with the best recommendations from some of the best mediums in the country.
 Their methods of conducting contests are from years of experience and they know just about what a publication of this kind can produce, therefore they are better able to determine what can be offered in prices.

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 It is not necessary to have the pictures all the work of one artist, or all on the same subject, but all should harmonize in tone and style of frame.
 Pete Nelson who has been sojourning in the sunny south for the past six months, on account of his health, returned to Almont, Saturday and is very much improved. He states that Florida is a most delightful place to spend the winter and that the various places he visited were all dotted out with summer's freshness while people were wrestling with winter in this section.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Silvernail went to Hebron, Monday night to take in the Voemen dance. The affair was a very fine one they report and everyone had a most delightful time.

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