

County News.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cox spent Friday and Saturday in Fargo visiting with their daughters, Mabel and Marion. Mabel whose hands were burned some six weeks ago while she was working in the chemical laboratory with bromide, has so far recovered as to have her hand free from bandages, but the scars will remain on the fingers for a long time.—Fairmount News.

W. A. Heley made a trip to Fargo Monday, accompanying his father from that place to St. Paul. From there the latter continued his journey alone to Hot Springs, Ark., where it is hoped the treatments will hasten his complete recovery. His condition has been improving steadily and he was able to make the journey from St. Paul to the Hot Springs alone without difficulty.—Hankinson News.

E. W. Wetherbee received word from Michigan that his uncle Norman Townsend, died last week at Brooklyn, Mich. Mr. Townsend was the first settler on the late Henry Pelham farm five miles south of Fairmount. In 1880 Mr. Townsend came to North Dakota, but not being satisfied, after remaining a year on the claim, he returned to Michigan.—Fairmount News.

Nick Nennig, who sold his farm here last fall and went back to his old home in Wisconsin, intending to make his home there, but we understand that he has returned to this country and re-purchased his farm but—at an advanced price. This country is alright, doucherkno. However, we are going to

have Nick back among us again, and he will be welcomed, he is a good citizen and an excellent farmer.—Fairmount News.

"Graustark."

Grace Hayward's dramatization and Geo. D. Baker's adaptation of "Graustark," which has been approved by George Barr McCutcheon, the famous author of the novel, will be presented in this city at the Wahpeton Opera House, Friday night, Dec. 29th. This is the same organization which has met and is still meeting with such unprecedented success in all the larger cities throughout the country. Presenting a play of more than ordinary interest to theatre goers, clean and whole some, with an interesting love story, brilliant comedy lines, and with a plot of intensity, augmented by a company of players all favorably cast and with a scenic investiture of massive and magnificent reproductions of the locale of "Graustark" should prove a magnet in drawing patrons of the theatre to the Wahpeton Opera House when the organization appears here. Manager Kellogg assures us that it is an especially good company carrying a car of scenery and electrical effects.

That Explains.

"Everybody at this performance seems to be a deadhead." "Well, you see, this is what pen artists call the passing show."

Best Sewage Filter.

Experiments with fish and chemical analysis show that the best material for filtering sewage is natural turf.

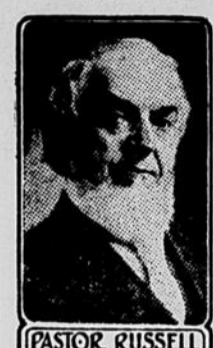
The Hardest Part.

It takes some speakers quite awhile to get started, but stopping is the really difficult achievement.

THE WRATH OF GOD ALREADY UPON US

No Death Curse Resting Upon the Angels.

A New Interpretation Given to an Old Text Makes It Fit Well to Prevailing Conditions—Nevertheless, Says Pastor Russell, There Is "Wrath to Come," to Which We Should Take Heed.



(PASTOR RUSSELL)

Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 10.—Pastor Russell preached twice here today to large audiences. We report his discourse from the text, "The wrath of God is revealed against all unrighteousness of men." (Romans 1:18.) The unreasonable teachings of our

creeds have biased our minds to such a degree that the expression, "wrath to come," carries with it to our deluded brains pictures such as Dante, Thomas a Kempis and others have conjured for our minds, and which became impressed upon us in infancy.

The Wrath Now Revealed.

The Bible tells what the wrath to come is. We will look at that in due time, but now let us look at our text, and at the wrath which it says is already revealed. If it is revealed, where is it and what is it?

We answer that the expression of God's wrath against sin is seen in the sentence of death against the sinner—"Dying, thou shalt die." This the Scriptures call the "curse." It has rested upon our race for six thousand years. It is visible to all, attested by the reign of sin and death. Do we not see depravity all about us, and do we not realize some of it in our own selves? Do we realize that our race is dying, mentally, morally and physically?

Do we realize that all this is the penalty of sin? Every piece of crepe, every funeral procession, every casket, every cemetery, every undertaker's sign, every physician's sign, all of our weaknesses testify that God's wrath is upon our race. Moreover, the earthquakes and pestilences, the droughts and floods, tell us that our earth is not in a perfect condition, suitable for perfect man. It testifies that there is a reason why our race is treated by our Creator as a race of convicts.

No Death Curse in Heaven.

Does anyone think that the wrath of God is thus revealed in heaven—that amongst the holy angels is imperfection, sin and death? Does anyone suppose that doctors or undertakers or cemeteries are there? Why not? The answer is simple. The wrath of God is not upon them, because they are not sinners—they have continued to abide in obedience to Him.

"Who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come," were John the Baptist's words to some of the Holiness people (Pharisees) of his day. To what wrath did John refer? We answer that he was a Prophet, and was thus foretelling the time of trouble with which the Jewish Age ended, in A. D. 70. There is nothing whatever to indicate that he had made any reference to a wrath of God in the future, that would come upon his hearers after they were dead. On the contrary, the Scriptures everywhere teach that the dead are unconscious, that they can neither enjoy nor suffer anything, that they must wait for resurrection in the resurrection.

The Wrath to Come.

Our Lord also corroborated the words of John the Baptist and declared that the wrath of God upon that nation was nigh; His words were, "These be the days of vengeance upon this people, that all things written in the Law and the Prophets concerning them should be fulfilled" (Luke xxi, 22-23); also the Apostle Paul (1 Thessalonians ii, 16). Some of the things declared by the Lord in the Law and the Prophets were fulfilled in the destruction of Jerusalem, and in the trouble which came upon the Jews at that time. But other things written have had a grander fulfillment for now eighteen hundred years; and not one jot or tittle can fall until all be fulfilled. However, St. Paul (Ephesians v, 6; Colossians iii, 6) mentions a coming time of Divine wrath; and Jesus urged His followers, saying, "Watch ye, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all those things coming upon the world, and to stand before the Son of Man." This intimates that the wrath here mentioned is to be world-wide, and in the end of this Age, even as the wrath upon the Jewish nation was nation-wide, in the end of their Age.

God's People Should Keep Hands Off.

This special wrath will be manifest in "a time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation." (Daniel xii, 1.) It will be specially upon those who fail to live up to the light and privilege which they enjoy. It will be upon all the selfish or covetous, and upon the unclean and upon those who unduly prize earthly things, wealth, honor, etc. God's people are warned, "Be ye not partakers with them," otherwise you will have no part or lot in the glorious Kingdom to which you have been called of God, as joint heirs with Jesus Christ, conditional upon your suffering with Him that you may also reign with Him.

Boys Again

After dinner Mannows, who had gone east on a business trip, went out for a walk. Presently he found himself passing the buildings wherein he had had education forcibly instilled in him.

"Forty years old!" he said, a trifle indignantly, at length. "I don't believe it!"

As he still stood and stared some one passing bumped into him. Mannows, catching sight of the face in the glare of the street lamp, whirled him around. "Bill!" he howled. "If it ain't Bill!"

The captured man, after one look, broke into exclamation points.

Two rather portly men dancing on the sidewalk are apt to attract attention, so Mannows and his friend moved on.

"I was just mooning over the time when I was hiking up those steps," explained Mannows. "Greatest old college on earth, that!"

"Not while Harvard is still running," said Bill.

Mannows laughed, remembering. "Terrible rows Harvard and Tech used to have, eh? Odd how hot-headed boys will get. Why, I remember calling you every name in the dictionary because you were so cheery over Harvard and sneered at Tech! Tech meant more to me than than family, friends or fortune! I felt that you had insulted me personally!"

"So did I," confided Bill, "when you did a highland fling the time Tech licked Harvard at football! I remember meditating how satisfying it would be to slay you. Bloodthirsty little demons, college boys."

"That they are," agreed Mannows. "Too young to know better! It takes years to drill a little sense into them! Ever go back on class day?"

"I went two years ago," said Bill. "I tell you it made me feel good to see what a splendid class of fellows Harvard turns out each year!"

"Uh-huh," said Mannows. "Of course, Harvard is bigger, but when you come right down to it I guess the men who go to Tech are about the cream of the lot. Fine chaps, good families and all that."

"Oh, yes," said Bill. "But nothing like Harvard. I tell you—"

"Oh, come now, Bill," Mannows broke in complacently. "Of course, it's all right to stick up for your alma mater and all that, but you're old enough now to look at things with a sane and unprejudiced eye, and you must acknowledge that the mere fact that Tech is a scientific school would bring to it a brainier, more earnest set of students than would attend an ordinary university! Fellows with some real purpose in life, you know, and with aims—no society butterflies with more cash than brains ever chose Tech!"

"Well, just because Harvard isn't crammed with a lot of fellows with bulging foreheads doesn't hurt it, I'd have you know!" said Bill, warmly. "They are all around men who take an interest in all sides of life. I hate a narrow man! And in athletics—" "Now, now!" interrupted Mannows, warningly. "You are never going to dig up that Gensler game, are you? Harvard never could take a licking gracefully—"

Bill stopped short and shook his finger under Mannows' nose. He tried to speak three times before he could get out the words. "Licking!" he repeated in strangled tones. "No one but a prejudiced, unfair, sponge-headed idiot of a Tech man ever would have agreed to that umpire's decision. If Harvard wasn't clobbered out of a fair game by the most underhanded, unjust, outrageous decision that ever—"

"Everybody saw Gensler when he cheated!" Mannows shouted. "Everybody! Nobody with a grain of decency in him would have dared to claim that game! Harvard showed the yellow in her all right by having the sneaking nerve to object! She should have hid her head in shame! The Harvard men should have been egged off the grounds! They should have been ridden on a rail! All of the—"

"You with your bribed umpire!" Bill yelled. "I'd talk if I were you, yes, I would! Of all the disgraceful acts of Tech that was the limit! From top to bottom Tech is a moth-eaten, disreputable—"

"I'll punch your face!" Mannows bellowed, shaking his fist. "If you don't take back your slanders on the spot—"

Stepping off the curb at the unnoticed crossing, both Mannows and Bill reeled, grabbed and fell in a heap. A passing boy helped them up. "Eyes must be getting bad," he commiserated.

Mannows and Bill paused to look after him.

"Say," exclaimed Bill, a bit sheepishly, "blamed if I haven't got a boy of my own as big as that—he enters Harvard next fall!"

"Umph!" said Mannows. "I'm an old fool! I'm 40!"

"I guess we'd better call it square!" said Bill.

A Mean Fling.

"When you told Miss Slicer that I created a ripple in Paris, did she seem to be envious?"

"No. She said she guessed you fell into the Seine."

It Never Flickers

The long winter evenings give a woman a splendid chance for sewing or embroidery; but her eyes suffer from the strain unless she has a good light.

The Rayo is the best lamp made.

It gives a strong, diffused light that is remarkably easy to the eyes. There is no glare to it; no flicker. It lights up a whole room.

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The Rayo Lamp is easily lighted without removing shade or chimney; easy to clean and rewick. Made of solid brass, nickel-plated; also in numerous other styles and finishes.

Ask your dealer to show you his line of Rayo lamps; or write for descriptive circular to any agency of the

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Their Quarrel

Imogene came down the street with a stalking step and her chin high. She herself might have added that she flashed from her eyes, but allowance must be made for Imogene's active imagination.

If one had transferred his gaze to the other end of the block one would have seen Imogene's duplicate stalking in the opposite direction just as haughtily. The duplicate was Jane. A few moments previously all negotiations between the two had been broken off abruptly by Imogene's hurling to the ground the doll dress which was the subject of dispute and announcing that she hated Jane and never—no, not if she lived thousands and millions and trillions of years—would she so far forget herself as to speak to Jane again. So there!

Jane had glared. Then with shrill haste she had declared that, so far as she was concerned, she'd never speak to Imogene first if Imogene was the very last girl left on earth and never—no, never—would she come within miles of her hated presence if she could avoid it. After which began their progress down the street.

Wrath still darkened Imogene's brow as she sat down at the luncheon table.

"Don't you feel well?" inquired her mother in surprise.

Imogene regarded her mother in portentous silence. "Jane and I have quarreled," she said at last.

"Oh!" said Imogene's mother in relief. "I'm glad you're not coming



The Duplicate Was Jane.

down with anything. I don't see why you and Jane can't play without always having a fuss."

"Fuss!" repeated Imogene, indignantly and coldly. "This isn't a fuss—it's a real quarrel, an I hate her and we're never going to be friends any more."

"I don't want you to talk that way," reproved Imogene's mother, with utter disregard of the seriousness of the occasion. "Don't put so much sugar on your berries!"

Imogene pushed the berries away. "I don't want 'em," she said. "I guess you don't understand. It isn't just a common, make up quarrel. I ain't ever going to speak first and she ain't—"

"Isn't," corrected Imogene's mother. "Well, she ain't—Isn't," resumed Imogene impatiently. "So, you see, we won't ever speak again nor be friends. We've been mad before, but not like this."

"You and Jane are eternally quarreling for the last time," said Imogene's mother easily. "I guess it isn't as bad as you make out. It isn't nice of either of you to act so."

Imogene set her lips. "We'll never play together again," she declared. "I can't like her any more when she's so mean and selfish. Why, she—"

"That'll do!" said her mother. "I've no doubt that Jane thinks you're the selfish one. I'd be ashamed."

"I used to like Jane," went on Imogene in a reminiscent vein. "I thought she was real nice. That was before she got so mean."

"What are you going to do this afternoon if you don't play with Jane?" inquired her mother.

"Dunno," grumbled Imogene. "I don't care if there isn't any one else in the world to play with but Jane, I wouldn't play with her! She never could be nice enough to me to get me to speak to her. Besides, I won't speak first an' she won't."

"I guess I can play without her," resumed Imogene after a pause. "I guess she ain't—Isn't the only girl in the world. I can play by myself. I—"

"Ya-e-oo!" cut the air. The call came from the street.

"Ya-e-oo!" Imogene called back mechanically, turning toward the open window.

Imogene's mother for once did not reprove this breach of good manners. She seemed to have trouble controlling the corners of her mouth.

"Coming out?" pursued the outside voice.

"Uh-huh!" called Imogene abruptly from the table. "Did you bring your doll, Jane?"

Imogene turned on her mother as she departed. "Whatchu laughing for?" she demanded. "I guess we didn't either of us speak first. We just ya-e-ooed."

His Last Word.

Here is one case where the husband had the last word and possibly scored a point. It was during a little spat. His wife had been talking for ten minutes without a letup and the end came only when she asserted vehemently, "There, I hope I've made myself plain!" "Made yourself plain, my dear!" he replied. "Why, bless your heart, I didn't know you had anything to do with it. I thought you were born that way."

Few Cities in India.

There are few cities in India. Its stupendous population consists of farm laborers. India is one vast farm—one almost interminable stretch of fields. It is a beautiful country—beautiful rivers, beautiful mountains. It is a land of abundant life. The jungles are full of animals, the air is alive with birds and fowls of almost all kinds, the waters are alive with fish. Vegetable life is abundant and varied.

The War Game.

War is an extremely simple game. A number of armed men are sicked upon another body of armed men, and they engage in the highly exciting and diverting sport of maiming and slaying one another. The contestant which can slaughter the most combatants and starve the most non-combatants is adjudged the winner. Simple, is it not?

Freak Potato.

A freak potato was dug up lately in a Belfast garden. The potato, in the course of its growth had forced its way right through the center of a beef shark bone. It had grown to an enormous size too, and was firmly attached to the bone, bulging out both above and below it.

Ended the Dry Spell.

She had a voice like a siren, and when she sang, "Mid play ruse, sand palaces, the heam a rume. Be it averse oh wum bull there, snow play sly comb," and so on to the conclusion, there wasn't a dry eye in the room.

Dug His Own Grave.

Cornelius Parfitt, for 17 years employed at Fulham cemetery as a gravedigger, was buried the other day in a grave which he dug several days ago before he went to the hospital, where he died.

A Terrible Blunder.

To neglect liver trouble. Never do it. Take Dr. King's New Life Pills on the first sign of constipation, biliousness or inactive bowels and prevent virulent indigestion, jaundice or gall stones. They regulate liver, stomach and bowels and build up your health. Only 25c at all druggists.

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