

people is to tell the truth about them.

A man's enemies spur him on to success oftener than do his friends.

The wise man who is always parading his wisdom has yet a lot to learn.

That man who can make his friends think he is a wise one, is not entirely a numskull.

The greatest joy in going a-visiting is the blessedness of getting home again.

Many a master intellect has gone to the grave unknown, merely for the want of an education.

The workman who feels that he is getting all that he is worth will never be worth much more.

An unpopular man is one who has brains enough to form an opinion and courage enough to express it.

Many people have learned that the money it takes to make the mare go doesn't run an automobile very far.

If they'd pay their ten-cent cigar bills, some men wouldn't have enough capital left to decently finance a ten-cent pipe.

That workman who labors under the impression that he is the only man who can make good in his particular position, is in fair way to lose it.

Farewell Party.

Sentinel: The members of the Lutheran church to the number of about fifty, gathered at the church basement Monday evening and surprised Rev. and Mrs. Jenson, who were about to leave for their new home at Badger,

Iowa.

A splendid supper was served, at the conclusion of which the Rev. P. A. Thoreson, of Hannaford, the veteran Christian worker whose sphere of usefulness is steadily broadening, delivered an appropriate discourse on the work of the ministry, and on behalf of the congregation, tendered the guests of the evening a handsome silver set service. Rev. Jenson responded on behalf of Mrs. Jenson and himself. The occasion was one to store away in the memory and recall with pleasure. It was a fitting farewell and a fitting momento of the services and associations which we are all sorry to have terminated.

Rev. and Mrs. Jenson left Wednesday for Iowa.

What An Editor Says

Lives of poor men oft remind us
honest toil don't stand a chance;
More we work we leave behind us
bigger patches on our pants,—
On our pants once new and glossy,
now patched up of different hue,
All because subscribers linger and
and won't pay us what is due.
Then let all be up and doing; send
your mite, however small;
Or when the snows of winter
strike us we shall have no pants
at all!
—After Longfellow—a long ways
after.

Dr. Chandler, the dentist, will be in Binford on his regular monthly visit, from noon Oct. 19 to noon Oct. 20. Prices are as low as first class work will permit.

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