

Five Presidential Electors, representing the Republican party.

Five Presidential Electors, representing the Democratic party.

The Polls will be open from 8 o'clock in the forenoon until 5 o'clock in the afternoon of said day.

Dated March 5th, 1912.

A. J. MELGARD,
Village Clerk.

Here and There.

[EDITOR'S NOTE--The following poem was contributed to the "Bin-readlit Bugle," the newspaper of the Bin-readlit circle, which was read at their last meeting. The poem was written by Miss Zella Metcalf, a former teacher here, but who is now in the state of Washington. The tribute she pays to North Dakota is so good, we believe it worthy of reproduction.]

O, I have seen much pleasure,
And I have had much joy
On the rolling plains and the sunny hills
Of far-off Illinois.

I have camped upon the Cedar
'Neath her lofty palisades,
Down in busy little Iowa
In my dear, old college days.

Then merry Minnesota,
With her birch trees 'round the lake,

Has lured me in vacation
For fleeting pleasures sake.

And in windy old Nebraska
I've spent many happy days,
Parties, trolley rides and picnics,
Pleasures in a thousand ways.

Down where "Big Muddy" pour its waters

Into Mississippi streams,
I've spent a happy season
That shall linger in my dreams.

And Oh the happy moments

That in Idaho I found!
And I've sailed on the "Old Briny"
And canoed on Puget Sound.

I have visited Colorado,
Which the pleasure lover seeks,
Seen her grand old rocks and rivers,
And have climbed her lofty peaks.

I have seen her caves and canyons
And her railroad up the cogs,
I have clambored over all the rocks
In the Garden of the Gods.

Down by Arizona's Canyon,
Where El Lovar guards the heights,
I have stood in silent reverence
Before strange and wondrous sights.

Then I've heard the joyous white caps
Leap and break upon the coast,
In sunny California,
And I thought I loved that most.

But in all my many travels,
I've found this always true,
The countless throngs care not for me
They are pleasure seeking too.

But out upon Dakota's plains,
Where I once chanced to roam,
I found a little spot one time,
That seemed to me like home.

No mountain peaks have blessed it
With grandeur still and gray;
No dashing torrents gorged it
And carried the spoils away.

'Tis a land of peace and plenty,
The farms are big and wide.
The people cordial in their greeting,
Harmony o'er all presides.

'Tis the home of health and vigor,
Disease germs lose their sway,
For the gently wafting zephyrs
Blow the microbes all away.

Here, I'd choose to stop and linger,
Bring my wanderings to an end,
For everyone I met there
I consider my true friend.

Corn for sale at the Great Western
Elevator, Aug. Evers, agent