

—A hard looking set of hobos made this town their headquarters last Sunday. A number of them were seated at the foot of the stairs in front of Wanberg & Jacobson's store when Joe Pepper came down the stairs after eating his supper that evening, and Joe closed the door at the head of the stairway without locking the same. Imagine his consternation when, at about ten o'clock at night he went up and tried the door to find it locked. His folks were in the country, and he was expecting them home any minute, but how was the door to be opened to let them in? He secured a lantern and went on an investigating tour, but to no purpose—the door would not open. He secured help and just as his folks drove up, he succeeded in forcing an entrance. A careful investigation was made inside the rooms and in a very cautious manner, Joe going ahead with the lantern and a stick of cord wood and his aid-de-camp bringing up the rear with a revolver and pitch fork, but search proved fruitless until they came back in the hallway, when they were met by a frightful object advancing upon them from behind the stove. Of course the boys didn't run—they couldn't—they were too badly scared, but they d'd yell—and, to their utter disgust the "te-he" of "Sully" followed the yell. He had followed them up the stairway and throwing a lap robe over himself had hid behind the stove, and upon their returning that way had bounded out upon them with the above result. Joe had gone out in the evening, and the door had been slammed to with the result of springing the thumb latch and locking the door.