

Mr. Frye, who is well remembered by all in Dazey, has sold his farm near Wimbledon and is to start for old Virginia in a few days. He has had enough of the cold wintry blasts of North Dakota and wants to try the balmy clime of the south. He says that the bacheling part is what drove him out of the business. Ye correspondent thinks that there is a moral attached to this by which some of the old bachelors of our little town might well profit. Those who wish to hear of Mr. Frye later may do so by reading the columns of the Wimbledon News, as he has promised to write a letter occasionally for that paper.