interesting to a large family of readers while he was its editor and publisher. He was a ready and entertaining writer, possessed a great fund of dry humor, combined with much common sense; he knew, better perhaps than any other man who had ever occupied an editorial chair in this County, how to shape his editorial expressions, and present the news most effectively. He was not as good a business manager as he was an editor, and while the Journal prospered fairly well, it did not make any big fortune for its owner. Mr. Cooke died in the harness in 1900, and Mrs. Cooke took charge of the Journal for a few months, when it was sold to N. S. Gordon. He began, shortly after his purchase, the publication of a daily edition, which was continued with many ups and downs, and under various managements, until 1910, when it was finally discontinued and the plant was purchased and the paper merged with the Times.

BROWN AND HIS BROADAXE.

The next paper to embark upon the treacherous sea of Polk County journalism was the Broadaxe. "Broadaxe Brown" is the only name which the editor was ever known by. He was an itinerant printer of the tramp variety. The motto of the Broadaxe was "Hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may." The line was rather a crooked one in Brown's case; but the chips were plentiful, and many was the good citizen who was banged in the neck with one of them. The Broadaxe, under those circumstances, had a short and exciting career. It was started one bright, sunlit day in the spring of 1880; but before the frosts had nipped the foliage in the fall the Broadaxe had ceased to hew. In the last issue, which was printed on butcher's straw wrapping paper, Brown—in delightfully frank, if not overly elegant, language—expressed his opinion of the town, and of a lot of the leading citizens, and he then quietly disappeared. He left in the night, a proceeding which showed his comprehensive conception of the axiom that "discretion is the better part of valor." There were many looking for Broadaxe Brown the next day—those with bills to collect, as well as those with grievances to avenge; but Broadaxe Brown has been but a troubled memory from that day to this. There are people still living here who do not like the name of Brown.

THE TRAGIC TALE OF THE "NORTHERN TIER."

Captain Arnold was the next soldier of fortune to tilt a lance against the windmill of early day journalism. His paper was the Northern Tier, named for the four counties of large proportions, though limited population, that constituted the territory along the northern boundary of the State. The Northern Tier was started at the same time the Broadaxe was cutting the deepest gashes into the characters of leading citizens. Its life was also fleeting. Captain Arnold was a man of distinguished military appearance, and brilliant attainments. He was a good mixer, but a poor financier. The local columns of the paper were crowded with personal "jollies" for Tom, Dick, and Harry. Every citizen was mentioned by his or her Christian name, and they were all smilingly present when the roll was called in the local items each week. There was no room left for advertising, and the ghost failed to walk after the first few weeks—and then the Northern Tier's light went out.

A year or two later (in the year of 1883 to be exact), Captain Arnold came back. He had found a financier in the person of H. W. McCall. McCall was also a capitalist, in a limited way, but made no claims to being a newspaper man. Arnold and McCall had also gathered together a number of brilliant young fellows, whom they had induced to cast their lot with them and gather riches and renown in the revival of the Northern Tier and its publication as a daily.

There was Billy Stark, a live wire reporter; J. A. McNair, an up-to-date advertising manager; an Englishman of studious mien, and Cockney accent whose name I have forgotten, who was to be city editor, and Albert Kaiser and E. U. Hauser, who were just printers. But the craft was too heavy—too many officers on the bridge, and too few seamen before the mast. When the waves of financial disaster began to roll