

Making A Match

It Was Done on Practical Principle.

By ELINOR MARSH

Bob Wynkoop was the only son of a mother who doted on him and who was especially fearful that he would make a misalliance. One day Bob fell ill, and his mother was obliged to send for a nurse to attend him. The young woman was comely, and Mrs. Wynkoop was troubled.

"Doctor," said Mrs. Wynkoop when Dr. Sloane was about to leave after a visit of her son, "how is he this morning?"

"The fever has not yet left him, and he is still very weak. By the by, Mrs. Wynkoop, there is a warning I desire to give you. I know that you are particular as to whom your son shall marry. My experience is that a sick man attended by a nurse, seeing no one else, having every need gratified by her, is liable to fall in love with her. I have had many a patient who has married his nurse, sometimes—I may say usually—against the wishes of his family."

"Thank you for the hint, doctor. Miss Wadsworth is a very pretty girl, but not one whom I would choose for a daughter-in-law. I shall attend to the matter."

"In that case I would do so at once. Convalescence is the period of danger."

The doctor departed, and Mrs. Wynkoop gave herself up to thought. The wife she desired for her son was a young woman of common sense and very practical. She was not beautiful—indeed, she was considered homely—but what she lacked in beauty she made up in character. Miss Edith Tweed, the young lady referred to, had never met Bob Wynkoop, and he was unconscious of her existence. Bob's mother had considered bringing them together, but had thus far taken no steps to effect that purpose. The doctor's warning had given her an idea. She called on Miss Tweed and said to her:

"My dear, I am aware that you have no fortune and that you are looking for a position. I have one in view for you."

"What is it, Mrs. Wynkoop?"

"The wife of my son Robert."

"Good gracious!"

"I am a practical woman and so are you. I wish my son to marry and I don't wish him to marry a doll. I wish his wife to be a woman of good hard horse sense. Ten to one unless I manage to make a match for him instead of permitting him to make one for himself he'll fall into the hands of some little fool or some designing woman who will make life hot for him."

"But will your son permit you to choose for him?"

"Not by any means. I have a plan. He is recovering from an illness and about to enter the convalescent stage. The doctor has told me that men patients are prone to fall in love with their nurses. I intend to discharge the nurse who has been attending him and I desire you to take her place."

Miss Tweed, being a young woman of marked equanimity, was not as much taken aback at this proposal as was to have been expected. She made no immediate reply to the proposition, but seemed to be turning it over in her mind. Mrs. Wynkoop went on:

"Robert, I will say—being his mother I should not say it—is a very estimable young man. He has no bad habits, is devoted to his business and I sincerely believe would make any good woman an excellent husband. He has a hundred thousand dollars in his own right and will inherit a hundred thousand dollars from me."

Miss Tweed after further consideration said:

"Mrs. Wynkoop, what you are saying is very complimentary to me. This is virtually a proposition to pay me two hundred thousand dollars for—what?"

"For your character, common sense and such other qualities as will conspire to make a good wife, and the price is altogether inadequate."

One morning Bob Wynkoop found himself lying in bed with that sensation of relief which comes with the dawn of convalescence. He had been too ill to notice his nurse, and now was the first time that he had any idea of her appearance. The only thing he noticed about her was that she had no pretense to beauty. Seeing him looking at her with something akin to interest, which indicated that he was better than he had been, she went to him, gazed down upon him sympathetically, laid her soft hand on his forehead, then took his wrist between her thumb and fingers. Having made a note of his condition, she said:

"Would you like some nourishment?"

"Yes."

"What do you think would taste good?"

"A slice of rare roast beef."

"I fear that would be too hearty for you just now. Shall it be a cereal with cream, a soft boiled egg or a baked potato?"

"All three."

Miss Tweed left the room and returned with a cup of bouillon.

A week passed. One morning when a bright sun shone in through the windows Bob had had his breakfast and with his head raised on pillows was about to peruse the morning paper,

which his nurse had handed him. He looked up at her and said:

"Miss Tweed, you're a peach."

"Wait a moment before you begin your paper. I haven't made the record yet."

She took his wrist in her fingers and counted the pulsations.

"I'm sure I should have died had it not been for your care," said Bob.

Miss Tweed noted his pulse and took up the body thermometer.

"You're not only a peach; you're a brick."

Miss Tweed thrust the thermometer into his mouth, thereby stopping these expressions of admiration. Nevertheless she continued to gaze upon her. When she removed the thermometer he broke loose again while she was making the record on the ruled paper used for the purpose. He told her she was the loveliest creature he had ever seen; that her cheeks were roses, her lips corals, her eyes wondrous, through which her pure soul looked from heaven.

He had got thus far when she stopped him.

"You are not saying all this," she said. "It's imagination talking. For a week you have seen no one but me. We nurses are used to this sort of thing. Every sick man we serve says the same thing. You will not have been out ten days before the scales will fall from your eyes and you will see me as I am."

"I will never see in you anything but the loveliest, purest, tenderest woman that ever lived. Haven't you been bored by artists wishing you to sit for a model for a Madonna?"

"I can't say that I have. When you have recovered you'll say, 'How could I ever have considered that girl beautiful?'"

"I'll do no such thing. To prove that I am in earnest, I ask you now to be my wife."

"And in thirty days you'll ask me to release you."

"I swear."

"Very well. I'll promise to be your wife, but one month after you have regained your health I'll ask you to release me. You will be only too glad to do so."

"You've made me inexpressibly happy," he said, taking her hand in his. He would have drawn her to him for a kiss, but she would not permit.

"Not till you have refused to be released," she said.

"I'll never release you," he said impatiently.

Exactly one month from the day Bob Wynkoop returned to business he received a note from Miss Edith Tweed, inclosing her likeness and stating that as a mere form she asked to be released from what might be considered an engagement. She trusted that he would not consider from her writing him that she attached any importance to a proposal from a sick man to his nurse. The reason for her writing was to relieve his mind in case he felt differently from what he had a month ago about the matter.

Bob took the letter to his mother and said lugubriously:

"Mother, I'm in a hole."

"For heaven's sake, Robert, what is it?"

"That nurse I had when I was ill. I proposed to her."

"Oh, Robert!"

"I think I must have been out of my head."

"Did she accept you?"

"Yes, but with the understanding that she would ask to be released one month after I got out. She's made the request and sent me her picture. There's the note and there's the picture. She's not a Venus, is she?"

Mrs. Wynkoop glanced at the note and looked carefully at the picture.

"There's character in that face, Robert," she said.

"Do you think so, mother?" he asked, looking over her shoulder at the picture.

"I certainly do. What reply are you going to make to her note?"

"That's where I'm in the hole. I swore that I would never release her."

"Robert," said the mother sympathetically, but with a certain firmness in her tone, "I hope my boy will never go back on his word."

"Oh, mother; you don't think I'm stuck, do you?"

"That's not the way to look at it, my son. My advice to you is to write Miss Tweed admitting that a courtship under the circumstances is not a fair test of whether two persons are fitted to make each other happy, but you propose that her request to be released be postponed till both of you know more of each other."

"That will make it easier for me, won't it, mother?"

"Decidedly."

Miss Tweed assented to Bob's proposition, and Mrs. Wynkoop invited her to spend a few weeks with her as her guest. She appeared, instead of in uniform, becomingly dressed, and Bob remarked that she wasn't so homely after all. Mrs. Wynkoop contrived to leave the two together a good deal during the visit, and they seemed to be at least quite companionable. One day Bob said to his mother:

"That girl has more sense than any woman I ever met."

"Horse sense, you mean."

"Yes, horse sense. She'll never trouble her husband, whoever he may be, with any fool notions."

"And he'll find that a great advantage."

"A woman don't keep her good looks but a few years, does she?"

"The prettiest woman in the world will have no more beauty than your mother by time."

"You don't need beauty, mother; you're just as good without it."

And Bob kissed her lovingly.

Well, the upshot of it all was that Bob married Miss Tweed. She is now forty and just as good looking as she was at twenty. Bob adores her.

GLENDORADO & SANTIAGO

T. Jensen accompanied Rev. Volstad to Minneapolis Tuesday.

Misses Emma Hoff, Mary Madson and Olga Odegard of the Princeton high school spent the week end at their respective homes here.

John P. Johnson and sister, Emma, took an auto load of honey to St. Cloud last Tuesday. Mr. Johnson has disposed of nearly all of his honey in St. Cloud, where it found ready sale at good prices.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Jensen autoed to Snake River Sunday, where they visited the latter's parents.

Geo. Urgan transacted business in Snake River Saturday.

Mrs. O. G. Wold and daughter, Luella, attended the funeral of the late Mr. Ewing at Princeton Saturday.

Christ Knutson, Isaac Anderson, Elmer Wold and Jens Loftly left for Minneapolis Monday, from where they will leave for the lumber camps.

Mrs. Wicktor of Princeton visited relatives here last week, and attended the golden wedding at H. Nelson's.

Whooping cough has made its round again in Glendorado and quite a few families are battling with it.

Mrs. Millet Simonsen will entertain the Young Ladies' Union Saturday afternoon. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Rev. and Mrs. Gulrud were Minneapolis visitors last Thursday.

Bessie and Isaac Knutson spent Saturday and Sunday with their aunt, Mrs. Jacob Knutson of Blue Hill.

Rev. Wolstand of Minneapolis held services at T. Jensen's last Sunday.

Mrs. Albert Moey was accidentally killed last Thursday. Dr. E. E. Foley was called then and on Sunday Dr. Kline of Anoka came up. At present writing she is somewhat improved.

Last Thursday, Oct. 26, being the golden anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Halvor Nelson, a large crowd of neighbors and relatives gathered at their home to help celebrate it. A sumptuous dinner and supper were served. Mrs. and Mrs. Nelson received some beautiful presents, and a large sum of money.

Mrs. and Mrs. Nelson were married in Norway, Oct. 26, 1866, and their union was blessed with seven children, all of whom are living and married, and all with grandchildren who are present. They were J. K. Nelson, (Mrs. L. D. Larson and Mrs. H. Stone, of Glendorado); Nels Nelson, who lived on the home place; Mrs. Oscar Wiktor of Elk River, and Mrs. Edisimo of Minneapolis. We extend our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. H. Nelson and hope they may live to celebrate their diamond anniversary.

October 27 occurred the death of Mrs. Annie Strand, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Neegard, in Minneapolis. Deceased was an old settler here and was nearly 90 years old. A year ago occurred the death of Mr. Strand, and since that time Mrs. Strand failed rapidly. This summer she went to Minneapolis to make her home with her daughter. The remains were brought from Minneapolis Wednesday and the funeral was conducted from the Norwegian Lutheran church in Glendorado, on Tuesday, Oct. 30. Rev. Gulrud officiated. The pallbearers were Jens Loftly, H. Nelson, J. Odegard, Isaac Anderson, P. Garburg and O. N. Viste. The choir rendered several beautiful hymns and there was a profusion of flowers. Deceased leaves two daughters, Mrs. Neegard of Minneapolis, and Mrs. L. Larson of Glendorado, and one son, Anton Strand, of Washington. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved.

Woman.

A woman may be a fool—a sleepy fool, an agitated fool, a too awfully noxious fool—and she may even be simply stupid. But she is never dense. She's never made of wood through and through, as some men are. There is in woman, always somewhere, a spring. Whatever men don't know about women (and it may be a lot or it may be very little), men and even fathers do know that much. And that is why so many men are afraid of them.—Conrad.

Wouldn't Need It.

Ethel was going to a party at a neighbor's house where she had already caught tantalizing glimpses of unlimited quantities of cake, fruit and ices. At the last mother inconsiderately held her back for final instructions.

"Now, remember, darling, to say 'Yes, please,' and 'No, thank you.'"

"Oh, yes, mother," Ethel said. "I shall always say 'Yes, please,' but I don't think I shall have to say 'No, thank you.'"

—New York Times.

A DANGEROUS TROUBLE.

Kidney diseases are very dangerous. They come on silently, gain ground rapidly, and cause thousands of deaths that could have been prevented by proper treatment in the beginning. Nature gives early warnings of kidney disease—backache, twinges of pain when stooping or lifting, headaches and urinary disorders. If these symptoms are unheeded, there is grave danger of dropsy or fatal Bright's disease. Doan's Kidney Pills have earned a reputation for their effectiveness in kidney troubles, and are known and recommended the world over. Princeton testimony proves the merit of Doane's Kidney Pills to our readers.

John Diedrick, farmer, R. F. D. No. 2, Princeton, says: "I had backaches and pains through my hips that at times made me about sick. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and got quick relief which was later followed by a cure. I recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to people suffering as I did. Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that cured Mr. Diedrick. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y."

Princeton People Tell How to Act in Time.

MUSIC OF BETTER QUALITY COMING

St. Paul Musician Declares Tanlac Has Banished All His Former Troubles.

St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 1.—Another interesting statement regarding Tanlac, the celebrated new medicine, was given on September 4 by Joseph Chabr, well known St. Paul musician, of 33 Piedmont Street.

"I had catarrh of the nose and throat and kidney trouble bothered me," Mr. Chabr said. "I experienced severe pains in my back, due to the kidney derangement and my appetite was very poor. Mucus, caused by the catarrh, would accumulate in my nose and throat at times until it was almost impossible for me to breathe. I was bothered with constipation also.

"This medicine, Tanlac, has banished my catarrh. The dripping of mucus into my throat has stopped and it is no longer a task for me to breathe as it was before. My appetite is much better and the kidney pains in my back have ceased. I want to recommend Tanlac."

Hundreds and thousands of people have found Tanlac the needed relief from this most prevalent of all diseases, catarrh. A like number have found the Master Medicine very beneficial for stomach, liver and kidney trouble, rheumatism, nervousness, sleeplessness, loss of appetite and the like.

Tanlac is now being specially introduced and explained in Princeton at the C. A. Jack Drug Co. Store. Adv.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the board of county commissioners of Mille Lacs county will receive sealed bids up to two o'clock in the afternoon of Tuesday, November 21, 1916, for the position of overseer of the Mille Lacs county poor farm. Details can be had from the county auditor or any member of the county board. The successful bidder will be required to enter into a written contract with the county and furnish a bond in the sum of \$2,000. The board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

By order of the county board, Mille Lacs county, Minnesota.

Dated this 11th day of October, 1916.

W. C. DOANE,
County Auditor.



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for 15 years the standard remedy for all skin diseases. A liquid used externally. Instant relief from itch, 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Your money back if the first bottle does not bring you relief. Ask also about D. D. Soap.

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and Tumors successfully treated (removed) without knife or pain. All work guaranteed. Come, or write for free Sanatorium Book. Dr. WILLIAMS SANATORIUM 2073 University Av., Minneapolis, Minn.

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We positively give more valuable information relative to Hides and Furs than any other house in the world. We pay Highest Cash Prices for HIDES, FURS, PELTS, Etc., and make prompt returns for each shipment. We sell Trapper's Supplies very cheap. Write for Circular, Shipping Tags, Illustrated Trap-Book, Catalogue, etc.—It's Free.

NORTHWESTERN HIDE & FUR CO.
Established 1890 Minneapolis, Minn.

LOOK!

We want a carload of Poultry both live and dressed, and will pay a big price for them. We quote you below prices good until Saturday November 4.

Live Spring Chickens.....	13c
Live Spring Chickens under 2 lbs.....	14c
Live Heavy Hens over 4 lbs.....	12c
Live Medium Hens under 3 1/2 to 4 lbs.....	10 to 12c
Light Hens under 3 1/2 lbs.....	8c
Turkeys over 8 lbs.....	18c
Turkeys under 8 lbs.....	13 to 14c
Geese.....	8c
Ducks.....	9c

We also want cream, hides, pelts, wool, furs, veal, etc.

Highest prices always at
C. H. WERLING'S
Next Door to Foltz Feed Store
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If you are not a regular patron of our store you may be missing something good. New goods come into our store daily—new devices that will save you time and money. Come in often, even if only to look around. We know our high quality will bring you back when you are ready to buy.

McIlhargey Hdw. & Furn. Co.

100 Head of Cattle

Consisting of milk cows, heifers and bulls WILL BE SOLD AT AUCTION to the highest bidder at the

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Saturday, November 4

Sale Commences at 10 A. M.

FREE LUNCH AT NOON

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HERE is a well-fitting stylish rubber with a heavy service sole and heel. Neither sole nor heel will wear through until you have had more service than ordinary rubbers give.

This rubber looks well, fits well, and wears well. Hub-Mark Rubber Footwear is made in a wide variety of kinds and styles to cover the stormy weather needs of men, women, boys and girls in town or country.

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