

BURNQUIST WINNER IN MINNESOTA

Elected Governor by Big Plurality.

KELLOGG NEXT SENATOR

G. O. P. Candidate Defeats His Democratic and Prohibition Opponents.

St. Paul, Nov. 8.—Charles E. Hughes, Republican candidate for president, probably has carried Minnesota by 25,000 votes.

Frank B. Kellogg, Republican candidate for senator, should win by 50,000 to 75,000 votes.

Governor Burnquist has overwhelmed his opponents. His plurality, in all probability, will be more than 125,000, and it may reach 150,000.

Although James H. Quinn is leading his opponent, W. B. Anderson, for associate justice of the supreme court the result of the election is in doubt.

Frank B. Kellogg, Republican candidate for United States senator, has had active opposition from Daniel W.



J. A. A. BURNQUIST.

Lawyer of St. Paul, Democratic nominee, and W. G. Calderwood of Minneapolis, Prohibition nominee.

The congressional elections resulted as follows:

First district—Sydney Anderson, Lanesboro, Republican, re-elected.

Second—Franklin F. Ellsworth, Mankato, Republican, re-elected without opposition.

Third—Charles R. Davis, St. Peter, Republican, re-elected.

Fourth—Carl C. Van Dyke, St. Paul, Democrat, re-elected.

Fifth—Ernest Lundeen, Minneapolis, Republican.

Sixth—Harold Knutson, St. Cloud, Republican.

Seventh—Andrew J. Volstead, Granite Falls, Republican, re-elected.

Eighth—Clarence B. Miller, Duluth, Republican, re-elected.

Ninth—Halvor Steenerson, Crookston, Republican, re-elected.

Tenth—Thomas D. Schall, Minneapolis, re-elected.

MICHIGAN IS FOR HUGHES

Democrats Practically Concede State to Opponents.

Detroit, Mich., Nov. 8.—Democratic leaders practically conceded that Hughes carried Michigan. The amendment for state-wide prohibition with 244 precincts in 43 counties heard from had a majority of more than 12,000. Albert E. Sleeper, candidate for governor, and United States Senator Charles E. Townsend were leading their Democratic opponents.

PHILIPP AGAIN A WINNER

Secures Re-election as Governor of Wisconsin.

Milwaukee, Nov. 8.—Returns indicate that Hughes has carried Wisconsin by at least 20,000; that La Follette has defeated his opponent, Wolfe, for the senate, by a two to one majority, and that Philipp is running behind both Hughes and La Follette, but not enough to endanger his election.

Iowa in G. O. P. Column.

Des Moines, Nov. 8.—Iowa went Republican by probably more than 50,000 for Hughes and more than 100,000 for W. L. Harding, Republican candidate for governor.

Wilson Carries Colorado.

Denver, Nov. 8.—Based on returns President Wilson has carried Colorado by at least 15,000 votes. J. C. Gunter, Democrat, probably has been elected governor.

His Price

It Turned Out to Be His Own, Not the Other Man's.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Skiff Babcock was a self made man. That was his chief boast. One day after he had made this assertion one of the persons who heard it said to the other:

"Reckon he did make himself. The Lord never would have made a man like him."

Skiff left school when he was nine years old. There were two things that Babcock coveted. The one was the most expensive automobile he could buy, and the flashiest. The other was Celia Hart, a young milliner. Celia was of the same sphere in life as Babcock, but she must have been made of different clay.

He got the automobile, and it remained for him to get Celia Hart—if he could. The only thing in the way of his getting her so far as he knew was Tim Casey. Casey was in Babcock's employ, and Babcock considered that he owned every man he hired. It galled him to feel that this "common workman," as he called Casey, should be in the way of his getting anything he wanted. But Casey was far before him in Celia's affections, and he knew it. But it wasn't natural that this should be so, and he thought up a way to change it—a way that only such a man as he would choose.

For three succeeding days Skiff Babcock had permitted his brand new red touring car to crawl along the street in the hope of meeting Celia as she went to or from the milliner's where she worked. Skiff could always pick Celia out of a crowd by the graceful swing of her slender, erect figure, but recently she had identified herself beyond all doubt by perching a coral colored hat on her abundant black hair.

All at once Skiff's beady little eyes discerned her. First the coral hat came into view, then Celia's lovely laughing face and finally the hulking form of none other than Mr. Babcock's head truck driver, who held Celia's elbow in one big hand with a most offensive air of proprietorship.

Suddenly Skiff Babcock whirled his machine around and dashed into another street.

An hour later he sat at his desk in the office of the Skiff Babcock Trucking company. At the curbstone his red car panted impatiently. Through the archway that connected the street with the stables behind his office his employees were passing to and fro.

A haze of tobacco smoke blurred the little room, for Skiff was smoking cigar after cigar in a dogged, persistent way, very much as if he knew that when he reached the end of a certain number of these fragrant smokes he would find a solution to the problem that troubled him.

All at once he flung a half finished cigar through the window and pounded the desk heavily with one pudgy fist.

"Every man has his price," he said slowly. "I wonder what is Casey's price?"

Again he meditated. "A truckman," he snorted scornfully, "against me, who can turn every vote in this ward—me, with that automobile, and could dress her in diamonds, with a flat in Central Park West, if she wanted it. The nerve of Tim Casey!"

He rang a bell sharply. "Has Casey come back?" he asked of the boy who responded.

"No, sir."

"Send him here when he comes," scowled Skiff, and he lighted another cigar.

By the time Tim Casey's huge bulk darkened the office doorway Skiff Babcock had smoked himself into a fit of cold anger, tempered only by his favorite maxim that "Every man has his price."

That this was true to a degree in Skiff Babcock's political circle accounted for his self-confidence to settle the case of Tim Casey off hand.

"You wanted me?" grinned Tim Casey good naturedly.

Skiff frowned up at the big, handsome young Irishman, whose every muscle was tense with strength and vitality. Tim's blue eyes sparkled and his white teeth shone. Life was good sport to the hard working truck driver.

"I saw you on Sixth avenue this noon," blurted forth Skiff. This was not the way he had intended to open the subject.

"I guess I wasn't breaking no speed limits," grinned Tim. "That gray horse ain't got the grit to cart heavy dry goods. He ought to be put on the ostrich feather route."

"You wasn't carting that kind of dry goods up the avenue. What do you mean by loafing around when you ought to be on your job, eh?"

Casey's back stiffened and his blue eyes narrowed. "It was noon hour," he said sharply. "Where was the truck?"

"Here in the stable."

"Seems to me you can get around pretty fast when you've a mind to," growled Skiff, as he studied the time card on his desk, which showed the arrival and departure of the trucks on their different assignments.

Casey said nothing. He folded his arms across his chest and looked down

at the fat, disturbed countenance of his employer. Heretofore they had always been on good terms—something must have occurred to turn Babcock's anger upon him. The simple fact of his walking on Sixth avenue or any other thoroughfare during his nooning could not account for this inquisition.

Then, all at once he remembered Celia Hart had once said she had met Skiff Babcock several times, and liked him.

Casey's face grew cold and hard. "I've an interest in you, Tim," said Skiff with a sudden change of tone.

"I'm obliged."

"Have you ever wanted to go into the trucking business for yourself?" The younger man's face underwent a brief change.

"Every man looks to bettering himself," he said warily.

"I'd let you have the old stable on West street and three teams—I'd give 'em to you."

"What for?" demanded Casey bluntly. Skiff dropped subtlety and looked his driver square in the eye.

"You'll understand when I tell you that I've made up my mind to marry Celia Hart! Look what I can give her—diamonds, an automobile, all the money she wants to spend and a hired girl to do her work. What can you give her—eh?" His sneer could not be suppressed. "For the sake of the girl I should think you'd step back, Casey! She's too fine to work herself to the bone as the wife of a poor truck driver. As Mrs. Skiff Babcock she'd live like a lady. You stand off and I'll set you up in business—you're smart and can stand where I do ten years from now. You'll never have another chance."

Ashen faced, Casey stared back at him. "I'll not do it," he muttered.

"What is your price then?" demanded Skiff impatiently. "Name it and I'll pay it."

"Me price?" stammered Casey. And he seemed to ponder the question.

"Yes; your price. Name it and I'll pay it," Skiff smiled complacently. Things were coming his way. He never had known this treatment to fail.

Every man has his price. Suddenly Casey's head went up. "Me price is this. Send for Celia Hart and let her choose between us."

Skiff's smile faded. "It's no way to treat a lady. It'll scare her," he said doubtfully.

"It's me price," reiterated Casey sullenly. "Let her have the say. I don't want your job."

Skiff Babcock nodded shortly and pulled the telephone toward him. He called up the milliner's where Celia Hart worked and asked that she be sent at once in a taxicab to the office of the Skiff Babcock Trucking company, and then he sat back and waited nervously for her coming.

Tim Casey leaned against the opposite wall, white faced, with miserable eyes.

What girl would hesitate at choosing between the plump, well dressed and obviously rich proprietor and the shirt sleeved truck driver?

He wished that he had knocked Skiff down when the suggestion was first made. But Celia ought to have a chance to better herself. Celia was a lovely, bright creature, and the best was none too good for her. But was Skiff Babcock the best?

Celia should decide. A half hour ticked away, and at last a taxi drew up to the curb, and a slim, black gownned form crowned with a coral hat all askew flew into the office and looked dazedly around.

"What's happened to Timmy?" she demanded breathlessly. Then her eyes fell upon Tim Casey, standing there so grim and silent, and she ran to him and flung herself on his breast.

"Ah, Timmy, I thought you was dead, or something!" she cried. "What is the matter?"

Skiff Babcock stepped into a small adjoining room.

Tim Casey's great chest heaved, but he did not unfold his arms to encircle her.

"Celia," he said hoarsely, "you're promised to me, and I'm a poor man. But suppose there was another man, rich and better'n me. Some one like Skiff Babcock. Which would you choose, eh? He's got an automobile and diamonds, and his wife could live like a lady."

Celia Hart shook his shoulder vigorously. "Tim Casey, I believe you're sun struck or something, you act so queer!"

"Would you, Celia?"

"Did you call me away from trimming my wedding hat—yes, sir, I'm getting my hat at Mme. Moriarty's, with the best of 'em, and she set me to trimming it myself. And you called me away from that to ask me would I marry Skiff Babcock?"

"Yes."

"Well, you can take it from me that I wouldn't," declared Miss Hart emphatically, "not if he rode in ten automobiles at once and was sewed all over with diamonds. Now, come along with me and take something for your sun stroke." She dragged the beaming Tim by one sleeve toward the outer door.

WOMAN 73 FEELS LIKE GIRL AGAIN

Mrs. H. A. Gordon, Minneapolis, Says Tanlac Has Put New Life in Her.

Minneapolis, Minn., Nov. 8.—"I feel like a sixteen-year-old girl since taking Tanlac," Mrs. H. A. Gordon, 73, Minneapolis woman of 3301 Fortieth avenue south, said on September 6. "I really do feel like a new person now," she added emphasis.

"Stomach trouble in the form of indigestion together with the infirmities of old age have bothered me for several years," Mrs. Gordon continued. "My system was just all run down. I didn't eat much and had to be very careful in choosing my food owing to the indigestion."

"I read accounts in the newspapers of Tanlac's work and I decided to give the new medicine a trial. All my troubles have left me now. I have a hearty appetite and do not have to be so careful about what I eat. In fact, Tanlac has put new life in me and has given me relief from all my former ailments. I feel that my money is well spent in this medicine."

Tanlac, the Master Medicine, is especially beneficial for stomach, liver and kidney trouble, catarrhal complaints, rheumatism, nervousness, sleeplessness, loss of appetite and the like and has proven a fine reconstructive tonic.

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

Gasoline Explosions Numerous.

Many garage fires from the smaller towns and villages of Minnesota are being reported, says Robert W. Hargadine, state fire marshal.

Four men were injured, one probably fatally, as a result of careless placing of a barrel of gasoline in a garage at Clinton last week.

Persons conducting garages are evidently becoming careless and it is important that the dangerous element in gasoline should never be overlooked for an instant. The absent-minded man who places a cigar or cigarette stub near a barrel of gasoline, or who takes a lighted lamp into a garage is taking his life in his hands and is also criminally negligent in relation to the destruction of property.

Never take chances. Be sure the gasoline tank even though it is outside of the garage is perfectly tight, and never, above all things, fail to observe the common rule of caution.

Unclaimed Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed at the postoffice at Princeton, Minn., on Nov. 6, 1916:

Mr. Joe Sheriff, Mr. Charlie O. Erickson.

Please call for advertised letters.

M. M. Briggs, P. M.

Notice of Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between L. E. Bergman of Princeton, Minn., and M. G. Warner of Milaca, Minn., under the firm name of Bergman-Warner Co., is dissolved Oct. 14, 1916, by mutual consent. M. G. Warner retires from the business, which is continued by L. E. Bergman, Princeton, Minn., who is authorized to settle the affairs of said firm.

L. E. BERGMAN.

M. G. WARNER.

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Use Black Silk Air-Drying Iron Enamel on grates, registers, stove pipes—prevents rusting.

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Princeton - - - - - Minnesota

R. D. N. SPRINGER, Oph. D.

OPTOMETRIST

of Dr. Kline's Sanatorium, Anoka Will be in

Princeton, Sunday, Nov. 19

(UNTIL 4 P. M.)

at RIVERSIDE HOTEL

EYES EXAMINED AND GLASSES FITTED BY ELECTRICITY

For Thanksgiving have new Table cutlery

CARVE that Thanksgiving fowl with one of our Carving sets. Then knives will save your temper.

Decorate the table with new table cutlery and spoons. They will make your table look better. You won't be ashamed when "company" comes.

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