North Dakota's Greatest Classified Section

Grand Forks Herald.

NORTH DAKOTA'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER

North Dakota's Greatest Classified Section

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FARM LANDS—Continued.

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WANTED — GIRL FOR GENERAL housework. Mrs. B. F. Brockhoff, 514 No. 3rd St.

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WANTED—SECOND COOK AT ONCE. Frederick Hotel.

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MEN—LEARN Barber Trade. Prof. Lee, famous instructor, will teach latest barbering methods; don't miss this opportunity. Only school endorsed by leading barbers; tools given; catalog free. National Barber College, 148 E. 3rd, St. Paul, Minn.

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HOUSES FOR RENT—Continued.

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W. H. KELSEY.

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MODERN 7-ROOM HOUSE FOR RENT on North 6th st. S. Friedman.

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HOUSES—E. A. FLADLAND.

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Family European Transient
Finest Cafe in Northwest
HOTEL DACOTAH
Commercial Headquarters.
Rooms $1.00 Up. Recently Improved.

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WE DO DEVELOPING AND PRINTing; lowest prices; best service. Lion Drug Store. 26 So. 3rd.

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FOR SALE — CHOICE CHESTER White boars and some brood sows; 7½ months old; pedigree furnished with each animal. D. F. Gillespie, Park River, N. D.

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FINE WHITE HOLLAND TURKEYS. Geo. Dryburgh, Emerado, N. D.

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SMALL LIGHT BROWN CHESAPEAK female dog strayed from Lilac Hedge farm about December 1st. Answers to "Lou;" white stripe on chest. Phone hotel Dacotah for reward.

LOST—A SMALL BLACK, WHITE and tan Lewellyn Setter female, wearing round studded color. Finder notify Mrs. Theo. Thompson, 132 Reeves Ave.

LOST—A RED SCOTCH COLLIE, about a year old. Finder communicate with R. S. Griggs, So. 3rd St. East Grand Forks for liberal reward.

FOUND—POCKETBOOK ON WALNUT street, also bill. Owner may have same by identifying and paying for this ad. 702 Walnut, 1159J N. W.

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LOST—MAN'S PURSE IN TEN CENT Store. Return to Herald for reward.

LOST—GLASSES IN CASE. RETURN to Herald for reward.

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FULL DRESS SUITS, WIGS AND masks suitable for dances, parties and home talent plays; mail orders given prompt attention. Kopelman's Costume House, Fargo, N. D. Phone 1188-W

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ONE POTTER DRUM NEWSPAPER press, 2 pages, 6 column, with gasoline engine, assorted types, type cases and stands, 2 imposing stones, 3 chases, etc., belonging to the outfit. The press is in fine working condition, slightly used after being rebuilt; a bargain if taken at once. Address 306 Herald.

HAY IN STACK FOR SALE; 2 MILES north, 1 mile west of Schurmeir. C. H. Nelson, 118 Chestnut, Grand Forks.

FOR SALE—GOOD SEASONED OAK cordwood; $4.50 f. o. b. car. August Berglund, Fosston, Minn.

FOR SALE, CHEAP—DROP HEAD sewing machine. Apply over Walker's Meat Market.

HUDSON SEAL SET AND BLACK lynx set of furs for sale cheap. 414 University Ave.

FOR SALE—ONE PAIR OF HEAVY sleds; price $30.00. Address Box 167, Bathgate, N. D.

PRACTICALLY NEW CUTTER FOR sale. Inquire of Harry Hallick at Sims Auto Co.

FOR SALE—SECOND HAND PIANO. $125 cash takes it. Call 119 South Second St., East Grand Forks.

BICYCLE; GOOD TIRES; SELL FOR $10.00. Postal Telegraph Co.

VICTROLA FOR SALE—GOOD AS new. 286L T.-S.

MONUMENTAL WORKS

MONUMENTS MARKERS VAULTS
W. R. Jack. Grand Forks, N. D.

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FOR RENT—CORNER OFFICES FACing Third St. and DeMers Ave., over Stanchfield's store. Inquire of M. Stanchfield.

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DRS. OHR AND MAY SANDERS
Suite 306. Security Block.
Both Phones 542. Grand Forks

Herald Want Ads Bring Results.

THE REAL ADVENTURE

THE BEST STORY OF THE YEAR—A NOVEL THAT WILL INTEREST EVERY READER OF THE HERALD

By Henry Kitchell Webster

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CHAPTER III.

Frederica's Plan and What Happened to It.

At twenty-seven minutes after seven that evening, Frederica Whitney was about as nearly dressed as she unually was ten minutes before the hour at which she had invited guests to dinner—not quite near enough dressed to prevent a feeling that she had to hurry.

Ordinarily, though, she didn't mind. She'd been an acknowledged beauty for ten years, and the fact had ceased to be exciting. She took it rather easily for granted, and knowing what she could do if she chose, didn't distress herself over being lighted up, on occasions, to something a good deal less than her full candle-power. To Frederica at thirty, the job of being a radiantly delightful object of regard lacked the sporting interest of uncertainty—was almost too simple a matter to bother about.

But tonight the tenseness of her movements and the faint trace of a wire edge in the tone in which she addressed the maid, revealed the fact that she wished she'd started half an hour earlier. Even her husband discovered it. He brought in a cigarette, left the door open behind him and stood smiling down at her with the peculiarly complacent look that characterizes a married man of forty when he finds himself dressed beyond cavil in the complete evening harness of civilization, ten minutes before his wife.

She shot a glance of rueful inquiry at him—"Now what have you come fussing around for?" would be perhaps a fair interpretation of it—and asked him what time it was, in the evident hope that the boudoir clock on the dressing-table had deceived her. It had, but in the wrong direction.

"Seven twenty-two, thirty-six," he told her. It was a perfectly harmless passion he had for minute divisions of time, but tonight it irritated her. He might have spared her that thirty-six seconds.

She made no comment except with her eyebrows, but he must have been looking at her, for he wanted to know, good-humoredly, what all the excitement was about.

"You could go down as you are and not a man here tonight would know the difference. And as for the women—well, if they have something on you for once, they'll be all the better pleased."

"Don t try to be knowing and philosophical, and—Havelock Ellis, Martin dear," she admonished him, pending a minute operation with an infinitesimal hairpin.

"It isn t your lay a bit. Just concentrate your mind on one thing, and that's being nice to Hermione Woodruff • • • "

She broke off for a long stare into her hand-glass; then finished, casually, ". . . and on seeing that Roddy is."

He asked, "Why Rodney?" in a tone that matched hers; looked at her, widened his eyes, said "Huh!" to himself and, finally, shook his head. "Nothing to it," he pronounced.

She said "Nothing to what?" but abandoned this position as untenable. She dispatched the maid with the key to the wall safe in her husband's room. "Why isn't there?" she demanded. "Rodney won't look at young girls. They bore him to death—and no wonder, because he freezes them perfectly brittle with fright. But Hermione's really pretty intelligent. She can understand fully half the things he talks about, and she's clever enough to pretend about the rest. She's got lots of tact and skill, she's good-looking and young enough—no older than I and I'm two years younger than Roddy. She'll appreciate a real husband, after having been married five years to John Woodruff. And she's rich enough, now, so that his wild-eyed way of practising law won't matter."

"All very nice and reasonable," he conceded, "but somehow the notion of Rodney Aldrich trying to marry a rich widow is one I'm not equal to without a handicap of at least two cocktails." He looked at his watch again. "By the way, didn't you say he was coming early?"

She nodded. "That's what he told me this morning when I telephoned him to remind him that It was tonight. He said he had something he wanted to talk to me about. I knew I shouldn't have a minute, but I didn't say so because I thought if he tried to get here early, he might miss being late."

They heard, just then, faint and far away, the ring of the door-bell, at which she cried, "Oh dear! There's someone already!"

"Wait a second," he said. "Let's see if it's him."

The paneled walls and ceiling of their hall were very efficient sound-board, and there was no mistaking the voice they heard speaking the moment the door opened—a voice with a crisp ring to it that sounded always younger than his years. What he said didn't matter—just a cheerful greeting to the butler. But what they heard the butler say to him was disconcerting.

"You're terribly wet, sir!"

Frederica turned on her husband a look of dispair. "He didn't come in a taxi! He's walked or something, through the rain! Do run down and see what he's like. And if he's very bad, send him up to me. I can imagine how he'll look."

"She was mistaken about that, though. For once Frederica had overestimated her powers, stimulated though they were by the way she heard her husband say "Good Lord!" when the sight of his brother-in-law burst upon him.

"Praise heaven you can wear my clothes," she heard him add. "Run along up-stairs and break yourself gently to Freddy."

She heard him come squudging up the stairs and along the hall, and in her doorway she saw him. His baggy gray tweed suit was dark with the water that saturated it. The lower part of his trouser legs, in irregular vertical creases, clung dismally to his ankles and toned down almost indistinguishably into his once tan boots by the medium of a liberal stipple of mud spatters. Evidently he had worn no overcoat. Both his side pockets had been, apparently, strained to the utmost to accommodate what looked like a bunch of pasteboard-bound notebooks, now far on the way to their original pulp, and lopped despondently outward. A melancholy pool had already begun forming about his feet.

The maddening, but yet—tho she hadn't much room for any emotion—touching thing about the look of him, was the way his face, above the dismal wreck, beamed good-humored, innocent affection at her. It was a featured, strong, rosy face, and the unmistakable intellectual power of it, which became apparent the moment he got his faculties into action, had a trick of hiding, at other times, behind a mere robust simplicity.

"Good gracious!" he said. "I didn't know you were going to have a party." It seemed, though, he didn't want to make an issue of that. He hedged. 'I know you said something about a birthday-cake, but I thought it would just be the family. So instead of dressing, I thought I'd walk down from home. It takes about the same time. And then it came on to rain, so I took a street car—and got put off."

It appeared from the way she echoed his last words that she wanted an explanation. He was painting with a large brush and a few details got obliterated.

"Got into a row with the conductor, who wanted to collect two fares for one ride, so I walked over to the elevated—and back, and here I am."

"Yes, here you are," said Frederica.

She didn't mean anything by that. Already she was making up her mind what she wanted to do with him. His own suggestion was that he should decamp furtively by the back stairs, the sound of the new arrivals to the dinner-party warning him that the other way to escape was barred. Walters could be instructed to rescue his hat for him, and he could toddle along downtown again.

She didn't give him time to complete the outline of this masterly stratagem. "Don't be impossible, Rod," she said. "Don't you ever know whose birthday party this is?"

He looked at her, frowned, then laughed. He had a great, big laugh. "I thought it was one of the kids'," he said.

"Well, it isn't," she told him. "It's yours. And those people down there were asked to meet you. And you've got just about seven minutes to get presentable in. Go into Martin's bathroom and take off those horrible clothes. I'll send Walters in to lay out one of his outfits."

She came up to him and, at arm's length, touched him with cautious finger-tips. "And do, please, there's a dear boy," she pleaded, "hurry as fast as you can, and then come down and be as nice as you can"—she hesitated—"especially to Hermione Woodruff. She thinks you're a wonder and I don't want her to be disappointed."

"The widdy?" he asked. "Sure I'll be nice to her."

She looked after him rather dubiously as he disappeared in the direction of her husband's bathroom. She'd have felt safer about him if he had seemed more subdued as a result of his escapade. There was a sort of hilarious contentment about him which filled her with misgivings.

Well, they were justified!

But the maddening thing was, she had afterward to admit, the disaster had been largely of her own contriving. She had been caught in the net of her own strategem—hoist with her own petard.

She had made it a six-couple dinner in order to insure that the talk should be by twos rather than general, and she had spent a good half hour over the place cards, getting them to suit her.

Hermione had to be on Martin's right hand, of course. She was just back in the city after an absence of years, and everybody was rushing her. She put Violet Williamson, whom Martin was always flirting with in a harmless way, on his left, and Rod to the right of Hermoihe. At Rodney's right she put a girl he had known for years and cared nothing whatever about, and then Howard West—who probably wasn't interested in her either, but would be polite because he was to everybody. Frederica herself sat between Carl Leaventritt of the university—a great acquisition, since whatever you might think of him as an empirical psychologist, there was no doubt of his being an accomplished diner out—and Violet's husband, as he vociferously proclaimed himself, John Williamson, an untired business man who, had their seasons coincided, could have enjoyed a ball game in the afternoon and stayed awake at the opera in the evening. Dr. Randolph's pretty wife she slid between Leaventritt and Howard West, and, in happy ignorance of what the result was to be, she put Randolph between Violet and Alice Leaventritt. He was a young, up-to-the-minute mind and nerve doctor.

It was an admirable plan all right, the keystone of it being, as you no doubt will have observed, the easy unforced isolation of Rodney and the rich widow. Before the dinner was over, they ought to be old friends.

And, for a little while, all went well. Rodney came down almost within the seven minutes she had allowed him, looking much less dreadful than she had expected, in her husband's other dress suit, and not forgetful, it appeared, of the line of behavior she had enjoined on him; namely, that he was to be nice to Hermoine Woodruff.

From her end of the table, she saw them apparently safely launched in conversation over hors d'oeuvre, took a look at them during the soup to see that all was still well, then let herself be beguiled into a conversation with John Williamson, whom she liked as well as Martin did Violet. She never thought of the objects of her matrimonial design again until her ear was caught by a huge, seven-cornered word in her brother's voice. He couldn't be saying it to Hermoine; no, he was leaning forward, shouting at Dr. Randolph, who, apparently, knew what he meant and was getting visibly ready to reply in kind.

According to Violet Williamson's account, given confidentially in the drawing room afterward, it was really Hermoine's fault. "She just really wouldn't let Rodney alone—would keep talking about crimes and Lombroso and psychiatric laboratories—I'll bet she'd got hold of a paper of his somewhere and read it. Anyway, at last she said, "I believe Dr. Randolph would agree with me." He was talking to me then, but maybe that wasn't why she did it. Well, and Rodney straightened up and said, "Is that Randolph the alienist?" You see he hadn't caught his name when they were introduced. And that's how it started. Hermoine was game—I'll admit that. She listened and kept looking interested, and every now and then said something. Sometimes they'd take the trouble to smile and say, "Yes, indeed!"—politely, you know, but other times they wouldn't pay any attention at all, just roll along over her and smash her flat—like what's his name—Juggernaut."

"You don't need to tell me that," said Frederica. "All I didn't know was how it started. Didn't I sit there and watch for a mortal hour, not able to do a thing? I tried to signal to Martin, but of course he wasn't opposite to me and • • •

"He did all he could, really," Violet assured her. "I told him to go to the rescue and he did, bravely. But what with Hermoine being so miffy about getting frozen out, and Martin himself being so interested in what they were shouting at each other—because it was frightfully interesting, you know, if you don't have to pretend you understood it—why, there wasn't much he could do."

In the light of this disaster, she was rather glad the men lingered in the dining room as long as they did—glad that Hermoine had ordered her car for ten and took the odd girl with her. She made no effort to resist the departure of the others, with reasonable promptitude, in their train. When after the front door had closed for the last time, Martin released a long yawn, she told him to run along to bed; she wanted to talk to Rodney, who was to spend the night while his own clothes were drying out in the laundry.

"Good-night, old chap," said Martin, in accents of lively commiseration. "I m glad I'm not in for what you are."

CHAPTER IV.

Rosalind Stanton Doesn't Disappear.

Rodney found a pipe of his which he kept concealed on the premises, loaded and lighted it, sat down astride a spindling little chair which looked hardly up to his weight, settled his elbows comfortably on the back of it, and then asked his sister what Martin had meant—what was he in for?

Frederica, curled up in a corner of the sofa, finished her own train of thought aloud, first. "She's awfully attractive, don't you think? His wife, I mean. Oh, James Randolph's, of course." She turned to Rodney, looked at him at first with a wry pucker between her eyebrows, then with a smile and finally answered his question. "Nothing," she said. "I mean, I was going to scold you, but I'm not."

"Why, yes," he admitted through his smoke. "Randolph's wife's a mighty pretty woman. But I expect that lets her out, doesn't it?"

Frederica shook her head. "She's a good deal of a person, I should say, on the strength of tonight's showing. She kept her face perfectly through the whole thing—didn't try to nag at him or apologize to the rest of us. I'd like to know what she's saying to him now."

Then, "Oh, I was furious with you an hour ago," she went on. "I'd made such a nice, reasonable, really beautiful plan for you, and given you a tip about it, and then I sat and watched you in that thorough-going way of yours kicking it all to bits. But somehow, when I see you all by yourself, this way, it changes things. I get to thinking that perhaps my plan was silly after all—anyhow, it was silly to make it. The plan was, of course, to marry you off to Hermione Woodruff."

He turned this over in his deliberate way, during the process of blowing two or three smoke rings, began gradually to grin, and said at last: "That was some plan, little sister. How do you think of things like that? You ought to write romances for the magazines, that's what you ought to do."

"I don't know," she objected. "If reasonableness counted for anything in things like that, it was a pretty good plan. It would have to be somebody like Hermione. You can't get on at all with young girls. As long as you remember they're around, you're afraid to say anything except milk and water out of a bottle that makes them furious, and then if you forget who you're talking to and begin thinking out loud, developing some idea or other, you—simply paralyze them.

"Well, Hermione's sophisticated and clever; she's lived all over the place; she isn't old yet; and she was a brick about that awful husband of hers—never made any fuss—bluffed it out until he, luckily, died. Of course she'll marry again, and I just thought, if you liked the idea, it might as well be you."

"I don't know," said Rodney, "whether Mrs. Woodruff knows what she wants or not, but I do. She wants a run for her money—a big house to live in three months in the year, with a flock of servants and a fleet of motor-cars and a string of what she'll call cottages to float around among, the rest of the time. And she'll want a nice, tame, trick husband to manage things for her and be considerate and affectionate and amusing, and, generally speaking, Johnny-on-the-spot whenever she wants him. If she had sense enough to know what she wants in advance, it will be all right. She can take her pick of dozens. But if she gets a sentimental notion in her head—and I've a hunch she's subject to them—that she wants a real man, with something of his own to do, there'll be, saving your presence, hell to pay. And if the man happened to be me . . ."

This absorbing story will be continued in tomorrow's issue of The Herald.

PATROLMAN SHOT.

Chicago, Dec. 19.—Policeman Edward J. Mulvihill was shot and fatally wounded tonight by an Italian "masher," who he was questioning after he had seen the man stop a young woman. The shooting occurred in the Italian district, where there have been nearly a dozen murders in the last few weeks.

Ever know a man who knew necktie bargains as a woman knows dress goods bargains?

Some girls who marry for a home only get an imitation.

LEGAL NOTICE

Bankrupt's Petition for Discharge.

In the District Court of the United States, District of North Dakota.
In the Matter of Frank Schue, Bankrupt—In Bankruptcy.
To the Honorable Charles F. Amidon, Judge of the District Court of the United States for the District of North Dakota:

Frank Schue, of Grand Forks, in the County of Grand Forks, and State of North Dakota, in said District, respectfully represents that on the 1st day of November, 1915, last past, he was duly adjudged bankrupt under the acts of Congress relating to bankruptcy; that he has duly surrendered all his property and rights of property, and has fully complied with all the requirements of said acts and of the orders of the court touching his bankruptcy.

Wherefore, he prays that he may be decreed by the court to have a full discharge from all debts provable against his estate under said bankrupt acts, except such debts as are excepted by law from such discharge.

Dated this 30th day of October, A. D. 1916.

FRANK SCHUE.
Bankrupt.

ORDER OF NOTICE THEREON

District of North Dakota, ss.:

On this 14th day of December, A. D. 1916, on reading the Petition for Discharge of the above named Bankrupt, it is,

Ordered by the court, that a hearing be had upon the same on the 3rd day of February, A. D. 1917, before said Court, at Fargo, in said District, at ten o'clock in the forenoon; and that notice thereof be published in The Grand Forks Daily Herald, (Grand Forks, N. D.) a newspaper printed in said district, and that all known creditors and other persons in interest may appear at the said time and place and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further ordered by the court, that the clerk shall send by mail to all known creditors, copies of said petition and this order, addressed to them at their places of residence as stated.

Witness the Honorable Charles F. Amidon, Judge of the said court, and the seal thereof, at Fargo, in said district, on the 14th day of December, A. D. 1916.

J. A. MONTGOMERY,
(Seal) Clerk.

Notice of First Meeting of Creditors.

In the District Court of the United States for the District of North Dakota,
In the Matter of Elise Ludvika Slettebak, Bankrupt.—In Bankruptcy.
To the creditors of Elise Ludvika Slettebak, of Grand Forks, County of Grand Forks and District aforesaid, a bankrupt:

Notice is hereby given that on December 14th, 1916, the said Elise Ludvika Slettebak was duly adjudicated bankrupt and that the first meeting of her creditors will be held in the office of Emerson H. Smith, Referee, 602 Front Street, in Fargo, N. D., on December 27th, 1916, at 11 o'clock A. M., at which time the creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt and transact such other business as may properly come before such meeting.

Dated Fargo, N. D., December 16th, 1916.

EMERSON H. SMITH,
Referee in Bankruptcy.