

A Good Beginning

By ESTELLE MARSH

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"Dick," said his aunt, "I think you are making a mistake in not marrying Jenny now. Start in with what you have and it will grow."

Dick Larimore was very much impressed with his aunt's advice. He talked with Jenny about it, and they agreed that they would make a beginning at once. Together they could raise \$75, and they knew of a cottage they could get for \$20 a month. They fixed a date for their wedding and began to hunt for furniture that they could pick up at small cost.

One day Dick heard of an auction sale of household goods that was to take place in a neighboring village and concluded to go over and see if he could get anything that would help him and Jenny at their housekeeping. He bought a dining table for \$4 and a sideboard for \$8. Among other things put up for sale was a basket full of shells, eggs and other oddities. Dick had always taken great interest in curious things and had quite a collection of old dirk knives, bits of uncommon metals, shells and other articles. There were two large eggs in the basket he saw at the auction that excited his curiosity. He had never seen eggs of that size or shape. He forgot for the time being that he needed furniture and began to bid on the basket of curios. An old woman seemed to covet them and bid against him till she had raised her offer to \$7. Dick bid \$7.25, and the basket was knocked down to him.

That brought him to his senses. He had invested about one-tenth of all he had to spend for furniture in a basket of worthless trinkets. He was so disgusted with himself that he left the auction and drove home.

The boldest thing he had ever thus far done was facing Jenny, showing her among his purchases. The basket of knickknacks was tucked under his arm.

"Why, Dick?" she exclaimed when she saw the latter. "They'll make a nice ornament for our sitting room," said the girl, seeing by Dick's rueful appearance that he regretted his purchase as much as she did, and putting her arms around his neck, she gave him a kiss.

"What big eggs those are!" she said. "What bird laid them?" "I don't know," said Dick, "and I don't care."

"Well, ask Professor Drummond." Jenny showed Professor Drummond the eggs, and he pronounced them auk's eggs.

"What's an auk?" asked Jenny. "Alcidæ-swimming birds with a pointed bill, very short wings and legs placed very far back. Penguins belong to the alcidæ family. I'm not sure," he continued, examining the eggs critically, "but these are eggs of the great auk."

"The great auk superior to the rest?" asked Jenny. "In one respect. They are extremely rare. Indeed, I think they are extinct."

"If they are extinct how came these eggs to be in existence?" "They must have been procured before the bird's extinction. At any rate, they are great curiosities. They must be very valuable."

Jenny's heart leaped for joy. Perhaps they could sell them for what Dick gave for them. This would relieve his mind, and they could buy some kitchen utensils she needed.

"Do you think, professor," she asked, "we could get as much as \$7.25 for them?" The professor smiled. "If they are great auk's eggs," he replied, "you can get more than a hundred times \$7.25."

Jenny opened her eyes. "I would advise you to put them away carefully. I will bring Professor Wilson, the naturalist, to see them. He will settle the question whether they are great auk's eggs or not."

Jenny put the eggs away. It was all she could do to keep from telling Dick what the professor had said, but she shrank from raising her lover's expectations to have them blighted, so she kept her secret, and the next day the two professors called. Looked at the eggs, and Professor Wilson pronounced the eggs those of the great auk. He gave their value at about a thousand dollars each. He agreed to send a man who would offer for them all they were worth except a fair profit.

Jenny kept her secret in fine style, though she said, "Heaven knows what a struggle I have to do so!" One night when Dick came to see her she said to him:

"Dick, you know what a poor business man you showed yourself in buying that basket of trinkets?" "Well, since you were so stupid as to buy those things I think I had better sell them for you. I've sold the two big eggs already."

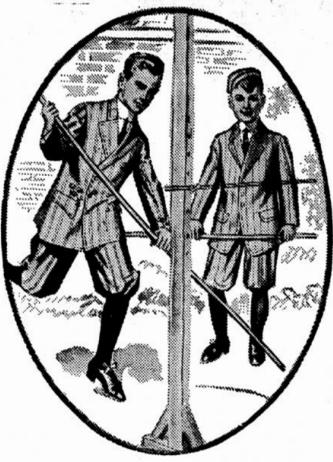
"Sold them?" "Yes. I got a good price for them." "How much?" "Two thousand dollars."

"Stop your nonsense and tell me." Jenny drew a check for \$2,000 and tried to show it to him, but her feelings overcame her, and throwing her arms around his neck, he could see nothing at all.

They spent the rest of the evening locked in each other's arms and planning what they would do with their wealth.

What He Is Called.

A teacher in one of the lower grade schools was instructing a class in the departments of the national government recently and came finally to the customs department. "When an ocean liner reaches Philadelphia," said the teacher, "a man all dressed up in uniform meets the passengers and takes all they have and inspects it. Now, can any one in the class tell me what that man is called?" A ready hand in the last row flew up. "Well, Tommy?" "Please, ma'am, he's called a pirate."—Argonaut.



Mothers: Think It Over

Are you getting your Money's worth? Are you and your boy missing anything other mothers and boys are getting?

If you've any doubt, come and see our Spring styles in XTRAGOOD boys' clothes. This is the standard make for boys. Compare with these the clothes you've been getting. Then you can tell where you stand.

Have you been getting boys' suits with the trousers lined all through? XTRAGOOD are made this way. They wear twice as long.

Have you been getting loose, roomy garments that give the boy chance to move and grow? XTRAGOOD suits are especially loose and roomy. They can't lose shape.

There are other things you ought to know. Come and get the facts.

Peterson-Wellin THE LEADING STORE WILLMAR, MINN.

TRADUCERS DENOUNCED.

(Continued from page 1)

vate life and in all his acts and doings as mayor of our city. This was followed by a second resolution, introduced by Alderman Freeberg, which read as follows:

Resolved, That a warrant be drawn against the general fund in favor of the mayor for \$300 as a contingent fund to be used by him in the prosecution of crimes committed or that may hereafter be committed within this city.

This resolution was also unanimously adopted, and proved conclusively the feelings of the council in regard to the matter, and we feel sure that the action of the city fathers meets with the approval of every fair-minded citizen.

At the opening of this meeting of the council, the mayor announced the appointment of the following committee:

Streets—J. W. Kent, G. A. Erickson, Carl Dahlheim, Wm. O. Johnson.

Finance—C. E. Hornbeck, A. A. Anderson and W. D. Fredrickson.

Fire Dept.—Peter Freeberg, G. A. Erickson, A. A. Anderson.

Among other business transacted was the purchase of 800 tons of coal thru the Minnesota-Western Grain Co. at \$5.50 per ton. The sidewalk contract was let to A. P. Bergeson. The street sprinkling was let to E. M. Sanderson at \$69.50 per month.

Mr. Fredrickson visited school Friday morning. Tuesday morning Dana Taylor gave current events. Mildred Severinson, Constance Grangaard and Alloys Branton read character sketches from Antonia taken from "Merchant of Venice" which they are now studying.

"The Butterflies," a comedy in three acts by Henry Guy Carlton, has been chosen for the Senior class play.

The members of the baseball team are practicing at the park faithfully as they expect to play at Atwater next Saturday.

The Seniors received invitations this week to the Junior-Senior reception which will be given Friday evening of this week.

All boys interested in forming a track team met in room 6 Tuesday noon to organize. The seniors took a test in Virgil and English last Friday.

Noble Lives. Every noble life leaves the fiber of which everything has been said, the world—Ruskin.

ONE CAPTURED AND TWO SURROUNDED

Robbers Fall in Attempt to Loot South Dakota Bank.

Mitchell, S. D., April 22.—Cashier Blatzer of the First State Bank of Kaylor, about forty miles south of here in Hutchinson county, on the St. Paul railroad, ambushed and attacked single handed three armed desperadoes in the bank about 2 o'clock in the morning.

One of the men is probably mortally wounded and fell into the hands of the pursuing police. Another, and probably the third, is seriously wounded. The two fugitives have been chased about four miles from Scotland. A desperate battle is expected.

Kaylor is a small town located between Scotland and Tripp. However, the bank handles a great deal of money and had about \$10,000 cash in its vaults, of which the robbers evidently had heard.

The pursuit of the hurried posse who were sent from Scotland after the fugitives, was carried on for several miles before the robbers got away. The gloomy night was lit up by the flashes of revolvers, the desperadoes returning the fire of their pursuers. They evidently had a large supply of ammunition. They took the weapons and ammunition of their wounded companion, who fell into the hands of the police, and is now in jail at Scotland.

The bay of the bloodhounds added to the excitement of the chase through the murky night and farmers from the whole countryside were attracted with their rifles to take part in the headlong chase.

There were three men in the party. When they made an effort to get into the bank building they were surprised by the cashier, who had just approached and divined their intention.

When the robbers broke the lock on the door the cashier opened fire on them and they made no further attempt to get into the bank. The cashier's aim was good, for he hit one of the men. Blood was found on the sidewalk in front of the bank. The few people in the town were aroused by the shooting, but when they reached the scene the men had made their escape.

DULUTH WOMAN IS KILLED

Run Down at Street Crossing by Fast Automobile.

Duluth, April 22.—Mrs. Francis Monroe, a seventy years old, was run down and killed by a speeding automobile in this city. The car was driven by Herbert Helmer. It was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Black, who had hired it for the purpose of taking a ride. The car was going at the rate of about thirty mile an hour, bystanders say, when it approached the crossing. The chauffeur saw Mrs. Monroe and tooted his horn sharply. She was apparently getting out of the way all right and suddenly seemed to take fright and became confused. She was seen to start back, stopping directly in the path of the machine.

The driver kept on for nearly two blocks after the woman was struck, when the occupants got out and summoned an ambulance.

Mrs. Monroe was instantly killed. The driver of the machine, a young man, is under arrest.

WALL PAPER AND PAINT TALK

I have just received my new line of wall papers and can assure you that there has not been a better line shown in Willmar before. I can show you wall papers from the cheapest to the most artistic and expensive designs. I devote all my time to selecting the most attractive patterns, and at the same time I can undersell any other wall paper house in the city. Be sure to look over my line before you buy. I know I can save you money. I also handle paint, varnishes, window glass, plate rails, room moulding, oils and paint brushes. Don't spoil your floors or your wood work by using poor varnishes. I am a practical painter and know that what I handle is good. Your trade is solicited

O. A. Jacobson.

CRANBERRIES.

Cranberries were formerly known under the name of marsh or fen berries. Fenberries, marshberries, mossberries. In "New England Vernacular" (1872) Josselyn described the cranberry as the hawberry. The word so inseparably associated in the New England mind with turkey is not in Johnson's or Bailey's dictionary. Perhaps the colonists adapted it from the German krankebeere or kranbeere, the berry now known preferably by German lexicographers as cranberry. Wherever the name came from, it appeared in English literature in 1672, as noted above, and from a writer of 1694 we know that cranberry tarts were then relished, as they were later by Queen Victoria in the highlands.—Fur News.

A Pathetic Appeal.

"When Wolsley conquered Cete-wayo," said an English officer, "he took nearly all his wives away from him. I believe he only left the monarch a half dozen or thereabouts. Cete-wayo day after day sent pitiful messages to Wolsley pleading for the rest of his wives, but the British soldier refused sternly. When Wolsley came to leave the country Cete-wayo, in despair, sent this message to him: "If you will not send me any more wives will you not at least be enough of a gentleman to exchange the six I have for six others?"

A Proverb Reversed.

Friend (to interesting invalid)—Never mind, dear, you'll soon be better. Remind, it's only the good that die young. Interesting Invalid—You've got it the wrong way. You men it's only the young who die good.—London Illustrated Bits

THOSE CHURCH SPIRES

By M. QUAD

The village of Tomkinsville had two churches. The Methodists built a house of worship with a cupola and hung a bell there. The Baptist edifice was also to have a cupola and a bell, but the funds ran short at the roof. It was the intention to wait a year or so and then finish up, but five years had passed and nothing more had been done. Meanwhile one bell pealed for all, and both sects dwelt together in unity. There was no envy, no jealousy, no criticism.

Then the blow fell. It came like a thunderbolt. Deacon Wheeler of the Methodist church and Deacon Ames of the Baptist leased ten acres of land in partnership and planted it to corn. Each furnished half the seed and was to do half the work. One day when the corn was tall enough for the first hoeing and the two deacons were working side by side Deacon Wheeler pointed to a patch of grass and observed:

"Deacon, it strikes me that that is a good place for a bumblebee's nest."

"Yes, kinder looks that way," was the reply.

"Bumblebees order be rooted out."

"Waal, I dunno. The Lord made 'em."

"But they are pesky things. We shall be plowing this corn with a horse next time, and 's'pose they pitch into it? I reckon I'll root 'em out."

"But don't kill any more'n need be. It's wicked to take life if you don't have to."

Deacon Wheeler found bumblebees there. They also found him. They resented his intrusion at once. They likewise resented the near presence of Deacon Ames. They went for the two men hot foot and got in their work and chased them from the field. It was after the bees had given up the pursuit that Deacon Ames turned to the other and exclaimed:

"Now see what we've got by your meddling. If you wasn't an old fool you'd have let them bumblebees alone!"

"Old fool? Why, Deacon Ames, you are six years older'n I be!"

"But I told you to let 'em alone."

"Say, Deacon Ames, you are talking mighty sassy!"

"But I've got a right to."

"Yes, talking mighty sassy for a Baptist!"

"And what about the Baptists?"

"Waal, you can see your meeting house from here. Does it look like a meeting house or a cooper shop? I guess more'n one stranger has had to ask to find out."

"Are you digging at me because we haven't got a cupola or a bell?"

"I'm a-saying that if more bumblebees had been stirred up mebbe your folks would have finished the building."

It was all over between the deacons. Deacon Wheeler went home to tell his wife about it, and Deacon Ames walked straight to the parsonage and said to the minister:

"Parson Jones, something has got to be did. I've been insulted, our old building has been insulted, and now if we can't go at it and finish it up I'll sell out and move away."

Cupolas and bells are for factories. What we want and what we are going to have is a squire—a thing shooting up in the air about sixty feet—something that can be seen for five miles around. Cooper shop! We'll show the Wheeler crowd whether we've got a cooper shop or a church. That 'ere spire shall pierce the clouds on the one hand and the hearts of the Methodists on the other. I'll be before their eyes night and day. They'll have to walk in its shadow to get to their own church. Cupolas and bells? What we want has nothing of the kind in New York city for fifty years past. Our building is going to be right up to date, even if we have to put in bathtubs and electric bells."

Of course Deacon Wheeler and his sect heard of these things, and the deacon winked with his left eye and replied:

"Going to have a spire, eh? Going to be seen for five miles around, is it? Waal, you jest walt a little. Mebbe there'll be two spires to be seen."

And so there was. The Baptists had no sooner begun work on theirs than the other sect started in and sold the bell, demolished the cupola and began on a spire. Then it was a race to see which spire should be the highest. Each one jealously guarded its secret. As a matter of fact, as measurements afterward proved, the Baptist spire was just three-quarters of an inch the longest, but one rubber necking from the earth could not have been sure.

After six months the spires were completed, and each church planned for a festival to be held the same night. Two hours before night a fierce storm of thunder, lightning, rain and wind set in. It had been raging half an hour when a great crash was heard. Ten minutes later there was another. As soon as the storm abated the two deacons got out for a look around.

"Gosh!" exclaimed Deacon Wheeler. "Gosh!" exclaimed Deacon Ames. The two spires lay on the ground in masses of wreckage, and neither has been replaced to this day. Some blame one deacon and some the other, but it was those bumblebees that brought about the whole thing.

GOOD MR. GOODENOUGH

By M. QUAD

Silas Goodenough, a bachelor farmer and an excellent man, concluded he would like to marry the Widow Spicer. When Silas was courting the widow he very soon found out that he was handicapped. She had a good education, and he had none.

"Mornin', widder."

"Widow, if you please," she would answer.

"Yes, I meant widder. Horses and cows and sheep and pigs all well?"

"Very well, thank you. Won't you sit down?"

"I-I guess so."

"Widder, I don't believe there's going to be any circus in Brownsville this year."

"No?"

"And I shouldn't wonder if hog cholera broke out."

"No?"

"And I've got three hens a-settin' and expect as many as twenty chicks."

"Yes?"

"And—and they say I'm courtin' you?"

"Do they? Well, I didn't know it. 'Neither did I, but I 's'pose it's so. Well, I've got to be movin' along. Glad I've seen you, widder."

"Widder, Mr. Goodenough."

"Yes? I allus get 'em mixed."

When this sort of courtship had been going on for several months Silas determined on a desperate deed. He rehearsed it for a week and then tied his team to the widow's hitching post and walked around by the kitchen path to feed her feeding the chickens. He just gave her time to nod and then started in with:

"Widder Spicer, I've been lovin' you for years and years, and I want you for a wife. I'll be good to you. You needn't make soft soap nor rag carpets, and if they hold a camp meetin' anywhere, within three miles of us we'll drive over and stay three days."

"I couldn't think of it, Mr. Goodenough," was the reply.

"Don't care for me, eh?"

"Not enough to marry you."

"I thought mebbe you did, but if you don't I might as well move on. Them gosses 'o' yours are lookin' remarkably well for this time of year."

"Yes."

"Well, so long. Oh, say, widder, they say that next year is goin' to be a buster of a year for grasshoppers. Hope they won't eat us up here."

Silas Goodenough didn't drive home to commit suicide. He didn't even get to bed until after midnight. The Widow Spicer a bit odd that she didn't jump at his offer, and after three days he was all over it. Then came a neighbor who said:

"Silas, I hear that you popped the question to the Widow Spicer and got thrown down?"

"Why, yes, I asked her if she'd have me."

"And she said no."

"That's about it. Mebbe she didn't mean it, but I took it that way."

"I guess you took it right enough. She turned you down because Jim Wheeler is courtin' her. She's in love with him, but I don't think he cares much about her. If she had more property he'd marry her, but as it is I think he's only fooling."

"So you think the widder cares for him?" asked Silas after a moment's thought.

"All the women folks say so."

"And she'd be disappointed if he didn't marry her?"

"Certainly."

"Then Jim order do it. Yes, he order. The widder's a mighty nice woman, and it would be too bad to make a fool of her. I must see if I can't do somethin' for her."

The neighbor laughed and left him, and Silas began to think. If he wasn't good at courtin' he was very fair at thinking. If Jim Wheeler was holdin' out because the Widow Spicer wasn't a catch financially, why, something must be done. It took him just a fortnight to figure out what that something was to be, and he brought it home in his wagon after a drive of thirty miles. At the back end of the widow's farm was a rocky dell and a spring and a rivulet. When Silas Goodenough had made three midnight trips to that dell, carrying a jug of crude oil each time, the people for a mile around began sniffing the air. When he had made three more they began hunting for coal oil. They found it. It was floating from that spring and oozing up through the rocks around the spring and a rivulet. When Silas Goodenough had made three midnight trips to that dell, carrying a jug of crude oil each time, the people for a mile around began sniffing the air. 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