

The Rivals

By DOROTHEA HALE

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The new curate passed down the street. He was a handsome, spic and span young man with cameo features, clean shaven face, immaculate white collar, buttoned, of course, in the clerical style—wrong side before—his only ornament a gold cross dangling over a black waistcoat that covered up every speck of his shirt bosom.

"He's just too lovely for anything." Had any one heard the voice he would have looked about in vain for the speaker. It came from between the slats of a window blind and belonged to Diana Parker, a young lady member of the church at which the curate officiated. A dozen yards down the street a sash was thrown up just as he passed and a face appeared at the window.

"Good morning, Mr. Meeks." "Good morning, Miss Dinsmore." "Pleasant morning."

"Yes." "Are you on your way to the hospital?"

"No; I am going to see old Mrs. Waters. I have heard she's very poorly." "Dear me, and I haven't been to see her. If you don't mind waiting a few minutes till I get on my hat I'll go with you. I am ashamed at having been so neglectful."

The curate waited, and Miss Diana Parker watched.

"Well, if that doesn't beat anything," she muttered. "It's the brazenest plan to make a catch I ever saw. What does she care for old Mrs. Waters?"

Mr. Meeks went regularly on week day mornings on a round of charitable visits and returned about the same hour in the afternoon. The next morning Miss Parker left her parlor hat, gloves and a parcel in one hand and a lady's bag in the other, just as Mr. Meeks was passing.

"Why, Mr. Meeks," she exclaimed, "what are you doing out so early?" "Oh, I always begin my visits at this hour."

"I'm going visiting myself this morning. I was so impressed with your remarks last Sunday evening about our duties to the sick that I resolved to turn over a new leaf. Are you going to the hospital?"

"Not at once. I'm first going to a poor woman whose husband has been sent to jail. She's left to take care of the children while he rests from labor."

By this time the speakers had passed out of the hearing of Miss Dinsmore, who, resting a walk, had stood behind a curtain at her window waiting for the curate to go by.

"Well, I declare," she exclaimed, "did any one ever see such effrontery? I wonder if he thinks the meeting accidental."

The strategy developed during the next few months on the part of the young ladies was all screened behind slats or curtains, so that the unconscious clergyman never dreamed that he was the point d'appui, as the generals would call it, or under an entangling fire, as the artilleryists would describe it, of two batteries, each bent on mowing him down. Miss Dinsmore's position being commanded by her enemy, she was constantly seeing the prize captured as he marched out upon his parochial duties. Therefore, being a certain living block near the church property, she frequently availed herself of the more advantageous position and carried off the curate before he reached the home of her rival.

One morning Mr. Meeks failed to pass down the street at the accustomed hour, and later an ambulance bearing a trained nurse was seen going in the direction of his apartments. Each of the young ladies who had been trying to outwit the other in order to catch him was waiting at her window, and each paled. For a time he would be removed from the machinations of both. Miss Dinsmore hurried out to go the rounds of the parishioners to learn the news. Miss Parker, whose tactics were bolder, went straight to the rectory and asked if any one was ill there. Both young ladies learned

that Mr. Meeks was ill at his rooms and would be taken during the day to a hospital to be operated on for appendicitis.

As soon as the curate was out of danger flowers poured in upon him, mainly from the young ladies of the congregation. He was literally bombarded with roses, carnations, pansies and violets. Miss Dinsmore sent an anchor of lilies. Miss Parker, adhering to her aggressive tactics, offered a heart of American Beauties.

Mr. Meeks recovered. Again Miss Parker watched every morning for him to resume his walks past her house on his way to his parochial duties. Miss Dinsmore was thinking of stationing herself at her cousin's window in order to intercept him and offer the first congratulations upon his recovery.

At last the clergyman appeared, pale, but even handsomer from his pallor. But, alas for the rivals, he was protected from both—he was in the rector's carriage.

The first time the rivals got near him was at a church social. A young woman with marks of character in her face, but of modest appearance, was present there for the first time. She was recognized as the nurse who had taken care of Mr. Meeks at the hospital. He introduced her as his fiancée.

"I saw him holding your hand," said her small brother, whereat all the other members of the family looked up.

"Yes," she replied calmly; "he has been studying anatomy."

"Oh!" said the small brother, "he was reading the story of my life," she persisted defiantly.

For a moment it looked as if she had subdued the small brother. Then he remarked, "You must be pretty old, sis."

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"It was a long story."

"Don't be absurd, Tommy."

"And a continued story,"—Brooklyn Eagle.

Taking Advantage. "The insane," said a lawyer, "are too prone to take advantage of their weakness. A lunatic out walking with his keeper saw a case of beer in front of a grocery. He broke away, ran to the case and, opening a bottle, began to drink it, at the same time ramming with the other hand other bottles into his pockets just as fast as he could."

"Here, here," said a policeman, "this won't do."

"Go away," was the reply. "You can't do anything to me. I'm a lunatic, and I'm not responsible for my actions."

Marvelous Measurement. Much is heard of the wonderful instruments employed by science to record the slightest tilts and pulsations of the crust of the earth, but few have any idea of the uncanny accuracy of those instruments. For instance, one such instrument will render observable a tilt of less than one three-hundredth of a second of an arc. This means that if a plane surface was tipped up only so little that the rise would amount to a single inch in a thousand miles the instrument mentioned would reveal the tilting.—New York Tribune.

For FIRE INSURANCE see 467

For FIRE INSURANCE see Lewis Johnson.

Young Men: It's Your Turn

We've been selling clothes, day after day, for your fathers; we've been selling them for your young brothers. We want to see more of you young chaps of college age and those beginning business and professional life.

This is the store for you Young Men. We like to see every customer who comes in; but we feel worse to miss you than any one else. And, besides, we've made special preparation for you.

These Ederheimer-Stein clothes we are showing for young men are worthy of you. Lots of clothing isn't up to your standard. This make we have is; you miss the best clothes from the leading makers if you miss getting your spring suit here.

These clothes are tailored by hand. They're moulded and shaped so that when you put on the coat it sets as if it had always been part of you. It's a comfort to wear such clothes. It's satisfactory when you can count on them being right, staying right, looking right.

There is style in these clothes you don't often find. Coats are form fitting, full chested; trousers are peg top. Every line contributes something to the good looks and good value.



PETERSON & WELLIN, The Leading Store, Willmar, Minn.



GOOD SENSE. Good sense is a fund slowly and painfully accumulated by the labor of centuries. It is a jewel of the first water, whose value he alone understands who has lost it or who observes the life of others who have lost it. I think no price too great to pay for gaining it and keeping it, for the possession of eyes that see and a judgment that discerns.—Charles Wagner.

CARD OF THANKS. We wish in this manner to express our heartfelt thanks for the kindness shown us during the illness and at the funeral of our daughter, Lilly Alvina, who passed to the great beyond April 23rd. We feel very grateful for the flowers and to the ones who assisted with the music. It seems that our lot is too hard to bear, but still we feel sure that God will bless all for their bountiful kindness to us. Mr. and Mrs. William Larson and family.

Musical Georgettes. The Beatrice (Neb.) Daily Sun had the following to say of the Musical Georgettes, who will appear at the Willmar High School auditorium Saturday afternoon and evening: "The Musical Georgettes were welcomed by an enthusiastic audience at the Y. M. C. A. last evening. The organ chime and musical rattle which are played only by them, were favorites as were the performance on the harp, occarina and banjo. Little Miss Georgette, the ten-year-old violinist, was heartily applauded for her excellent work. The reveille tubes and saxophone solos and trios are worthy of special mention and were greatly appreciated. The company is to be commended for its work as a whole, and the performers made a lasting impression on those who were fortunate enough to hear them."

County S. S. Convention. The County S. S. Association will hold its annual convention in the M. E. church at Willmar Thursday and Friday, May 12-13. There will be an afternoon and evening session Thursday and on Friday morning, so that delegates may return on the afternoon trains. Mr. Hubert Parrish, one of the State workers, will be present and will speak at the evening session. All are cordially invited.

Olof Dale, who has been on the sick list for some time, is now again attending to his duties as register of deeds. Mr. Dale had quite a siege of it, tonsillitis, mumps and erysipelas taking turns in making it unpleasant for him, but he is now quite recovered.

Not Anxious For It Himself. At the storming of a fort, when scaling ladders had been placed, an Irish private, with one foot on the ladder, was about to climb up when a young officer stepped before him, saying: "Officers first, my lad. Follow me, for this is where Victoria crosses are earned."

The private followed close behind him, but on reaching the top round shot carried the officer's head away, and his body fell back.

Pat, grasping the ladder and swinging aside as if to allow those behind him to pass, shouted, "Begorra, now, is there any more of yez below that's anxious for the Victoria cross?"—London Globe.

AN OLD CLOTHES MAN'S STORY

By C. L. POINEER

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I am an old clothes man. I buy old clothes from door to door, take them to my shop, repair them, press them and sell them for a good profit. But this is not all there is in the old clothes business. It is very easy for small coins, principally ten cent pieces, to slip through little holes, or rather, rips, in a vest pocket. The first thing I do with the clothing I buy is to search the pockets.

But the most interesting things that get into old clothes are old letters. Few old clothes men pay any attention to them, burning them without reading them. I always read them. Possibly they may be something in them to render them valuable. I have found letters of this kind that would have paid me well were I disposed to levy blackmail, but I am not in that business.

I once bought a coat that had a letter in a side pocket sealed and with a stamp on it ready for mailing. The envelope was not soiled. The letter had evidently been placed in the pocket for delivery in the mail, forgotten, the coat hung up without being worn again and eventually sold to me without being examined by the seller.

I constituted myself a dead letter office, opened the envelope and read the letter. It was from a wife to her husband, offering to "make up" after a quarrel. She proved conclusively that she had been mistaken in the matter he had against her, vowed that she had always loved him and would never love any one else. She begged him for the sake of their children to come to her and be reconciled.

I wondered what had been the result of the failure to mail this letter. I became interested in the poor woman, who might have been suffering from some one's carelessness, as well as her husband and innocent children, for there is nothing more melancholy than the case of a child seeing its father and mother quarrel and finally separate. It appears likely that the writer must have given it to the man who had worn the coat to mail and he had neglected to do so. I felt that I would like to wring his neck.

It occurred to me that, being an old clothes man, I had never had any opportunity to do any one a kindness. I couldn't give money, because I made only enough to keep the wolf from the door. If I gave to any one I took away from what my wife and children needed. So it occurred to me to find this couple between whom the letter should have passed and deliver it. Perhaps they did not need it; perhaps they had been reconciled in another way; perhaps they had been divorced and one or both married again. Then the remarriage of a parent always seems to me a far more terrible heresy to the children than the parent's death. The latter is an awful bereavement, but the former is a living horror. As the letter was but a year old I hoped that I would not be too late in delivering it to at least save the little ones from this last hopeless condition.

I didn't know how to go to work to find either of the parties, so I went to the postoffice and asked for advice. The interview resulted in my writing a note to the man whose letter I had, advising him of the fact that a letter that might be of importance to him had come into my possession. I addressed the note as the letter had been addressed, and the postoffice man agreed to deliver it if he could locate the man.

Within a couple of weeks a gentleman came into my shop with a note in his hand, saying that he was the man to whom it was written. "Have you a wife?" I asked. "No," he answered bitterly. "Are you divorced from a wife?" "Yes."

"Are either you or your wife married again?" "No." "I drew a sigh of relief and handed him his wife's letter, written a year before. He seemed much affected, not speaking for some time after reading it, and I saw tears standing in his eyes. I was curious to know what feeling would be uppermost in his mind, for he would surely give expression to it. This is the first thing he said: "I'll kill that infernal fellow if I hang for it!"

"What infernal fellow?" "The stupid idiot that was given this letter to post."

He had his eyes on the letter, but at this point looked up at me and continued: "And now, my good man, I wish to reimburse you for any expense you have incurred in this matter, besides giving you a suitable reward."

"There has been no expense. As to the reward, my pleasure in having done one act without pay in my contemptible life is a far greater reward than any you could offer. Let an old clothes man have this satisfaction. I beg of you. One thing I ask—let me see you remarried."

He went away, and the very next day sent me word to come to his house at 3 in the afternoon. I went there and was the only person present besides the couple and the man who married them.

When the ceremony was over a door was opened, and in ran a happy lot of children, who bounded into their father's and mother's arms.

And I—what a happy old clothes man was I!

Deaf Hear at Telephone. Among the many curiosities of the telephone and one which certainly never was thought of when the instrument was invented is the fact that many persons who are extremely deaf often can hear perfectly over the telephone. Those who are so deaf that they can distinguish nothing which is said to them except by the motion of the lips or by the use of an ear trumpet or other similar device can carry on long distance telephone conversations with perfect ease and never miss a word.—New York Press.

SMILES AND KIND WORDS.

"A smile can do wonders, and a kind word can do wonders. Two smiles can do more than one, and two kind words can do more than one kind word. It comes down to a simple problem of arithmetic. If one smile and one kind word may serve to make one tired heart happy, how many tired hearts can a dozen smiles and a dozen kind words make happy? The problem is simple. Don't be stingy with your smiles and your kind words."

The Next Thing to It.

After much reconnoitering and strategy the leader of the wandering "German band" succeeded in gaining an interview with the proprietor of the fashionable restaurant.

"But, my man," expostulated the latter, noticing the seedy appearance of the dusty musicians, "I don't see how I can use your talent. Why, we only engage orchestras direct from Hungary."

"Well, we've der next ding to it," responded the leader, without a smile. "The next thing to it?"

"Fah, mein herr. We've had an orchestra from Hungary yed, but we've a hungry orchestra."

And they got the job.—Chicago News.

The Deacon Hit Back.

"The best of things are open to abuse," said a clergyman, "even prayer meetings. William Sparagus rose in prayer meeting one night and said he desired to tell the dear friends present of the great change of heart that had come over him, so that he now forgoes, fully and freely, Deacon Jones for the horse he had sold him."

"Deacon Jones was so shocked at first to reply. He soon recovered himself, however, and he rose in his pew and said: "I am indeed glad, dear Christian friends, to have gained Brother William Sparagus forgiveness; but, all the same, he ain't paid for the boss yet."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Monkey's Trick.

The curator of the New York zoo was praising the intelligence of monkeys. "A Philadelphia man," he said, "was hurrying out Powelton avenue one afternoon when all of a sudden an organ grinder's little monkey dropped dead. The poor grinder's grief was pitiful. The Philadelphian, touched, gave him a half dollar and basted away. An hour later, returning through Market street, he saw the same organ grinder, and just as he passed the monkey again dropped dead, and the grinder's grief was even more pitiful than before. The Philadelphian gave a loud laugh. The grinder, recognizing him, also laughed, but made no motion to return the half dollar."

Accustomed to Freezing Airs.

The Duke of Fotheringill had given a great feast at Fotheringill castle to commemorate the coming of age of his son and heir, the dashing Lord Highboller. To this function had been invited the journalistic representative of a leading "daily." On the scribe's return to the office he was asked to relate his adventures at the ducal home, and among the questions some one asked him "if the duchess' affability had not somewhat embarrassed him."

"Not a bit of it," he replied, with that air of serene ease, calmness and self satisfaction which so eminently becomes him. "Before I took up newspaper work, my boy, I used to test refrigerators."—Sketchy Bits.

Early History of Rubber.

Rubber is first known to history as a plaything. It was during Columbus' second voyage that Herrera observed that the inhabitants of Haiti played a game with balls made of the gum of a tree. Even as early as the beginning of the seventeenth century, however, the Spaniards used rubber to waterproof their cloaks, but the fact attracted no attention in the old world, and it was not until the eighteenth century that the rubber industry began. Early writers mention an oil extracted from rubber which was taken medicinally with cocoa.—Chicago News.

Muscle and Music.

A story used to be told of Paderewski that he could crack a pane of French plate glass half an inch thick merely by placing one hand upon it as if upon a piano keyboard and striking it sharply with his middle finger. Chopin's last study in G minor has a passage which takes two minutes and five seconds to play. The total pressure brought to bear on this, it is estimated, is equal to three full tons. The average "tonnage" of an hour's piano playing of Chopin's music varies from twelve to eighty-four tons.

You Owe it to Your Children.

To provide the means to save. Call and open an account in our SAVINGS DEPARTMENT. We credit interest, at stated periods, on total balances without any attention on your part. Withdraw the whole or part of your savings at any time.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Savings Department, WILLMAR MINN.

Miscellaneous Want Column

FOR SALE—\$1700 Residence Property, on installment plan. See J. T. Otos.

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Mrs. Collin, 523 Jessie Street.

WANTED—Those who wish to buy monuments to write to or call on H. T. Olson, Willmar, Minn.

WANTED—Good girl for general housework. Mrs. N. B. Carlson, 329 Becker Ave. W.

GIRL WANTED—For general housework. Inquire at 122 4th street.

WANTED—Cattle to pasture by the month. Inquire at farm of J. O. Whitmer, Willmar Route 4. 8-f

GRASS FOR SALE—Will sell the grass on the SE 1/4 of nw 1/4 sec. 22, town of Edwards.

FOR SALE—A Bickenderfer typewriter, No. 7, good as new. Will be sold at a bargain. Call at this office.

LOST—Saturday a High School Pin of 1909 on 4th or 5th St. or at the High School. Finder please leave at the Willmar Green house.

FOR SALE—Some clean timothy seed. May be secured at J. C. Dale's at Willmar and N. J. Kloster at Spicer. Cornelius Bratberg, 6-f

AGENTS WANTED—In every township in Kandiyohi County to handle the "Aladdin". Ten dollars a day. Address J. C. Forsberg, 12f 327 4th street, Willmar.

FOR SALE—Three mares, one three years old, weight 1200; one eight years, weight 1400, and the third 9 years, weight 1400. Apply to Bengt Monson, Willmar Rt. 2, 1p

40 acres good land 4 miles south of Willmar, 20 acres cultivated, balance best kind of meadow. For price and particulars write, J. H. Jacobson, Thief River Falls, Minn.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC—Please take notice that I will not hereafter consider myself responsible for debts incurred by Roy Fritzen. April 11, 1910. Mrs. Minnie Fritzen, Minneapolis. 9-4p

ERIE HOUSE AND BARN PAINT—Place your order today with C. A. Olson, Willmar, for the high grade Erie house paint at \$1.55 and barn paint at 75c per gallon. Guaranteed absolutely pure. 9f

WANTED—A number of loans on Kandiyohi County farms in which to invest our SAVINGS DEPARTMENT funds. No better security "outdoors." Kandiyohi County Bank. 13f

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. 8-f O. A. Jacobson.

FOR RENT—Five and six room flats; all modern. Apply at the J. H. Wiggins Company.

FOR SALE—Seed Corn of the crop of 1908. New London Milling Co. 8f

SIGNS—"For Rent," "For Rent, Furnished Room," "For Sale," "Dressmaking"—printed on cardboard, for sale at the Tribune office at 10 cents each.

FOR RENT—Convenient 10 room house suitable for boarding house two blocks from round house, have several boarders at present. For further particulars call on Mrs. E. Patchell, first house south east of round house. 5f

WANTED—To loan money on farm land, so that the borrower can pay any part or all of the principal on any interest payment day. Interest as low as 5 per cent. A. P. Adams, Willmar Minn. 25f

FOR SALE—HURRY, A SNAP!—9 1/2 acres, house, barn, chicken-house, two wells, cistern, wood house, 75 fruit trees, all kinds of berries. Cheap for cash. Only fifteen minutes walk from the Willmar depot. Trade will be considered. Inquire of W. E. HAYS, R. D. carrier, No. 3, Willmar.

A BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY. Owing to the fact that plans have been made to considerably enlarge our wholesale Jobbing and manufacturing business, which will take my entire time to manage, I will sell my business known as the Original Package Grocery. This a clean safe and profitable business and any live man can do well with it. For particulars call or write. Geo. W. Johnson. 2f

Corrected May 4, 1910. Prices on creamery butter, flour, bran, shorts and apples are dealers' selling prices. All other are prices paid to producers. Willmar Elevators are paying two cents above market prices.

Table with market prices for various goods including wheat, corn, and flour. Columns include item names and prices per bushel or unit.

Willmar Markets

Table with market prices for various goods including butter, sugar, and other commodities. Columns include item names and prices per pound or unit.

NOTICE.

As I have decided to go out of business, my stock of new and up-to-date goods will be closed out at and below cost prices. 112 Mrs. H. Rudd, Millinery.

LICENSES ISSUED:

April 28—Oscar Ernst Franzen to Alma Augusta Freeberg. April 29—Vincent Fernelius to Ida Bye. Married same day by T. O. Gilbert, Judge of Probate. April 30—Anton C. Olson to Jonndine Marie Jorgenson; George A. White to Hubertina Swilens.

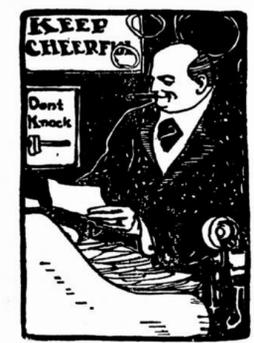
The Metropolitan barber shop, Bank of Willmar building, B. T. Otos, proprietor, is the shop to get a shave, hair cut or bath.

The Evolution of Booster Bill

IX.—How Many Bill Blues Have We?

Old Bill Blue's knocking was so bad he knocked out everything he had. Then he grew wise and muttered "Stung!"

So "Booster Bill" a new song sung. How many Bill Blues have we here who knock and try the town to queer? If you are one, then, like Bill, pray To see the error of your way.



For he who runs his own place down injures himself more than the town. And who to lift up does his best. Lifts up his fortune with the rest. This is the golden law: WE GET What we give out. Time pays the debt. If you shed sunshine it will fill Your own life. Be a "Booster Bill!"

Advertisement for ROYAL Baking Powder. Features a can of powder and a bunch of grapes. Text: Absolutely Pure, Grapes—delicious, healthful—give the most valuable ingredient, the active principle, to ROYAL Baking Powder. Insures wholesome and delicious food for every day in every home. NO ALUM.