

Otterness Shoe Store
Oxford and Pump
Clean Up.

HAVING a large stock on hand we are anxious to clean this entire lot up quickly, hence the reductions quoted below. These are exceptionally good values and for your benefit:

- Ladies' Tan Shoes... regular \$3.50, now \$2.75
Ladies' Oxfords and Pumps... regular \$3.50, now \$2.75
Ladies' Oxfords and Pumps... regular \$2.50, now \$1.75
Men's Tan Shoes and Oxfords... regular \$4.00, now \$3.00
Men's Tan Shoes and Oxfords... regular \$3.00, now \$2.50
Misses' & Boys' barefoot Sandals, regular \$1.25, now \$1.00
Children's barefoot Sandals... regular \$1.25, now \$1.00
Infants barefoot Sandals... reg. 1.00 \$1.15 now 75c-85c
Boys' Tennis Oxfords... regular \$1.50, now \$1.00
Youths' Tennis Oxfords... regular \$1.00, now 85c
Misses' Tan Shoes... regular \$2.00, now \$1.50
Children's Tan Shoes... regular \$1.50, now \$1.20
Misses' Pat. Vamp Sandals... regular \$1.50, now \$1.20
Children's Pat. Vamp Sandals... regular \$1.00, now 75c
Children's Tan Vamp Sandals... regular \$1.15, now 85c

Bargains Also in Other Shoes
Call and See Them.

Do Not Forget These Bargains are Yours.

Otterness Shoe Store
Kent Building, 421 Benson Ave., Willmar

Personal Mention.

J. F. Millard went to Minneapolis Thursday on a short business trip.
Miss Mina Phillips, of Minneapolis is a guest of Miss Lillie Forsberg.
Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Hanscom and family spent Sunday at their Crescent Beach cottage.
Mrs. H. C. Hanson went to the Cities Thursday to be the guest of friends for a week.
F. A. G. Moe of St. Paul returned home Thursday after a ten days visit with Willmar friends.
Miss Olive Crosby went to Crescent Beach Thursday to be a guest of Mrs. C. E. Hornbeck a few days.
Mrs. Hulda Nelson went to Atwater Thursday to attend the funeral of her cousin, Miss Alice Anderson.
Mr. and Mrs. John Williams have been home since Monday from a week's visit with Minneapolis friends.
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Forsberg enjoyed an outing at the J. L. Hanscom cottage at Crescent Beach on Sunday.
Miss Laura Johnson was the guest of Miss Olive Crosby on Monday and left for her home at Brainerd Tuesday.
Mrs. M. B. Ward returned on Monday from a few days' visit with friends at New London and Paynesville.
Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Larson, after a pleasant stay at their Green Lake cottage, returned to their town house Thursday.
Misses Martha and Clara Hanson, who had been visiting their sister, Mrs. Hugh Campbell, returned to Spicer Monday.
Miss Annie Johnson, of Willmar,

is visiting at the home of her brother, J. L. Johnson this week.
Raymond News.
F. W. Powell went to Brown's Valley Saturday to enjoy a short vacation at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Costello.
Mrs. B. J. Branton is entertaining her sisters, Misses Edna and Margaret Brown, who arrived from Minneapolis Sunday evening.
After a pleasant visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Olson, Mrs. J. G. W. Johnson and daughter, Lajla, returned to Stillwater.
Miss Ruby Parkins left last Wednesday for Whitefish, Mont., where she will remain for a couple of months at the home of her sister.
Mrs. O. M. Kirkwood and baby son went to Minto, N. D., last week to spend a month or six weeks with Mrs. Kirkwood's parents.
Mrs. Anna Lingren returned to her home at New London Thursday after spending a couple of weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Eben Lawson.
Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Stanford are being entertained this week at the home of their son and daughter, Prof. and Mrs. H. M. Stanford at Moorhead.
Miss Blanche Hunter, who had spent the past month at "Medayto" and with Willmar relatives, left for her home at Grand Forks, Monday evening.
Miss Martha Bakken went to Atwater Wednesday to attend the funeral of her classmate, Miss Alice Anderson, which was held Thursday afternoon.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry G. Meyer and Miss Barbara Williams were entertained over Sunday by Attorney and Mrs. George Otterness at their pleasant summer home at Green Lake Beach.

Good clothes are real economy. That's why it pays you to have yours made here. Let us make you a business or outing suit from your own selection of "Shackamason" Guaranteed fabrics

You'll be surprised at the beautiful finish and extremely high quality of these fabrics at the price. You couldn't have better made goods at any price. They are manufactured of the finest grades of pure flannel, wool, woven and finished, shrunken and dyed in the most skillful and perfect fashion. Their wearing quality is as remarkable as their great variety of rich and tasteful designs. We guarantee fabrics and garments in every particular. Come and let us show you some convincing facts.

J. J. Ekander Tailor
337 Pacific Ave



WILLMAR STREET FAIR
Sept. 14, 15, 16, 17

In the Churches

LUTHERAN FREE. Prayer meeting Thursday evening. "Mandsog Kvindeforening" will meet Friday evening. Regular services next Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 8 o'clock p. m. Sunday school at 12 p. m. Services at St. John's church next Sunday at 3 p. m.

SWEDISH MISSION. The Ladies Aid society will meet next Friday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in the church parlors. From 3:30 and on refreshments will be served by Mrs. Swan Anderson. Everybody welcome. Next Sunday services at 11 o'clock a. m. Y. P. S. meets at 6:45 p. m. Union meeting in the evening at the Swed. Baptist church.

BAPTIST. Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Sunday school, at 10:45 preaching services. Y. P. S. meeting at 7 p. m. and at 8 o'clock union service of the Swedish Mission, Methodist, and Baptist churches. Sermon by Rev. Theo. Paulson at Baptist church on 3rd St. and Trott Ave.

SALVATION ARMY. Sunday school at 2 o'clock and evening service at 8 o'clock. Big welcome meeting for Capt. T. Olson Tuesday Aug. 30 by the Rent and Help League. A good program, songs and instrumental music, and a pleasant time for all. Coffee sandwiches and cake. Admission free. An offering will be taken. All welcome.

Won't Be Wasted. The smart little town of Winthrop, south of Hutchinson only 52 miles, is soon to have a flax twine factory. According to recent discoveries an important era is soon to be at hand in the flax industry. An American inventor after thirty years of research has developed a chemical process whereby flax can be placed in proper shape for the making of linen cloth in about four hours. In Europe where most of the linen is manufactured the system in vogue requires about four months and it is said that the recent discovery will mean many million dollars annually to the farmers of the northwest. With the utilization of the flax straw which has for so many years been burned the raising of flax will become one of the most important resources of the farm. The time is coming also when the corn stalks, another waste product, will be used in the manufacture of paper. At the present time the farm offers many inducements and the boy who sticks to the soil and follows improved methods is destined to be more successful than the average man in other walks of life.—Hutchinson Leader.

See the Passion Play. A letter from Miss Sarah Rolfe-son written at Venice, July 24, states that she and her sister Nora saw the Passion Play at Oberammergau, Germany, one day that week. They went to the theatre at eight a. m., spending four hours that forenoon and four more in the afternoon. They enjoyed it greatly though it was a hard, strenuous day. The costuming was fine, the chorus work was good and the actors interpreted their parts most excellently. She says the life and daily conduct of the people there are of the purest type. They appear to be ever trying to live up to the high ideals set forth in the play. The atmosphere of the place made the play most impressive. Seeing that story so truthfully enacted by sincere people was indeed a marvelous sensation. The girls are having a most delightful trip and will return in September.—Montevideo Leader.

Our Minneapolis Cop in Action. The Minneapolis Tribune speaking of Ludvig Glarum, a former well-known Willmar boy, son of Mr. O. B. Glarum of this city, now a member of the Minneapolis police force, says: "In a recent ball game between policemen of St. Paul and Minneapolis, 'Glarum was the whole show for sure. He struck out seventeen of the St. Paul swatters and knocked down two, not to mention spiking the third baseman for interfering with an officer, when he won his game by tying the score in the ninth. He singled in that inning, stole second and third in succession and when the third baseman failed to get the throw, came home with the tying run."

What They Were For. A row of shoehorns hanging on the pantry wall of the small restaurant provoked curiosity in the mind of the new waiter. "What are they for?" he asked. "You will find out at dinner time," said the man questioned. At 9 o'clock that evening the new waiter made a quick dive into the pantry and snatched a shoehorn from the wall. "Woman out there slipped her shoe off while eating and can't get it on again," he said. "I told you you would soon find out what all those shoehorns are for," said the waiter of experience.—New York Sun.

Took Away the Stings. A pleasant retort was that given by Admiral Marsden at a dinner in Malta several years ago. It was given on the Fourth of July by him to the American officers on a man-of-war, and all the English officers in the harbor were guests. They were no better bred than many Englishmen of that day, for when the regular toast, "The day we celebrate," was read, they set down their glasses unsteadily. The venerable host added gently: "The day, gentlemen, when England celebrates the coming of age of her eldest daughter." Every face cleared, and the toast was drunk with hearty cheers. "Will never find its way to the mark so swiftly as when aimed with kindness and good will.—Argonaut.

How to Treat Rusty Nail Sores.

During hot weather, children having the privilege of being out of doors without shoes and stockings are in danger of poisoning by rusty nails. Miss Pearce, chief nurse of the school of Agriculture, St. Anthony Park, says that, when a child has injured his foot, the first thing to do is to determine with kind of an instrument caused the injury; and, if a tack or rusty nail, or any rusty metal, make a solution of common table salt—one tablespoonful in a pint of boiled water. Take four layers of clean linen or cotton cloth, a little larger than will cover the wound. Wet this compress in the salt solution, place it on the wound, and fasten securely with a bandage. Moisten the compress every three hours for forty-eight hours; then discontinue the moist dressing and use only a dry dressing of soft linen until the wound is healed.

Distinguished Guests. Rev. and Mrs. H. S. Martin, of Brookfield Center, Mass., are expected to arrive in Willmar on Friday. Rev. Mr. Martin has been pastor of the Congregational church at Brookfield Center the past three years and he and his wife are now leaving for their new work as missionaries to China, sent out by the Board of the Interior. While in Willmar they will be guests of Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Peterson, who will take them in their auto to Montevideo on Saturday, where Rev. Martin will preach on Sunday. Dr. and Mrs. Peterson will spend the day with friends at Madison and on Monday they will all return to Willmar and soon after Rev. and Mrs. Martin will leave for the west and sail in the early part of Sept. for their new field.

A. Lemuel Swenson is in the city this morning on his way to Spicer where he will spend a week with his folks. Since his graduation from G. A. College last spring, Mr. Swenson has been teaching at Red Wing. He just returned, and leaves next week for Buffalo Lake, having been elected principal of the graded school of that place.

Sale of Fancy Articles. The Little Girls' Sewing Circle of the Synod church will have a sale of fancy articles, which they have made during the summer, on Thursday afternoon, Sept. 1 in the basement of the Synod church. They will also sell candy and serve coffee. Everyone cordially invited. 282

Walter English is visiting with his parents south of the city. Walter has taught Swedish parochial school at Taylor's Falls this summer. He expects to return to the Gustavus Adolphus college in September. It is his senior year.

Lewis Bendikson of Norway Lake was in the city yesterday. He is making a canvass of the towns of the Second District in the interest of his candidacy for commissioner.

A Famous Rocking Stone. The rocking stone of Tandil is a natural curiosity in the Argentine Republic, perhaps the largest in the world—three miles from Tandil, a small village, which may be reached by railway 250 miles south of Buenos Aires. The giant, mushroom shaped quartz boulder stands upon the summit of some picturesque hills, perhaps a thousand feet in height. It weighs over 700 tons and rocks in the wind and may be made to crack a walnut. Yet this boulder is so firm that one of the old dictators, Rosas by name, once harnessed a thousand horses to it and was unable to displace it. There are many such rocking stones scattered about the world, though none nearly so large.—New York American.

The Gargoyle Bedstead

It Was a Valuable Heirloom.

By CLARISSA MACKIE. Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

"Flora, here is a letter from Chesley, your Uncle William's lawyer, and he has inclosed a copy of the will. "Did he leave it to me?" "Of course he did. Don't be foolish, my dear. Listen: "William Gray, being of sound mind, etc., do give and bequeath to my grand-niece, Isabel Gray, her heirs and assigns forever, my Sheraton bedstead and the sum of \$2,000, to my grand-niece, Flora Gray Winchester, her heirs and assigns, the mahogany bedstead which stands in my own chamber and which is known as the Gargoyle bedstead, together with the sum of \$1,000."

"Where shall we put it, Harry?" interrupted Mrs. Winchester breathlessly. "Put it? You don't expect to get it into this flat?" "We must have it here. I wouldn't examine it there with Isabel looking on, and, besides, it is such a journey down to Richmond. Anyway you cannot spare the time to go down now, and we must examine it together. I will get to home as soon as possible. Who knows but that some of the others might find the diary of Nancy Gray and learn the secret? My inheritance would be worthless!" Mrs. Winchester's voice trembled. "Oh, all right," said Winchester tractably. "But how the deuce you expect to get it in here I don't quite see. It's a very large piece of furniture, isn't it?"

"Now, Harry dear," she cried, with one plump hand over her lips, "this bed must be gotten into this flat somehow! First, I will finish my letter to Mr. Chesley and let Nora post it at once. I can hardly wait to see the bedstead, Harry, and I don't dare dream of what will be ours when the secret of the bedstead is disclosed. Do you think, dear, I was wrong not to tell you about the diary of Nancy Gray? I found it in the garret?" "Well, truthfully speaking, I'm afraid it wasn't treating the old gentleman quite on the square."

Two weeks afterward, while Mr. Winchester was engaged in a most important business transaction, he was summoned to the telephone. "Yes, this is Winchester. What? Oh, bedstead? There? I can't possibly leave at present—I can't help it, tell them to send it up tomorrow—I know it's important—I—the bedstead! No, I didn't speak. Yes, I will come home early. Goodby!"

When he reached the Etruscan apartments that evening Winchester was fortified with a box of candy and a huge bunch of violets. He stepped to the elevator and pressed the button. A stout fellow responded from some depth below. Presently the janitor emerged from an obscure doorway and surveyed him with an unpleasant eye. "It ain't a-runnin'," he said gruffly. "Poor management," commented Winchester as he prepared to conquer the eight flights that barred him from home and dinner.

"That!" exploded the man. "What with the freight elevator order and people breakin' windows movin' in big stuff and them chumps a-tryin' to put the feet board in my passenger car and a-tarin' a lady's dress and her the landlady's sister-in-law!" He glared wrathfully at the vanishing form of Winchester.

Opening the door of his apartment, rampant disorder met his eye. A huge, dark form almost covered the floor of the tiny parlor, which in its chaotic disturbance looked strangely unfamiliar to the master of the house. In the library Flora reclined on a couch before the bright gas log, with sympathetic Nora applied wet cloths to her mistress' aching head. Wreckage from the parlor impeded progress at every step.

"My dear girl!" he uttered. "She turned a rosy-cheeked face to his. "Such a time as they had trying to get it in the window! They were saucy because the window was too small, and one of them pulled it in with a jerk, and it struck the chandelier—the pieces of glass fell on my Wedgwood vase, and that is broken!—I—I am quite discouraged!"

With a reckless glance toward the parlor, where the giant bedstead lay like some dark shadow on his little home, and with an unpleasant recollection of the snorting janitor below stairs and of the generous tip it would require to reduce him to his customary state of patronizing familiarity, Winchester endeavored to soothe his wife's shattered nerves, and together they obeyed Nora's summons to a belated dinner.

At table Mrs. Winchester drew a folded paper from her gown. "This is the page I copied from the diary of Nancy Gray, Harry," she said, spreading it open before her. "I thought I would refresh my memory as to the exact location of the secret spring."

"Richmond, Va. April 21, 1864," read Mrs. Winchester in solemn accents. "I am greatly alarmed for the safety of Grandmother Binnah's diamonds, and have vainly tried to find a hiding place for them. The Yankees are digging up every inch of ground on the adjacent plantations searching for buried treasure, and I am quite at a loss to find a safe place for our bedrooms."

"April 22.—Such an excellent idea! I have just recollected that there is a secret hiding place in Grandmother Binnah's mahogany bedstead. I will conceal the jewels there and will describe their hiding place so that in case anything happens to me one of our family may be able to recover them, even if the bedstead should be carried away."

"First, one must observe the row of hideously grinning faces—"Gargoyles," grandfather called them—that outline the top of the headboard; there are twenty-five of these gargoyles in all, and one must press the right eye of the thirteenth gargoyle from either end, when the face will swing outward, disclosing a cavity. Into this cavity I have dropped the leather bag containing the unset gems—they are worth many thousands of dollars—and I hope to recover them when the war is over."

Armed with hammer and screw-driver, husband and wife repaired to the parlor and locked themselves within, greatly to the disgust of the interested Nora, who availed herself of the keyhole as the only safe to her wounded self respect. "My dear girl, how do you think I'm going to handle this thing alone? It weighs a ton! Why wasn't it put in the guest room?"

"The instant I saw it in the wagon I knew it would never fit into that room, so I told them to put it in here. We can remove it to the cellar afterward—or store it!" "It fits in here," remarked Winchester. "Let us rip off the covering—I believe I know just where to place my finger on the spring! This is the head-board, of course, and here are the gargoyles!" cried Flora excitedly. Winchester took out his knife and leisurely opened the blade. He lifted one corner of the bedstead, groaned and dropped it heavily.

"There was a straining and snapping of cords as he applied his knife to the wrappings. "Oh! Oh! I am just as nervous as I can be," cried Flora, regardless of her husband's groan as he dragged aside the covering, and disclosed the rounded, polished top outlined by a semicircle of hideously carved faces. "Jove, what a beauty!" ejaculated Winchester, yet with a note of respect in his tone. "What a nightmare! Fancy wishing a guest 'pleasant dreams' and then introducing him to that coach! Whew! Now, which face, Flora, love?"

Mrs. Winchester triumphantly produced the paper from her laces and read solemnly: "The thirteenth gargoyle from either end." "The one in the middle, of course," announced Winchester. "Press the right eye," quoted Mrs. Winchester breathlessly. "I shall have them set in a glorious pendant, Harry!"

"How hung expectantly over the bed. "Now press!" she whispered sibilantly. Winchester pressed. "Nothing doing," he announced flatly. "Press harder," urged his wife. "The secret spring has probably rusted. They do rust sometimes, don't they?" "I never heard of one doing so. They always yield easily, and the door rolls noiselessly aside and leaves an aperture," said Winchester grimly.

"We must get it open," cried his wife tearfully. "Try some of the other eyes, Harry." "But why try the others, my dear? It says the middle one." "There is—there must be a spring!" retorted Mrs. Winchester. "Why should Nancy have put it in her diary if there was not?"

"I give it up when you ask me to explain the vagaries of the female mind," began Winchester as he violently jabbed the eyes of all the gargoyles in turn without result. Flora burst into tears. "Don't cry, my darling," comforted her husband tenderly. "I'll find out the truth if I have to chop the confounded thing into kindlings!"

"I wish I understood the meaning of it anyway," said Winchester presently when his wife had reached a degree of tranquillity where she could utter a bouboon appreciatively. Again the tears flowed. "I might just as well have had another thousand dollars!" wailed Flora. Winchester's elbow knocked a small package from the table to the floor. "What is this?" he asked, picking it up.

"An express parcel that came this afternoon. I haven't had time to look at it." He ripped off the covers and looked stupidly at a small leather volume in his hand. "The Diary of Nancy Gray!" he exclaimed. A letter fell from the book, and he opened it eagerly. "Read it!" commanded Flora impatiently. And he read as follows: "My dear Mrs. Winchester—Your uncle, the late Mr. William Gray, has placed this little volume in my hands with instructions to turn it over to you after his death. Of course you are aware that your uncle wrote this fantastical little tale for his own amusement many years ago, but it was never published. You are probably in a position to recognize that your uncle's clever wit enabled him to take great liberties with your family history. As the present owner of the Gargoyle bedstead, this little book will prove to be of especial interest to you. Consulting you of the possession of such a valuable antique, and with kind regards, I am, very sincerely yours, "BREMIAH CHEESBY."

The long silence was broken at last by a suppressed chuckle from Mr. Winchester. His wife buried her face in the sofa pillows. "Brute!" she sobbed bitterly. And Winchester is still wondering whom she meant.

Did You Ever Need Money
Then think of the future times that you may feel the same need and start to save NOW.
One dollar or more will open an account with this bank. Interest four per cent added to your account at stated periods. Withdraw your money whenever you want to.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
Savings Department WILLMAR MINN.

Miscellaneous Want Column

- Good cook stove for sale, cheap. Nearly new. Inquire at 609-6th St. So.
FOUND—A cuff button. Owner may call at this office and prove property.
WANTED—Girl for general house work. Inquire at 825 6th St. 18 tf
WANTED—Competent maid for small family. Enquire at this office. 27f
WANTED—A good laundry girl. \$4.00 per week. Enquire of Mrs. D. N. Tallman. 27f
FOR RENT—A nice location on first floor for light housekeeping. No. 414, 7th St. So. 26f
FOR RENT—Either furnished or unfurnished rooms. Inquire of R. W. Stanford, Postoffice Building, if 25f
FOR DRIVING OR TEAM WORK—Reasonable rates. Apply to Mrs. Day, cor. Third and Pacific ave. 20tf
FARM FOR RENT.—My farm in Lake Andrew is for rent to the right kind of a man. Dr. C. Johnson. 25f
House for rent—Others for sale at low prices and good terms. Inquire at the Lewis Johnson Real Estate office. 13f
FOR RENT—Rooms for small family or high school students, in the block west of the High School building, 609 6th St. So.
FOR RENT—Two furnished rooms separately or together for light housekeeping. N. B. Carlson, 329 Becker Ave. W. 28tf
FOR SALE—A 9 room house, modern in every respect. For price and further information call on Anderson Land Co. or C. L. McLaughlin, 800 Lake Ave. 28tf
FOR RENT OR SALE—280 acres in Sec. 22, St. Johns township, on crop payments or will pay \$2 an acre for breaking. John Mulhall, Sioux City, Ia. 288p
FARM FOR RENT OR SALE.—240 acres in town of Mamre and 200 acre farm in Town of Dove, Sec. 6, Farm in good condition. Enquire of Mrs. A. Mickelson, Pononok, Minn., R. F. D. No. 1. 28tf
WATCH LOST—A ladies' gold watch with chateleine pin, lost on street between Sw. Baptist church and So. First street. "Edna," engraved on front cover. Finder please return to this office for reward. 281p
FOR SALE—At a bargain, if taken before Sept. 1, a new, 10-room house, with brick cellar and cement foundation, cess-pool leading from the kitchen, and 9 large lots, four of which are in berries and garden, also a small orchard. Also good barn that will hold a horse and a cow. Inquire of Mrs. P. H. Parson, Park ave. and 9th St. at Anderson Land Co. I will pay \$25 to anyone procuring a buyer for me before September 1. Mrs. P. H. Parson. 26f

This is the Season for Storms. Cyclone, Tornado & Hail Insurance
Call on HANS GUNDERSON, Bank of Willmar Bldg., WILLMAR, MINN.
I represent twelve leading American Fire Insurance Companies. FARM RATES LOW.

Miss May Thompson of Minneapolis spent Friday with Miss Fern Magnuson.
Miss Millie Rasmussen after a pleasant visit at Glenwood is at home again.
Mr. and Mrs. Olof Berkness and family are at home after a month's stay at Eagle Lake.
Fred Smith left for Farmington, Maine, on Monday. He expects to be away two weeks.
Selmer Berg returned to Willmar Tuesday after an absence of several weeks in South Dakota.
Mrs. John Holmdahl was here from Norway Lake Tuesday visiting her sister, Mrs. J. A. Hedin.

Blickensderfer
Seeing is buying. Back spacer and tabulator free. Half Price. Special machine for traveling men. Change of type in less than a minute. Call or write, Samuel Nelson, Resident Agent, Court House, Willmar, Minn.

