

# Willmar Opera House

ONE NIGHT ONLY  
Friday Evening **Oct. 18**

D'ENNER'S MASTERPIECE  
IN SIX ACTS

## THE TWO ORPHANS

MADE FAMOUS BY KATE CLAXTON

STRONG CAST WITH  
**MISS CAMILLA DAHL**  
as La Frochard

THE CHARACTERS	THOSE WHO PLAY THEM
Chevalier Maurice DeVaudrey	Mr. Chas. Mortimer
Count DeLiniers—Minister of Police	Mr. Ralph Wedge
Picard—Valet to the Chevalier	Mr. Edwin Robertson
Jacques Frochard—An Outlaw	Mr. Robert Graceland
Pierre—The Cripple, his brother	Mr. Paul Brady
Marquis De Presles	Mr. Albert Allen
La Fleur—In the Service of the Marquis	Mr. Girard Floto
Officer of the Guard	Mr. Frank McGee
Doctor—of Hospital St. Louis	Mr. John Anderson
Countess Dianne DeLiniers	Miss Vivian Forest
Orphans	Miss Lillian Alexander Miss Olga Woods
La Frochard—Mother of Pierre and Jacques	Miss Camilla Dahl
Marianne—An Outcast	Miss Gladis Brown
Julie—of Bel-Air	Miss Doris Howard
Florette—of Bel-Air	

### SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I.—An open square at the head of the Pont Neuf in Paris, France, as it was in the year 1787.  
ACT II.—Chateau of Bel-Air, Terrace and Garden, Midnight.  
ACT III.—The Palace. Office of the Minister of Police.  
ACT IV.—Henriette's Apartments. On the Sixth Floor.  
ACT V.—The open square in front of the Church of St. Sulpice, Winter.  
ACT VI.—The Hat of La Frochard.

Prices, 25c, 50c and a Few at 75c  
Seats on Sale at Elfstrum's

## Foe or Friend?

Friend It Was  
to Be

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Bad luck had followed Joe Pebble for three years—in fact, ever since he had tired of the monotony of supporting his wife and her father on his wages as a cattle herder and had suddenly deserted them to follow the call of his old free life.

He had simply disappeared to let them think what they would of him. He had left all the money that he possessed except a single silver dollar, and he had used his own horse to ride away from them.

Bad luck had followed him in his roving. He had been unhappy in his freedom. His heart ached for the sweet companionship of Gertrude, his wife, and for the placid philosophy of the good natured old man, her father.

Today he was riding down a ravine among the Texas hills. Once more he was free. He had discharged himself from a ranch on the western side of the watershed and was riding forth on one of those strange, restless quests for new scenes which had become a habit with him since he had deserted his wife. Happiness he never expected to regain.

He drew rein there and looked through an opening down upon a pleasant alluvial plain dotted with cattle. A low adobe ranch house was there, surrounded by barns and a corral. Smoke wreathed up from a chimney. It looked very peaceful and pleasant—the sort of home he and Gertrude had

"I wonder if you wouldn't like me to help you out those clothes you got on and get you into bed in a decent way?" went on the voice, and when Joe gratefully assented the owner of the voice helped him with a woman's tenderness to undress and clothed him in clean underwear and a clean coarse night-shirt.

"I'm mighty obliged to you, stranger," murmured Joe drowsily as he sank on his pillow after swallowing a cup of hot broth.

"You're welcome," said the other solemnly, and, tipping out, he closed the door.

Joe did not awake again until the next morning. He knew that the windows were wide open, for he breathed the fresh, sweet air, and he could hear the song of birds. His eyelids felt very stiff and sore, and he was grateful for the bandage that covered them.

Mr. Smith came in presently and, after a pleasant greeting to the injured man, bathed his face and hands and brought some breakfast to him.

Joe bit into a hot corn muffin, and his heart felt upon the counterpane. He turned his blindfolded eyes toward the stranger.

"Who made these muffins?" he asked in a choking voice.

"There was a hesitating silence before Mr. Smith replied. Then, "My daughter made them," he replied.

"Your daughter! Why—who—excuse me," stammered Joe, "but they are like those my wife makes, and I never tasted any other like 'em." He hastily finished his breakfast, and the portion of his face below the bandage glowed redly.

Mr. Smith said nothing.

When the doctor appeared he declared that Joe had a little fever, and he changed his medicine. Once more Joe heard three voices in consultation in the next room. He could now recognize Smith's voice and that of the doctor, but the third one was that of a woman, pitched low and soft, and ended his search for the father.

"Where have I heard that voice before?" he asked himself again and again as the days passed by, but the answer did not come then.

During those long days and nights of pain and helplessness Joe Pebble had leisure to think over what he had done, and he resolved that when he recovered that he would go north again and endeavor to become reconciled to his wife and her father.

The thought of this coming journey did much to hasten his recovery.

On the evening of this particular day—a Sunday it was—he lay there alone in the room. Presently Smith came in and talked to him. They talked on various matters, and finally Joe told him about his former life in Wyoming and ended by confiding his sin to the old man. He told it all—of his wild longing for freedom, how he had fought it for days before making up his mind to leave his wife and how, after the irrevocable step had been taken, of the remorse he had suffered.

"I think of them two helpless ones day and night," he groaned. "What has become of them? A coyote wouldn't have acted meaner 'n I did. Don't God ever give folks a chance to make good when they've sinned?"

The older man did not answer for a long time. Then he arose and bent over the bed for a brief instant. "I believe he does, son; I believe he will," he said solemnly, and Joe heard him pass from the room and close the door.

From the room overhead he heard the murmur of voices long into the night. They were talking when he fell asleep, and once he started wide awake because he thought he heard a woman's sobs. "Don't cry, Gertrude; everything is all right," he murmured drowsily and went to sleep again.

The next day the doctor came and removed the bandage.

After the doctor had gone Joe waited impatiently for Mr. Smith to come in. He was eager to see the face of the man who had been so kind to him. All at once a bulky form filled the doorway, and Mr. Smith's slow, deliberate step approached the bed. In the dim light Joe's eager eyes did not at first recognize him; then he sat bolt upright in bed and stared with whitening face into the kind, forgiving eyes of his father-in-law.

"Father!" he murmured brokenly and hid his face in his hands.

"Son!" said the older man solemnly, and he laid his hand upon Joe's dark hair in the old familiar caress, for the two had been very fond of each other.

"It has been you all along?" asked Joe after a while.

"Yes," said the other. And in a few words he told the repentant man that after his desertion, Gertrude and he had left Wyoming and come down into Texas to start anew. The old man had a little money, with which he had bought the ranch. They had never expected to see Joe again. When they recognized him in the injured stranger whom Starbuck had led them to they had hastily assumed the name of Smith for the time being.

"And Gertrude?" asked Joe brokenly.

"Can she remember me and believe me to become what she's worthy of?"

"I'm here, Joe!" came Gertrude's voice in answer.

"Broad Nose and Sharp Nose Eels.

There is the broad nose eel, and then again there is the sharp nose eel. The great difference between these two varieties is that the broad nosed eel is the male, both being really of one and the same family. When summer comes young eels by the millions shoot from mudcoats to shore and wriggle up our rivers. Out at sea young eels are as clear as glass and as thin as ribbon. They are about four inches long, with a little head. The young eel seems not to eat at sea and only loses its glassy look and becomes colored as it gets to shore within reach of a river.—New York Press.

"Ma," said Tommy Twaddles, looking up from his reading of "Terry the Tenspot," "what is a bootless attempt?"

"It's the sort your father makes to get in without my hearing him when he comes home late from the club," answered Ma Twaddles inclusively. Pa doesn't stop to remove 'em at the foot of the stairs now. He knows it's no use.—Cleveland Leader.



HEID HIS FACE IN HIS HANDS.

planned before. A lump came into his throat, and he brushed his brown hand across his wet eyes. Then his young face sank into those stern, brooding lines that had replaced the old careless expression.

Joe Tribble, as he called himself, rode on. A few yards farther on his horse stumbled and fell so suddenly that Joe was pitched over his head, to fall in a crushed heap among some rocks. He lay very still, while the horse scrambled to his feet, sniffed at his master's unconscious form and then limped away for assistance, whinnying pitifully.

Joe opened his eyes upon darkness. There was a bandage over his eyes, and he could see nothing, but he knew that he had touched his wrist, and a finger pressed upon his pulse.

"Doctor," Joe huskily whispered.

"Aha!" said a mellow voice. "Comin' around, are you? Feel pretty well banged to pieces?"

"Pretty sore," admitted Joe. "What's the matter with my eyes?"

"You fell on a lot of broken rocks and got some splinters in your eyes. You can't come into the light until they've healed up a bit. Nothing to worry about; mere scratches. You have got a broken ankle, though."

"Where am I?" was Joe's next question.

"At a ranch close by the spot where your horse threw you. Pretty intelligent beast, that horse! Came limping down here to the ranch and almost told Mr. Smith what had happened. You can bet he's well taken care of too!"

"'Oor old Starbuck?" murmured Joe. Then, turning to the doctor, he asked in a low voice, "Where can I stay—here?"

"Oh, yes! You can't be moved until your ankle is better," said the doctor decisively.

The doctor left the room, and Joe heard him talking to some one in another room. There were other voices that seemed to vibrate strangely on his hearing. What memories of the past they revived! Whose voices did they resemble?

He tormented himself with these questions until he fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. He was awakened after a refreshing sleep by the sound of a pump handle creaking outside. Shortly afterward a heavy, deliberate footfall entered his room, and he was conscious that some one was bending over him.

"Well, stranger," said a deep, resonant voice, "I reckon you're awake now?"

"Who are you?" was Joe's hurried question.

There was a little pause before the answer came. "My name's Smith. Why?"

"Nothing, only I thought it sounded like—somebody I used to know," murmured Joe, sinking back upon his pillow.

# SPECIAL SALE

## Berkness, Peterson & Co.

A Grand Opportunity to buy seasonable merchandise at a great saving of money.  
Just what you need and prices reduced in most cases away below manufacturer's cost.

### CLOTHING

All our Men's \$10 Suits, good values, all must go at	<b>\$6.00</b>	Young Men's Overcoats, well worth \$10, all must go at	<b>\$6.00</b>
Young Men's Suits, the \$9 and \$10 sellers, all go at	<b>\$5.00</b>	Boys' Overcoats, \$7.00 values, at only	<b>\$5.00</b>
One lot of Men's good warm Overcoats, good values at \$10, this sale, while they last your choice at	<b>\$6.00</b>	Boys' Overcoats, \$5.00 values, at only	<b>\$3.50</b>
One lot of Men's exceptionally fine all wool black Kersey Overcoats, very cheap at \$16.00, this sale only		<b>\$12.00</b>	

### GIRL'S WINTER COATS

One lot of Girl's Coats, good warm garments, well made and dressy, sizes 10 to 14 years.

Girl's \$9.00 Coats, only	<b>\$6.00</b>	Girl's \$7.50 Coats, only	<b>\$4.50</b>	Girl's \$5.00 Coats, only	<b>\$3.50</b>
Girl's \$8.00 Coats, only	<b>\$5.00</b>	Girl's \$6.00 Coats, only	<b>\$4.00</b>	Girl's \$3.50 Coats, only	<b>\$2.00</b>

One lot Ladies' Black Kersey and Broadcloth Coats, ranging in price from \$10.00 to \$28.00, all go at this sale at from **\$7.50 to \$20.00**

One lot Ladies' Dress Skirts, black and colors, priced low at from **\$5.00 to \$9.00, this sale all go at from \$3.50 to \$5.00**

One lot of Men's heavy fleeced Underwear, the best 50 cent values ever offered, this sale while they last **39c**

All our departments are brim full of high grade fall and winter merchandise at the very lowest prices and we cordially invite you to look it over. We are confident we can save you money on all your purchases.

### LAKE ELIZABETH LEAKINGS

Lake Elizabeth, Oct. 14—Rev. Ericson conducted services at Fahln last Sunday.

Rev. Edgren of Oak Park M. E. church was in this vicinity soliciting subscriptions for the Daily News. Rev. Edgren is working hard to capture the automobile and we wish him success.

Richard Danielson, wife and son left for Chicago last Saturday, where they will make their future home. Richard has given up farming and will try his luck in the windy city. Mrs. Danielson's folks reside in Chicago, where she lived before her marriage, so country life seemed rather quiet for her. We wish them a happy and prosperous future.

Archib Paulson purchased a young colt from J. A. Johnson last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Gronberg of Genesee spent Sunday at the Danielson home.

Mr. and Mrs. August Norine entertained a number of their friends last Sunday.

Another week of good weather and threshing will be completed in this vicinity.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Baptist church meets Thursday afternoon at the home of August Olson.

Fred Carlson has been hauling lumber for a new barn which will erec this fall.

A hunting party consisting of J. D. Parnell, Great Northern agent at Willmar; A. J. Bixler, special agent; Geo. Lundquist, operator; and Alfred Olson, transfer foreman; all of the Great Northern, came out from Willmar a week ago Saturday and did some shooting at Lake Minnetago. They were the guests of A. J. Olson's while here. They got about twenty ducks, but it is reported that they shot hundreds of shells. They also had their pictures taken, which the Great Northern will no doubt use to advertise the splendid shooting along the Great Northern railway.

Willie Broman is the new clerk at the store.

Albert Olson returned to his home here last Sunday, after having been a patient at the Willmar Hospital

for nearly fifteen weeks. It was a day of joy to the Olson family when their father returned to them again. Mr. Olson was taken very sick with appendicitis July 1st. Dr. Branton was called and took the patient to Willmar during the night and operated upon him the next morning. His case was a serious one, and for some time his recovery seemed doubtful. But, thanks to the good care given him by Drs. Petersen and Branton, and Mr. Olson's strong constitution, he was able to withstand the sickness and is now feeling very good tho still weak.

The creamery association installed a 6-horse power Fairbanks-Morse gasoline engine last week at a cost of about \$200. It has cost the association nearly \$500 a year for coal, and the directors expect to be able to reduce this fuel bill \$200 a year by using gasoline for power. This will pay the association 100 per cent profit on their investment, or, in other words, the engine will pay for itself the first year. As the creamery is located ten miles from town, 38 per cent of the cost of the coal has been paid for hauling it from town. Buttermaker Stenberg is very pleased with the change and says that it takes very little coal to furnish steam for heating water, etc.

### Swedish Mission Y. P. S.

The Swedish Mission Y. P. S. will meet Thursday evening, October 17. Following is the program:

Song ..... Choir  
Benediction  
Vocal solo ..... Hannah Norin  
Reading ..... Alice Anderson  
Song ..... Choir  
Duet .....

Roy Landberg and Hugo Hoglund  
Reading ..... David Hoglund  
Vocal solo ..... Lily Norin  
Song ..... Choir

Refreshments will be served by the Misses Fern, Florence and Mabel Magnuson. All are welcome.

We please your friends. Let us please you. Our portraits combine the most pleasing characteristics of the subject with our high standard of quality and workmanship. Make an appointment today. Olson Bros. Studio.—Advertisement.

Mr. L. Nelson of St. Paul was a Willmar visitor Thursday.

## Ship Your Grain and Hay to EQUITY EXCHANGE

SELLING AGENCY FOR THE A. S. OF E.  
GEO. S. LOFTUS, Sales Manager A. A. TRAVATEN, Solicitor  
114 Corn Exchange Building, Minneapolis, Minn.  
**LIBERAL ADVANCES, PROMPT RETURNS**  
We seek to build up an independent market for the farmers of the Northwest. Farmers and Farmer Elevators should make a trial shipment. We pay drafts and make prompt settlements.

### Kerkhoven Banner.

Mrs. A. L. Hedlund and daughter, Ruth, went to Willmar Tuesday for a week's visit with friends.

Joe. Holmgren of Pillsbury, has bought the Edman Hanson farm of 200 acres in Mamre for which he paid \$60 per acre.

Andrew Anderson, of Hayes, sold his 160 acre farm in that town last week to Dr. A. Downswell. Consideration \$55 per acre.

One Leaf had the misfortune to lose a setting of wheat by fire last week. It was set by sparks from the Andrew Anderson threshing rig.

The Lars Hedlund farm in the town of Hayes was sold yesterday to Martin Bengtson, of that town, the deal being made thru T. G. Berge.

L. J. Henjum, in the township of Arctander, had the misfortune of losing one of his horses while on his way to the creamery last Monday. Without apparent reason the animal dropped dead.

Invitations have been issued for the wedding at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. O. Brenden on Sunday, Oct. 20, when their daughter, Mabel, is to be united in marriage to Oliver C. Gordenhamer.

State Veterinarian Lyon was here again the latter part of last week to test for glanders the horses of Tim Cronen, of Pillsbury. He found but one of Mr. Cronen's horses afflicted with the disease and this animal has been shot. Other horses in the locality that have been exposed to the disease were tested but none of them were found to be affected and it is thought disease has now been stamped out.—Kerkhoven Banner.

### Tribune Wan-Tads Bring Results

For residence property in Willmar. Why not buy a piece of ground located on one of the most convenient streets in the city, close to High School and erect a modern home that could be easily rented at a good price? I have a plot of ground that I will offer at a bargain. Address me at Atwater, Minn.

## A BIG DEMAND

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circular and testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, etc. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

### GEO. E. JOHNSON

### Popular Story in Drama.

"The Shepherd of the Hills," was played at the Willmar Opera House last Friday evening. It was a strong play and was presented by a strong company. Unfortunately Friday was rainy and dismal or the house no doubt would have been packed, but even as it was there was a fair-sized crowd out. Everyone who had read this beautiful story by Harold Bell Wright were anxious to see how well it would be presented dramatized on the stage. A good show had been promised and no one was disappointed.

J. B. Sherman as "Old Matt" probably was the star actor of the cast tho there is no doubt a divided opinion as to that, as J. L. Harrington, as "Dad, the Shepherd of the Hills" and Harry Schroder as "Young Matt" carried their parts fully as well. Preachin' Bill was irrepresible and repeatedly relieved the tension of the otherwise rather sad story. In fact, all parts were well carried. The scenery effect was very beautiful especially in the scene at Mutton Hollow cabin where the ruddy glow in the fireplace contrasted with the green moonlight scene in the open door and window of the cabin. The light in the old mill where "Wash Gibbs" is knocked thru the mill door was very effective.

Manager Crosby is to be commended for looking such high class plays for Willmar as "The Shepherd of the Hills." Should he get this company here again next season, the house will be packed, and should be.

### Terrible Auto Accident.

W. R. Farrington of Rutland, Vt., was instantly killed Thursday morning, when the big Halliday Roadster, owned by Gold & Co., of Big Stone City, which Mr. Farrington was driving, went into the ditch and turned turtle. He was returning from Milbank, S. D., accompanied by Mr. Lee Gold and had just crossed the turnpike west of the Brickyard, when the machine seemed to jump into the ditch, throwing Mr. Gold clear of the car, while Mr. Farrington was pinned under the car. It was thought at first that some part of the steering gear had broken, but it was found to be in perfect condition after the accident.—Ortonville Journal.

### Western Dovre Y. P. S.

The Western Dovre Y. P. S. will meet Friday evening, Oct. 18th, at the home of Mrs. I. Netland.

The following program will be rendered:

Devotion ..... Rev. E. O. Larson  
Song ..... Mrs. Estness  
Speech ..... Rev. E. O. Larson  
Reading ..... Carl Hegstrom  
Reading ..... Rhoda Hanson  
Vocal solo ..... Josephine Holland  
Refreshments will be served after the program. All are welcome.

### Western Dovre Y. P. S.

Miss Anna Anderson left for Chicago Monday, where she will remain throughout the winter. She will then return to her home in Sweden, having come from there last fall with C. W. Lonner.

### The Metropolitan Barber Shop.

Bank of Willmar Building, B. T. Otos, proprietor, is the shop to get a shave, hair cut and bath.—Advertisement.

### The Balkan War.

War has formally been declared against Turkey by Montenegro, hardly a week after the latter power made peace with Italy. Within another week Bulgaria, Serbia and Greece probably will have begun hostilities. Austria-Hungary and Russia, as likewise Roumania, would be only too glad to follow suit if they dared; but the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente would not allow it for fear of starting a world-wide conflagration of war. How the situation is accepted by the Christians of the Balkan peninsula one may quite well gather from the following remarks made at the meeting of Twin City Greeks:

"This war is not a war of conquest. It is a war for Christ and Christianity for many centuries the Christian countries of the world have been humiliated by these barbarian fanatics of Turkey. They have massacred the Christians and spat in the faces of those who do not believe in Mohammed. This war is a religious war, like our forefathers fought centuries ago."—The Progress.

### "Nordfjording" Assembled.

Three hundred fifty "Nordfjording" people who came from Nordfjord, Norway, had a big time at Benson, Oct. 5. This division of Norwegian descendants expect to give their old home locality a present to commemorate the centennial anniversary of Norwegian Independence. Three propositions are under consideration, viz.: a home for the aged, a tuberculosis sanatorium or an orphan's home. The Benson meeting was an enthusiastic one and closed with a banquet with an old country menu.

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### Raymond News.

John Parkins of Willmar spent Thursday with Raymond friends. Kleinhuizen and Wiersum have sold the Prinsburg store to E. J. Roelofs last Saturday.

Miss Lenora Hagen returned to Willmar Thursday after a week's visit at the J. L. Johnson home.

Fred Poortinga, who is doing carpenter work at Willmar, Sundayed at Prinsburg at his home.

Neal Bauman is improving his place by the erection of a new barn. The work is being done by Ralph Goeman and Fred Poortinga.

Joe Keller brought in the largest potatoes we ever saw raised in this county. They tipped the scales at two pounds and over. No wonder lead owners refuse a mere \$100 per acre when it is offered to them.—Raymond News.

The Raymond News strongly advocates the organization of a Commercial club at Raymond.

Mrs. Fred Taylor and Mrs. B. B. Sloss returned to Appleton, Minn., Saturday, having motored up here from Ellsworth, Wis. They were detained here by the heavy rains and could not continue their journey by auto, but stored their car at the Handy & Lewis Motor Co.

Mr. Herbert Craswell, Jr., and wife of Sioux City are visiting H. Craswell's at Hill Crest farm.

## SCIENTIFIC NON-MEDICAL TREATMENTS

Sufferers from consumption and other chest and bronchial troubles need not go anywhere to change climate. I can give you the best mountain and pine-forest air in my office.

Other chronic diseases treated with greatest of success. Ask my patients.

**DR. B. W. OLSON**  
Lenny Bldg. Willmar, Minn.