

Classified Wants

HELP WANTED
WANTED—Competent girl for housework. Apply 314 8th St. So. 72
WANTED—Girl for general housework. Good wages for right party. Inquire at 147 Becker Ave. E. City 76
WANTED—Good cook. Good wages and nice place to work. Hotel Atwater, Atwater, Minn. 87
WANTED—Girl for general housework. Good wages for right party. Inquire at 147 Becker Ave. E. Phone 3711. 75
HOUSES AND ROOMS
BOARD AND ROOM can be had at 131 Becker Ave. E. 66
FOR RENT—Room at 194 East Litchfield Ave., City. 33
FOR RENT—Furnished room. Apply at Tribune office. 84
FOR RENT—Furnished rooms. Inquire at 111 E. Benson Ave. 76
FOR RENT—Furnished rooms for light housekeeping. 515 Nelson avenue. 928
FOR RENT—Two rooms strictly modern, in the Vik residence. 304 9th St. So., City. 559
FOR RENT—One furnished room in new house. All modern. 221 Litchfield Ave. E. 796
FOR RENT—Furnished room in modern house. Suitable for two. Use of telephone. Only gentlemen need apply. Inquire at 115 Becker Ave. E., City.
REAL ESTATE
FOR SALE—Residence property on Third Street. Inquire of O. J. Ahlstrom, City. 12
FOR SALE—Three nice building lots on Third Street E. Terms reasonable. Olof L. Erickson, 710 7th St. So. 61
FOR SALE—Fifty acres with modern buildings, one mile from Willmar on lake front. Write or call on owner, Gust W. Johnson, Willmar, Minn., Rt. 5. 58
WANTED—More listings of farms, residences and business blocks. Make your ad free. Kandiyohty County Land Co., office on Fourth street, north of Postoffice. 669
FOR SALE—Seventy acre farm with buildings, near Willmar. Thirty acres of same can be sold in five or ten acre tracts. Write or call on owner. Otto Johnson, Rt. 5, Box 5, Willmar, Minn. 59
HOUSES FOR SALE—On the installment plan. If interested in buying a house it will pay you to call at our office and get full particulars. Anderson Land Co., Willmar, Minnesota. 686
FOR SALE—The Ahlstrom property located on First street between Litchfield and Becker avenues; no finer location in Willmar. I have also some other fine properties and a number of fine building lots for sale. Lewis Johnson. 27
GENUINE BARGAINS—If you are looking for such in city property or improved farms in Kandiyohty county, do not fail to call at the office and look over the large list of properties now for sale by Thorpe & Rykken, Willmar, Minn. 414
FOR SALE—I have for sale, well improved, partly improved and unimproved land in northwestern part of Minnesota near where I have farmed for twenty-five years. Prices range from ten dollars and up on good terms. Write or call me for further particulars. A. H. Brown, Willmar. 941
FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS
FOR SALE—One second hand Deering mower. Price very reasonable. C. A. Olson, Rte. 5, Willmar. 31
FOR SALE—16 inch electric fan, used one month. Cost \$16.00, will sell for \$12.00. C. W. Stenberg, Atwater, Minn. 86
FOR SALE—Eden electric washing machine. Good as new. Cost \$85.00; will sell for \$60.00. C. W. Stenberg, Atwater, Minn. 85
FOR SALE—A Ford roadster, in good condition. Cheap if taken at once. Inquire of A. Anderson, Atwater, Minn., Rt. 3, Box 26. 79
FOR SALE—Five-passenger Ford in good condition, new tires, shock absorbers, K. W. Master Vibrator, \$285. Phone 481L, or write Box 113. 81
FOR SALE—Five passenger touring car, as good as new. Will trade for city property and pay difference in cash. Inquire at 1115 Campbell Ave., City. Tel. 223J. 71
FOR SALE at a bargain—One Meyer's trip hammer, one punch and shear machine, one blower, an emery wheel stand, a rip saw and planer, and other tools. A. J. Ekander. 3t
FOR SALE—Minnesota No. 13 seed corn, guaranteed test 95 per cent. \$3.00 per bushel. Also Early Ohio potatoes at 75c per bushel. Sacks furnished. John Ahlstrom, Spicer, Minn. 924
STOCK FOR SALE
FOR SALE—Fresh milk cows. T. I. Cashman, Rt. 4, Willmar. 14
FOR SALE—My full-blood Short-horn bull, four years old, color red. Price reasonable. Write R. J. Goldenstein, Clara City, Minn. 51
FOR SALE—Wagon, team of horses, book accounts and the privileges of the security. Parties interested may communicate with me at Kandiyohty next Sunday. Have other business to attend to. Must dispose of this as soon as possible. The Hairline Co., Carl A. Nord, Salesman, Pennock, Minn.
MISCELLANEOUS
OLD PAPERS—A big bundle for 5c at Tribune.
TYPEWRITER RIBBONS for all machines at Tribune.
TRACING PAPER—Large sheets of pencil carbon paper at Tribune, 10c.
MONEY TO LOAN on improved farms at low rate of interest. First National Bank, Willmar. 4
WANTED TO TRADE—A six h. p.

gasoline engine for a horse, team or cattle. C. A. Olson, Rt. 5, Willmar, Minn. 920
If you wish to insure against fire or cyclone call on us; we represent the old well known Waseca Company, Thorpe & Rykken.
I WRITE TORNA DO AND LAIL insurance in the old reliable Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Co. A. H. Brown, Willmar. 942
MONEY TO LOAN—See S. L. Benson for farm loans, on the optional payment plan, and at low interest, as he has charge of the loaning business while I am away from home. A. P. Adams. 56
LEARN DRESSMAKING and Ladies' Tailoring at Keister's Ladies' Tailoring College. We teach patternmaking, designing, cutting, fitting and sewing. Old postoffice building, Willmar. 717
HAIL INSURANCE in strictly reliable company, at lowest rate, no assessment afterwards. I am also writing Tornado and Fire Insurance. Your business appreciated. Lewis Johnson.
ATTENTION, Farmers and Contractors—We can furnish you with competent help such as haying and harvest hands and monthly men and all classes of common and skilled labor. We wish to co-operate with the farmers and contractors to solve the question of the unemployed. Write stating wages. Burlington & Co., Employment Agency, 3 Marquette Ave., Minneapolis. 55
LOST AND FOUND
FOUND—At Chautauqua a crocheted bag with money. Call at this office. 78
LOST—A dark gray shawl between John Engman's corner and Willmar. Finder please leave at Tribune for reward. 82
FOUND—A ladies' coat, between Brandon's and Willmar Greenhouse last Friday. Owner may have same by proving property and paying for ad at this office. 77
LOST—License, rear lamp and bracket for automobile around Willmar on June 2nd, 1915. License number, 11938, Minn. Finder please notify Wm. A. Johnson, Franklin, Minn., Rt. 1, Box 60. 73
T. OLSON
Shoe Repairing
FIRST CLASS WORK GUARANTEED
Next Door to Jacobson's Paint Shop
Tribune Wan-Tads Bring Results
L. C. OLSON
UNDERTAKER
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Office 209 Litchfield Av. W. Phone 118-1
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MEDICAL AND OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN
Specialist in Old, Stubborn Ailments. Such ailments as Appendicitis, Gout, Enlarged Tonsils, Curable External Cancerous Growths and many complaints of women are treated without the knife.
Consultation and correspondence free
Pleasant Home for such as desire
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DENTIST
Bank of Willmar Building
Willmar, Minn.
R. W. STANFORD
LAWYER
Real Estate, Insurance and Collections.
Office in Postoffice Building.
WILLMAR, MINNESOTA
A. R. Endersbe
LICENCED
Veterinary, Surgeon and Dentist
Special Attention given to Vaccination of Hogs. Issue only Government Inspected Serum. Also Castration of Animals.
Office at McCormick & McDonald's Feed Store. Phone No. 599L.
Res. So. 5th St. Phone 599L. Willmar, Minn.
Dr. E. WANNER
VETERINARIAN
Office at Wanner Bros' Feed Barn.
Day phone 428; night phone 13
WILLMAR, MINN.
You don't have to be a steeplejack to take a tumble.
Fall for this right now.
Open your eyes. See what you look at.
Glue them on the opportunities staring you in the face in our want ads.

WILLMAR MARKET REPORTS
Corrected Wednesday Morning, July 14, 1915.
GRAIN
Wheat, No. 1 Northern.....\$1.35
Wheat No. 2.....1.32
Wheat No. 3.....1.18
Wheat No. 4.....1.13
Wheat rejected.....1.05
Corn, shelled.....64c-67c
Barley, per bu.....62c-66c
Oats, per bu.....42c-47c
Flax, per bu.....1.42-1.50
Rye, per bu.....94c-97c
FLOUR AND FEED
Flour, per 50-lb. sack.....1.95
Ground feed, per cwt.....1.80
Shorts, per cwt.....1.45
Bran, per cwt.....1.85
Oil Meal, per cwt.....1.20
Cracked corn, per bu.....62c-65c
Clover hay, per ton.....10.00
Timothy hay, per ton.....10.00
WILLMAR PRODUCE
Eggs, per dozen.....15c
Dairy butter, per lb.....24c
Potatoes, per bu.....40c
Hides, per lb......8c
Onions, per lb......3c
Cabbage, per lb......2c
Beans, per lb......3c
POULTRY, LIVE
Broilers, per lb.....15c-17c
Chickens.....8c-9c
Turkeys.....10c
LIVE STOCK MARKET
Lamb, per 100.....\$7.00
Beef Cattle.....\$4.00 to \$5.00
Sheep.....\$6.00 to \$7.50
Hogs, live.....\$6.75 to \$7.00
TERMINAL GRAIN MARKETS
Minneapolis, July 13—Closing cash
prices: Wheat No. 1 hard, 1.45; No. 1 Northern, 1.34-1.2 to 1.44-1.2; to arrive, 1.33-1.2 to 1.41-1.2; No. 2 Northern, 1.31-1.2 to 1.41-1.2; No. 3 wheat, 1.26-1.2 to 1.38-1.2; No. 1 durum, 1.16 to 1.18; No. 1 durum to arrive, 1.16 to 1.18; No. 2 durum, 1.11 to 1.14; No. 2 hard Montana, 1.22-1.2 to 1.35-1.2; No. 3 yellow corn, 77c to 77-1-4c; other grades, 76c to 77c; No. 1 white oats, 51-1-4c to 51-3-4c; No. 3 oats, 49c to 50-1-2c; barley, 67c to 72c; No. 2 rye, 98c to 1.00; No. 1 flax, 1.67-3-4 to 1.69-3-4.
Duluth, July 13—Wheat on track. No. 1 hard, 1.43-1.2; No. 1 Northern, 1.41-1.2 to 1.43-1.2; No. 2 Northern, 1.38-1.2 to 1.38-1.2; No. 1 Northern to arrive, 1.16; No. 2, 1.11 to 1.12; to arrive No. 1, 1.16; No. 2, 1.11 to 1.12; linseed on track, 1.71-3-4 to 1.72; oats on track, 51-1-4c to 51-1-4c; rye on track, 95c to 1.00; barley on track, 65c to 70c.
TERMINAL STOCK MARKETS.
South St. Paul, July 13—Beef steers, 7.15; butcher bulls, 4.75 to 5.65; butcher cows and heifers 4.85 to 6.25; cutters and canners 4.00 to 4.50; veal calves, 4.25 to 9.75; hogs, 6.65 to 7.00; sheep, 5.45 to 6.25 to 9.25.
Chicago, July 13—Hogs, 6.65 to 7.80; pigs, 6.75 to 7.50; native beef steers, 6.75 to 10.30; western steers, 7.30 to 8.40; cows and heifers, 3.30 to 5.30; calves, 7.50 to 11.00; sheep, 5.60 to 6.80; lambs, 6.75 to 9.40.
St. Louis, July 13—Hogs, 6.50 to 7.20; beefs, 7.60 to 9.90; cows and heifers, 5.25 to 7.50; stockers and feeders, 6.50 to 7.25; calves and yearlings, 6.25 to 6.75.

Hunted Down
By M. QUAD
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murder, unless done in the trial passion, for he was sentimental and tender hearted. I think it was on the fifth day of his stay that he became feverish and called in a doctor and went to bed—mental worry, you see. I had finished my supper and was smoking my pipe when I saw a stranger coming up the path from the hotel. From his gait I judged him to be an American. From the way he hurriedly eyed the chalet and its surroundings I reasoned that he had other business than looking for lodgings. As he came to the chalet and looked over the gate himself, I was a detective. He had taken me for the man he wanted, and chagrin showed clearly on his face. He was from a western state and on the trail of a defaulting city treasurer.
It was queer enough that he didn't ask if there was another traveler in the house. He took it for granted that I was the only one, and he told me the whole story of Bracey's theft and flight. He talked for two hours and then went away, saying that he should hang around for a few days. Half an hour after his going it was discovered that Bracey was missing. His bed room window was over the veranda, and he had heard all.

I was putting in a month in a Swiss town, and as I was strolling along the highway in the suburbs one day a vehicle containing a single traveler appeared. The driver pulled up that the traveler might ask if he could find accommodation at some chalet instead of the hotel, as he was not in good health and wanted quietness. I was lodging at a private house, and there was room for another guest. The stranger was driven on, and I sat down on a rock to sum him up. Having come from the west in a country vehicle, he must have come from beyond the railroad station. The horse looked weary, and the hour was 4 in the afternoon, and I settled it that he must have come from Thalia, fifteen miles away. The man wore a hat that did not fit him and had the collar of his coat turned up. He had goggles, though it was a dark day, a person who wears goggles for weak eyes will carry a finger to one of the glasses every two or three minutes, even if he does not move them occasionally. On this man's face was a newly grown beard about an inch long. Every thirty seconds up went his hand to scratch. He was not used to a beard, but had grown it for an object. He thickened his voice when he spoke to me, and it was easy to detect the unnatural intonation. Why did he do it? Travelers searching for health are seldom to be met with in the mountains except in early summer, and this was late in the season. He might explain, however. Mr. Bracey, as he had given his name, probably had more reasons for seclusion than he had stated, and I had a curiosity to observe him further. His name was taken in at the chalet, and that night we ate supper together. I saw by his table manners that he was used to the quick lunches of a restaurant. He claimed to be an Englishman, but his American idioms would have given him away to a child. In the course of four or five days I had the stranger sized up to a dot and would have bet five to one that my diagnosis was positively correct. He was a straight haired American. He was a public official. It was his time abroad. He was in a disguise and a fugitive. Whatever he had with him he had in his under-shirt pocket. I knew this because he was constantly raising his hand to the spot. I am no man hunter. I did not go to the police or drop a hint to any one. Of whatever crime he was guilty he was safe from me. I knew it wasn't

Economy Hints
A penny saved is a penny earned—Benjamin Franklin.
DRESS aprons are useful additions to the wardrobe of the woman who does her own housework. These are seen at their best when colored lines are used. The tans, green, blue, old red and brown look well with a narrow band of contrasting color or tiny piping of plain white linen bordering neck and armholes.
The same careful woman protects her hair from dust while busy about the home by wearing a dainty cap made of white mull and lace over a wire frame. This frame is turban shape and is economical inasmuch as the wire frame protects the coiffure from disarrangement.
For the housewife who thinks in advance this is the time to purchase really excellent hair silk hose at the surprisingly low figure of 35 cents a pair.

Anneke Van Winkle's Wit
A Story of an Old Dutch Town.
By F. A. MITCHEL
The city of Schenectady, N. Y., until the latter part of the nineteenth century was a sleepy Dutch village. In the early days, when the Indians used to come into Schenectady to dispose of their pelts in exchange for various articles, the principal of which was furs, there lived in the town a young man named Heleger Van Tromp. He was in love with Anneke Van Winkle, a fine specimen of a Dutch girl, who, when wearing all the petticoats she possessed, looked very much like a humpback.
Some twenty miles from Schenectady the remains of a historical mansion that was occupied by Sir William Johnson, prominent in colonial times, still stand. A fur trader named Martin Smith lived in that region and made frequent trips to Schenectady in the way of business. On one of his trips he caught sight of Anneke Van Winkle and fell violently in love with her. A neighbor of Heleger's told him he had better look out, for his sweetheart, for the Englishman was bent on her house begging her to go back with him to the Long house, as the residence of Sir William Johnson was called.
This is the only recorded case of Heleger showing any animation. He got up from his chair, dropping his pipe, which was shattered, and trianguled to Anneke's house. Smith saw him coming, his eyes afixe, and with a foreboding withdrawal, Heleger chased him out of the town, and when the former returned his eyes were bloody.
It was supposed that the Dutchman had given the Englishman nothing more than a good trouncing until a man came in from Johnson's to learn what had become of Smith, for he had come to Schenectady for a day only, and though a week had passed he had not returned. The fact that when Heleger had come back from chasing his would be rival blood was on his clothing was proof to the Dutchmen that he had killed Smith. A search was made for the Englishman, but he was not found. But this had little weight, for it was supposed that the murderer had buried it.
Heleger was tried and convicted. The fact that Smith had disappeared after having been chased, that blood was on the shirt of the man who had chased him, was quite enough for those who tried Van Tromp without wasting words over any possible explanation. The Dutchman of that period was not imaginative or ingenious. What was before his eyes he saw; of what might be behind his back he had no note. That Heleger had killed the man who sought to take his sweetheart from him they did not doubt. Some were inclined to leniency on account of the provocation, but these were overruled by the wise heads who declared that murder was murder and that was all there was about it. So Heleger was condemned to be hanged one month from the day on which he was convicted.
Anneke received the verdict stolidly. At least she appeared to do so, though her face was so far that it is not probable any change of expression could appear in her lineaments. Nevertheless she loved Heleger, and her love for him had been much enhanced on seeing him chase away the man who had thrust his attention upon her. She went to her room and sat in the living room and, taking up her knitting, began to think, for Anneke could never think unless her fingers were working the needles.
It would be a mistake to suppose that because Anneke's face was as round as an apple and her little eyes were set above a pair of exuberant whiskers, she had no power of thought. She had a considerable thinking apparatus—that is, for those times in the wild Dutch town in which she lived. And she was not so slow in her thoughts as one would suppose. While she was knitting a pair of stockings she thought out a plan by which she might possibly save her lover from the gallows. It was a plan that would work in any other place, for it was admirably adapted, for the Schenectady burgher was a man accustomed to moving in a single plane. Out of that plane he at once became befogged and could not move at all.
There was in those days one church in which all the people of Schenectady worshipped. In its steeple was a clock that furnished not only the time, but the night rise and set irregularly, but the clock went right on just the same. Indeed, it would have been treason to doubt its accuracy, for it was the only clock in the town. By the hour it marked all things were decided. If a man promised to pay a sum of money in thirty days the expiration of the period was not marked by the fact that the sun had risen and set thirty times, but that the hour hand of the clock had noted the passage of thirty days. The people in Schenectady were used to those days to getting up at 6 in the morning. One morning a large number of persons awaking at their usual time were surprised that they remained awake an hour before the clock struck 6. But they were slow in comparing notes, and even if they had done so they would not have suspected that there was anything wrong with the clock. They would have attributed the fact that so many of them had lain awake an hour in the morning to coincidence.
The next morning when the people awoke they discovered that the clock instead of registering 6 or 5, as it had this morning before, registered 4. This circumstance created a greater disturbance in the village than anything that had ever occurred there since the great Indian massacre. It was evident that the clock had lost considerable time, for two days before the sun had risen at 6, and now when the clock struck that hour the sun was high in the heavens.
Had the clock been a few minutes too slow or too fast, even the burghers know it they would not have wondered. As it was they did not know what to make of it. So great was their faith in their timepiece that instead of thinking it wrong they laid the blame on the sun, though many of them preferred to believe that the devil had got into the belfry and had interfered with the mechanism. A committee of three was appointed to sit up and watch the bands to see when the change took place. The dial was lighted by a full moon, and they could see it distinctly. By 10 o'clock they had drunk so much schnapps that they saw a marvelous sight. The hands spun round like the spokes of a rapidly revolving wheel, first forward and then backward, stopping at 9. This settled the matter. The devil was at work in the belfry.
When twelve days had passed the burghers began to notice that each morning the clock was getting nearer their rising hour, though now it seemed to be gaining instead of losing, and before four weeks had passed it had come right again. Then they concluded that the devil had tired of fooling with it and had let it alone, for it went on steadily for twenty-four days after it had commenced its antics.
Meanwhile the date of Heleger Van Tromp's execution approached. The morning of the execution Anneke Van Winkle went to the judge of the court and said:
"Your worship, I have a confession to make."
"What is it, Anneke?" asked the judge.
"It is in connection with the hanging of Heleger Van Tromp. What day was he sentenced to be hanged?"
"Friday; that is today."
"Is that not Friday, your worship; it is Saturday."
"What is the matter with you, Anneke? Has the loss of your lover made you mad?"
"No, your worship. I say it is Saturday, because we have lost a day. Every night for twenty-four days I have climbed to the belfry of the church and turned the hands of the clock back an hour."
"Did you do that, Anneke?"
"The judge began to puzzle his brain over the question as to whether a day had been lost or not by the setting back of the clock. But, not reaching any conclusion, he sent word to the sheriff not to execute the prisoner until further orders. Then he called in the most prominent citizens and stated the case to them, asking their opinion whether, Anneke having set back the hands of the clock twenty-four hours, the day on which Heleger Van Tromp was to be executed had passed.
The question struck those to whom it was propounded as the most difficult they had ever been called upon to solve. After an hour's babel, during which some maintained one side and some another and frequent shifting from one side to the other, it was decided that the matter was too important to be decided in a hurry, and they all adjourned to a place where they could procure schnapps and tobacco.
When the hour of noon came—the time the hanging had been ordered—the debate was still going on and had extended to every person in the village. Never had there been such excitement in the sleepy old town since the day of the great Indian fight in 1690. A man would be of one opinion, while his wife took the opposite view. They quarreled. Fathers and sons, mothers and daughters contended, and after nightfall all the lovers in town were estranged.
During the afternoon a man was seen crossing the Mohawk river in a boat. It was agreed that this man was one who doubtless came from the Long house, he asked whether the day was Saturday or Sunday. When he came near enough for the people to distinguish his features he was seen to be Martin Smith, the "murdered" man. Every man and woman and child, being more interested in the date than the legal aspects involved in Smith's return, met him with the question, "What day is this?" He was so stilled that he could not tell them till he had examined memoranda he had in his pocket; then he declared that it was Saturday.
The question of the hanging was settled not only by the return of the supposed victim, but from the fact that the day set for the execution had passed. The people were beside themselves with joy that they had not hung Heleger and took Anneke, whose wit had saved him, on their shoulders and carried her to the jail, where her lover was set free, and they insisted that a wedding service be performed immediately.
So the dominie was called, and the pair were married.
Uncertain.
"Better stop the car," said the owner. "There are three women crossing the street."
"I think I can dodge them," suggested the chauffeur.
"Not with wings. One of them will dodge forward, another back and the third probably will go up in the air."—Pittsburgh Post.
An Ounce of Practice Is Worth a Pound of Preaching
Take Our Advice and Advertise in This Paper. Then We'll Stop Preaching and Congratulate You.
Wiggins Plumbing is Good Plumbing

HIS SUMMER OUTING
How He Saved a Girl From Drowning.
By ESTHER VANDEVEER
On Lake Winnepesaukee in New England is a camp where in summer several hundred girls of all ages from twelve to twenty are congregated. They are housed in bungalows and eat on a long, broad portico, an extension of the central building, and dance in a hall built expressly for that purpose and for sundry exhibitions. There are riding masters and swimming masters— which of course involves horses and paraphernalia for both—and canoes and lifeboats. A number of tennis courts complete the equipment for summer exercises.
Camp Wocomoc is located on one end of the lake, which is several miles long and from a half to a mile wide. A newcomer is not allowed to go out in a canoe until she can swim continuously a certain distance and keep afloat for fifteen minutes. Having passed this test, she may thereafter go canoeing at her pleasure. She is not hampered with skirts, for every girl must wear a bathing suit and stockings, and knickerbockers and stockings to the knees. This dress is also worn by the ladies in charge, and when they are short and fleshy it gives them an appearance of a waddling fat hen. As to the young ladies in camp costume, they all look about the same age—that is, anywhere between twelve and fifteen.
Nicholas Brewerton, a young lawyer of promise, having worked very hard during the winter till late into the spring, inquired of friends in New England for a place to spend a few weeks where he could be quiet. There must be no hotels, no casinos, nobody in fact, except himself. The best that could be done for him was Lake Winnepesaukee. The person who recommended it—a Miss Webster—forgot to say anything about the girls' camp. It may be that she left it out of her description of the location intentionally, thinking that the sight of young girls paddling about in picturesque costumes would be a pleasant sight for the young man. She may have had a sinister intention. Be this as it may, the young man was recommended to go to Lake Winnepesaukee, but to the other end of the girls' camp.
Brewerton went to Lake Winnepesaukee and found at the end where he had been advised to settle several cottages, one of which was to rent. After learning that the occupants of the others were couples with small children who desired quietude he took the vacant cottage, getting his meals at a farm house near by. There was a rowboat on an outboard which was rented with the house. Being satisfied, Brewerton prepared to live an uneventful life and rest.
But "man proposes, God disposes."
One morning—the next after his arrival—Brewerton got out his rowboat and started out to row lazily on the lake. It was a beautiful summer morning, and the hills on one side were reflected in the water. Light clouds floated above as idly as Brewerton floated on the lake. He was much pleased that his was the only boat within sight. Truly this was just what he had come for. He thanked in his heart the lady who had recommended it.
Brewerton had pulled up near the shore where there were overhanging trees. From under the branches came an exclamation of dissatisfaction. The voice was feminine and seemed to be that of a child. From a disturbance on the branches he inferred that some one in a boat had become entangled in them. A few strokes brought him to where he could see what was going on.
First, there was a canoe with the word "Wocomoc" painted on the bow; second, there was a girl in the boat, who might have been twelve, thirteen and perhaps fourteen, dressed in a costume Brewerton had never seen before. The navy blue material of her apparel from her waist to her knees might have been a skirt or something else, he could not tell what. Judging from its length, she should be about six years old, but Brewerton was sure she was not as young as that.
"Can I do anything for you, little girl?" he asked.
"I'm not quite as familiar with canoeing as I should be. I came under the shade of these branches, and in getting out I am afraid I shall upset the canoe."
Brewerton reached forth his hand, took hold of an end of the unsteady shell and withdrew it from under the branches.
"Can you manage it now?" he asked. The girl put her paddle in the water, and the canoe careened on one side. She gave a little shriek.
"Your mother should not have let you come out in such a topply boat without your being accustomed to such sport. Look out! You'll go over."
"Oh, dear, I'm afraid I'll be drowned!"
Brewerton was perplexed. He did not like to leave the child in her perilous position and did not know what to do with her. Finally he told her that if she would get into his boat he would take her home with her canoe in tow. She gladly accepted the invitation, taking a seat in the stern facing him and holding a line attached to her canoe.
"Where do you live?" asked Brewerton.
The girl looked in several directions, then pointed to a house on the opposite side of the lake. But half the distance had not been traversed when she pointed to a house in another direction. Brewerton looked at her in surprise, and she said she had "got turned around." But she soon confessed herself mistaken again and said she thought she would go to the camp.
"Where is the camp?"
"Camp Wocomoc."
Then for the first time Brewerton learned that around a bend in the lake there was a girls' camp.

"For kids?" he asked.
"Most of us are kids, but there are some older girls."
"For a kid she was quite entertaining. Brewerton was amused to hear her at times talk like a grown person. She had a sweet smile, a pair of dimples in her cheeks and pretty eyes. Brewerton was inclined to think that when she became a woman she would be quite an attractive one.
Presently they turned the bend, and the carman, turning, caught sight of the camp. He was much astonished. There on the margin of the lake was a congregation of boats about a large float for swimming purposes, equipped with diving apparatus. Brewerton pulled up to a landing where stood a number of girls, all in camp costume. His passenger got out of his boat, thanked him and, having tethered her canoe, went up to the camp.
Brewerton pulled back to his cottage, not knowing whether to be dissatisfied or not with his discovery. He rather thought that he would like to have the little girl go boating with him occasionally. Her prattle rested him. Indeed, during the next few days he found himself wishing he would meet her again on the lake. If he should he would inquire her name and address and ask her mother if she would not let her little girl go out with him.
One afternoon Brewerton got into his boat for a pull to explore the lake from end to end. He pulled up past Camp Wocomoc till he could go no farther by water, then turned and pulled back. Noticing that the swimming float was covered with girls, while others were splashing in the water, he concluded to go to it and watch the aquatic performances. At a point about a hundred feet from the float he paused. Some of the girls were diving from an springboard. One girl climbed a ladder and stood on a platform about twenty feet above the lake. Presently she gave a jump and plunged head down. She did not appear again for half a minute, and when she did she popped up within a few yards of Brewerton's boat and facing him.
Great heavens! She was the kid he had rescued from under the branches of a tree and had taken into his boat to save from drowning!
The water was cool, but not cool enough to keep the blood from rushing in a torrent to his cheeks. Though out of breath, she ducked and came up with her face the other way and swimming lustily for the float.
Brewerton's eyes were opened to the fact that he had been fooled. Indeed, he had been fooled in more than one respect. He had by this time seen a number of the girls of the camp and had learned that he could not judge of their age when in camp costume. But why should this girl have deceived him, feigning to be afraid of the water? Quite likely she was one of the most expert canoeers on the lake. Doubtless she was one of the denizens of the camp. All this was unintelligible to Brewerton, and, being unintelligible, it occupied his mind during the rest of his sojourn at Lake Winnepesaukee.
One day in September, after the fall breeze had blown back to the city, Brewerton received a message from some shrinker, Webster, asking if it would be convenient for him to dine with her the next evening. She was anxious to hear how he liked Lake Winnepesaukee. He replied that it would be convenient, and he was desirous of learning why she had not told him that there was a girls' camp on the lake.
Brewerton had been admitted to his hostess' house and was telling her about how he liked the lake when the doorbell rang and another guest was admitted. Mrs. Webster left him to receive the newcomer and presently returned with a stately young woman in dinner dress. Brewerton's eyes were fixed on her for a few moments before he recognized in her altered costume the girl he had saved from drowning.
There was on the young lady's face an expression of mingling emotions. There was some blushing, some shrinking, some sign of a guilty conscience, the whole topped with a dash of amusement. On Mrs. Webster's face it was all amusement. On Brewerton's face—Brewerton's face was indescribable.
"This is my friend Nick Brewerton," said the hostess, "and this is also my friend Miss Eleanor Tibbits. I believe you two have met before. Be seated."
It was not till long after this, when Brewerton had become the husband of Miss Tibbits, that he learned what a nefarious conspiracy had been concocted against him. Miss Tibbits had been with Mrs. Webster when he asked to be recommended to a restful summer spot where there were no women. Miss Tibbits—she was twenty years of age—thought it would be a good scheme to impose herself on the gentleman in camp costume as a little girl. She had engaged to go to Camp Wocomoc and was to Brewerton's arrival was posted as to the fact. She had "laid" for him and caught him the first day after his arrival. Her husband, referring to her popping up before him after having taken a twenty foot dive, declared that it was more surprising than if he had seen a veritable mermaid with a fish's tail.
To ferment.
"You know, Elsie, that 'ferment' means 'to work,'" said the teacher. "Now you may write a sentence on the blackboard containing the word 'ferment.'"
After a moment's thought Elsie wrote as follows: "In summer I love to ferment among the flowers in our garden."—Chicago News.
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