CROWDS GALORE! BARGAINS EMENSE!

The opening days of our great money saving sale were a great success. People for miles around were here and every one went away well pleased with the great values we are now giving in **Clothing, Shoes and Furnishings.**

This merely goes to show that the people of Willmar and surrounding country appreciate great values and are never slow to take advantage of the values we are now giving. This sale will continue for a short time and any person who is thinking of buying a suit or overcoat should come and see us and save from $5 to $10.00.

Men's Overcoats

Here is Your Chance, Make the Most of It

Men's $15.00 Overcoats, now $11.45
Men's $20.00 Overcoats, now $15.85
Men's $22.50 Overcoats, now $17.60
Men's $25.00 Overcoats, now $19.85

A Carnival of Bargains in Men's and Boy's Clothing

Men's $15.00 Suits, now $11.45
Men's $18.00 Suits, now $14.65
Men's $20.00 Suits, now $15.45
Men's $22.50 Suits, now $17.45
Men's $25.00 Suits, now $19.85

Boy's Two-Piece Suits at Prices that will Compel Them to Move Quickly

Boys' $5.00 Suits, now $3.98
Boys' $6.00 Suits, now $4.95
Boys' $8.00 Suits, now $5.85
Boys' Mackinaw and Sheep Lined Coats at a great saving to you.

Men's Dress Shirts

Men's $1.00 Dress Shirts, now 79c
Men's $1.25 Dress Shirts, now 95c
Men's $1.50 Dress Shirts, now $1.19

Biggest Line of Men's and Boy's Overshoes in the Vicinity

Men's $1.25 Low Overshoes 95c
Men's $1.50 One Buckle Overshoes $1.19
Men's $2.00 One Buckle Overshoes $1.59
Boys' $1.25 One Buckle Overshoes 93c

Mackinaws and Sheep Lined Coats

At a Great Saving to You. If you are thinking of buying a Mackinaw or Sheep Lined Coat, don't buy until you have seen ours.

Men's Furnishings

Now is a Chance to Lay in a Year's Supply

Men's 5c red, white and blue Handkerchiefs, now 3c
Men's 15c Black or Tan Hose, now 11c
Men's 25c Silk Lisle Hose, now 19c
Men's 35c Suspenders, now 27c
Men's 50c Suspenders, now 39c
Men's 25c Heavy Wool Socks, now 19c
Men's 50c Heavy Wool Socks, now 43c
Men's 10c Canvas Gloves, now 5c

Sweaters and Flannel Shirts

Here is a Golden Opportunity for Conservative Buyers

Men's $1.25 Sweaters, now 95c
Men's $2.50 Sweaters, now $1.95
Men's $3.50 Sweaters, now $2.85
Men's $5.00 Sweaters, now $3.95
Men's $1.25 Flannel Shirts, now 95c
Men's $2.25 Flannel Shirts, now $1.69
Men's $3.00 Flannel Shirts, now $2.39
Men's $2.50 Flannel Shirts, now $2.19

Hats and Caps

Men's $2.50 Hats, now $1.95
Men's $3.00 Hats, now $2.45
Men's 50c Caps, now 39c
Men's 75c Caps, now 59c
Men's $1.00 Caps, now 83c
Men's $1.25 Caps, now 95c

Men's Shoes

Men's $3.00 Shoes, now $2.29
Men's $3.50 Shoes, now $2.98
Men's $4.00 Shoes, now $3.15
Men's $4.50 Shoes, now $3.69
Men's $5.00 Shoes, now $4.15

Underwear

Men's $1.25 Shirt and Drawers, now 95c
Men's $1.50 Shirt and Drawers, now $1.19
Men's $1.75 Shirt and Drawers, now $1.35
Men's $2.00 Shirt and Drawers, now $1.60
Also Big Reductions on All Union Suits.

Men's Mittens

Men's $1.25 Mitts, now 95c
Men's $1.00 Mitts, now 79c
Men's 75c Mitts, now 59c
Men's 50c Mitts, now 42c

This Sale Is Under The Direct Management of E. P. Murphy, The Expert Sale Conductor of Minneapolis, Minn.

Men's $1.00 Union Suits, now 79c
Men's 50c Ties, now 29c
Men's 10c Canvas Gloves, now 5c
Men's $1.25 Flannel Shirts, now 95c

REMEMBER THIS SALE WILL CONTINUE FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY

THE WEUM CLOTHING CO.

Edw. M. Eikjer, Mgr. **Willmar, Minn.**

Men's 50c Neckties, now 29c
Men's 25c Wool Socks, now 19c
Men's 50c Underwear, now 33c
Men's $1.00 Ribbed Union Suits, now 63c

EXTRACTS FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

JANE GREY SWISSHELM

A Remarkable Woman of Ante-bellum Days

1815-1865

CHAPTER IV.

Go To Boarding-School.—Age, 12.

During my childhood there were no public schools in Pennsylvania. The State was pretty well supplied with colleges for boys, while girls were permitted to go to subscription schools. To these we were sent part of the time, and in one of them Joseph Caldwell, afterwards a prominent missionary to India, was a schoolmate. But we had Dr. Black's sermons, full of grand morals, science and history.

In lieu of colleges for girls, there were boarding-schools, and Edgeworth was esteemed one of the best in the State. It was at Braddock's Field, and Mrs. Olever, an English woman of high culture, was its founder and principal. To it my cousin, Mary Alexander, was sent, but returned homesick, and refused to go back unless I went with her. It was arranged that I should go for a few weeks, as I was greatly in need of country air; and, highly delighted, I was at the rendezvous at the hour, one o'clock, with my box, ready for this excursion into the world of polite literature. Mary was also there, and a new scholar, but Father Olever did not come for us until four o'clock. He was a small, nervous gentleman, and lamps were already lighted in the smoky city when we started to drive twelve miles thru spring mud, on a cloudy, cheerless afternoon. We knew he had no confidence in his power to manage those horses, though we also knew he would do his best to save us from harm; but as darkness closed around us, I think we felt like babes in the woods, and shuddered with vague fear as much as with cold and damp. When we reached the "Bullock Pens," half a mile west of Wilkinsburg, there were many lights and much bustle in and around the old yellow tavern, where teamsters were attending to their weary horses. Here we turned off to the old mud road, and came to a place of which I had no previous knowledge—a place of outer darkness and chattering teeth.

We met no more teams, saw no more lights, but seemed to be in an utterly uninhabited country. Then, after an hour of wearisome jolting and plunging, we discovered that the darkness had not been total, for the line of the horizon had been visible, but now it was swallowed up. We knew we were in a wood, by the rush of the wind amid the dried white oak leaves—knew that the road grew rougher at every step—that our driver became more nervous as he applied the brake, and we went down, down.

Still the descent grew steeper. We stopped, and Father Olever felt the bank with his whip to be sure we were on the road. Then we heard the sound of rushing, angry waters, mingled with the roar of the wind, and he seemed to hesitate about going on, but we could not very well stay there, and he once more put his horses in motion, while we held fast and prayed silently to the great Deliverer. After stopping again and feeling for the bank, lest we should go over the precipitous hillside, which he knew was there, he proceeded until, with a great plunge, we were in the angry waters, which arose to the wagon-bed, and roared and surged all around us. The horses tried to go on, when something gave way, and our guardian concluded further progress was impossible, and began to hallo at the top of his voice.

For a long time there was no response; then came an answering call from a long distance. Next a light appeared, and that, too, was far away, but came toward us. When it reached the brink of the water, and two men with it, we felt safe. The light-bearer held it up so that we saw him quite well, and his peculiar appearance suited his surroundings. He was more an overgrown boy than a man, beardless, with a long swarthy face, black hair and keen black eyes. He wore heavy boots outside his pantaloons, a blouse and slouch hat, spoke to his companion as one having authority, and with a laugh said to our small gentleman:

"Is this where you are?" but gave no heed to the answer as he waded in and threw off the check lines, saying: "I wonder you did not drown your horses."

He next examined the wagon, paying no more attention to Father Olever's explanations than to the water in which he seemed quite at home, and when he had finished his inspection he said:

"They must go to the house," and handing the light to the driver he took us up one by one and carried us to the wet bank as easily as a child carries her doll. He gave some directions to his companion, took the light and said to us:

"Come on," and we walked after him out into the limitless blackness, nothing doubting. We went what seemed a long way, following this brigand-looking stranger, without seeing sign of life or hearing any sound save the roar of wind and water, but on turning a fence corner, we came in sight of a large two-story house, with a bright light streaming out through many windows, and a wide open door. There was a large stone barn on the other side of the road, and to this our conductor turned, saying to us: "Go on to the house." This we did, and were met at the open door by a middle-aged woman, shading with one hand the candle held in the other. This threw a strong light on her face, which instantly reminded me of an eagle. She wore a double-bordered white cap over her black hair, and looked suspiciously at us through her small keen, black eyes, but kindly bade us come in to a low wainscoted hall, with broad stairway and many open doors. Through one of these and a second door we saw a great fire of logs, and I should have liked to sit by it, but she led us into a square wainscoted room on the opposite side, in which blazed a coal fire almost as large as the log heap in the kitchen.

She gave us seats, and a white-haired man who sat in the corner, spoke to us, and made me feel comfortable. Up to this time all the surroundings had had an air of enchanted castles, brigands, ghosts, witches. The alert woman with the eagle face, in spite of her kindness, made me feel myself an object of doubtful character, but this old man set me quite at ease. We were no more than well warmed when the wagon drove to the door, and the boy-man with the lantern appeared, saying,

"Come on."

We followed him again, and he lifted us into the wagon, while the mistress of the house stood on the large flag-stone door-step, shading her candle-flame, and giving directions about our wraps.

"Coming events cast their shadows before," when they are between us and the light; but that night the light must have been between them and me; for I bade good-bye to our hostess without any premonition we should ever again meet, or that I should sit alone, as I do tonight, over half a century later, in that same old wainscoted room, listening to the roar of those same angry waters and the rush of the wind wrestling with the groaning trees, in the dense darkness of this low valley.

When we had been carefully bestowed in the wagon, our deliverer took up his lantern, saying to Father Olever:

"Drive on."

He was obeyed, and led the way over a bridge across another noisy stream, and along a road, where there was the sound of a waterfall very near, then up a steep, rocky way until he stopped, saying,

"I guess you can get along now."

To Father Olever's thanks he only replied by a low, contemptuous but good-humored laugh, as he turned to retrace his steps. All comfort and strength and hope seemed to go with him. We were abandoned to our fate, babes in the woods again, with only God for our reliance. But after a while we could see the horizon, and arrived at our destination several minutes before midnight, to find the great mansion full of glancing lights and busy, expectant life.

The large family had waited up for Father Olever's return, for he and his wagon were the connecting link between that establishment and the outside world. He appeared to great advantage surrounded by a bevy of girls clamoring for letters and messages. To me the scene was fairy-land. I had never before seen anything so grand as the great hall with its polished stairway. We had supper in the housekeeper's room, and I was taken up this stairway, and then up and up a corkscrew cousin until we reached the attic, which stretched over the whole house, one great dormitory called the "bee-hive." Here I was to sleep with Helen Semple, a Pittsburg girl, of about my own age, a frail blonde, who quite won my heart at our first meeting.

Next day was Sabbath, and I was greatly surprised to see pupils walk on the lawn. This was such a desecration of the day, but I made no remark. I was too solemnly impressed by the grandeur of being at Braddock's Field to have hinted that anything could be wrong. But for my own share in the violation I was painfully penitent.

This was not new, for there were a long series of years in which the principal business of six days of every week, was repentance, for the very poor use made of the seventh, and from this dreary treadmill of sin and sorrow, no faith ever could or did free me. I never could see salvation in Christ apart from salvation from sin, and while the sin remained the salvation was doubtful and the sorrow certain.

On the afternoon of that first Sabbath, a number of young lady pupils came to the Bee-hive for a visit, and as I afterwards learned to inspect and name the two new girls, when I was promptly and unanimously dubbed, "Wax Doll." After a time, one remarked that they must go and study their "ancient history lesson." I caught greedily at the words, ancient history. Ah, if I could only be permitted to study such a lesson! No such progress or promotion seemed open to me; but the thought interfered with my prayers, and followed me into the realm of sleep. So when that class was called next forenoon, I was alert, and what was my surprise, to hear those privileged girls stumbling over the story of Samson? Could it be possible that was ancient history? How did it come to pass that every one did not know all about Samson, the man who had laid his head on Delilah's wicked lap, to be shorn of his strength. If there is any thing in that account, or any lesson to be drawn from it, with which I was not then familiar, it is something I have never learned. Indeed, I seemed to have completed my theological education before I did my twelfth year.

One morning, Mrs. Olever sent for me, and told me she had learned my mother was not able to send me to school, but if I would take charge of the lessons of the little girls, she would furnish me board and tuition. This most generous offer quite took my breath away, and was most gladly accepted; but it was easy work, and I wondered my own studies were so light. I was allowed to amuse myself drawing flowers, which were quite a surprise, and pronounced better than anything the drawing master could do—to recite poetry, for the benefit of the larger girls, and to play in the orchard with my pupils.

With the other girls, I became interested in hairdressing. I had read "The Children of the Abbey," and Amanda's romantic adventures enchanted me; but she was quite outside my life. Now I made a nearer acquaintance with her. She changed her residence: so had I. She had brown ringlets; I too should have them. So one Friday night, my hair was put up in papers, and next morning, I let loose an amazing shower of curls.

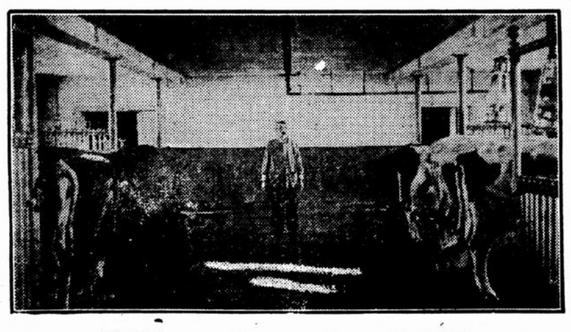
The next thing to do was to go off alone, and sit reading in a romantic spot. Of course I did not expect to meet Lord Mortimer! Miss Fitzallen never had any such expectations. I was simply going out to read and admire the beauties of nature. When I had seated myself, in proper attitude, on the gnarled root of an old tree, overhanging a lovely ravine, I proceeded to the reading part of the play, and must of course be too much absorbed to hear the approaching footsteps, to which I listened with bated breath. So I did not look up when they stopped at my side, or until a pleasant voice said:

"Why you look quite romantic, my dear."

Then I saw Miss Olever, the head teacher, familiarly called "Sissy Jane." In that real and beautiful presence Miss Fitzallen retired to her old place, and oh, the mortification she left behind her! I looked up, a detected criminal, into the face of her who had brought to me this humiliation, and took her for a model. My folly did not prevent our being sincere friends during all her earnest and beautiful life.

She passed on, and I got back to the Bee-hive, when I disposed of my curls, and never again played heroine.

(To be continued).



What Repairs Will Your Barn Need?

Are stalls, mangers, floors, supporting posts, doors, windows and roof supports all in shape for winter?

How about ventilation?

Winter is hard on stock unless fresh air is provided for. Fortunately a King vestilator is easy to put on. It can be put on an old barn as easy as on a new one.

Inside repairs can of course be done most any time, but it's a good thing to have the material ready so that you can get it at the first opportunity.

Once repairs are needed, the sooner they are made, the less they cost.

Can't you arrange to come in or send in for a load of repair material this week?

JOHN L. GRUE
WILLMAR MANAGER
STANDARD LUMBER CO.

WHITTALL

WHITTALL

Whittall Rugs are gifts worth while

They enable you to express your CHRISTMAS GREETINGS in a remembrance of lasting beauty and recognized quality. Gifts are valued most when practical and useful.

From the wool on the back of the sheep to the beautiful rug on your floor is a long journey with many important steps. Any of these steps, if slighted in the least, will lessen the finished product. The high quality of WHITTALL RUGS is due to the great care and skill used in the process of making.

Come in and let us show you why the name Whittall, woven in the back of a rug or carpet, is so well and favorably known among dealers and housewives as "THE MARK OF QUALITY."

We also have a fine line of picture frames. Come in and look them over.

Andrew Peterson

Willmar, Minn. **The Home Furnisher**