

Bonhomme's Compliments

By ALEC BRUCE

It was annoying in business hours, very annoying, yes. M'sieur Bonhomme could stand it no longer.

True, he did not do much business after five o'clock. But what had that to do with it? These young men did not mean business, no! Their time was their own. Bah, even Marie, his own beautiful, peachblow Marie, had had enough. And enough is as good as a feast; her manner said so. Her tongue? More things than tongues can speak!

M'sieur rose suddenly from his ink-splattered desk and paced slowly up and down the dimly lighted aisle of his old furniture store.

"Yes, it will end, now—tonight!" he muttered. "I cannot stand it longer. These young men, young fools, I will pack them home, where they belong. My daughter is my daughter, not a plaything! Her time, my time, is valuable."

Before a dust-coated mirror in a tall mahogany wardrobe he paused a moment, shaking his fist at the full-length reflection with its curling gray hair and subdued floridity of countenance.

"And you, m'sieur, must pack them home; you have been too long about it!"

His big, brown eyes blazed ominously.

"Father!" A door opened in the clumsy tapestry frame screening the little living rooms behind, and a girl, tall and darkly handsome, a little past twenty, perhaps, with a humorous and clever expression, beamed on him out of liquid wells of blue. "Father," she repeated, "Mr. Moorsen is coming. He—he—I think he is coming here again."

"Thank you, Marie, thank you," stammered M'sieur, his broad, clean-shaven face pinkish distinctly. "Er—and if I am not seen, I suppose that I will not be in the way, my dear!"

"Oh, no, father, no!" she laughed, "but make yourself heard up in the gallery. Walk about a little, tumble something, yes. Then I can say, 'Hush, Mr. Moorsen; someone is taking stock up there.' Ha ha!" She laughed a nervous little laugh.

"My dear," whispered her father impulsively, "of course you know that I do not—er—desire to listen. The sweet things these young men say are not for ears like mine. Ah, I doubt not that I have heard them once or twice already, yes."

This time a low, musical laugh rippled through the long oblong hall, and echoed from the galleries above.

"Mon ami," she murmured archly, "the sweet things these young men say, now, are perhaps just a little different from the things young men said—oh, some twenty years ago, when the little mother heard you speak them, hey? And so, perhaps you might desire—"

"My dear," Bonhomme interrupted with a smile. "I hear footsteps! Never fear, I will walk about in the gallery, or I will cough maybe. But I am busy this afternoon, and I cannot leave the store for the convenience of these young—visitors, ahem! And it is possible that I might hear some leetle snatch—eh? Take care, take care, ma'amselle!"

"Ting, ting."
"Ah, your visitor."
Ma'amselle hurried forward with a laugh.

Click! The big swing doors opened wide and a well-set-up, muscular young man met her with a smile that only half explained the meaning of his presence. "Your father is out, I suppose?" he whispered, glancing up the aisle.

M'sieur, fat and breathless, had taken advantage of the greetings to tiptoe up the spiral stairway. "Hush, your father is out!" he wheezed wrathfully. "Listen to faint heart and—" But he did not hear the fair lady's reply.

Bah! At gallery No. 1 he stopped for a moment and viewed with regret the many dust-covered tables near the door. If madams were only here! Hush! He could hear, but could not see, his daughter and Mr. Moorsen now.

They had seated themselves on a rose-colored divan on the aisle, behind a row of wardrobes. The young man chose the spot with much persuasion.

M'sieur heard him: "Hush, I will go higher up, young man, higher up, where I can get a bird's-eye view," he panted. When! Asthma and climbing do not agree, and gallery No. 2 was so high up. It contained the bedding, all the soft goods and M'sieur collapsed on a pile of cushions.

Oh, is, is! he was too high up to hear even a snatch of conversation, but he could see. And the young man was bending so close to Ma'amselle. His speech, his actions, betrayed the feverish anxiety of his mind, and Ma'amselle had turned her crimson face away. Suddenly Mr. Moorsen seized her hand. She drew it away.

Mon Dieu! The psychological moment arrived! M'sieur looked about for something to drop, something that would make a noise, but there was nothing. He thought hard. He thought hard, but in his present state of excitement he was unable to think of anything.

place of the feigned, and M'sieur was a friend of discretion.

Hark! Loud footsteps sounded on the tiling outside. Mr. Moorsen jumped to his feet. Ma'amselle also, and evidently at the young man's urgent solicitation, she threw open the mirrored door of the most convenient wardrobe and pushed him in.

"Ha!" M'sieur noted that wardrobe well—one, two, three, four, five—five! in the mahogany row. "Ah ha! I will go down again to gallery number one," he muttered, a vague disappointment discernible in his tones. "I did not hear one leetle word."

The swing doors bumped, and M'sieur popped his head over the polished rail of gallery number one just as another young man, a tall, bottle-shouldered blonde with a vibrant voice full of round, benignant notes, clasped Ma'amselle's small white hand.

"Marie," he cried—M'sieur could hear every word—"I am so glad to see you; and you are alone? Ah, that is fortunate, for I have a secret to tell you tonight, Marie, I—I love you, dear. No, no; do not forbid me. I must tell you—"

"Sh—oh, Mr. Corson," she stammered, glancing swiftly upward, "I—I—please do not tell me any—any secrets tonight, please—"

"Marie, my Marie," he insisted, laying a large, bony hand on her small, trembling one, "one kiss, dear, just one," he pleaded, his strong arm stealing around her slender waist.

"No, no, Mr. Corson, no!"

Bang! The full-blown decorated globe of an antiquated lamp splintered on the gallery floor and glittered in frosty powder on a crimson mat.

"Who—who was that?" demanded Mr. Corson, catching his breath and quickly withdrawing his arm. "What? your father bu-breaking stock—I—I thought that he was out!"

"Hush—hush!"

Again footsteps sounded on the tiling outside and M'sieur began to descend the spiral stairway behind.

Mr. Corson jumped to his feet: "Hide me, Marie, hide me! Someone's coming both ways. I—I would rather not be seen."

"Quick, then, in here!" she breathed, throwing open the door of a fine wardrobe just opposite the fifth mahogany piece. Click!

"Ha!" M'sieur saw Mr. Corson's contails disappear. "One, two, three, four," he counted carefully, and as he passed up the aisle to meet the portly newcomer shaking hands with Ma'amselle at the door, he turned two keys in the mahogany and mission rows, and dropped them in his pocket.

"Ha, Mister Barron, good afternoon, good afternoon! You are well, yes? And Mrs. Barron? Ah, that is good! Something—er—this afternoon, perhaps?"

Mr. Barron was M'sieur's best customer. Purchasing agent for a much larger furniture store, when his firm ran out of any particular piece desired at once, Bonhomme, if he could supply, always got the order.

"Ah, good afternoon, M'sieur, good afternoon!" responded Mr. Barron loudly. "Yes, sir, I want two wardrobes, in a hurry. Send them out in our wagon; it's at your door now. A mahogany one for—er—take a note of them! Ready?" He glanced at the notebook in his hand—"Mr. James Moorsen, 91 Cookson avenue. You know the gentleman's son, I think. I've seen him here."

"Ha, ha!" M'sieur chuckled.

Mr. Barron looked curiously over his spectacles. "Eh? and one for Mr. Arthur Corson, 15 Marlon terrace. Perhaps you know young Corson, also? Ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha!" echoed M'sieur.

"And I want both in model A, Bonhomme, remember. Ah, you have a row of each, I see. Well, don't fail me. Get 'em home at once. My men are at your service. Good day, I'm off. Busy as bees down our way."

"Good day, sir, good day," smilingly M'sieur bowed his patron out, and signalled the men to come in. They were big strong fellows both of them. But when the wardrobes were loaded and roped, they came back to the store.

"Yes?" queried Bonhomme with arching brows.

"A drink of water, if you please, sir!"

"Certainly," mumbled M'sieur, turning his face away. "Oh, Marie, som' water! som' water, up front here! Ah, and the keys, I forgot the keys," he muttered when the men followed Ma'amselle away, "and these men can deliver them with the goods, yes."

He hurried to his desk and drew out two business cards. "With Bonhomme's compliments," he wrote on each, and placed them with the little gilded keys in their respective envelopes.

One of the men tucked the packets carefully away in his pockets. "Yes, sir," he promised, "I'll see that the right parties gets 'em. You bet I will, sir."

"Oh, father," pouted Ma'amselle when the door closed, "these young men, oh, these young men, they are such troubles. Oh, I do not want them, and they are here, yet. What shall I do?"

"Ha, ha, ha! non, non, my dear," laughed M'sieur, "they are not here! You make one beeg mistake. These young men will not trouble you again. They have gone home to their fathers—with the compliments of Bonhomme, yes! Ha, ha!"

Bargain Day.
"Four extra linings to this game, my dear."
"Without extra charge? I don't wonder you men are so fond of baseball."
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A SOIL FERTILITY PROPHECY

Editor Collingwood of the Rural New Yorker says:

"Gasoline leaves no organic matter behind it. We have come to the time, and we are rapidly going further into it when there will be practically no stable manure for people to buy and put on their ground. And then people will suddenly wake and realize that all these years they have been giving to stable manure a value it did not carry, and that, with fertilizers properly handled and with cover crops, they will be able to get the same results with less labor, with more profit and with far greater satisfaction."

OUR DWINDLING MEAT SUPPLY

You have no doubt become accustomed to meatless days, but secretly you are probably waiting and hoping for the day when you can again eat a good steak without feeling unapologetic.

But do you realize that the average meat supply per individual, even before the war, had fallen off nearly one-fourth since 1900? To be sure, each of us had nearly as much meat to eat



in 1917 as in 1900, but this was secured at the expense of our European neighbors. Our exports practically ceased; we had no surplus left to send abroad.

But the question is, "Toward what are we headed?" Shall we have to continue to reduce our meat ration until eventually we come to the plan of cereal-eating China? This is the natural trend in every highly populated country. Where people and live stock must compete for the same grain, live stock is pretty apt to get left.

But there is no real need for permanent meat shortage in America. Our farm and particularly our pastures are not producing anything like full capacity. Following the close of the war fertilizer will undoubtedly be used more extensively than ever before to boost live stock production. Many live stock farms could actually double their carrying capacity by making use of commercial fertilizer. "Fertilizer to Keep More Live Stock" bids fair to be a popular slogan on the American live-stock farm.

THE IRISH POTATO THE FOOD OF THE PEOPLE

The Irish potato is a staple of American diet. Enough potatoes were consumed in the United States in 1915 to allow one eight-ounce potato a day throughout the whole year for each man, woman and child.

Truly, the potato is the food of the people. The portion of the American meal made up of this vegetable, alone, consumes over 300,000,000 bushels annually.

Intensive methods make it possible to grow crops yielding from 250 to 400 bushels per acre, and at the same time to decrease the cost of raising each bushel. The big expense in potato growing comes in the preparation of the land, the purchase of the seed and the attention given the crop throughout the season. But it costs no more to prepare ground, plant, cultivate and spray a 300-bushel crop than it does a 150-bushel crop. Harvesting will cost more, but the big overhead expenses are practically the same. Obviously the thing to do is to insure large yields by supplying an abundance of available plant food that will give the crop a good start and force it to early maturity.

Fertilizers should be applied at the time of planting, and in order to make certain that this material may be on hand when needed it is especially important to order early this year.

The man who has his fertilizer stored in his own barn is the only one who can be certain of a supply when needed. A big potato crop will be needed next year whether peace comes or not.

WHY FOOD PRICES ARE INCREASING

"During the last fifty or seventy-five years (principally since 1840), while the large cities in this country and Europe have been growing, the established agricultural areas that produced food were supplemented by the opening up of new lands in the middle West, Canada, Brazil, Australia, South and Central Africa, Australia and Siberia.

"Food products, chiefly grains and meats, were produced on virgin, unfertilized lands. Emigrant labor was employed and subsequently there was cheap railroad and steamship transportation, so until recently the people in cities have been fed on food produced and sold at a price which did not take into consideration the cost of production and the value of plant food contained in crops which must be returned to the soil to maintain productivity."—Report of the Food Problem Committee, the Merchants' Association of New York.

HUMPHREYS' WITCH HAZEL OINTMENT

(COMPOUND)
For Piles or Hemorrhoids, External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding, Itching or Burning. One application brings relief at all druggists.

Send Free Sample of Ointment to

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BOOK on treatment of Horses, Cows, Sheep, Dogs and other animals, sent free. Humphreys' Homeopathic Veterinary Medicine, 156 William St., N. Y.

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A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For itching scalp. Cleanses scalp. Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. No. and Price at Druggists.

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DEALERS IN Rags, Rubber, Paper, Iron, Metal, Hides, Pelts and Furs

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304 Comstock Street OWOSSO

Order of Publication.

State of Michigan, The Probate Court for the County of Shiawassee.

In a session of the Probate Court for said County, held at the Probate Office, in the City of Corunna, on the 18th day of November in the year one thousand nine hundred and eighteen.

Present, Matthew Bush, Judge of Probate.

On reading and filing the petition of Margaret Schiasek praying that a administrators of said estate may be granted to Gust Hackbort or some other suitable person.

It is ordered, that the 23rd day of December, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon at said Probate Office, be assigned for hearing said petition.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks, previous to the said day of hearing, in the OWOSSO Times, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Shiawassee.

MATTHEW BUSH, Judge of Probate.

By CLARISSA GALLOWAY, Probate Register.

Order of Publication.

The Probate Court for the County of Shiawassee.

In a session of the Probate Court for said County, held at the Probate Office, in the City of Corunna, on the 18th day of November in the year one thousand nine hundred and eighteen.

Present, Matthew Bush, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Robert B. Grubb, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Neils Grubb, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to the petitioner or some other suitable person.

It is ordered that the 18th day of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be assigned for hearing said petition.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks, previous to the said day of hearing, in the OWOSSO Times, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Shiawassee.

MATTHEW BUSH, Judge of Probate.

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In a session of the Probate Court for said County, held at the Probate Office, in the City of Corunna, on the 18th day of November in the year one thousand nine hundred and eighteen.

Present, Matthew Bush, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of John F. Bigham, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Sarah M. Bigham praying for the probate of the will of said deceased now filed in this Court.

It is ordered, that the 18th day of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for hearing said petition.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks, previous to the said day of hearing, in the OWOSSO Times, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Shiawassee.

MATTHEW BUSH, Judge of Probate.

Notice For Appearance.
STATE OF MICHIGAN
CIRCUIT COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF SHIawassee, IN CHANCERY
George Hall, Plaintiff,
vs.
Ester Hall, Defendant.
Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Shiawassee—in Chancery.
At the City of Corunna, in said County of Shiawassee, on the 4th day of Nov., A. D. 1918.
In this cause it appearing from the affidavits on file that the defendant, Ester Hall, is not a resident of this state but resides at Louisiana in the State of Missouri.
On motion of George H. Fardeau, attorney for plaintiff, it is ordered that the appearance of the said defendant, Ester Hall, be entered in this cause within three months from the date of this order; and that in case of her appearance that she cause her answer to the Bill of Complaint to be filed on or before the said date, and that she cause a copy thereof to be served on her, or her attorney, of a copy of the said bill, and in default thereof that said bill be taken as confessed by the said defendant, Ester Hall.
And it is further ordered that the said plaintiff cause this order to be published in THE OWOSSO TIMES, a newspaper printed, published and circulating in said county, and that such publication be continued therein once in each week for six weeks in succession, or that the said plaintiff cause a copy of this order to be personally served and a copy to be sent by registered mail on and to the said defendant, Ester Hall, at least twenty days before the time above provided for her appearance.
JOSEPH H. COLLINS, Clerk of Court.
Geo. H. Fardeau, Attorney and Counselor for Plaintiff.

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"THE UTAH SECRET"

In one of those "once-in-a-lifetime" discoveries that seem to come to a waiting world at stated periods—the milestones which mark the world's enlightened progress, PROS-TONE is the life monument of achievement to the man who has prescribed the formula for the relief of a nervous origin and kidney and bladder troubles for thirty years in private practice. He first used it to relieve kidney and bladder diseases which afflicted the engineers and other employees of one of our great western railroads of which he was the physician. His great success led to its extended use for nervous disorders by the patients of the Keely Institute of Salt Lake, Utah. Results were so wonderfully beneficial, the good doctor finally decided his duty toward mankind was to lay it to the world, and PROS-TONE SPECIALLY PREPARED BENEFITS before the public—to acquaint weak, suffering, nervous, debilitated men and women with what PROS-TONE would REALLY DO. He was influenced in his decision to disclose his great secret of renewed health and vitality by two influential members of the medical fraternity who had used the formula of PROS-TONE in their private practice and were astounded by the wonderful results obtained. One was the Dean of an eastern Medical College and the other a member of the faculty of another college. The result of their combined experience and judgment was the improved formula under which PROS-TONE is now made.

If you cannot get PROS-TONE at your druggist—in order that we may be able to acquire you more fully as to what it WILL REALLY ACCOMPLISH—

We will mail you FREE on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or coin and this coupon, enough PROS-TONE for three days trial and full directions. We want all victims of nervousness, failing power, kidney and bladder troubles, to use PROS-TONE TO KNOW THE GREAT UTAH SECRET of health and vitality to reap its manifold benefits.

Write your name and address plainly and in this coupon to your letter.

PROS-TONE CO., 116 Broad St., New York.

Cut Out the Jumps!

Have you "the jumps"—or other manifestations of nervousness? Are you easily confused or startled at unexpected noises or sounds? Do you worry or fret over trifles? Then look to your nerves. Something is radically wrong with them. Unrest, nervous conditions usually result from some exhausted or impaired bodily organ, which does not properly give it its allotted service. Go after the offender through that great recuperative center of the body—your stomach. Ask your druggist for DR. CHARLES TONIC TABLETS. They are the very best of preparations to soothe and smooth the racked and exhausted nerves of nervous prostration victims. They also present the gift of relief from some exhausted or impaired bodily organ, which does not properly give it its allotted service. Go after the offender through that great recuperative center of the body—your stomach. Ask your druggist for DR. CHARLES TONIC TABLETS. 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