

COUNTRY WENT DEMOCRATIC.

One Republican on County Ticket—Whitson—Only One Who Wins Out.

Tuesday, while the weather was wet and the general conditions slippery, Livingston county slipped from a republican strong-hold into the democratic column. J. G. Whitson was the only republican who pulled through, he having a plurality over J. G. Grinsell, democratic nominee, of about 550.

The county officials for the next four years are as follows:
J. G. Whitson, clerk of the circuit court; Frank A. Ortman, state's attorney; Walter O. Myers, coroner; Ernest J. Allen, surveyor.

The practically complete vote of Livingston county is as follows:
Wilson, 3231; Roosevelt, 3207; Taft, 2361.
Dunne, 3144; Funk, 2583; Deneen, 2233.
FitzHenry, 2676; Sterling, 2531; Stump, 2189.
Lish, 2977; Haase, 2909; Thompson, 2672.
Ireland, 4321; Kerrick, 3877; Fahy, 4940; Foster, 5004; Carmon, 7338.
Baker, 1547; Lyon, 1333; Maloney, 1258.
Ortman, 2301; McFadden, 1952.

VOTE IN DWIGHT.

The total vote cast in Dwight for president was 711, of which Taft got 285, Wilson 236 and Roosevelt 190.

For governor 723 votes were cast, resulting as follows: Deneen, 278; Dunne, 275; Funk, 170.

For congressman 719 votes were deposited and of these Sterling got 320, FitzHenry 238 and Stump 161.

Senator Lish polled 311 votes; Representatives Ireland 528½, Kerrick 411; for circuit clerk Whitson polled 335; for state's attorney McFadden got 277 while Ortman, dem., got 305.

FOR CONGRESSMAN.

With practically complete returns from the five counties comprising the seventeenth congressional district FitzHenry won by about 1000. The totals are as follows:

	Sterling	FitzHenry	Stump
McLean	6408	5761	3147
Ford	1211	1029	1386
Logan	1607	2533	385
Woodford	1297	2060	1044
Livingston	2531	2676	2189
Total	13054	14059	8651

SENATOR LISH LOSSES.

State Senator Lish, of Saunemin, has been defeated by about 1100 votes. He carried Livingston county by about 75 and Putnam county by about the same number, but lost Woodford by 797 and Marshall by about 400.

Those elected to the state legislature are: Foster, democrat, of Fairbury; Fahy, democrat, of Toluca, and Carmon, progressive, of Forrest.

VOTE IN PONTIAC.

Wilson, 3231; Roosevelt, 3207; Taft, 236; Dunne, 3144; Funk, 2583; Deneen, 2233. FitzHenry, 2676; Sterling, 2531; Stump, 2189. Lish, 2977; Haase, 2909; Thompson, 2672. Ireland, 4321; Kerrick, 3877; Fahy, 4940; Foster, 5004; Carmon, 7338. Baker, 1547; Lyon, 1333; Maloney, 1258. Whitson, 3285; Grinsell, 2636. Ortman, 2301; McFadden, 1962.

CHATS WORTH.

Taft 52, Deneen 52, Grout 58, Peterson 55, Alexander-Behrenburg 55, Mason 58, Chipfield 58, Sterling 80, Lyon 60, Lish 84, Ireland 122, Kerrick 92, Whitson 81, McFadden 76, Slyder 85, Knight 81.

Wilson, 221, Dunne 231, Lucey 219, Trevett 291, Henrotin 221, Watson 221, Stringer 218, Williams 218, FitzHenry 219, Baker 226, Haase 411, Foster 278, Grinsell 219, Ortman 263, Myers 226, Allen 222.

Roosevelt 165, Funk 156, Dobyns 158, Harris 158, Robins 157, Hatch 157, Maxey 160, Boyle 150, Stump 140, Maloney 152, Thompson 133, Carson 419, Hoover 139, Yost 102, Tombaugh 162, Whalen 155.

IN SULLIVAN TOWNSHIP.

Out of 329 votes cast there were 102 straight democratic, 55 progressive 58 republican, four prohibition and two socialist votes cast. For the head of the tickets Walton received 133; Roosevelt 111, and Taft 77 votes.

For governor, Dunne got 138, Funk 97 and Deneen 84 votes.

The vote for the other state officers ran about the same.

SAUNEMIN DEMOCRATIC, TOO.

Saunemin was equally divided on republicans and progressives. Wilson received 110, Taft 96 and Roosevelt 96. The prohibitionists polled three and the socialists and socialist labor parties each one vote.

For governor, Dunne 102, Funk 112, Deneen 84.
For congressman, Sterling 135, FitzHenry 97, Stump 65.
For state senator, Lish 234, Haase 38, Thompson 34.

For representatives, Ireland 260, Kerrick 173, Carmon 163, Fahy 161, Foster 143.
For circuit clerk, Whitson 160, Grinsell 76, Hoover 68.
For state's attorney, McFadden 145, Ortman 111, Yost 63.

FLANAGAN.

Nebraska township voted as follows:
Taft 36, Deneen 39, Oglesby 43, Doyle 40, McCullough 42, Russell 39, Stead 39, Grout, 40, Alexander-Behrenburg 39, Peterson 39, Mason 39, Chip-

field 44, Sterling 44, Lyon 48, Lish 56, Ireland 55, Kerrick 55, Whitson 60, McFadden 56, Slyder 46, Knight 45.
Wilson 128, Dunne 127, O'Hara 134, Woods 127, Brady 125, Ryan 124, Lucey 126, Trevett 126, Henrotin 125, Watson 126, Stringer 129, Williams 128, FitzHenry 122, Baker 127, Haase 118, Fahy 292½, Foster 136½, Grinsell 128, Ortman 139, Myers 126, Allen 127.
Roosevelt 172, Funk 168, Franklin 164, Carmon 147, Hoover 150, Yost 137, Peterson 166, Winter 167, Decker 166, Dobyns 166, Harris 167, Robins 165, Hatch 164, Maxey 165, Boyle 164, Stump 167, Maloney 160, Thompson Tombaugh 161, Whalen 160.

Political.

At the republican rally in Emington Saturday night, Col. Frank L. Smith, of Dwight; Judge Fort, of Minonk, and H. E. Torrance, of Pontiac, were the speakers. They all made good talks. Col. Smith gave a very interesting outline of the organizing of political conventions, which was listened to with a great deal of attention. Judge Fort handled the tariff question and H. E. Torrance talked for the party. There was a parade and fireworks and the village was alive with enthusiasm.

The democratic rally in Dwight Saturday night was very creditable, so also was the Moosers. Both had parades and fireworks, and the Pontiac and Odell bands furnished music. The speaking was held in the new block on Franklin street. There were fireworks and a good, enthusiastic time enjoyed by all.

No Poetry There.

W. D. Howells, at a luncheon at Kittery Point, said to a certain popular novelist: "There is about as much poetry in him as there is in McMasters. McMasters, you know, was walking with a beautiful girl in a wild New England wood. 'What is your favorite flower, Mr. McMasters?' the girl asked softly. McMasters thought a moment, then cleared his throat and answered: 'Well, I believe I like the whole-wheat best.'"

If you are at all interested in the purchase of a piano you should first investigate the lines represented by C. M. Baker & Son, they are representative lines.—Adv.

Beware of Humorous Letters.

That musicians, like every one else, should be careful in writing humorous letters is illustrated by the break in the friendship between Wagner and Liszt. Following a would-be humorous appeal for money from Wagner to his friend, the correspondence between the two, we are informed by the London Musical Times, ceased for 11 years.

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A JOYOUS SUMMER BY THE SEASHORE

Hanscombe Proved to Be a Good Captain in Rough Weather.

By LOUISE MERRIFIELD.

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For one moment Hanscombe lost his head. "It's been a joyous summer, girls, and there's another one ahead of us. I'll try to come back."

He was lying full length at her feet on the shore. Nan hardly noticed him. Her face was turned down toward the point. Something of the sunset glory seemed to linger on its girlish contour, but her eyes were full of latent mischief.

"It's so nice of you even to promise that, Mr. Hanscombe," she murmured, "Mother'll be glad."

"Won't you?"
"I won't be here."
Hanscombe sat up.

"Not if I should ask you to be here?"
Nan laughed and bit her lip.

"You always seem like a funny, overgrown boy to me when you try to be earnest."

"I'm not trying, Nan. You've known all along just what I've meant."

"It's a good thing for me that I have," laughed Nan. "Oh, don't protest, now, and try to make good at the last minute. You don't have to wish me. You came down here with Hal—"

"He told me about you before I came, and that's why."
"He's awfully prejudiced."

Hanscombe kicked a bit of driftwood half buried in the sand, and frowned. Fate was leading him into a snare. He knew when he reached the danger point, and always moved along at the right moment. He didn't want to marry any girl. He had come to Point of Pines purely out of curiosity to see Pan Phillips because Hal had said she was the "bulleest" girl in the world.

Across the bay he could see the white spot of the tents even in the deepening twilight. To-morrow he would be on the train bound for the west. And Hal would be over there in the tent, with Nan in the cottage up in the pines, only a few hundred yards away.

"Won't you miss me a bit, Nan?"
"Lots." Nan's tone was perfectly matter of fact. "You're a dandy bass catcher."

"I can't seem to catch anything else," said Hanscombe cheerlessly. "What's the matter with me, Nan?"
"Matter? How?" guilelessly.

"Don't you like me?"
"Very much. So does mother."
"Are you sorry you kissed me?"



Once She Turned and Looked Out to Sea.

savagely as a last chance at stirring up emotion.
"Which time?"
"Have you got them all tabulated for future reference? Nan, didn't you care at all?"

"Yes, I almost think I did." For the first time Nan's voice was a little unsteady. She still watched the far-off point jutting out like a long nose into the sea. "But I don't care now. I suppose that's the last test, isn't it? When you know that everything is going to end, and you just don't care?"

"Would you go with me?" Hanscombe's face was a study in conflicting impressions. It was not an invitation he gave, merely one of his speculative flyers in love, and Nan knew it. She laughed, and shook her head.

"It would be a pretty hard sentence, wouldn't it? For both of us? No, thank you, kind sir, not today."

Hanscombe studied her for a minute in silence. He did not know this mood. Vaguely he realized that Nan was, as the boys would call it, "kiddin' him." It was not pleasant to be a 6-foot, 170-pound halfback and be "kidded," especially by the girl he had been gracefully trying to depart from without breaking her heart.

Watching the little reddish curls that snuggled against the tanned throat, he wondered what the next ten minutes held for him. All at once he knew that Nan Phillips held his heart and future very neatly balanced on her strong little pink palm. And there was Hal.

"You see, Bob, you're nice to have around—"

"Like a hammock or cake of ice," growled Hanscombe. "Go on."

"But I don't believe you'd make a good captain in rough weather, and we get a lot of that sort through life, don't you know it? You're a good pal to talk to, and all that, but—"

She stopped suddenly and stood up. He saw in a moment what had happened. Drifting rapidly out to the open sea was their motor boat. A couple of miles across the bay was the little summer camp on the point. And they were on an island in midchannel, with no chance of a steamer passing before the city boat in the morning. Hanscombe kicked off his shoes.

"You're not going to try and swat me?" Nan demanded incredulously.

"I'm going to the point," he retorted deliberately. "I'll get Hal's boat and come after you. Don't get rattled now. I won't be long."

"There are cross currents out there—"

"So there are here," he said, grimly. "Better take my matchbox and get some driftwood together for a fire in case I give out. Hal will see it, and know there's trouble. Goodbye."

"Why don't you wait and see if we aren't missed?"
"Just to show I can be a rough weather captain, I guess," he laughed. "Rustle after the driftwood, mate. I have to get into swimming gear."

Slowly she turned and went back over the winding shore, through the little path of sword grass and white clover. Once, at the top of a hummock, she turned and looked out to sea. It was a shadowy violet haze. His head looked like brown seaweed floating with the tide, far off from the shore. Nan watched it with keen, half-closed eyes until it disappeared, the little silver matchbox pressed to her cheek unconsciously.

All her life she had lived at the Point. She knew every swirling current out in midstream beyond the island. Night after night she had gone out with Hal while he hung a red lantern of warning on the piling that marked the steamer channel. And now Hanscombe, careless, indolent, city-bred Hanscombe, was out there fighting the sea just to make good in her eyes that he was no coward.

She gathered the driftwood into a heap, and set fire to it, not to warn Hal, but to give some cheer to the man out in the water in the darkness. She knew in her heart she had cared for him from his first few days at the Point. Hal was dear, but he was just a big brother. The very faults of Hanscombe made her indignant against him because she reasoned he was too idle to put up his own good fight with fate and fortune. And she had made up her mind to let him go.

Once she put her hands to her lips and called him to come back, but there was no answer, and as the night closed in, she sat on one of the tall sand dunes, her face buried on her arms and sobbing until suddenly she felt Hanscombe's arms close about her.

"Dear, don't do that," he said with a new, masterful touch in his tone. "Hal started after us—saw the fire. I think. When I caught sight of his boat pulling out, I turned and came back. What's the matter?"

Nan kept her face hidden against his cheek.

"Why didn't you come right away?"
"I had to dress and put out the fire so it wouldn't spread in this wind, Nan?" He forced her to face him there in the semi-darkness. "Nan, you didn't care a rap, did you, on the level, whether I came back or not?"

Nan hesitated, and whispered very softly.

"I didn't want the ship left without a captain."

The Finish Fight.

Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian poet, playwright and philosopher, is to box for charity's sake in Paris. A Chicagoan said of this the other day: "Maeterlinck is robust. He should box well. I have often met him on the Riviera. He has a villa at Grasse, and he spends the whole winter exercising out of doors in the dazzling Riviera sunshine."

"He talks excellent English, and at a luncheon at the Grand hotel in Grasse I once heard an American girl ask him:

"I see that pugilists fight in a ring. What kind of a ring is it, Mr. Maeterlinck? You are an athlete, and so you ought to know."
"The poet, pushing back his thick, pepper-and-salt hair, smiled and replied:

"In the ordinary sparring match, limited to seven or eight rounds, an ordinary ring is used, but when it's a fight to a finish they always employ a wedding ring."

The Aeroplane's Record.

Though still an "enfant terrible," the aeroplane has achieved excellent records. It has attained a speed of 104 miles an hour in a closed circuit, has flown nearly 14,000 feet high and has carried 13 passengers at once, their weight aggregating 1,440 pounds. It has flown through storm clouds, over mountains, seas and continents. It has voyaged by compass over inhospitable routes, from city to city, faster than the eagle or the railway locomotive.—Popular Mechanics.

Hubby Was Stingy.

"Hubby, we must give a reception." "It will cost too much."
"Oh, no. I can rent some plants and some dishes and some palms."
"But you can't rent the sandwiches and the ice cream."

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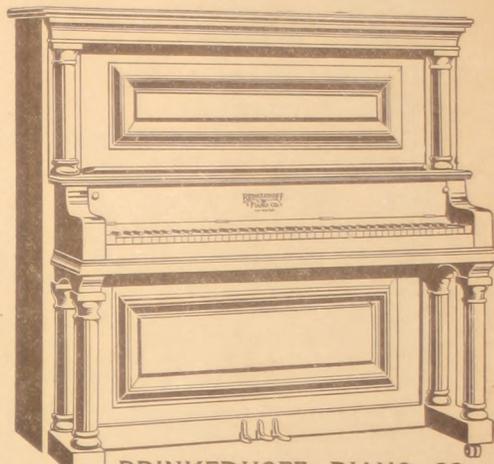
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