

COOK BY WIRE

The best coffee is percolated coffee and the best machine to make it in is the

Electric Coffee Percolator

The hottest, freshest, crispiest toast is that made right on the breakfast table with an

Electric Toaster

Delightful dishes that arouse keen interest in the process can be made on the

Electric Chafing Dish

On many occasions the cooking functions of a big range can be exercised by the

Electric Grill

Many handsome appliances usable in the electrified house of low prices

PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY OF NORTHERN ILLINOIS

Quality Stock

Is to the manner born.

That is the kind of lumber we are getting from the mills in Southern Arkansas—Quality Pine, Pick of the Pines—known to the trade as

Arkansas Soft Pine

It is soft, easy to work through machines or with tools, will hold nails, does not split, takes paint, stain, enamel—what more could be desired.

It is ideal lumber for inside and outside trim, for framing, in fact, for all house building and repair purposes.

You get Quality Stock when you trade with us, whether you buy lumber or other materials.

CARL TOCK, Dwight, Ill.

Are you a Regular Subscriber to This Paper? If not, don't you want to be?



Threshing is Easy for the Rumely-Olds

A RUMELY-OLDS Engine runs separators just as easily and gives as good results as it does when running any of the smaller machines. It is just the engine for "all around" work on the farm. It bears a name that stands for quality—Rumely.

Come in and see one of them. See it run, or if you can't visit us, let us know and we will call on you. If you prefer, we will send you a catalog which describes it in detail.

We're here to serve you; give us the chance.

FERGUSON MOTOR SALES COMPANY DEALERS IN RUMELY POWER FARM MACHINERY DWIGHT, ILL.

FOR LOVE OF A CHUM

Designated Also as "A Darling" and "Cut Up," She Had Heart of Gold.

BY GEORGE ELMER COBB.

"Don't trifle with me, Vera—I am desperately in earnest!" pleaded young Doctor Irwin.

"I'm not, Rolfe," asserted the bright-eyed, vivacious girl who leaned upon the garden gate that separated them. "I think too much of you to tell you a falsehood, and I am too young—oh, far too young, mamma says—to think of telling you the truth," and the flashing eyes looked clear and loyal, if they were mischievous.

The wholesome looking young fellow who had just asked her to become his wife, looked puzzled, then hopeful, and then he had a smile.

"I know you are the dearest, sweetest little midget of cheerfulness in the world," he declared enthusiastically, "and I am sure a good friend of mine." "Never doubt that, Rolfe," said Vera. "But when you come to talk about becoming engaged—why, think of a romping cut-up, as everybody calls me, trying to pose as the dignified wife of Dr. Rolfe Irwin. It would shock everybody. Besides, dear," and her voice was as tender as it was honest, "with your career just commenced, I would be a drag on you. Not that I wouldn't share a crust of hard bread with the man I loved, but I am very proud of you, and I don't want to hinder you from making your mark in the world."

Doctor Irwin bestowed a fond look upon the little child-woman who was the dearest being in the universe to him. He bade her good-by, not at all gloomily, and started for his office. Vera stood following him with her eyes, a demure and thoughtful look on her usually smiling face.

"Poor boy," she said, and then she added: "I love him! I love him!" and her face, lying with the red, red roses along the garden path, she ran down it, bursting into a happy song.

Vera had called herself "a cut-up." The young men of the town designated



Stood Following Him With Her Eyes.

her as "a darling," her girl friends as "a love of a chum," and there was not an adult man or woman in Brandon who did not pretty nearly worship her. Her bright ways captivated everybody, and the victims of her mischief felt honored, rather than offended.

There was the pure gold of a noble manhood in Doctor Irwin, and Vera recognized it. She had liked him the better because he had accepted a piece of real injustice without a murmur. When his granduncle, old Simeon Dunn, had died, Rolfe was one of six minor heirs. They were each to receive \$10,000, but it was contingent on the will and caprice of Mr. and Mrs. Egbert Dawson.

Simeon Dunn had willed all his real estate to them. They also were given a life interest in his investments. However, if mutually agreed, they could distribute these latter, pay off the minor heirs, and take a third for themselves.

This was the original intention of the husband and wife, and the lesser heirs had confidently expected their legacies. Then a terrific quarrel came up between them. It was regarding the old Dunn homestead. Egbert Dawson wanted this so that he might give it to a crippled brother. Sarah Dawson insisted on having it to present to a superannuated spinster relative. They could not agree; bitter feelings arose. They separated. The husband lived alone at one end of the village. The wife lived alone by herself at the other end of the village.

Egbert Dawson vowed he would never address his wife again until she spoke first. Sarah Dawson obstinately declared that not a word should escape her lips until her husband spoke. This action tied up the estate, and the minor heirs expectant considered it a far look ahead before they would enjoy the godly heritage they had anticipated.

Egbert Dawson had become a crusty, unhappy hermit. His wife shut herself up like a recluse. There was no heart that wilful, sprightly Vera could not reach, however. Mr. Dawson doted on her, and she swayed him as if he were a child. With the same influ-

ence, she was almost idolized by the lonely Mrs. Dawson. More than once Vera had tried to bring about a reconciliation between the unhappy pair, but—neither would "speak first." "Oh, what a splendid ideal!" cried Vera, an hour after the visit of her suitor. "If it is only for the sake of dear good Rolfe, I am going to try it." Her eyes danced and her face showed eagerness and delight. Vera told her mother she was going down to see Mr. Dawson. She was soon at his home.

"I have come to ask a great favor," she told him. "You know there is going to be a mask party at the library hall next week. It is for the benefit of the old folks' home—want you to buy a ticket?"

"Two of them, if you like," readily announced Mr. Dawson to his favorite. "And I want you to go." "No, no, child," resented Mr. Dawson gravely. "I am past the folly of dancing."

And then the little witch began her powers of beguiling. At the end of half an hour, even down to the mask he was to wear, Vera had prevailed in her coaxings.

Mrs. Dawson was not so easy to persuade. Willy Vera told of the good cause she was helping along. Finally she carried her point.

"Well, I'll come, dear," promised Sarah Dawson, "but it's just to please you."

The bright little schemer had woven quite a plot about the estranged and unsuspecting husband and wife. She took great pains to conceal from each the expected appearance of both at the function. Vera enlisted the co-operation of a number of her girl friends. Everything turned out as they planned. Mr. Dawson, arrayed in his best, and his wife, wearing a tasteful silk gown, a reminder of happier days came, saw and were soon carried out to themselves amid the enjoyment of the occasion.

Shrewd and watchful Vera had kept close track of them. They had danced together twice without recognition, when the bell called for unmasking. Vera arranged it so that just after a dance, they and herself alone were the sole occupants of one of the small rooms leading off from the dance floor.

"Gnaw!" she cried gaily, her eagle eyes dancing with suspense and delight, and the dumfounded husband and wife confronted one another. Both had enjoyed the unusual occasion, and Vera knew it. "Quick!" she demanded, with a roguish laugh—"who spoke first?"

"I did," declared Egbert. "Sarah, you're as sweet and handsome as ever. You can have the old homestead. I reckon you and I have made each other miserable long enough, don't you?"

"Egbert," returned his wife, glad to meet him half way, "I don't care a pinch of salt for the old homestead—I just wanted to have my own will." "Well, you've got it," observed Egbert, "so let us kiss and make up."

The Dunn estate was divided soon after that, and Doctor Irwin received his little fortune. He proceeded to offer it, and his deepest love to the wonder-working little miss who had brought it all about.

(Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman.)

HOW TO TELL A GOOD SNAIL

Feel Its Jaw If You Would Make Sure It Is Not a Base Substitute.

When you order Burgundy snails and are served with a plate of toothsome terrestrial pulmonates do you know how to tell whether they are the genuine article or the vulgar imitations technically known as "petits-gris"? asks a writer in the Paris edition of the New York Herald. It is the easiest thing in the world. All you need do is to take one of the gastropods in your fingers and examine its jawbone, much as you would study a horse's teeth to determine its age. If the jaw is large the snail is, or was, white; if the interior of the mouth looks like a dental factory the pulmonate belonged to the gray family.

But this is not the only test. In the white snails the horns are more developed than in the gray; in some of the latter the horns are hardly perceptible, in fact. Also, the back of the white snail, when cooked, sometimes assumes a dark gray color, sometimes bluish or greenish tints. Always the colorings is even. The gray snail's back remains a grayish white, but is more or less spotted or streaked.

This is said on the authority of Mr. Vuillet, expert of the French department of agriculture, who, at the suggestion of Mr. Doux, director of scientific work in that department, has just been making some interesting tests.

The formation in Paris recently of two rival associations of small merchants revealed to the public a fraud which it appears is not uncommonly practiced. Clothes may make the man, but shells do not make the snail, and "petits-gris" are sometimes placed on the market in shells which originally were worn by snails from Burgundy. Thanks to Mr. Vuillet, the connoisseur is now able to tell whether his "Burgundy" is really a wolf in sheep's clothing.

Mr. Vuillet adds that the two species appear to be equally indigestible by delicate human organisms. After all, a snail by any other name would taste as bad—or as good—according to whether you like snails or not.

Dark Room Lamp.

For photographers' use in dark rooms there has been devised a lamp carrying several different colored glasses in a wheel in front of its opening, so any colored light can be obtained when desired.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

Makes delicious home-baked foods of maximum quality at minimum cost. Makes home baking pleasant and profitable

BUSINESS IS THEIR LIFE

Thousands of American Men Seem to Be Wholly Uninterested in Their Wives.

There are thousands of American men who are merely indifferent to their women. They are proud of them, but supremely uninterested, and ask of their wives only to be let alone. Their business is their life; it is their life after they are married just as it was before. They are playing a tremendous game, and in this country a man has got to win or go to the wall. It makes no difference whether a man is married or a bachelor; it is not the women of the country who determine if a man must work at the great rate of speed at which they labor—it is the pace of the country itself which demands it. Our men give generously and indulgently to their women folks; they like to see that they have "everything in the world," as the saying is. It pleases their vanity to see their houses well-appointed and their women well dressed; they like the luxury of it for themselves. What is to be expected of young girls whose fathers have had no influence in their bringing-up, but have merely paid the bills—young girls, who have never been taught the use of money nor any details of any business whatsoever, and whose whole duty in life is to dress with the extreme perfection of which our women are past masters, and to keep in good physical condition and talk amusingly? These are the prices of success, success being measured in this country, as elsewhere, in terms of marriage and attention.

Renew your subscription for this paper.

ASSESSMENT of LANDS.

NEVADA, Township 30, Range 6

Owner's Name	Ass'd and Desc.	Acres	Value
Section 25			
W. Davis, n ne	80	\$ 2200	
Section 30.			
Geo. Noonan,	322.65	10120	
Section 33.			
Joseph F. Verdun	320	10690	

ASSESSMENT LIST.

NEVADA, Town 30, Range 6.

Owner's Name	Ass'd Value	Personal Prop.
School District No. 171.		
Alber Dransfeldt	175	
Louis Nielsen	230	
John H. Stevenson	980	
Ed Hagerly	1225	
Robert Stevenson	105	
Henry Bergman	345	
Thomas Hagerly	395	
A. Gibbons	740	
The L. H. Martin	150	
The Co.	2620	
L. E. F. Dixon	440	
Edgar Sterns	530	
Leslie Pierce	190	
Fred Harberg	180	
Adolph Jorgensen	740	
James Brown	150	
Ullius Peterson	410	
Fred C. Perschick	400	
Wm. Telford	365	
R. J. Marten	200	
C. J. Anderson	320	
H. E. Larson	320	
Henry H. Gubr	300	
P. W. Edwards	60	
Mrs. Zabel	280	
School District No. 172.		
Wm. Neville	645	
Thomas Nelson	220	
James Beardon	750	
James R. Jensen	290	
E. Debove	410	
John P. Anderson	590	
Bartlett, Frazier Co.	860	
Peter Nielsen	340	
Jas. P. Cahill	25	
Mrs. Sarah Boner	250	
M. C. Nelson	305	
Mac C. Hubert	110	
Jerry Sullivan	320	
W. B. Doran	210	
Joseph Hoyer	165	
Mrs. Baker	290	
Mrs. Adams	360	
Mrs. Ann Riordan	40	
W. W. Wasson	200	
Chas. Kime	650	
Hans Anderson	550	
School District No. 182.		
Pat Leach	475	
James P. Cahill	255	
Andrew P. Nelson	275	
John Aftter	635	
Jas. H. Johnson	1425	
Chris Fredenborg	375	
Thorvald Hansen	110	

Frank Dougherty	340	Mrs. Katherine Joost	200
Mike Burns	225	Mrs. Catherine	
Mike Ruddy	380	Karnes	110
Martin Thompson	175	Mrs. A. E. Dunlop	260
J. W. Condon	480	Louis Zabel	260
James Leach	750	School District No. 177.	
Mrs. Ellen Cahill	150	Frank Verdun	1770
Henry Seldentop	300	Peter Verdun	490
Burt Adams	90	Frank G. McConnell	290
Mrs. Baker	75	M. S. Tissiere	1530
Alton Grain Co.	1320	Wm. Weber	675
Bartlett Frazier Co.	560	Tasmas Hansen	385
J. W. Lawson	420	James Sullivan	205
School District No. 178.		Fred Fairfeld	490
Henry Henriksen	475	John A. McConnell	400
Mike Kehoe	675	Mrs. Clara Hubert	800
H. A. Brust	550	T. W. Davis	570
J. J. Verdun	95	Wm. K. Cuttell	405
Joseph Verdun	65	Geo. Desvoigne	20
Charles Sanford	505	A. Desvoigne & Son	50
John Carrigan	250	Timothy Turner	150
W. J. Morrison	605	John McConnell	100
Mike McDonnell	260	Mrs. Jas. Bellot	350
Owen Feehan	150	T. D. Gutell	220
L. Feehan	100	G. G. Guyer	140
W. E. Ruddy	390	M. Cleary	130
Thomas Whalen	210	James Ready	425
J. W. Bowden	510	Davey Lyman	450
Timothy Kehoe	745	School District No. 178.	
Frank Holehan	645	Joseph F. Verdun	750
Con Turner	450	Jas. L. Corcoran	320
J. P. McWilliams	220	Patrick Turner	770
Mrs. Louise West	200	John Mullaney	770
Nellie McWilliams	270	Dan Cleary	705
Edward McWilliams	270	John C. Lyons	495
Phat Feehan	610	J. P. Turner	885
Estate of Mrs. John		John Verdun	80
McGee	230	Timothy Turner	920
Chas. Feehan	45	Joseph Lyons	915
School District No. 175.		S. J. Lyons	940
L. Cleary	570	L. Cleary	200
John Peterson	350	E. S. Cashmer	955
Nels Peter Pedersen	435	Sarah & Ann Lyons	170
John Mullaney	190	Joe E. Cleary	280
Marjorie Lyons	150	School District No. 179.	
C. A. Vincent	140	B. Craven	790
Mary Lyons	45	J. J. Verdun	780
Chas. Sanford	40	W. J. Holohan	310
Mary Donally	100	E. S. Cashmer	955
W. B. Foley	345	A. L. Schoop	630
Anthony Ralph	485	Chris Wesselhoff	260
Henry Pellouchoud	1250	John Connell	465
John Verdun	1170	John Holohan	275
Dan Cleary	140	Joseph Metzro	345
L. Cleary	200	T. J. Turner	245
H. A. Brust	120	Frank J. Noonan	110
Marjorie Lyons	150	John Moody	50
Nellie McWilliams	40	George F. Noonan	820
John Pellouchoud	140	J. P. Turner	100
Frank Walcher	710	Mrs. Mary Brum-	75
John J. Ralph	480	bach	170
Dennis Hubert	510	Joseph Verdun	120
Mrs. Mary Brum-	325	Geo. Desvoigne	100
Henry Miller	150	E. M. Vaughn	140
Frank Zebell	110	Henry Miller	150
G. Marsh	190	Frank Zebell	110
P. H. Beardon	20	G. Marsh	190
			\$79830
			Note—Assessed value
			One-third of full value
			All objections to the as-
			sessments must be made
			in writing and filed with
			the Clerk of the Board of
			Review on or before Au-
			gust 1st, 1913.
			LEWIS S. HENDERSON,
			Supt. of Assessments.