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TOE NAILS



If they give, a catastrophe follows. Sink them in the kind of wood that will hold them, and that means

ARKANSAS SOFT PINE

It holds nails however they are driven. It contains no shake, nor does it split easily.

Arkansas Soft Pine is economy lumber and is in keeping with the high standard quality of our complete line of building materials.

Good materials are economical materials and that is the kind we sell and the kind you should use.

Here is the place to get them.

CARL TOCK, Dwight, Ill.

BRING THAT JOB OF PRINTING TO THIS OFFICE

HIS START IN LIFE

Came in Unexpected Way, and He Married the Girl of His Choice.

By ALVAH JORDAN GARTH.

Fifty dollars is not a great deal of money, but it appeared a fortune to Alvin Morrison. He was young, he had always had to earn his own living. He had to endure the misfortune of working in a store owned by a relative, who promised a great deal and never redeemed his promise. A sense of family duty and the uncertainty of finding employment, kept Alvin pegging along in the same old rut.

But finally a new element stepped in, lifted the veil from the present, and showed a rare golden pathway in the future. That element was love.

In the spring, Nettie Bridges, who lived one hundred miles away from Wayne, came to visit a friend. Alvin met her. They mutually fell in love. Nettie was only seventeen, and a girl of good sense. Alvin was practical. They very well knew that marriage was a long way ahead. They did not even become engaged. When they parted, however, Nettie was willing to wait, and Alvin to work, and they talked of meeting again next year instead of next week, as most impatient modern lovers do.

Then Alvin set to work to save. He got some extra night work. He saved up fifty dollars. Right on top of it came a glad, hopeful letter from Nettie. The father of a girl friend wanted a clerk. His business was good, he would pay liberal wages. Nettie had spoken a word for her lover friend. Alvin wrote to the merchant at Hopedale. A reply accepted his application, and he was to report in a week.

"No good will come of roving," grumbled selfish Uncle Uriah. "I'll give you a raise of a dollar a week."

"No," replied Alvin resolutely. "I'm not learning anything here," and to himself, "I shall be near Nettie!"

He had great plans in mind. He would take in the city on his way.

Alvin paused as he came to a building bearing the sign "Police Station." He entered it quite hopefully, but recited his story to the sergeant.

"Why, say," observed the latter, after smiling at his visitor's gullibility, "that ring description sounds sort of familiar to me," and he scanned a complaint book. "Here we are," he continued. "That ring was among a lot of valuable jewelry stolen a month ago. You wait here."

The official telephoned. In about an hour a portly well-dressed gentleman appeared in his automobile. The sergeant explained to him. He was the person whose home had been robbed.

He was greatly pleased to recover the ring, valuing it greatly as an old family heirloom. The sergeant secured a perfect description of the swindler from Alvin.

Mr. Seward, the man who had been robbed, insisted on taking Alvin home with him. The next day the swindler was arrested, and the remainder of the plunder was recovered at pawn shops.



Reached His Destination at Last—A Vacant Lot.

There he would buy a neat suit of clothes. Then there must be a present for Nettie. This would leave him enough to establish himself in a boarding house, and a little surplus to take Nettie around once in a while.

"It's a wonderful place," declared Alvin, after his first day in the big city. "I could spend a month here and not see half the sights."

The second day he sat on a bench in a public park, watching the pleasure boats on the little lake near by. A man came limping up to him, sat down, and moved about so helplessly and in such apparent pain, that Alvin noticed him sympathizingly.

"Are you ill?" finally inquired Alvin, feeling pity for anyone in trouble.

"Worse than that," said the man with a groan. "I'm going to a hospital this afternoon. That is, if I get a letter I'm expecting from a friend to pay my way. It may not come. If it doesn't, I suppose I'll die on the streets."

"That is really too bad," commented honest Alvin. "I do hope you will get your letter."

The man shook his head in dismal hopelessness. Then he edged closer to Alvin, looked all around them and said in a low, confidential tone:

"If you had a little money, young man, I could easily help myself and double what you had. If I was only spry at getting around, I wouldn't have to wait long for cash."

"Why, how is that?" inquired Alvin, his curiosity fully aroused.

"Well, I'll tell you. Read that!"

The man drew a morning newspaper from his pocket. He opened it to the advertising page. Then he handed it to Alvin, his finger indicating an advertisement reading:

"Lost: An old signet ring bearing a seal with the initial 'S.' Inside is the inscription: 'L to S., 1804.' An old family relic. Will pay two hundred dollars for its return to 11412 Ninety-first avenue."

"I found that ring. Picked it up among some sweepings outside of a restaurant," declared the man—"and here it is."

He took from his pocket a big circlet as he spoke. Alvin looked it over.

"Why, it's the very ring, isn't it?" he exclaimed.

"Of course it is," assented the man. "The gold in the old ring isn't worth thinking about, but somebody values it as a relic."

"Why, I should think you would return it right away," suggested Alvin.

"Humph—I'm in nice trim to do that; I can hardly walk," retorted the man. "I must get some money right away. You notice there is a reward of two hundred dollars offered. Say, you can help me."

"Why, how is that?" asked the inexperienced Alvin.

"Well, you find somebody who will give me forty dollars cash for the ring, and I'll give you ten dollars for your trouble. I'll wager you don't know of an easier way to pick up ten dollars in half an hour."

Alvin reflected. He reread the advertisement, he inspected the ring. They talked, everything looking straight and regular.

"See here," he said finally, "I have a little money. I could take up your offer, but it doesn't look right to get all that profit out of a man in your unfortunate position."

"Don't you speak of that," promptly rejoined the other. "I'm glad to put a little speculation in the way of a fellow who takes the interest you do in a poor down-and-outer like me."

So the deal was made. Alvin had just six dollars left out of his fifty after the transaction. He was elated as he took a street car. He had to make several transfers before he reached Ninety-first avenue, "way at the other end of the city. Then he looked for No. 11412. He reached his destination at last—a vacant lot!

Slowly it dawned upon Alvin that he had been swindled. His heart sank. Where was his new suit, the present for Nettie, his respectable establishment in new society! Then he walked on, downcast.

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When Alvin left the city, he carried a present of one hundred dollars from Mr. Seward. The latter was much interested in his story. He told Alvin that whenever a good business chance came up he would finance him.

Alvin never needed that co-operation. With his doubled nest egg and his eye teeth cut, he soon became a partner with his new employer. Then he married the girl of his choice, who, of course, was the girl who had waited for him.

PROVIDING A WATER SUPPLY

Natives of the Soudan Utilize a Hollow Tree, Which Serves the Purpose Admirably.

Surely the strangest use to which a growing tree can be put is to turn it into a reservoir. Yet this is what the people of Korodofan in the Soudan do with the tree which the botanists call "Adansonia Digitata."

The tree, which is known to the natives by the name of "Home," groups being called "Tebel," attains a considerable height. The trunk, which measures from 20 to 30 feet in circumference, is, like so many of the bamboo family, hollow, and the natives have discovered that it makes an excellent cistern for storing water, for the arid season. Should the cavity not be large enough the natives scoop it out still further. The Soudanese have also a method of cutting the opening for the reception of the water just at the top of the trunk where the branches begin, so that during the rainfall the great off-shoots of the tree act as gutters and guide the water into the trunk. At the same time pools are dug at the foot of the tree to collect the rain and from these are water is transferred to the trunk by buckets. Sometimes, though rarely, the tree cracks under the weight of the water, after which the trunk is of little use. However, the natives have found that cracks can be successfully stopped with cement, and recently a number of broken-down trees have been thus repaired.

Curiously enough, the presence of large quantities of water in the trunks in no way impairs the growth of the trees, whose use in this way is undoubtedly an ingenious solution of the water supply problem.

Bodies of Titanic Victims.

Whether or not the bodies of the Titanic victims went to the bottom or remained at so many fathoms, or subsequently came to the surface, depends upon a variety of conditions, such as pressure of water, equality of pressure without and within, gaseous inflation from internal decomposition, and contact with foreign bodies such as wreckage, besides also a very important factor, the temperature of the water.

EMINGTON

C. Young was a Sauemin business caller Thursday.

C. Collins, of Odell, was a caller here Tuesday afternoon.

V. Ehrhardt and wife visited relatives at Chenoa Sunday.

C. Young and family entertained relatives from Kankakee Sunday.

L. D. Knox, R. W. Neuhoff and A. Lewis were Odell callers Friday forenoon.

Mrs. G. Tuttle and daughter and Miss M. Koger were Pontiac callers Friday.

Bert Johnson and wife, of near Odell, were callers in town Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Call and daughter visited at the Skipton home near Odell Sunday.

The Woodmen picnic at Odell last Thursday was the attraction for people of Emington.

Mrs. E. Cloak and daughters, of Kankakee, visited relatives and friends in town the past week.

The Emington ball team were defeated at the west side ball park by the Kinsman Greys, 8 to 5.

J. F. Johnson, of La Salle county, spent a few days here the first of the week on business also called on old acquaintances.

Mr. T. Sullivan, who has been in poor health for some time died Monday night. The funeral was held at the Emington Catholic Church Wednesday morning at 8:30 o'clock. The remains were shipped to Peoria where the last remains were laid to rest. He leaves to mourn his loss a wife and five sons.

ROUND GROVE

Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Pettitt spent Sunday with Mrs. Laura Pettitt.

Mr. Dominick Metta spent Sunday with relatives at South Wilmington.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. McCarter and family spent Sunday with Mrs. Laura Pettitt.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Hahn and family spent Sunday with Mrs. Hahn's father, John Weller.

Miss Hazel Jones returned home Sunday after spending two weeks with relatives in this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Lydigen and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. Mathison, near Dwight.

Mrs. Frank Billings and daughter, of Chicago, came Saturday to spend a few days with Mrs. A. A. McCarter.

Master Walter Scott came down from Chicago with Miss Lydigen last Friday to visit relatives in this vicinity.

Miss Emma Lydigen returned home from Chicago last Friday, where

she has been for some time with relatives.

The Gleaners of Campus Arbor held a special meeting Wednesday night and initiated the following persons: Mr. and Mrs. Martin Jensen, John Finnegan, John Jensen. They served ice cream and cake and all enjoyed a fine time. Next meeting will be Tuesday, July 22.

NEVADA

Mrs. Ann Dunbar was a Dwight visitor Tuesday.

Mrs. Jas. Cahill is spending this week at Glen Park.

Mrs. Jos. Grundler, of Dwight, spent Sunday at the Corrigan home.

Mrs. Laura Templeton, of Streator, Sundayed with her uncle, Giles Thomas.

Miss Sayde Mitchell returned to her home in Bloomington Sunday evening.

Mr. Anderson was a business caller in our town a portion of Wednesday and Thursday.

G. R. Thomas was called to Oswego the first of this week on account of the serious illness of his brother.

WITH OUR CHURCHES.

Congregational Church—Rev. F. F. Farrington, pastor. Services for Sunday, July 20, 1913: Sunday School, 9:45 a. m. Morning service at 10:45; children's service, subject, "A Good Time;" morning subject, "The Christian's High Power of Resistance." A welcome for all.

St. Peters Danish Lutheran Church—Rev. J. C. Aaberg, pastor, (corner Lincoln and W. Chippewa streets.) Sunday School, 9 a. m.; morning church service at 10 (except third Sunday); evening services at 7:30 p. m. first and third Sunday; Holy communion, first Sunday; Young Peoples meeting, 2nd and 4th Sunday, 2:30 p. m.; Ladies Aid meeting last Wednesday in each month, 2 p. m.; choir practice, Friday 8 p. m.

Bedell Danish Lutheran Church—Rev. J. Simonsen, pastor, West Seminoles St. Sunday School, 9:30 a. m. every Sunday. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., first and third Sundays in the month, and each Friday evening previous to first and third Sundays at 7:30 p. m. Everybody welcome.

German Ev.-Luth. Church—Rev. W. Kistemann, pastor. Services every Sunday: Sunday School from 9 to 10 a. m. Service from 10 to 11 a. m. English service every first Sunday in the month at 7:30 p. m.

Danish-Norwegian M. E. Church—Rev. Bagne, pastor. There will be preaching services tomorrow at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Everybody welcome.

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