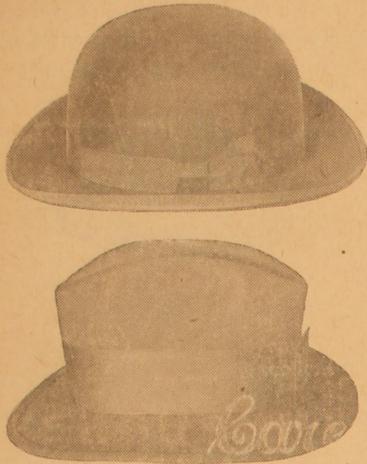


## Attend Our Fall Opening

We are showing the new blocks and shades in the Longley and Elk Hats. Also a line of imported Beavers for men and boys. Look at our styles before buying.



## Miller Brothers & Sons'

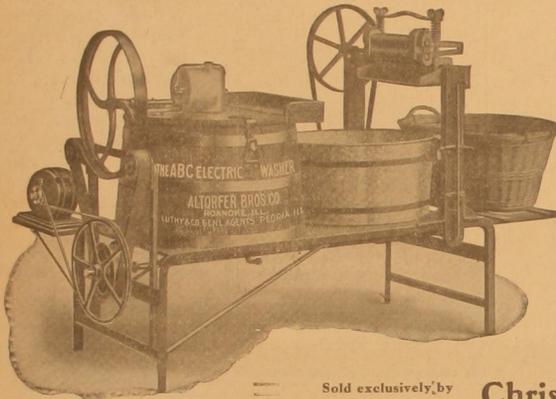
The home of Hart, Schaffner & Marx and Clothcraft Clothes for men and Extragood Clothes for boys. Arrow and Monarch Dress Shirts, Eaton and Crawford Shoes, Spalding and Empire Sweater Coats

## DWIGHT NOTES

Carl Tock for lumber and coal.—Adv.  
J. H. Frisinger is visiting relatives in Indiana.  
Clement Stelchen, Sr., was in Chicago Sunday.  
Buy Marigold Oleomargarine at Drew's and save on your butter bill.—Adv.  
No other like it, the Hastings Cabinet. The West Side Furniture Co. Adv.  
Mayor James Kelagher spent Sunday and Monday visiting in Milwaukee, Wis.  
Cyrus Dyer and family left today for a three days' visit with relatives in Elgin.  
Miss Alfee Jenkins, of Joliet, is here visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Jenkins.  
Miss Jennie Epstein returned home Thursday after a short visit with relatives in Chicago.  
Mrs. George Austin, of Lincoln, Neb., is spending this week here the guest of relatives.  
Weary & Snyder sold 320 acres in the Judith Basin, Mont., to Saunemin people this week.—Adv.  
A boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Jas. E. Seabert Thursday night. We will venture he is a base ball fan.  
Miss Rachel Trumbo, of Pontiac, returned to her home last Saturday after a week's visit with Mrs. Vernon Martin.  
Mrs. Strong returned to her home in Pontiac last Saturday. She was the guest of Mrs. W. A. Emple for a week.  
Nell Trimmer returned home Tuesday evening after a few weeks' visit in Grand Junction and other cities in Colorado.  
A Ward Triangle oil mop and a Dollar can of oil for \$1.50. If you haven't one, you ought to order one today, of C. M. Baker & Son. Adv.  
The oil mop that gets in the corners, "The Wizard." Act now, and get a quart can of oil for \$1.50, the regular price of the mop alone, at C. M. Baker & Son's.—Adv.  
During the hot weather my photo gallery will be closed every second and fourth Sunday of the month. There is a photographer in your town, L. Dierks.—Adv. 25-ft  
A party consisting of Albert Larsen, Peter Jensen, Elmer Feddersen, Dr. Chadz Bell and Simon Klitz motored to Chicago Saturday evening in the former's car and spent Sunday in the city.  
Two good games of ball at West Side Park, Dwight, Ill. Sunday and Monday the Saunemin Stars will be the attraction, playing against the F. L. Smiths. A good game may be expected each day.  
Dr. Geo. H. Pace, of Port Byron, Ill., has rented the rooms recently occupied by Dr. Roley Bovik, Dentist, and will commence the practice of dentistry at Dwight about the 10th of September, exact date announced later.—Adv. 35-ft

## The A. B. C. POWER WASHER

Operated by either motor or gasoline engine—most perfect machine made



Ask R. Mills, Ed. Chalmers, J. Hahn, Adolph Strufe at Grand Central Hotel, and many others

Sold exclusively by Christopher Bros.

**FARE REFUNDED**  
Round trip on a \$20 purchase; one way on a \$10 purchase.

**HEENAN'S**  
Streator, Ill.

**PHONE ORDERS**  
Receive prompt and careful attention.  
Phone in all departments.

## NEW THINGS IN OUR CARPET SECTION

Fully fifty per cent of the floors to-day are being covered up to the wall. Rugs are made to fit the room; fillings being discarded. We have prepared ourselves for this change and are in a position to give you the finest selection of carpets with borders in Central Illinois.

- FIRST—We give you the choicest patterns that can be produced by the American weavers.
- SECOND—We give you the largest number of patterns to choose from.
- THIRD—Our salesmen are experts and can help you with a few suggestions to select the right colorings to harmonize with your decorations.
- FOURTH and most important of all—we have men who know how to make perfect rugs—rugs that lay perfectly flat—no curled edges when Heenan's make your rugs.

Tapestry Carpets with border	85c, \$1.00, \$1.10, \$1.20
Velvet Carpets with border	\$1.00, \$1.15, \$1.25, \$1.35
Wilton Carpets with border	..... \$1.75
Body Brussels Carpet with border	..... \$1.65

If you are a subscriber to this paper now, wouldn't you like to send it to one of your friends?

## INTO ARMS OF LAW

By J. A. TIFFANY.

I had been engaged in the practice of law for a period longer than I care to state before I made as much as a policeman earns.

But, now, I had been fortunate enough to secure the appointment of municipal court judge.

This had been my first day of office, and there had not been a single case for trial. It looked as if my experience as a private practitioner was to be repeated in my official capacity.

Even the law-breakers and litigants shunned me.

I was aroused from my meditations by the sound of footsteps.

In a few moments a man's figure appeared in the open doorway. He was unmistakably from the country.

A clumsy, ungainly man, apparently about forty-five years of age, he advanced toward my desk with stealthy, nervous step. The fellow had a hunted look.

"Say, mister," he said, in a whisper, "what will you charge to get me off?"

"Off what?" I asked.

"Well, I don't want to tell, but I suppose I shall have to; it's all over town. Please don't let them take me to jail, mister."

"What's the trouble? What have you done?" I asked the fellow.

"But, I may as well warn you, before you go any further," I added, remembering my new appointment, "that I am a judge, as well as a lawyer."

"You a judge," the yokel exclaimed, in a tone of horror. "Oh, gosh, I've run right into the arms of the law, when I was trying my best to escape. Please, sir, don't send me to jail," the fellow whined.

"If you are in need of professional advice, I think you had better go to another law office, and not tell me anything about your troubles," I said. "I can't send you to jail until you are brought before me in the ordinary course of justice."

"But, I don't want to go to jail at all, judge. I didn't think they would hold it against me all these years. I haven't been in the city in thirty years, and if you'll only let me go this time, I'll promise never to come here again."

"Now, see here, my man," I said sharply, for the fellow was becoming tedious, "if you have anything to say to me, I will listen to it, and treat it confidentially, so far as I can. Either tell me your troubles, or go and tell them to some other lawyer."

"No," said the man, desperately, "I'll make a clean breast of it to you, judge. You see, mister, when I was a boy—thirty years ago—I came to the city one day, in my father's sleigh; and while the old man was around town doing his business, I played about the stable where he put up his horse. There was a lot of snow on the ground, and some of the city boys began calling me a hayseed, and pelting me with snowballs. I didn't like it—not so much the snowballing as their calling me a hayseed. So I made some snowballs myself and chided back at them. Well, just as I was throwing a good hard ball at one of the boys, a policeman came round the corner, and it knocked off his hat. I started and ran as hard as I could. I never stopped till I got to my father's farm, away out in the country, ten miles from here. I laid awake all that night, expecting that they would be coming for me; and I've been expecting them ever since. But, as I had not heard of it in all these years, I plucked up courage and came in today, thinking it had all blown over. But I see that I was mistaken. They're after me."

"What makes you think they are after you?" I asked the fellow.

"There's notices all over the city," the man whined.

"What kind of notices?" I asked.

"I haven't seen anything of them."

"Why, one says, 'Bill posters beware, and another, 'Bill posters will be prosecuted!'"

"What's your name?" I asked, as a light seemed to break in on me in all this nonsensical tragedy.

"Posters," the man replied. "William Posters. But they generally call me Bill—Bill Posters."

"Ah, I see," I said, with a sigh of relief. "And you want to settle this quietly—without any exposure?"

"Well, this is a case, I am afraid, that can't be settled with a fine," I said, rising and confronting the villain, who shrank from me, and cowered near the door.

"You won't send me to jail, judge?" he pleaded.

"No, we'll settle it without that," I said. "Just turn round."

As Mr. Posters turned his back on me, I gave him a good, hearty kick, that sent him clear through the doorway.

"Is that all?" he asked, with a bucolic smile.

"Yes, that's all—for the present," I replied. "But, if you ever come near this office again, I'll give you a good deal more than that. Now—skedaddle, Bill Posters, and get back on the farm, where you belong."

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## THE BOY STOOD ON THE BURNING DECK.

The boy who stood on the burning deck whence all but he had fled, and whom Felicia Hemans celebrated in her immortal poem, was the son of Louis Casablanca, a French naval officer.

Louis, the elder, was born at Bastia, Corsica, in 1755. In company with the Comte de Grasse he took part in the American Revolution.

Upon his return to France he became a member of the National Convention, and later was one of the Council of Five Hundred. In this capacity he was one of the organizers of the French navy.

He captained the Orient, the flagship of the fleet which conveyed Napoleon and his troops to Egypt for his Nile campaign. At the battle of Aboukir, when the fleet was attacked by the English, Admiral Breyers was killed, the command was devolved upon Casablanca. His ship was struck and took fire, but he remained to the last, and went down with his ship. His 10-year-old son refused to leave the ship, and also perished. The incident furnished Mrs. Hemans with the theme of her poem. The date was 1798.

## WHEN THE BUGLE WAS A GONG.

When John E. Wilkie, formerly of the secret service, was young, he served with distinction among the border fighters of the West in their raids on bands of insurgent Indians and cattle "rustlers."

On one occasion according to Mr. Wilkie the posse on which he was serving ran out of available horses, and car horses had to be forced into commission. These animals were unaccustomed to any command other than that of the car-bell, and refused to obey the customary bugle-calls.

Accordingly the posse found it necessary to procure a large gong, which was struck, once for the troop to stop and twice for it to advance. In this manner they kept fairly good order.

One of the company—a bit of a wag Frietchie, a portion of which ran:—composed a parody on "Barbara

"Who touches a hal: of you gray head Dies like a dog! Ding-Dong" he said.

## BOYS HAVE NARROW ESCAPE.

Motor Truck Plunges Through Bridge Near Saunemin.

Tuesday while Joseph Rhineberger accompanied by Roy Morris was driving the large motor truck owned by Ferguson & Naffziger to Saunemin they met with an accident which might have proved fatal to both.

About a half mile west of Saunemin there is an old wooden bridge over a small stream and near this bridge is a turn in the road.

The truck was being driven toward this turn, but with high weeds to obstruct the view ahead and a deep hole in the road to steer clear of, on turning the driver was unable to maneuver the bridge near at hand and the heavy car crashed through the railing, turning turtle into the bed of the stream.

Mr. Rhineberger was thrown into the water of the stream but away from the motor truck and escaped possible death in a miraculous manner. He received a number of slight bruises and his clothes were torn considerably. Mr. Morris jumped from the machine and escaped injury.

This bridge it was learned has been condemned for the past six months by the road commissioners and a sign was placed on it to that effect, but in some manner the sign has been torn off for some time and there was nothing to warn the public against its weakness. It is possible Ferguson & Naffziger will receive damages done to the truck.

Annual District Meeting to be Held in Danish Lutheran Church.

The annual meeting of the third district of the Danish Lutheran Church will be held in St. Peter's Danish Lutheran Church in Dwight September 13-14.

From thirty to forty ministers and delegates are expected to attend.

Among the visiting ministers will be Rev. K. C. Bodholdt, a former pastor now located in Racine, Wis; Rev. P. Gotke, Clinton, Ia.; Rev. Plambeck, Marinette, Wis., and Rev. A. Dan, Rev. F. Blickfeldt and Rev. V. Anderson, all of Chicago.

The meeting will begin with church services Saturday, September 13, at 10:30 a. m. and will then continue with a meeting afternoon and evening the same day. There will be three meetings Sunday.

A large attendance is expected and everything will be done to make it a successful meeting. A welcome is extended to all.

Worth Trying.

English motorists have found that camphor dissolved in the gasoline results in fuel economy, and scientific tests are about to be made to determine to what extent the claims are justified. A motorcyclist tried one ounce of camphor to four gallons of gasoline, but found that this made the mixture too rich. Using one ounce of camphor to five gallons of gasoline, he estimated that the saving in fuel is at least 20 per cent. An automobile user states that he used camphor in his gasoline for six months, the proportion being one ounce of camphor to five gallons of gasoline. He claims that the camphor has resulted in considerable economy in fuel consumption, that it has made possible the climbing of hills at high speed, and that his engine, which was very difficult to start, gives no more trouble.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the postoffice at Dwight, County of Livingston, State of Illinois, unclaimed August 28, 1913.

To obtain any of the following letters, call for Advertised Letters, giving date of list.

If not delivered will be sent to dead letter office September 11, 1913.

1. Carleton, R. P.

2. Martin, Miss L. E.

Wm. G. DUSTY, Postmaster.

SOME OLD BOYS.

Besides "Daddy" Weiss, 112 years old, of New York, who attended the reunion there were a few other old boys present. General Thomas Stewart tells of one 85 years old who ran away from home to attend and see old comrades. Another was Colonel Boggs, of Pittsburg, 96. Colonel Boggs was one of those who arrived to find that no tent had been provided for him. It was 3 o'clock in the morning when Colonel Boggs got there and yet in an hour this man of 96, was sleeping under a blanket on a cot in a snug enough tent. He had commandeered these things by vigorous "rustling."

Captain W. H. Fleig, of Houston, Texas, was 90 years old on his last birthday, February 23. During the war he served with distinction in the marine department of the Confederate navy. Captain Fleig is more active than many of the other veterans a score of years less advanced.

Please send all communications for this paper to "Star and Herald, Dwight, Ill." and not to individuals. Delay is often caused by sending to the latter.

Get your job printing done at this office. We can do it satisfactorily.

Bunkoed.

Hobson (leaving the ball grounds)—Bah! Baseball is a regular skin game. Here I paid my money to see a game, and the game is called on account of darkness, with the score nothing to nothing.

Dobson—Heavens man! That is usually considered a great game.

Hobson—Yes; but I think they should give one a run for his money, anyhow.—Puck.