

THE WAYNE HERALD.

Consolidated with Wayne Republican.

WAYNE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1908.

Vol. 31, No. 46.

One of the Improvements Wayne Needs the Coming Year, and Needs Badly, is a First-class Sewerage System

Subscriptions

Received for all

Newspapers

and

Periodicals

at

Jones' Book Store

Facts About Olive Oil

The consumption of Olive Oil within the past two years has increased one hundred fold and continues to increase daily. Doctors are employing it more and more as a valuable therapeutic agent. The up-to-date housekeeper is beginning to appreciate the value of pure Olive Oil as a culinary necessity. In our MALTESE CROSS we offer you a quality of Olive Oil which cannot be surpassed in purity, sweetness and palatability.

In 1-2 Pints, Pints and Quarts.

Raymond's Drug Store

Silver Anniversary

First Methodist Episcopal Church Will Observe This Event in its History by a Series of Meetings



This being the Silver Anniversary of the First Methodist Episcopal church of Wayne arrangements have been perfected to properly observe the event by a week of prayer from January 5th to 10th, and from January 12th to 17th there will be a series of meetings at which former presiding elders and ministers will speak. The program is as follows:

Anniversary Week

- Sunday Jan. 12th** { 10:45—Sacrament of the Lord's Supper and Reception of Members.
7:30—"The Prodigal Son."
- Monday Jan. 13th** { 4 p. m.—Second Quarterly Conference, Rev. D. K. Tindall, Presiding Elder.
8 p. m.—Sermon by Rev. D. K. Tindall, D. D.
- Tuesday Jan. 14th** { 8 p. m.—Sermon by Rev. F. M. Sisson, D. D., Albion, Neb.
- Wednesday Jan. 15th** { 8:00 p. m.—Sermon by Rev. William Gorst, D. D., Omaha, Neb.
- Thursday Jan. 16th** { 3 p. m.—Social meeting in charge of the official board, led by C. E. Culler.
8 p. m.—Sermon by Rev. H. H. Millard, D. D., Omaha, Neb.
- Friday Jan. 17th** { 8 p. m.—Sermon by Rev. C. N. Dawson, D. D., Stanton, Neb.

Week of Prayer

- Sunday Jan. 5th** { 10:45—"The Secret of a Brilliant Success."
7:30—"The Greatest Race Ever Run."
- Monday Jan. 6th** { Subject, "The Home."
Josh. XXIV, 15. Deut. XI, 19-20.
Psalm 101, 2.
In charge of members from "A" to "D" Leader, Dr. Blair.
- Tuesday Jan. 7th** { Subject, "Young People in the Home, in the Church, in the World."
Ps. 148, 12. 1st Tim. IV, 12.
In charge of members from "E" to "G" Leader, Dr. Eells.
- Wednesday Jan. 8th** { Subject, "Men in the Home, in the Church, in Business."
Gen. XVIII, 19. Prov. XXII, 29. Acts VI, 1-8
In charge of members from "H" to "M" Leader, D. C. Main.
- Thursday Jan. 9th** { Subject, "The Church, at Home and Abroad."
Psalm LXXX, 1-2. Acts II, 4-4.
In charge of members from "N" to "R" Leader, E. F. Rennick.
- Friday Jan. 10th** { Subject, "Children and Youth."
Luke XVIII, 15-17.
In charge of members from "S" to "Z" Leader, E. B. Young.

1908 TERMS OF COURT

Dates for District Court Ninth Judicial District for the Coming Year

The dates for the terms of Court for 1908 in the ninth Judicial District have been set and will be held as follows: Wayne county, March 2 and August 31st. Madison February 10 May 18 and November 30. Pierce March 16 and September 14. Knox, April 6, June 1 and October 5th. Antelope, April 27 and November 9th. The petit juries are called for the second Monday of each term and naturalizations for the second day of each term.

W. O. W. Installation

The W. O. W. will have public installation of officers, refreshments and a program at their hall on the evening of January 9th. All members, their families and friends are invited. Following is the program: Installation of Officers
Music - Dale Rickabaugh
Solo - Myrtle Legan
Baritone Solo - W. H. McNeal
Address—Woodmen of the World—Ed Wallace
Refreshments
If you want quick results, try the Herald's want column.

Lung Armor

Wise people of today protect their lungs from the sudden changes in temperature by wearing

Chest Protectors

If your lungs are weak or you are much exposed to the weather, wear such chest protectors as our stock affords. We have a splendid assortment—nothing better made. Better select one and put it on before you are down sick with congestion of the lungs or pneumonia. All prices from 50c to \$2.00. SEE OUR CHAMOIS VEST—perhaps you will prefer one to our chest protector. We have both ladies' and gentlemen's.

Felber's Pharmacy

The Drug Store of Quality. Wayne, Nebraska

We Have It...

If it's new its here. The largest and best stock of watches, clocks, jewelry in the city. You get the best for your money here. Come and see . . .

H. S. WELSH == JEWELER

Get the Middle of the Road

An order has been issued by the postmaster general that all rural mail carriers have the right of way on all the country roads, and that all other carriages or conveyances must surrender that right of way to the rural carriers. It used to be a rule when the mail was carried in stage coaches, that everyone had to get out of the way when the mail coach came along.

Disfigures a Hotel Clerk

Milo Williams, clerk at the Hotel Boughn, had a painful experience last week. He and a nurse who has been attending Miss Turner, were pretending to throw liquids from bottles on each other and the lady hastily caught up a bottle of carbolic acid and thinking it was tightly corked made a motion to throw the contents at him. As a result the acid was released and struck young Williams on the side of the face barely missing his eye. It was purely an accident but one that was none the less painful and at present somewhat disfigures the otherwise handsome features of the clerk.—Randolph Times.

The January Woman's Home Companion

The Woman's Home Companion for January begins well with a handsome and showy cover design by James Montgomery Flagg. It is a notable number from the standpoint of illustrations. In addition to Flagg's striking cover design there is a full-page reproduction of W. Balfour Ker's painting, "Forgotten." It represents a winter farm scene, the house and barn in the distance and the old family horse standing drearily by the pasture bars, ankle deep in the falling snow—forgotten. Dr. Hales Monthly Talk is on the subject of "New Year's Wishes." Jack London contributes the first letter of his important series of first hand impressions for which the Woman's Home Companion sent him around the world; it is the record of a marvelous adventure among the lepers of Molokai. In the January number begins a series of programs and selections of the music of to-day of the great music-loving nations. The January program, which is American, is supplemented by the

music and words of two songs by Clayton Johns, hints as to the making of a program, by Madame Nordica, and instructions as to the rendering of each piece on the program by the composers themselves.

Among the fiction is an important installment of Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' great novel, "Though Life Us Do Part;" "The Adjusted Honeymoon," by Anne Warner; "A Lesson in Consequence," by Mary Wilhelmina Hastings; "Rose Mary" a Quaker love story by Carry Hunt Latta, and "The Lamps of Psyche," by Zona Gale, author of the new popular novel, "The Loves of Peleas and Ettarre."

Beware of Frequent Colds

A succession of colds or a protracted cold is almost certain to end in chronic catarrh, from which few persons ever wholly recover. Give every cold the attention it deserves and you may avoid this disagreeable disease. How can you cure a cold? Why tot try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy? It is highly recommended Mrs. M. White, of Butler, Tenn., says: "Several years ago I was bothered with my throat and lungs. Someone told me of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I began using it and it relieved me at once. Now my throat and lungs are sound and well. For sale by Raymonds Drug Store.

If you have something you want to trade or sell try the want column.

Farm Sale

I will sell at public auction at my farm, known as the old Sundahl place, 1 mile west and 2 miles south of Carroll the following property on

Monday, Jan. 6, '08

Sale starts 11 o'clock a. m. FREE LUNCH AT NOON

5 Head Good Horses

One suckling colt, 1 yearling colt wt, about 1100 he is heavy boned and extra good; 1 mare coming 3 years old wt, about 1400 bred to Harry Hughes' horse; one gelding 13 years old wt, about 1350.

63 Head of Cattle

1 thoroughbred Shorthorn bull coming 3 years old in good servicable condition, 15 grade Shorthorn milk cows 5 and 6 years old bred to the above bull, they will come in in April; 8 grade Shorthorn heifers 3 years old bred to the above bull; 20 grade Shorthorn yearlings, 11 heifers and 9 steers; 19 grade Shorthorn calves, 11 steers and 8 heifers.

Few Hogs, 5 dozen Chickens, 18 tons Hay and some corn in cribs.

Farr machinery—Here is a complete outfit in excellent condition. Also all my household goods and a lot of miscellaneous tools.

TERMS—\$10 and under cash, sums over \$10 one year's time on bankable note at 8 per cent.

E. Cunningham, Auct.
Arthur Tucker, Clerk.

Evan Evans

Jaxon Hill
Coal
\$8.50
Per Ton
As clean as Rock Springs,
and lasts longer.
Philleo & Son

Primary Election for Delegates

At the meeting of the republican State Central Committee next month there is going to be a strong effort made to have the committee provide for a primary election at which the republican voters of Nebraska may express their preference for a presidential candidate, and there is now industrious efforts being made from several quarters to create sentiment towards this end. On the face of it there could seem to be no good objections to the proposition and still the primary principal is still in its infancy so far as practice is concerned and we can see where there might be objections made that are worth considering.

Any primary election to accomplish its purpose must have the attention of the people sufficiently that at least a majority of the voters registered their preference. One of the objections raised is that the republican voters in the country districts would not take sufficient interest in it to get out to the polls, and that the voting would be done principally in the towns and cities. It is not so much a lack of interest on the part of the country voters, we believe, as the fact that it is not as convenient for them as for the town voters and again it would probably come in the spring of the year when there are busy times on the farm. The expense of the primary which would have to be borne by the political committee is not so much the question because campaign funds are expended to get the voters out in the fall to vote for the candidates and it does not seem inconsistent to give them a chance to say who these candidates are to be.

Least you forget this is a reminder that it is not late to make a resolution to boost for a greater Wayne in 1908.

Among those who have a reason to anticipate an increased business in 1908 is Judge Hunter who issues the permits to wed. Its leap year now.

If there is as much increase in the arid districts in 1908 as there has been in 1907 it would be well to get that application in for a seat on the water wagon.

Now comes Grover Cleveland pleading for a pension for ex-presidents. He is the same Cleveland who when president spent a good part of his time vetoing pension bills for old soldiers.

Omaha is pulling for the republican state convention to select delegates to the national convention. Well Lincoln has monopolized the state conventions in the past and Omaha with the lid on is not a bad place for republicans to hold a convention in.

It will be a long time between drinks down in old Georgia, now, January first 800 saloons and five breweries went out of business as a result of the dry wave that has been sweeping over the south. The last month preceeding the dry spell the sale of whiskey was enormous to those who wanted to lay in a supply for emergency.

The assault case in the county court, from Winside, which was to have been heard this morning was dismissed for lack of prosecution, the complaining witness failing to make his appearance. The trouble grew out of a celebration on Christmas eve and as a result Jurd Janssen swore out a complaint against Fred Bruecher charging him with assault. The defendant appeared this morning and it said he has a knife wound in his shoulder which he claims he received at that time. The prosecuting witness failing to appear the County Attorney had nothing else to do but dismiss the case. It seems that both parties to the case handed each other Christmas presents of equal value.

DECIDES THE CASE

Court Decides Adverse to Applicants for Mandamus

GROWS OUT OF POLICE COURT

Legal Phase of the Question Threshed out Before Court. Lawyers on Witness Stand

The action in mandamus brought by Henry J. Hoffman against I. W. Alter, police judge of Wayne, was before the District Court Saturday. There has probably not been a court case here in several years which has caused more local discussion or caused more bad feeling than has this case. The mandamus proceedings brought against Alter were to compel him to change the records of his court, made last May when Hoffman, Ramsey and Thomsen were tried before the police judge on the charge of violating the liquor laws and a fine assessed by the police judge. The defendants all took appeal to the district court and in taking appeal, it is said, failed to take the necessary legal procedure. Their appeals have since been dismissed by the District court. The defendants have since claimed that the record in the police court were incorrect and it was to compel the police judge to change the record that the action in mandamus started in the District court.

At the hearing Saturday the testimony of F. A. Berry and C. L. Fritscher, attorneys for defendants, were taken as also was the testimony of County Attorney Wilbur, Elmer E. Thomas, attorney for the state and I. W. Alter police judge. On the hearing it developed that the evidence was not conflicting. While only the case of Hoffman was tried, there was agreement among the attorneys that the trial of one case should stand for all three and the court made his finding in all cases at the same time. The court held that defendants had had proper and legal trials and the mandamus proceedings were dismissed.

North Bend Items

Mrs. Frank Henderson is visiting at Denison, Iowa during the holidays.

Leslie Steele of Tyndal, S. D. is visiting friends and relatives here during the holidays.

Chas. Grewe and family will not move on their farm in Dakota next spring, but will rent a farm near Laurel.

Miss Myrtle Robinson has been spending her vacation at home but visited over Sunday with friends at Wayne.

Fred Hofeldt of Gretna, Nebraska with his daughters, Rose and Minnie are visiting friends and relatives in this vicinity.

The program rendered at the Flagg School, Christmas eve was very good. Old Santa was there and brought each one a treat consisting of nuts, candy and oranges.

Listen! Hear the sleighbells. The last snowfall makes fine sleighing. Christmas has come and gone and with it the usual feasts, presents and merry-making, and Santa Clause did not fail to visit this neck of the woods.

Probate Notice to Creditors

In the County Court of Wayne County, Nebraska.

In the matter of the Estate of Charles O. Fisher, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that the creditors of the said deceased will meet the Administrator of said estate, before me, County Judge of Wayne County, Nebraska, at the County Court Room in said county, on the 31st day of January 1908, and on the 30th day of June 1908, at 2 o'clock P. M. each day, for the purpose of presenting their claims for examination, adjustment and allowance. Six months are allowed for creditors to present their claims and one year for the Administrator to settle said estate, from the 31st day of December 1907. This notice will be published in the Wayne Herald for four weeks successively prior to the 31st day of January 1908.

Witness my hand and seal of said court, this 31st day of December A. D. 1907.

E. HUNTER,
(Seal) County Judge.

The Freeman Bros. Electric show has been playing this week at the Opera house and are giving a good entertainment. The Thaw-White tragedy which they show Saturday night, they have to pay a special royalty on and hence the raise in prices for that night only.

SHOLES NEWS

New School Building Will be Formally Dedicated January 10 With a Good Program

Charley Carroll had business at the county seat Saturday afternoon. Landlord E. H. Kuhleman visited Randolph between trains on Monday.

Miss Nellie Sullivan of Battle Creek, Nebr., is visiting friends in this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Gramkaw and little girl returned from Omaha Monday evening, where they had been visiting relatives during the holidays.

Misses Clara Burson and Mary Pawelski went to Wayne Saturday, Miss Burson returning that evening and Miss Pawelski Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Robinson are rejoicing over the arrival of a new boy at their home a few days ago. The mother and baby are doing well and Bert's smile is broader than before.

Many young men who have been out of school for a number of years are now seen wending their way to the new school. Among these are George Clark, Clayton Tripp and Clifford Pettys. It seems that the good results of rural school consolidation are fast becoming apparent.

Rev. E. B. Young came up from Wayne Saturday night and spent Sunday and Monday as the guest of Mr. Robinson. Mr. Young's work in the Sunday schools in this part of the county is well known, and he is always a welcome visitor.

The following is the program to be given at the dedication of the school building, Friday evening Jan. 10:

- Invocation - Ben F. Robinson
- The Hunting Chorus - Quartette
- The Superintendent's Viewpoint
- Address - A. E. Littell
- The Midnight Moon is Beautiful - Quartette
- Address - Hon. J. L. McBrien
- Solo - Oh Happy Day - E. H. Kuhleman

Additional Locals

Mrs. J. H. Wright was a passenger east Thursday.

Irwin Floyd of Wakefield is visiting in Wayne today.

Miss Nettie Perry returned to Omaha Monday afternoon.

Lee Buroder has been visiting with his father at St. Paris, Ohio.

Miss Sadie Harrington of Wakefield visited Florence Welch last evening.

A number from here attended a dance given at Winside Wednesday evening.

Arthur Lundburg of Chicago is visiting with relatives and friends here this week. He arrived Tuesday night.

If you fear the la grippe and do not want to "lay off" for a week try our preventative.—F. F. Gamble, osteopath.

Word was received here this week of the marriage of Miss Netta Perry in Omaha. We did not learn the name of the groom.

Miss Kate Gamble entertained a number of friends at a watch party Tuesday evening. Excellent mandolin and guitar music was furnished.

Mrs. Frank Davey and two children of Ponca, Neb., arrived Tuesday morning for a visit with Mrs. Davey's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Skeen.

Miss Edna Neeley and Miss Elsie Seace, Warren Schultheis and Frank Wilson were invited to home of Mr. Frank Owen to a six o'clock dinner on Monday evening.

Miss Maud Grothe returned to her school near Nehawka, Nebraska last Saturday. Carl returned to Lincoln Monday where he is attending the Lincoln Business College.

Misses Kate Gamble and Roxie Gonger met with a slight accident while out sleigh riding Monday. One side of the cutter gave away throwing one of them out but with no serious injury.

Clarence Sears returned to Omaha this morning after a two days visit with his folks here. Mr. Sears is traveling on the road for the Hong Kong Tea Co., his territory being Nebraska and Iowa.

A hunting party composed of about five young men from this city made a desperate attempt to work up a reputation in that line, by bagging an unusual large quantity of rabbits. They report of landing safely forty-two rabbits and one jack, but to locate the goods a microscope would undoubtedly come in handy.

The members of the Masonic and Eastern Star lodges held a social meeting in the Masonic hall on New Year's night. Tables were laid and the fore part of the evening spent in games, after which refreshments were served. A splendid talk was made by Rev. Sharpe on Masonic fraternity and an excellent program of vocal and instrumental music was given. Voget's Orchestra furnished music for the occasion. There were fifty couple present and it was a most delightful evening for all present.

New Year's day was Marin Grothes eighth birthday and his parents planned and carried out a very enjoyable surprise party for him and his playmates. After a nice sleigh-ride, a two course lunch was served after which games were played and all had a merry time.

Miss Helen McNeal was hostess on Tuesday evening to a party of thirty young people of Wayne at her home. It was a card party and the young people spent the evening in playing whist and watching the old year out and the leap year in. The lady's prize in the card playing was awarded to Miss Elsie Warnock and the gentleman's prize to Harry Fisher. Just at the stroke of twelve and when the whistles commenced to announce the new year one of the ladies completed the singing of a song and one of the boys present dryly remarked. "She must belong to the union as she quits when the whistle blows." At a late hour refreshments were served and it was well into the new year before the young people departed for their homes all declaring it a most enjoyable time and Miss McNeal a splendid hostess.

Big Developments In the West

The Ten Mile mining district is one of the oldest in the state of Colorado and likewise one of the richest. Leadville is on one side and Montezuma on the other and it is midway between Montezuma and Robinson. In productiveness it rivals both these two camps. It is hard to realize, so stupenduous are the figures, how rich is this zone and how many millions have been taken from it. A short distance southwestward at Robinson, the first mine of that name in a short time gave up more than four million dollars. It had been conservatively estimated by the best engineers in the state that this small portion of Colorado has produced over \$10,000,000.

Lying in this immediate territory is the town of Frisco and the mining section that takes its name. A short distance away are the properties of the King Solomon Mining & Development company, a great mining enterprise, boldly planned, aggressively worked and rich in the promise of early and exceptional returns. A representative of the Mining Investor made a personal examination of the King Solomon properties during the first week of December. The tunnel which is being driven penetrates Royal Mountain, a peak that stands out prominently in the Ten Mile Range. The property not only covers the face of the mountain, but lengthens out along the valley below in mill sites and placer ground.

The property consists of a number of groups, some held under patents pending and the remainder by location. It embraces sixty-nine lodes, two mill sites and several tracts of placer ground, covering the unusually large extent of nearly a thousand acres. An addition to the busy little mining town of Frisco is covered by the Flora placers, owned by the King Solomon company. In addition the company holds many other properties in this vicinity.

The property is developed by the King Solomon tunnel and numerous surface cuts. The tunnel starts in a short distance above the level of Ten Mile river and the Leadville division of the Colorado & Southern railroad. It is ideally located for economical work. The company's power house, about which something more will be said later is on the railroad and is within a stone's throw of the portal of the tunnel. This makes it an easy proposition to get in coal and supplies without the high charges that hauling usually entails. Besides, and more important, it will be very easy to load the ores and concentrates for railroad shipment. Later the company will erect and equip its own concentrating plant and this feature of the King Solomon enterprise will benefit as much as any other by its close proximity to the railroad. The advantages from being upon such a rapidly flowing and large stream as Ten Mile river are numerous. The company can utilize the volume of water and develop considerable power, both for mining and milling. Connection can also be made without any expense with the main trunk line of the Colorado Central Power company, which is now being strung on steel towers across the property of the King Solomon company.

Public Sale

At my residence, one mile east and one mile north of Wayne, Nebraska, commencing at 11 o'clock a. m.,

Jan. 14, 1908

Pure Bred Short Horn Cows
" " Poland China Sows

I will sell 4 head of pure bred short horn cows all bred, and 40 head of pure bred Poland China Sows, all safe in pig, and 50 head of high grade cattle, consisting of 10 excellent milch cows, 18 two-year old steers, 5 yearling steers, 4 steer calves, 6 two-year old heifers, 3 yearling heifers and 4 heifer calves. All cow stuff old enough to breed is bred to a pure bred Short Horn Bull. Also 30 head of good barrows and 5 horses and all kinds of farm machinery.

J. E. Abbott.

The equipment is most unusual.

It is such a plant as one might expect to see at a great mine that has been producing for years and paying handsomely upon the investment besides giving a sufficient surplus for extensive equipment, and to an experienced mining newspaper man the King Solomon seems to be upon the highway to such a prosperous condition. The power plant consists of a new compressor plant of unusual capacity, new boilers, new engines, all equipped with the most modern appliances. Besides it includes a number of rock drills, blowers and all accessories. An indicator in the power house automatically registers the pressure of the air in the compressor and shows how long and at what time each drill was working and when the shots were fired. The whole plant was installed by Superintendent McLeod, an engineer of long experience in America and Europe. The tunnel is equipped with cars and tracks complete, galvanized ventilating pipe, wrought iron pipe, train line and skip for conveying tools and supplies from the shop to the mine. There is a power house with a capacity of six tons of dynamite, a tram terminal station at the tunnel level and a stone head house. The power house gives abundant room for a complete machine shop and at the portal there is a blacksmith shop. Electrical connections are made throughout the tunnel for firing the shots.

It is such things as these, this most modern power plant, the large roomy, well timbered, well ventilated and well equipped tunnel, that reveal to the disinterested outsider the solid, substantial character of the King Solomon enterprise.

The King Solomon tunnel is in a distance of about 1700 feet and has already cut seven strong veins. The first vein gave an average assay of \$11.58. The second one was cut at an ore shoot, and gave an average of \$43.10. Some explorations were made at this point, the drifting amounting to 150 feet. Two hundred and seventy feet beyond the third vein was intersected giving an assay of \$21.68. The Number Four vein was cut 81 feet farther in and is developed by about ninety feet of drifting giving an average assay value of \$27.48. These assays were made by competent engineers who sampled the property thoroughly and quartered down the pulp from every part of the vein. There is ore in sight, and abundance of it which could be very profitably taken out and put through a mill.

The number of veins covered by this property cannot be estimated. The mountain is very steep, but the slide of surface material and loose rock has so covered the lodes that a large number are undoubtedly buried and cannot be located on top of the ground. As the tunnel progresses these will be opened up and can be made, probably, to yield richly.

The placer ground has not been developed but is undoubtedly quite valuable. This is the great placer district of Colorado. From Frisco to Dillon and from Dillon far beyond

Freeman Bros. Big

Electric Show

With an entire change of program nightly. Truthfully advertised and endorsed by an overwhelming majority of amusement loving people.

3 More Nights

The best of the week

Thursday Night

The Female Highway man, The Rivals, Old Batch or No Wedding Bells for Him.

Friday Night

The Bank Defaulter, Etc.

Saturday Night

The Great Thaw - White Tragedy, The Lost Collar Buttons, New York City Pickpockets, Polar Bear Hunting in the Arctic Regions.

Prices for Saturday night, Adults 25c, Children 15c.

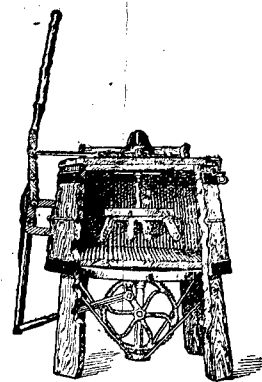
FREEMAN BROS.

—Props.—

Breckenridge the placers have been worked for years, and millions upon millions have been taken from their gravels. Placer mining in this section has been reduced to the most exact degree of economy and efficiency. The gold from the Blue river placers have come from these various lodes along the mountains of the Ten Mile range. These lodes, which traverse the mountain sides are rich in gold and silver with some copper and some lead and zinc. Careful development work in such territory as that owned by the King Solomon should reveal great ore shoots, carrying rich values that will produce abundantly and indefinitely. —Denver Mining Investor.

Where Did You Buy It?

If your Washing Machine does not give satisfaction you did not buy it of us, as we positively know by this time that the machines we have sold, if you buy the ONE MINUTE you will be one of our customers that will be a satisfied user of the One Minute Washer.



One Minute

—SOLD ONLY BY—

..Marsteller & Peterson..

We close 8 o'clock except Saturday nights

First National Bank

OLDEST BANK IN WAYNE COUNTY

J. M. STRAHAN, Pres. F. E. STRAHAN, Vice Pres. H. F. WILSON, Cashier
H. S. RINGLAND, Ass't Cashier.

Capital and Surplus \$100,000

DIRECTORS: J. M. Strahan, F. F. Strahan, H. S. Ringland, George Bogart
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The most comprehensive farm paper—All the news intelligently told. Farm questions answered by a practical farmer and experimenter. Exactly what you want in market reports.

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STATE BANK OF WAYNE

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INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY \$200,000

Will do a general banking business. Interest paid on time deposits

THE COUNTY

Carroll.

From Index.
Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Jones are visiting in Missouri with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Taylor are visiting their folks here.

D. J. Jones and Ed Williams spent their Christmas day at Randolph.

John Dobbin went to Laurel to enjoy the Yule Tide, returning yesterday.

David Sylvanus left on the morning train for a short visit with his uncle at Red Oak, Iowa.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart, of Mapleton, Iowa, are spending the holidays with their daughter, Mrs. W. H. James.

Misses Maggie Davis, Nettie Jones, and Ethel Jenkins were visitors to Wayne Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. L. D. Evans, Mrs. Geo. Rohrer, Mrs. Fred Schrader and Mr. and Mrs. Wave Garwood were passengers on the noon train Saturday for Wayne.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Beebe are moving their household goods to Wayne this week.

Rev. H. O. Morris officiated at the funeral of the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Christ Peterson held yesterday.

Last Sunday Chas. Jones was elected superintendent of the M. E. Sunday school to succeed Chas. Beebe who has resigned.

Robt. Pritchard, Steve Davis, Dave Jenkins and Edwin Davis were some of the Carroll gentlemen who spent the afternoon at Wayne Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Nairn and Mr. and Mrs. Bert Francis were among the Carroll people at the county seat Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Gaertner of Wayne, visited last week with her sister Mrs. Walter Yaryan, returning home Saturday noon.

Miss Laura Gate, of Sioux City visited with Miss Kitty Porter this week. These young ladies are companion nurses in the Samaritan hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Walden left on the morning train Monday for Omaha where they will spend Christmas with their little daughter. From there they will go to points in Iowa and Illinois. In all they will be gone about two or three weeks.

Mr. John B. Killinger, of Griswold, Iowa, formerly of Carroll was in town the last week returning to his home Monday morning. He was making arrangements to move back in the spring.

Arthur Williams and Frank Griffith are making a two weeks visit at their old home in Louise county, Ia. They were passengers on the noon train Monday.

Miss Vera Embree and Vernon Embree are at home for the holidays. Miss Vera is attending a pharmaceutical school at Fremont. Vernon is a student at the Sioux City Medical College.

The friends of Henry Bay will be grieved to learn that Henry received word last Friday of the death of his mother. The old lady lived at Millertown, Pa. The news came as a surprise as Henry was not aware that she was in a critical condition. At the time the message was received it was impossible for her son to reach the old home in time for the funeral.

Monday night the evening passenger was delayed for some time. The train had pulled in as far as the stock yards and was doing some switching when the soft plug blew out of the boiler letting the water out onto the fire which was extinguished. The accident was sufficient to cause another engine to be sent for to haul the train to Bloomfield.

Rev. Vincent Jones has resigned his charge as pastor of the Congregational church in the settlement to accept a call from the South Side church at Pittsburg Pa. This is one of the most important Welsh American pastorates in the East and comes with it a salary of \$1400.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. James, Mr. and Mrs. Frank James and son John, Rollie Jones and a number of others whose names we do not have attended the wedding of Miss Lizzie James at Wayne Tuesday afternoon. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. R. James of Wayne; the groom, Mr. Clarence Auker, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Auker of Wayne. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's parents. The young couple will make their home on a farm near Winside.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Christ Peterson was made sad on Tuesday morning by the death of their four-year-old daughter. The little Miss had been suffering for some time with the whooping cough. In some way she contracted a cold and the cough turned to pneumonia. The doctor was called Monday afternoon but it was too late to stay the disease. The loss of the little one is the cause of deep sorrow. The many friends share deeply in the loss and sympathize deeply. The funeral services were held from the M. F. church yesterday afternoon. The interment was in the local cemetery.

Winside

From Tribune.
Miss Nellie Ross is home from the Peru Normal.

Mrs. Lute Miller was among the Wayne visitors Monday.

E. W. Tucker spent Christmas at his home in Wayne.

Miss Minnie Gaertner is spending her vacation with home folks in Wayne.

Henry Young went to Central City Christmas day to enjoy a few days visit.

John Shafer was down from Norfolk again last week. Who is she, John?

F. W. Laase and wife were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Smith this week.

Charlie Long of Philips, S. D., has been visiting in this vicinity for the past week.

Willie Templeton came home from Ames college last week to spend the holidays.

G. A. Mittelstadt went over to Norfolk yesterday returning today.

Mrs. A. M. Averill was up from Hoskins visiting Winside friends last Friday.

Miss Mae Miller, sister of Mrs. A. H. Carter, arrived from Malvern, Iowa Saturday.

Miss Ella Burke, teacher in the Farran district, went to Norfolk to spend the holidays.

Miss Nannie Castle is spending the holidays at the home of her aunt, Mrs. I. O. Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Berry and the children of South Sioux City are guests at the Reichart's.

Sam Tracy's sister, Emma, arrived Tuesday for a visit with her mother and brother.

Gustaf Westerhouse is home from the Northwestern University at Watertown, Wis., on his annual visit.

Miss Mary Todd and Chester Shirts were married last evening at 4 o'clock, at the home of the bride's parents.

The waterworks reservoir is completed now and has been tested and seems to be all right. It loomed up like a big black specter these moonlight nights up there on the hill.

The Winside Camp of Royal Neighbors have been invited to install officers for the Wayne Camp, Jan. 7. Quite a number will accompany the installing officers.

Papers were served on a couple of Winside citizens last week, for violating village ordinance 69 in regard to keeping swine inside the corporation. Both were found guilty and fined but will appeal.

Christmas brought sadness to Mrs. W. I. Lowry in the shape of a telegram announcing the serious illness of her mother at Grand Island. She left on the ten o'clock train for her sick mother's bedside.

Antone Jensen, who lives northwest of Winside, got into some kind of trouble with a fellow by the name of Brickner, Christmas Eve, and his present next day was a sore head and a doctor's bill for sewing up the slash.

Prof. Dimmick and wife went to Omaha Saturday to spend the holidays with his mother and sister.

Miss Anna Jensen, who is now teaching over in Dixon county, came home for a two weeks vacation.

Miss Minnie McAdams, assistant principal of the Winside schools, is visiting home folks at Peru, Nebraska.

Mrs. I. D. Brugger and son Granville arrived home from their visit at Wessington, S. D., Saturday evening.

Mrs. Bright, Mrs. H. R. Morrow and Fred Bright's mother arrived Tuesday for a visit with her children.

Rev. Press' two little boys arrived home last week from Watertown, Wisconsin, where they have been attending school.

Misses Nannie Schrupf and Clara Schneider arrived home from the Fremont Normal Saturday to remain until after the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Peters, father and mother of Mrs. Herbert Lound, arrived in Winside Saturday evening to visit their daughter for a few days.

Good farming, based on sound principles of science and practice, was never more important or profitable than now. The Homestead, an agricultural and live stock paper published every Thursday at Des Moines, Iowa, is the best exponent of good farming. The Homestead is edited by farmers who live upon and operate their own farms right here in the middle West, so that their teachings are thoroughly practical. It has departments devoted to horticultural, poultry, sheep, dairy, veterinary, laws affecting farmers, current events, house and home Sunday school lessons, editorial comment, live farm gossip, etc; and its contributors include able and successful farmers and experiment station experts throughout the West. Many farmers in this vicinity are already subscribers for the Homestead and all should be; as whatever adds to the practical knowledge of the farmer increases the value of land and enhances the prosperity of the community. We take subscriptions for this splendid farm paper at this office; and, by special arrangement with the publisher, can give you a low subscription rate for it in connection with the Wayne Herald.

Blue Grass Valley

From Winside Tribune.
Miss Sadie Darnell is helping Miss Mary Todd this week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Nellen were guests at the E. W. Darnell home.

Mrs. Geo. Nelson visited the primary room in Winside Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Carl Wolff was visiting her sister, Mrs. Thies, a few days last week.

Otto and Ida Niemann left Monday morning for Nebraska City to spend Christmas.

Henry Heyer had the misfortune to run a pitchfork tine thru his foot the other day.

Mr. and Mrs. Haller and Mr. and Mrs. Darnell were shopping in Wayne one day last week.

Some relatives of Paul Heyer's from Illinois are visiting them at present but we did not learn their names.

Misses Anna and Bessie Heyer left Monday to visit relatives in Hooper, Wisner and other places. They will also visit Mrs. Laase, formerly Miss Grace Bell.

Notice

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids will be received at the office of the county clerk of Wayne county, Nebraska, for County Physician from January 1908 to January 1909, bids to be filed on or before noon of the 10th day of January 1908.

County Physician to render all necessary attendance and furnish all medicine necessary for all persons who are or who may become a county charge upon said Wayne county, and all those whose circumstances are such as to require the county to provide for them such attendance and medicine, whether inmates of the county poor house or not, and all prisoners that may be in the county jail during the year. Said physician to furnish at his own expense all necessary medicines for persons dependent on the county for same, and also perform all surgical work for such persons, including the prisoners abovesaid.

Bids to be made for so much for the year.
The Board of Commissioners re-

serves the right to reject any and all bids.
Bids to be opened at 12 o'clock noon of the 10th day of January 1908.

Dated at Wayne, Nebraska, this 3rd day of December 1907.

CHAS. W. REYNOLDS,
County Clerk.

(Seal) Public Sale

Several times of late people have said to me: "I didn't know you were crying sales." I wish to inform the public that I am in the business to stay and expect to remain right here in Wayne county, indefinitely. You don't have to wait until winter to

have your sale. I am here at all times and you can get me by telephone at any time from any part of the county. Satisfaction guaranteed.
—Clyde Oman.

Upholstering

A. C. Olsen of Randolph will at once open an upholstering establishment in Wayne and do all work in his line, such as upholstering lounges, sofas, easy chairs, etc. All work guaranteed and prices reasonable. Bring your work to Fleetwood & Johnson's, Wayne.—A. C. Olsen.

Cased wells. Water or no pay
Phone 103.—Geo. Wadsworth.

HARD COAL SOFT

HARD AND SOFT COAL

Two Cars of Rock Springs will arrive soon. Send in your orders

Saunders-Westrand Co.

'Phone 83...

MARCUS KROGER, Manager

New Meat Market

Just opened for business on west side of Main street. The best quality of meat's retailed at reasonable prices. Experienced men in charge will give prompt and careful attention to every detail of the business. New fixtures and first-class equipments in all departments.

Phone 289

KARO'S Meat Market

LAND! LAND! LAND!

Land that grows 15 to 25 tons of sugar beets to the acre, 200 to 400 bushels of potatoes, 40 to 100 bushels of oats, 25 to 60 bushels of corn to the acre, and all kinds of fruit, berries and melons in abundance. Rich, virgin soil, that grows immense crops like magic, when the water that the U. S. government provides at cost is flowed upon it. There is no such thing as crop failure under irrigation. The farmer plants his crop and absolutely controls the amount of water his crops need at exactly the proper time, and he can grow more profitable crops than he can grow in any natural rainfall country, such as sugar beets and alfalfa. Government statistics show that irrigated land will produce from one-third to one-half more crops than any natural rainfall country. Officials of the U. S. Reclamation Service say that the North Platte project, which will irrigate the land we are selling, is best adapted to irrigation of any land in the country, and the supply of water is unlimited.

RENTERS. Why pay from \$3 to \$10 an acre rent for land when you can get 160 acres of fine irrigated land for about the same money you are paying for one year's rent of an eastern farm?

COME TO THE NEW LAND and own a fine farm that will grow larger crops than the high-priced land you are renting. Uncle Sam will supply you with water to irrigate 160 acres of the most productive land in the country at cost. I can secure you a fine 160 acre, irrigable farm for from \$1 to \$5 per acre.

DON'T WAIT! It won't last long. Thousands of people are flocking to this country, and the sooner you come the better bargain I can get you. Don't waste your life renting somebody else's farm at a high price. Come to the rich and fertile North Platte Valley, and make a home and fortune for yourself and family. Don't neglect this splendid opportunity. There's big money in it. This land that you can now secure for practically nothing, will be worth from \$100 to \$300 per acre as soon as irrigated and improved. It is better land than Colorado land, that is now selling for as much. You can hire all the work done on sugar beets for \$45 an acre, and at the average yield of 20 tons an acre, you can clear \$55 an acre and do no work on it yourself.

FARM OWNERS. Why farm \$100 eastern land when you can buy irrigated land here for from one-tenth to one-fourth the money, and get land that will produce larger crops and increase rapidly in value? Sell out and come to the rich North Platte Valley. We are not pioneering. There are no hardships in this country—towns, railroads, schools and churches are close at hand. The Platte Valley is centrally located and convenient to all markets. Railroad communications are unexcelled to all good shipping points. All kinds of produce, cattle, hogs and sheep command a high price. The Burlington R. R. now runs through the valley and the Union Pacific is rapidly pushing work on a through line to the coast, which line also runs through the valley. Thousands and thousands of tons of hay are cut in the river bottoms every year.

INVESTORS. We can sell you deeded land that is increasing rapidly in value and will continue to increase in value for years to come. Irrigated land is not subject to the depression in land values that always go with a period of crop failures in any natural rainfall country. No matter what the weather you can grow a crop every year under irrigation. I control the sale of thousands of acres of irrigated and dry lands, hay land and ranches. I can secure you any kind of land at a price that will make money quick for you.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR FURTHER INFORMATION. Local real estate dealers correspond. We can make some money for you.

JOHN L. WYETH, BAYARD, NEB.

Land Seekers and Investors Agent.

Her Titian Rival.

By MARTHA COBB SANFORD.

Copyrighted, 1907, by Homer Sprague.

"Wanted, a talented and vivacious young woman fond of children and of art to accompany mother and son abroad. Must have red hair."

"Well, of all things!" exclaimed Zephine Holliday. "What a funny advertisement, and if it doesn't hit me off to a T."

She read it over again, as if to convince herself that it was really not an optical illusion. Then she settled down to think it over.

A large half packed trunk stood open before her, and about her on table, chairs and floor were piled all her worldly accessories, for Zephine was to start the next day for a distant western city, where she had accepted the position of teacher of everything from elementary arithmetic, which she despised, to the history of art, which she loved, but had no particular desire to try to make a lot of giggling young girls love with an equal ardor.

Still there seemed nothing else to do now that the college course was over, and there were no surplus funds in the family exchequer.

"I'll answer that ad. in person," Zephine announced to the trunk, whose expansive yawn indicated expressively its amazement. "A kindergarten of one somehow sounds more attractive than a boarding school full of scatter brained girls, especially when it has with it a trip to Europe thrown in."

When Zephine rang the Maxwell bell that afternoon at the address given in the advertisement, she looked captivated enough to adorn any European party, no matter how fastidious its constituents. Her smart little autumn hat and her trim tailor costume both toned in harmoniously with the gold bronze of her hair that blew about coquettishly in the stirring breeze.

After sending up her cup Zephine, with a half-conscious sigh of appreciation, sank down into the cushioned depths of a luxurious easy chair to await the presence of the mysterious mother. When the latter entered the drawing room Zephine gazed upon her with frank admiration. She was stately and beautiful and above all undeniably motherly.

"You came in answer to my advertisement in the morning paper?" she asked. Her sweet naturalness quite banished all Zephine's embarrassment.

"Yes. I thought I would like to know more about it," the girl answered cautiously.

"You are fond of art, Miss Holliday—do you paint?"

"I'm not an artist, if that is what you mean, but I am very fond of pictures and paint a little for my own amusement. Do you wish me to teach your son how to paint, Mrs. Maxwell? I'm afraid."

"Oh, no, indeed; just help him out a bit now and then with a suggestion. He likes to have his own way about doing things, only he needs some one who is in sympathy with his little fads and fancies. You like children, do you not, Miss Holliday? Of course that is essential."

"I can't live without them," Zephine replied with glowing enthusiasm. (And how could she? If it were not for children her chances of earning a livelihood would be small indeed.)

"If you are vivacious, I do not need to ask," commented Mrs. Maxwell, glancing at Zephine with genuine approval. "I like to have Ralph have lively companionship. He's so stirring himself. He lends me altogether too merry a chase."

"But why is red hair essential?" Zephine finally plucked up sufficient courage to inquire, at the same time blushing bewitchingly.

Mrs. Maxwell laughed softly.

"Oh, that's just to satisfy one of Ralph's whims. He's so cranky since he got over his long illness, poor boy, that we do all we can to please him in every little way. And he simply dotes on red hair. Why, he always paints women with red hair, and last Christmas, when we were selecting a doll for a little girl friend of his, he insisted on her having red hair."

Zephine joined in the laugh and almost forgot her misgivings over the prospect of her handling this "cranky" and evidently spoiled son of an over-fond mother, who frankly acknowledged that she couldn't handle him herself.

When the arrangements were finally concluded Zephine walked home in a daze. She brought herself back to reality long enough, however, to send a telegram to the distant boarding school, which she would never enlighten with her funds of knowledge after all.

"Well," she announced to the hospitable trunk, which still gaped in astonishment when she returned, "it's lucky my clothes are all in order. Think of it, we start for Europe, old trunk, day after tomorrow, you and I—and Ralph and Ralph's mother," she added in a subdued anticlimax. "I wish I'd seen the kid. I know he's incorrigible."

The day for sailing was ideally fair. Mrs. Maxwell met Zephine at the steamer and accompanied her to her stateroom, establishing herself comfortably there with much motherly kindness.

"After the farewells are over you and Ralph must get acquainted," she said, hastening back to the deck.

Zephine herself had a few goodbyes to wave. Indeed, she was a central

figure of attraction as she stood at the rail of the steamer waving her handkerchief gayly, all unconscious of her picturesqueness as the sun crept under the brim of her hat and made a bright glory of her hair.

"By George, isn't she a stunner!" Zephine could not help hear a young man near her exclaim.

She blushed with confusion and was relieved to see her patroness approaching.

"Let me introduce my son Ralph," Mrs. Maxwell said proudly, laying her hand on the arm of the young man who had just complimented Zephine so spontaneously. "I expect you two to get on famously together."

Ralph extended his hand with willing cordiality, but Zephine stood transfixed with astonishment. At last she looked at Mrs. Maxwell appealingly.

"I thought he was a little-boy," she gasped helplessly.

The explanations that followed were chaotic at best. Mrs. Maxwell supposed, of course, that Zephine knew of her son, Ralph Maxwell, the artist, the popular portrait painter of children and modern madonnas. Why, had she not mentioned especially how he painted all women with red hair? That is why she had thought it would give him particular pleasure to have the third member of their party possess this distinctive mark of beauty.

And as for Ralph—why, he himself had been entirely ignorant of the whole plot until that very morning, when his mother had revealed it to him, telling him with boundless enthusiasm that she had asked Miss Holliday, a charming young woman, to accompany them on their trip so that he would have some one to share his art enthusiasm with and to join him in his tireless jaunts in search of picturesque children to pose for his art.

While this rapid fire of elucidation was going on Zephine looked from one to the other in her effort to comprehend the situation. Finally she burst out laughing—a trifle hysterical perhaps—but still it was the vivacious Zephine coming to her rescue.

Mrs. Maxwell sighed and smiled all at once.

"Oh, I'm so glad we all understand each other now. And I know we're going to be the best of friends."

With this optimistic assertion she turned to greet an old acquaintance.

"And so you thought I was a kid," laughed Ralph, looking at Zephine with undisguised admiration. "Well, I am pretty much of a one. You'll have to take me in hand just the same. I may not mind promptly sometimes, but that will be because I'm oblivious to everything save the glory of your hair."

"It's dyed. I did it to get the job," replied Zephine, as she turned and left the young man staring blankly after her.

On the last day out Zephine sat curled up comfortably in her steamer chair, pretending to read. Ralph sat not far off sketching her, as she very well knew.

"When we get settled in the studio I shall make a portrait of you, Miss Holliday—that is, if you are willing."

"Then I shall be both a dyed and painted lady," she laughed teasingly. "An irresistible combination."

Ralph made no reply, but gazed at her so steadily that at last Zephine was compelled to raise her eyes.

"I could love you in spite of either," was the unexpected declaration that he made in response to her questioning glance, "but fortunately I'm not put to the test. All the dyes in the world couldn't produce the matchless brightness and beauty of your hair, dear. Why did you try to deceive me, Zephine?"

"Were you deceived?"

"For a day or two, because you shocked me into it. You haven't told me why yet."

"Oh, because you annoyed me that very first day by making love to my hair. Everybody does. It's my rival, and I—I wanted you to make love to me."

"And didn't I do it the very next day?"

Zephine looked at him indulgently.

"Yes, and every day since. You're every bit the incorrigible boy I imagined you."

"Only this incorrigible boy is in love with his teacher," answered Ralph, stealing hold of her warm little hand beneath the steamer rug.

Night Watchmen's Woes.

A night watchman employed by a construction company called at the office one day last week and asked to be transferred to some other building.

"I want a job," he said, "in some neighborhood that ain't so all fired aristocratic. It's too high toned up there for me. If you haven't anything else for me to do I'll look for another job, that's all."

The manager saw that the man was in earnest, and he promised to move him into a less exclusive section of the city.

"All night watchmen," the manager explained, "have a prejudice against very fine neighborhoods. They have to keep quiet there. Most watchmen in order to keep the time from dragging heavily have recourse to some particular pastime. One man in our employ insists upon having on hand a small stack of boards, which he piles up and tears down at intervals throughout the night. In a quiet neighborhood the residents are disturbed by the clatter of the boards and the man is soundly berated for his activity. Again, night watchmen like to talk. They stop every nocturnal stroller and talk as long as the victim will listen. Neighbors who cannot sleep will complain about that too. In fact, in the very aristocratic sections the only thing a watchman can do that doesn't get him into trouble is to sit still and count his fingers."—New York Sun.

The Dinwiddies' Wedding Journey.

By FLORENCE E. BROOKS.

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For some time Algernon Dinwiddie had been an enthusiastic member of the Gentlemen's Automobile club; therefore his friends were not at all surprised by the announcement that he intended taking his wedding trip in one of these machines. He and his bride were to spend three weeks in this way, going where fancy dictated.

The quiet morning wedding was held at the country home of the bride, and, with the exception of the two families and officiating clergymen, no one was present except Ronald Smith, the groom's chum and almost brother, who was equally addicted to the auto, though not so expert in its management.

The wedding service was over, and the moment had arrived for the departure of the bridal couple. Every one was out on the driveway to bid them goodspeed. The baggage having been sent on ahead, the bride was helped to her seat, and her newly made husband was about to take his place beside her when upon putting his hand into his pocket a blank look overspread his face.

"Well," he exclaimed, "I came unaccountably near forgetting my pocketbook."

With this he ran into the house, entering the room where he remembered having placed it while he dressed. It was not there, and while he continued the search his bride became restive and began examining the various parts of the auto, when suddenly it started to move.

Ronald Smith sprang up beside her and frantically attempted to stop the machine. Working with it a moment, he was horrified to see it shoot off at full speed.

The little bride screamed and wildly clutched the back of her seat.

"Strange I can't stop this thing," ejaculated Smith. "There seems to be something about it new to me."

His repeated efforts were of no avail, and they were now out of sight of the house and going as fast as ever.

"Oh, Mr. Smith, can't you stop it?" wailed the poor bride.

"The most I can do is to keep it in the middle of the road, Mrs. Dinwiddie."

"What will Algernon think?"

"That you've gone with another though not a handsomer man," he said with a laugh.

"I don't think that was a bit nice of you," she pouted.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Dinwiddie."

At the new title she blushed prettily, then said:

"But if you can't stop this horrible machine we shall be killed."

"Oh, no. But sit perfectly still and hold on tightly. There is one comfort, it can't go on forever, like the brook, you know," said Smith consolingly.

They were tearing along like mad. The fence rails at the roadside appeared almost continuous and the trees a confused mass. Smith's hat had blown off. He did not dare to look to the right or to the left, but concentrated all his energies to the task of keeping to the road.

The farmers in the fields which they passed gazed at them with open mouthed amazement.

Just then Smith discovered a coming wagon.

"Turn out! Turn out, for God's sake!" he roared.

Thus admonished, the driver of the wagon quickly did as requested. It was a close shave, and the trembling bride drew a long breath of relief when they had safely passed. Then she remembered a long, steep hill ahead.

"We can never go down that hill at this rate of speed," she exclaimed excitedly. "Turn off, Mr. Smith; turn off quickly! Down that road to the left!" pointing.

"Where does it go?"

"Oh, I'm sure I don't know, but anywhere is better than that hill."

Smith, who now felt as if his hair were standing on end, carefully guided the machine into the left hand road. The speed was so great and the turn so sharp they came within an ace of going over. The road they had entered was very narrow indeed, little more than a lane; also it was very rough. The auto went bumpy bump till it seemed every moment would be their last.

Suddenly they both saw the lane end in a large field. Smith shut his lips together firmly when he thought what would have happened had the gate into the field been closed, but he only said:

"We'll run in here and go round in a circle till this infernal thing runs down. Oh, I beg your pardon, Mrs. Dinwiddie!"

"Don't mention it," said she quite calmly.

The field was rather rough, and they both were too intent—she upon trying to guide the auto and he upon keeping her balance—to indulge in extended conversation. However, by the time they had made the circle of the field a dozen times the bride cried:

"Oh, I am getting dizzy!"

"Shut your eyes, but hold on tightly," Smith answered.

"H! there! What're you idly spillin' my clover for? Stop, I say!" commanded an old farmer from the fence.

The bride was so startled she nearly fell from her seat.

"I haven't time to stop today," roared

ed Smith without turning his head. And he again shot around the circle. "Ye'll pay fer that clover, all right, my man!" shouted the farmer the next time they came up to him.

Then he sat on the fence and had some encouraging word for them each time they came round.

"This is becoming decidedly monotonous," remarked Smith.

"I find it highly exciting," disagreed the bride.

"That old duffer is adding insult to injury," growled Smith. "I wonder does he think we are circling round this field for pleasure or for the good of our health?"

"I'm devoutly thankful none of our friends can see the edifying spectacle," answered the bride. "But do you think it will ever run down?" meaning the auto.

"It's slowing down a little already, Mrs. Dinwiddie. Be patient."

When at last Algernon Dinwiddie found his pocketbook and came downstairs he was stricken dumb for an instant upon hearing of the strange disappearance of his bride. Then he gasped out:

"Of course they can't stop. Which way did they go?" Then he dashed down the road. He was a good sprinter and thought if his fears should prove correct he would probably come upon the remains of the auto very soon, for he had little faith in the ability of Ronald Smith to guide it.

As he tore along the road, following the track of the machine, he was surprised to see it had turned into such a narrow lane. And when he was about ready to drop from fatigue he saw the field and the auto still ambling round in its circle.

"Thank heaven, she's safe!" Dinwiddie gasped out. Whether he referred to his wife or the auto I leave you to guess.

The old farmer was still perched upon the fence and upon seeing Dinwiddie shifted his quid of tobacco from one cheek to the other and said:

"Ef you're lookin' fer them tarna fools, ye'd better set down 'longside o' me an' wait. I've been here more'n a half hour—seems like—an' that crazy feller hez been cavortin' round this here field the hull endurin' time, fer all the world like a colt jest turned out to pasture."

At that moment the bride caught sight of her husband and rising to her feet in the auto stretched out her arms to him.

"Oh, Algernon," she called, "help me! Stop it!"

"Sit down and hold on, Maud!" commanded Dinwiddie. "It'll stop soon now. Going over such rough ground uses up the power sooner."

"I'm layin' fer that feller," volunteered the farmer. "Ef them city folks thinks they kin come it over Josiah Hunter, I'll jest show 'em a thing or two."

When the automobile came round again Dinwiddie called out:

"Stick to her, Smith, old boy, she's most played out!"

"Oh, yes, I'll stick to her all right," was Smith's ironical answer. "I just dote on this job."

"It won't go round more than once or twice more," said Dinwiddie, turning to the farmer. And, in fact, the machine stopped before accomplishing that much, stopping at the foot of a little rising ground. Immediately Dinwiddie and the farmer rushed over to it.

When the former assisted the bride to the ground she almost collapsed in his arms.

"Oh, Algernon," she implored, "don't ask me to continue the trip in that horrid thing. I have had the most frightful experience I ever had in my life."

Then Smith explained how it all happened.

"Of course you couldn't stop it," Dinwiddie informed him. "I just had an invention of my own for regulating the speed put on it. It's a good thing, but of course you've got to know how to handle it."

"I should think so," remarked Smith sotto voce.

"Who's ter pay fer that clover thet's spilled?" put in the farmer, who had been walking round the auto, examining it with great disgust.

"I'll fix that all right, old fellow," promised Dinwiddie.

"Oh, Algernon, how you do look!" laughed the bride.

"It appears to me we are three of a kind," he answered.

And indeed they were an interesting trio. Dinwiddie's light trousers were mud bespattered with running through countless puddles. His neck scarf was under one ear, and his collar wilted to but a semblance of its former stiffness. Smith was minus his hat, while that of the bride was on one side of her head. Her hair also was far from being in the perfect order she wore it when starting.

"Well, I'm thankful you got off so easily," remarked Dinwiddie, "and I guess we'll have to telegraph the club for a man to come and take charge of the machine. And, Smith, if you'll attend to it for me Mrs. Dinwiddie and I will resume our journey by rail."

They did so, getting the farmer to take them to the railway station.

A Bald Venus.

The ancient Romans at one time knew a Venus the Bald. The goddess was worshipped by that name in a particular temple after the invasion of the Gauls, the reason assigned for this strange fact in antiquity having been that the brave women of Rome cut off their hair to make bowstrings for the city's defense.—London Chronicle.

Auto Suggestion.

First Nephew—This waiting for dead men's shoes is pretty slow work.

Second Nephew—That's just what I think, so I offered to lend uncle my automobile.—Harper's Weekly.

Reversing a Decision.

By EDITH MELNO.

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Thomas Henderson Howie stepped grandly from the elevator, rather resentful of the elevator boy's patronizing pat on the head. Men who came downtown on business should not be patted on the head even if their mothers do possess foolish ideas that curls are cute. Men on business bent always act importantly and should be treated with deference.

The pat had the effect of stiffening Thomas Henderson Howie's small backbone to an unusual degree of ramrod stiffness, and it was a very pompous six-year-old who entered Dorrington's office.

Tom Dorrington looked up from a pile of papers with a genial smile.

"Welcome to our city, Mr. Thomas Henderson Howie," he cried. "And what good fortune brings you to the office? Surely you are not about to be sued for breach of promise? I am afraid of that little Houston girl, or perhaps it is the embezzlement of preserves again?"

"It's a letter," explained Tommy stiffly, as he delivered the square white envelope into Tom's trembling hands. "I will be going now," he added as he turned away. Tom raised his hand.

"Wait a moment, please," he asked. "There may be an answer."

Tommy clutched into the biggest chair and settled himself with quaint, old-fashioned gravity, while Dorrington opened and read the note. Twice the man read it, though the first time the words had seared themselves into his brain.

It was a cold, almost curt note in which Jessie Howie acknowledged the honor he had done her in offering to make her his wife, an honor she declined, regretting that there had been anything in their friendship to lead him to believe that the friendship might grow to greater intimacy.

Dorrington smiled bitterly as he read the last few lines. Surely he had had every reason to hope for a favorable answer to his letter. Jessie had been tenderness itself. With a sigh he thrust the letter into his pocket and turned to his small visitor.

"I regret, Thomas Henderson Howie," he said in the playful banter that had been suggested by the child's quaint dignity—"I regret that my pleasurable anticipations of a wild disipation in soda water and candy in celebration of an important event have been dashed to earth. But man turns to drink both to express his joys and drown his sorrows. Therefore I pray you to descend with me to the drug store on the ground floor and assist me in the latter ceremony. They have hot chocolate with whipped cream."

"No, thank you," said Tommy politely. "I don't want any soda."

"Perhaps you prefer the stronger tippie of beef tea?" suggested Dorrington. "It is a cup that cheers without inebriety and can be rendered quite palatable if you use enough celery salt to disguise the flavor of the beef extract. Shall we go?"

"I don't want to go with you," said Tommy stolidly. "I don't like you any more. You make Jessie cry."

"That," said Tom, "is what they call an inversion of facts. Your sister has made me cry."

"I'm glad of it," said Tommy cruelly. "You made her cry lots."

"You are sure?" asked Dorrington quickly. "She was crying over my letter?"

"Lots," declared Tommy with a sweeping gesture that suggested a very flood of tears. "I went to her room to get her to sew the tail on my dog again. She was crying awfully, and she was kissing your letter and saying things."

Dorrington moved closer to the boy. "You don't remember what she said, do you?" he pleaded gently. "See if you can't think, Tommy, boy. Try hard, laddie."

Thomas Henderson Howie knitted his brows thoughtfully and assisted the mental process by solemnly wringing his right foot.

"It was something about a mean sacrifice," he said at last. "Sacrifices," he added informatively, "is where the Indians kill people and burn 'em up."

"The operation is bloodless and the fires are internal nowadays," said Dorrington softly. "What else did she say?"

"She said 'How can I do it?' and then she cried some more," continued Tommy. "Then there was something about father's sake, and mother came in and said something about duty and then something about Mr. Bowen, and Jessie cried lots more, and then she wrote the letter, and she gave me a penny for myself and kissed me."

For a moment Dorrington sat stumped. He had invested heavily in suburban real estate, and much of his capital was tied up in land, but Dorrington had not guessed that Mr. Howie's need was so great that he had been compelled to go to Bowen.

For nearly a year Cyrus Bowen had sought to make Jessie the fourth Mrs. Bowen. Mrs. Howie had favored his suit, for the matron was ambitious for her daughter, but it must have been dire need that caused blint Henry Howie to add his influence. Dorrington turned to Tommy.

"Thomas Henderson Howie," he said quietly, "I pledge you the word of one man to another that I did not make Jessie cry. Will you mind the office a moment?"

He swung the youngster into the big

chair before the roll top desk, supplied with a pencil and pad and slipped from the room. It was less than a block to the office building in which Henry Howie had his suit, and shortly Dorrington entered the private office of the operator.

"You will pardon my abruptness," began Tom, "but I have just had a letter from Jessie refusing an offer of marriage. From what Tommy says I imagine that her refusal is influenced by the fact that you need Bowen's assistance, and she is the bonus for the loan. Am I right?"

For a moment Henry Howie's hands clinched and unclenched themselves nervously. The blunt statement of facts roused him to anger, but the white, tense face of the man before him restrained him from pitching Tom out of the office as he longed to do. He kissed Tom, and it hurt him to give pain to the young fellow.

"You are not entirely correct in your premises," he said at length. "I believe that Jessie does contemplate marriage with Mr. Bowen. Bowen has promised to come to my aid in an extreme. That Deepdale tract has been a heavy burden to me. Bowen will take it at what I paid and pay cash. This will enable me to save other investments. Naturally Jessie is grateful to the friend who has come to my rescue and looks with favor upon his suit. I tell you this that you may understand. Of course it will go no further."

"I thank you for your confidence, which will be respected. But I want to ask what you are getting for your Deepdale holdings."

Howie looked at the younger man in surprise. "I presume that you have a notion on asking," he said. "The sum is \$10,000. That is \$200 more than I gave for the land."

"Bowen is generous in the extreme," said Dorrington, with a sneer. "No doubt you are aware that the Central Mid-Siberian plans a cutoff to the main line that strikes the property? That will be better than the trolley which was not built. I am junior counsel for the road, and I know that Bowen has known this for two weeks."

For a moment Howie shrunk back, stunned at the treachery of his fancied benefactor. Bowen would make a handsome profit from his supposed charitable action.

"I suppose this is the reason you seek Jessie's hand," sneered the elder man, stung to a retort as an outlet to his feelings.

"Not at all," said Dorrington calmly. "My reason for speaking now is that they purchased my old homestead for a hotel town. They are to build their shops there. I had not thought of your holdings. Do you want a loan?"

Twenty minutes later Dorrington burst into his own office.

"Tommy—boy," he cried, "for your great services let us get soured on you and then buy out a candy store and take it up to Jessie. You've enabled me to beat Bowen at his own game and wipe Jessie's tears away. 'Soused' is a vulgar word, Tommy, boy, but it's expressive of my feelings, and to your uncanny powers of observation I owe the fact that I've reversed the decision."

Does War Develop Nations?

From the horrors of war have come many benefits unexpected at the time. China will yet come to bless the day that she was beaten by Japan. The blood and agony of the civil war made America a nation. Italian unity had its foundation in the humiliation of Novara. France made her way to her rightful place among the nations from the miseries of Sedan and the commu-ne. Wellington used to consider that the greatness of modern British arms owed its birth to Charles I, and the efficacy of naval administration to James II. For good or ill, it is from the stricken fields of the Crimea that Russia's present greatness dates. She stood alone against the world. Her exchequer was empty, her paper money no longer accepted. The great empire, built up by such labor and pain, was within measurable distance of dissolution. Sevastopol fell. Finland and Poland were on the verge of breaking away. All looked at its blackest. The conditions imposed in the peace treaty were humiliating in the extreme, but one by one Russia slid out of them. The tremendous development which has taken place in Russia dates solely from that dark hour when all seemed so nearly lost. To say that right over might has triumphed would be another matter.—London St. James' Magazine.

He Won His Bet.

Thomas Nelson Page, while riding down a country road, met an old negro leading a horse and laughing as only a negro can.

"Sam," said Mr. Page, "what's the joke?"

"Oh! Mawnin' marster. I jes' won a bet off his byear fool boss."

Ted Perry returned from Chicago Friday.

J. W. Johnson was in Carroll on Monday.

We serve Hot Soda, Hot.—Felbers Pharmacy.

Attorney Berry was in Dakota City Tuesday.

Lawyer D. D. Jackson of Neligh was in Wayne Friday.

Don Cunningham spent Sunday with friends in Sioux City.

Highest prices paid for poultry at all times by the Jeffries Shoe Co.

Mrs. S. S. Way was an arrival from the west Monday afternoon.

See W. L. Robinson, of Carroll, for real estate loans or insurance.

It's now in order to organize year clubs. Shall Wayne have one?

E. B. Gorton returned Monday after spending the holidays at Omaha.

Mrs. V. A. Senter and children and Miss Meeker are visiting in Leavelle.

Farm Lease blanks, several different forms for sale at the Herald office.

Miss C. M. White of Norfolk was an arrival Monday for a visit with friends.

Miss Mae Cunningham went to Emerson Saturday afternoon returning in the evening.

Arthur Neely returned to Sioux City Sunday afternoon after spending Christmas at home.

Geo. Palmer and family were arrivals from the east Saturday, they will visit relatives here.

Miss Marie Snyder of Marshall, Mich., arrived Friday and is visiting at the Dan Harrington home.

Miss Payer of Pender who has been visiting with Dr. Williams and family returned home Tuesday.

Chas. Beebe is moving here from Carroll this week and will occupy the Hansen residence property.

Mrs. Fen Ellis who has been visiting relatives in the city, returned to her home in Omaha on Monday afternoon.

Rev. Parker Smith will go to Omaha next Sunday and Prof. Wilson will occupy the pulpit in the Baptist church on that day.

Mrs. E. J. Nangle and Miss Reba Nangle returned from Sioux City on Friday evening after spending Christmas with W. H. Nangle.

Prof. and Mrs. Buchanan returned from Omaha Friday evening after a weeks visit with Dr. Jenkins and family and Dr. and Mrs. Heron.

Mr. Hudson of Montana was a guest at the E. Cunningham home a few days last week. He departed for Montana on Saturday afternoon.

G. F. Moles and family moved from Allen Tuesday and will make their future home here. He will reside in the residence formerly occupied by Chas. Madden.

I still have a few snaps in Wayne property. Can take a cheap farm team or other live stock as part pay on a small place. Now is the time to get a home.—I. W. Alter.

Olie Belle met with a misfortune Monday evening, severely burning one of his hands. The accident happened while he was experimenting with some phosphorus, it exploding.

Francis Jones received a fine cornet last week as a Christmas gift from his father. The cornet is the finest instrument put out by Lyon & Healy of Chicago, so ought to be a good one.

A New Year "watch" reception was given by Rev. and Mrs. Sharpe at the Methodist parsonage Tuesday evening. There were many callers during the evening and several waited to see the new year ushered in. It was a very pleasant time for all present.

When a Herald reporter dropped into Dan Harrington's Clothing store the first of the week he found him head over heels at work invoicing and was informed that they were too busy to even think of writing an ad this week. Then he took a survey over the loaded tables of gents furnishing goods and remarked, "But next week I am going to have something to tell the people about low prices. These winter goods have got to go."

Hydraulic and cased wells. Geo. Wadsworth.

Miss Temple returned from Norfolk Monday.

S. Johns of Randolph was a Wayne visitor Monday.

Dr. H. E. Eells, Dentist, Office over First National Bank, Wayne.

Farm Lease blanks, several different forms for sale at the Herald office.

Misses Pearl Livinghouse, Kate Baker and Florence Henyon were visitors at Winside yesterday.

Dr. Plimpton of Glenwood, Iowa is here caring for his father-in-law J. A. Bartlett who is dangerously ill.

Mrs. Jake Schoder of Sioux City is visiting at James Hansen's family. Mrs. Schoder is a sister of Nick Hansen.

Mrs. C. S. Peters and son Blair of Sioux City have been visiting the past week at the home of her brother, Dr. Blair.

Mrs. Harry Hale of Decatur, Ill., and Mrs. Homer Scofield of Freeport, Ill., have been visiting their sister, Mrs. Edward Blair.

Mrs. Hapgood who has been visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Buffington left Wednesday for her home at McPheerson, Kansas.

A. J. Ferguson went to Sioux City Tuesday to attend the funeral of his eldest sister who died in Chicago and the remains were brought to Sioux City for interment.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Livinghouse returned Tuesday from a month's visit with relatives in North Dakota. They say there was no snow in that locality when they left.

Marriage licenses were issued this week to Albert Jenkins and Miss Sarah Ann Morris both of Carroll, Also to Freeman Clark of Wayne and Miss Edith May Horn of Carroll.

Mrs. A. N. Matheny was an arrival from Omaha Friday evening, where she has been for some time with her son. Her friends are glad to see her so much improved in health.

The first marriage license of the new year was issued yesterday to Wm. R. Driskell and Miss Lena Jensen of Wakefield. Judge Hunter performed the ceremony that started them out on the new year as one.

So far there have been no new developments in the mysterious disappearance of Lillie Olson the four-year-old daughter of the Thurston county farmer which created so much excitement in that locality. The search for the child has practically closed.

If you are troubled with poor circulation of the blood, you need to try our special treatment for all such conditions, a trial is all that is necessary to convince the most skeptical. Often the skin is not active as it should be, thus throwing extra work on the kidneys. Try our treatment for weak kidneys. F. E. Gamble, Osteopath.

The six months of weighing the mail closed Tuesday night. It has been an added burden to the work of postmasters of which they will all be glad that it is over. The postoffice department started to get at the actual weight of mail matter and this six months record will give them a basis on which to figure on what it costs a pound for the carrying of the mails.

Do you ever see a woman with her ears covered, no matter how cold it is? asks an exchange. Do you ever hear of a woman having her ears frozen? Well, it isn't because a woman's ears are made of something different. Not at all. It is because they use their ears, and the exercise keeps them warm.

Governor Hanley who is on the Wayne Chautauqua program for next July spoke before the State Teachers Association at Lincoln last week. In speaking of his address there Prof. Wilson of this city said to a Herald reporter: I have been attending State Teacher's Associations for years and have heard many able speakers, but the address made by Governor Hanley was the greatest oration I have ever heard in my life. That certainly is good recommendation for one of the leading attractions of the program here next summer.

Association Hangs up That Amount for Arrest and Conviction

ANTI-HORSE THIEF MEN MEET

An Enthusiastic Meeting at Norfolk 11 Horses Stolen in Wayne in the Last 2 Years

The North Nebraska Anti Horse Thief Association held a well attended and enthusiastic meeting at Norfolk Monday and as a result several local associations were merged into the general organization for the purpose of mutual strength in ridding this section of the depredations that have been going on in the stealing of horses.

Of the delegates selected by the Wayne association the following were present at this meeting: Grant S. Mears, W. H. Gildersleeve, Wm. Lessman, Chan Norton, James McIntosh, A. Blazer. It was voted by the association that \$500 be paid to the first man who captured a horse thief where a conviction is secured. Officers were elected for the ensuing year and addresses were made by several.

While the association now embraces a membership of between 500 and 600 and has twelve branch associations affiliated, it was felt by the delegates Monday that their association was just entering on a period of rapid expansion which would render it more and more effective. It was pointed out that the absolute necessity of a state-wide organization to successfully meet the operations of the horse grabbers who ply their trade in north Nebraska and southern South Dakota, was beginning to be realized. As a network of organized branches is spread over the north Platte country north Nebraska is going to be made a mighty unprofitable field for horse thieves.

In the past two years thirty-six horses have been stolen from farmers in Madison county and only two recovered. In Wayne county eleven horses have been stolen in the past two years and four have been recovered. In nearly all the surrounding counties the losses have been as great and it is the object of the association to make it a mighty dangerous business hereafter.

Minerva Club

Mrs. Stringer was hostess to the Minerva club last Tuesday afternoon. The next meeting will be at the home of Mrs. Shultheis Jan. 14 with the following program: Roll Call - Current Event History, chapter IV - Mrs. Frank Owen Reading of Miles Standish by Club Music - Mrs. Owen Business

Attention Camp 1076, M. W. of A.

Installation of officers for the ensuing year at the opera house in Wayne on the evening of January 7, 1908, at which time we will be the guests of the Royal Neighbors. All are invited to come. Bring your wife or sweetheart and have a good time.—E. Hunter, Clerk.

The first real snowstorm of the season struck this locality early Sunday morning and continued during the day there being a fall of about three or four inches of the beautiful snow. The appearance of sleighs and the jingle of bells gave every appearance that winter had settled down in earnest. Monday morning people would not have been surprised had they found a genuine old fashioned blizzard sweeping down from the northwest but the day was very mild. With the first touch of winter the ubiquitous prophet is on hand with his gloomy forecasts. Rev. Ira R. Hicks' predictions for January came to the front along with the storm. His forecast for the month is of the pessimistic order. He said no one need be surprised if one of the greatest cold waves of the winter appears from the northwest between January 3 and January 7. The St. Louis forecaster declares the year will open with storms, which will be general, and blizzards may be expected about the middle of the month. He holds out little hope for the month, and advises people to prepare accordingly.

If you want all the news, all the time, read the Herald.

We Offer

A 10% Discount

From Nov. 15 to Feb. 1, on all

Table Linen, Bed Spreads, Wool Flannel, Ladies' Skirts, Lace Curtains, Outing Flannel, All Dress Goods, Men's Fur Coats, Men's and Boys' Pants, Men's and Boys' Suits, Men's and boys' Overcoats, Ladies' and Children's Furs, Ladies' and Children's Coats, Ladies' and Men's Dress Shoes.

.. Butter, Eggs and Poultry Same as Cash ..

One Price to All

Furchner, Duerig & Co.

GERMAN STORE

1907 CROP STATISTICS

Labor Commission Tells What Has Been Raised in Nebraska

PRODUCTION LESS THAN 1906

The Falling Off More Noticeable in Number of Bushels of Corn Than of Small Grain

The Crop Statistics for Nebraska for 1907 as compiled by the state Labor Commissioner has just been issued and contains some interesting matter.

The crops for 1907 as compared with 1906 is not so large in the number of bushels raised but higher prices that probably will be received will doubtless make up the difference. The total production of corn for 1907 is given in round numbers as 170,000,000 bushels at a valuation of \$73,000,000. Oats 53,000,000 bushels at a valuation of \$20,000,000. Winter and spring wheat 45,000,000 bushels at a valuation of \$34,000,000. For Wayne county the following are shown: Acreage winter wheat 2346 acres average yield 17 bushels, production is bushels 40116, value \$30,087.00. Spring wheat, acreage 5646 average yield 10 bushels, bushels raised 57,589, value \$43,191.00. Corn acreage 63,908, average yield 18 bushels, production in bushels 1,150,034, value \$437,012.00. The value of the barley crop is given at \$9,336. Rye \$4,524.00, alfalfa \$19,720, tame hay with an acreage of 48,066 the value is given at \$468,643.50, wild hay \$76,000, potatoes \$57,000, as a total value on the leading crops raised of about one million and two hundred thousand dollars.

In the Live Stock figures this country is credited with 33,704 head of cattle, 38,275 head of hogs, 2670 head of sheep, 8357, head of horses and 403 mules.

The report as a whole makes a good showing for the farm, of the state for the season just past and the

growth of bank deposits in every county attests the general prosperity of the people and emphasizes the following extract from Governor Sheldon's Thanksgiving proclamation: "Our granaries and our store-houses are filled with the products of our farms and our factories. Our pastures and feed-lots contain cattle, hogs and sheep without number. Our commercial and business institutions are solvent. Our people realizing that they must go up or down together, have full confidence in each other's honesty and integrity. The industrious and frugal for a decade have been well rewarded for their labor. This has enabled them to provide their families with the comforts of life and build beautiful homes in our cities and throughout the country. For all things that have promoted our peace, prosperity and happiness it is fitting that thanks should be rendered unto Him whose invisible hand controls our destiny."

Advertised Letter List.

- Letter W. F. Hall.
- Mrs. John R. James.
- E. L. Letz.
- D. J. McDonald.
- John Shoun.
- Rev. Henry Solker.
- Albert Glasenapp.
- F. T. Hadachek.
- Mrs. Minnie Jenks.
- Hank Smith.
- Card Jan 1, 1908. W. H. McNeal, P. M.

The editor of a nearby exchange says he first learned what true love is, by accidentally overhearing a brief conversation between a young man and a very pretty girl. "And you're sure you love me?" said she. "Love you?" echoed the young fellow. "Why, darling, while I was bidding you good-bye on the porch last night your dog bit a large piece out of the calf of my leg and I never noticed it till I got home."

Public Sale

S. M. Williamson and Son will hold a public sale at their place one half mile east of Carroll, on January 9th. See sale bills for list of stock and farm machinery.

WANTS Five cents per line each insertion

For Sale.—A Poland China boar.—Axel Vennerberg.

For Sale—3 Pure Blood Duroc Jersey Boars.—Jno. S. Lewis, Jr.

For Sale or Trade—A farm located in Rock County, Nebraska. See John Loeb sack.

For Sale—Second hand piano in first class condition, Call at Vogets Hardware.

For Sale—Plymouth Rock Roosters. Price 50c.—Robt. Stambaugh, Wayne, Nebr.

Wanted—Girls to go into training for nurses. The Kalar Hospital, Bloomfield, Nebr.

For Rent—Good 5 room house with barn at a bargain to right party.—I. W. Alter, Agent.

WANTED—Man and wife to work on ranch in Idaho. Steady job, good wages. No boozing need apply.—E. CUNNINGHAM, Wayne, Nebr.

For Sale—Three Duroc Jersey boar pigs for sale, \$20 each. Pedigree furnished with each.—H. F. Vahlkamp.

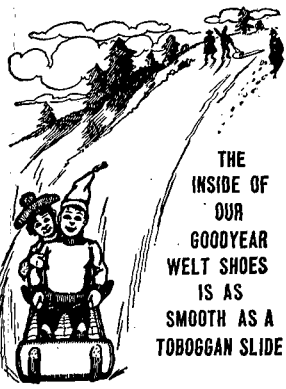
For Sale to Sheep and Hog Breeders—100 Shropshire breeding ewes. Four Poland China boars and two Duroc Jersey boar pigs.—H. Lush, Wayne, Nebr.

For Sale—After Jan. 20, '08, I expect to occupy A. J. Ferguson's residence therefore I wish to sell my household goods at private sale. Persons desiring to look at them may call at my residence after Dec. 28, '07.—W. D. Buchanan. 46

For Sale—I have a few Duroc Jersey boars for sale, breeding as good as the best such as Orions, Reidermer, Goldust Jim, Radiator No. 28865, Prince Regent, Royal Pride Cogens Pride, and etc. Why, go or send east to buy your boars when you can get just as good at home and save expenses and also you can see what you are buying.—George Baskirk, 10 miles west of Pender—14 miles southwest of Wayne.

Public Sale

At my place 1 mile south and 5 miles east of Wayne, Nebr., on Jan. 7, 1908. If you want good horses come to this sale. S. W. HICKOX



THE
INSIDE OF
OUR
GOODYEAR
WELT SHOES
IS AS
SMOOTH AS A
TOBOGGAN SLIDE

WE WISH YOU

One and all a prosperous New
Year and wish to thank you for
the liberal patronage of 1907.

Jeffries Shoe Co.



Have You Read The Herald Want Column

Additional Locals

TIME TABLE

NORTHWESTERN LINE
TRAINS LEAVE WAYNE AS FOLLOWS:

EAST	
No. 12	7:05 a. m.
No. 10	2:12 p. m.
No. 52	2:30 p. m.
WEST	
No. 9	9:55 a. m.
No. 11	7:05 p. m.
NORTH	
No. 51	10:05 a. m.
No. 53	7:05 p. m.

Phone 103 for a Hydraulic well.
J. E. Ellis was in Sioux City Friday.
P. G. Burrese of Carroll was here Monday.
J. A. Bartlett is reported as being very sick.
C. L. Carpenter was a Sioux City visitor Friday.
N. B. Mack of near Pender was a Wayne visitor Monday.

S. W. Williamson of Carroll was in Wayne Saturday morning.

Martin Duncan of Hartington visited here the first of the week.

S. Swanson of Hartington was here on business the first of the week.

Edwin Bartlett spent last week in Glenwood, Iowa, with his sister, Mrs. Dr. Clinton.

Frank Nangle of Sioux Falls has been visiting with his mother and sister the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Hoile and sister of Laurel were guests at the V. A. Senter home last week.

C. C. Brown left Monday evening for Rapid City, South Dakota, where he will spend the winter with his daughter.

Miss Gertie Weber and Roy Lathrop of Laurel were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. V. A. Senter last week.

Mrs. C. A. Chace entertained a number of young people last Saturday evening in honor of Miss Lulu Chace of Stanton.

Edith Banks, teacher in the Wayne public schools, is spending the holidays with her parents at this place. —Wausa Gazette.

Esther Bengtson came up from Wayne, Nebraska the last of the week for a visit with her mother and sister. —Wausa Gazette.

An informal party was given at the home of W. O. Gamble on Saturday night and a very fine music program was rendered.

Miss Bell Liveringhouse of Cheyenne, Wyoming arrived Sunday for a couple of weeks visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Liveringhouse.

Misses Jennie and Grace Hall, Bessie Clatterbaugh and Azeila Bass came home from Wayne Saturday, where they are attending school, to spend the holidays. —Concord World.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Slaughter and daughter of Gregory, S. D. and Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Slaughter and daughter of Herrick, S. D. spent Christmas with the ladies parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hansen.

Rufus Patrick came over from Wayne Tuesday to spend Christmas with his cousin, Edgar Taylor, living east of Pierce. Rufus is a son of S. J. Patrick, landlord of the Golden Truth hotel. —Pierce Leader.

A club dance was given at the opera house Thursday night by a number of young people. About thirty-five or forty couple were present. The music was furnished by Otto and Miss Pauline Voget.

Congressman Boyd has fared unusually well at the hands of the speaker of the house in the way of assignments on committees. Speaker Cannon has appointed him on the committee of elections, invalid pensions, private land claims and post-office and post roads.

Boys and girls on the farm who want to get positions in the banks or other business houses will be interested in the announcement that the Grand Island Business College of Grand Island, Nebraska, will admit students again this winter for a

short business course and accept checks on any bank the same as cash or if the student prefers, the entire expenses can be paid after the course is finished and a position is secured. This school is one of the best in the United States. Expenses are very low and the moral tone high.

Nebraska Echoes

The farmers are trying to figure out some profit in feeding 45c corn to \$3.75 hogs.

Congressman Boyd has declared for Taft. The republicans of this corner of the state are about equally divided between Taft and La-Follette.

The republicans of north Nebraska will line up solidly for Superintendent Teed, of Dixon county, if he becomes a candidate for state superintendent.

The question naturally arises, would those Wayne county school-ams risk the cancellation of their certificates to attend dances if courtship were taught in the public schools.

The Taft press bureau always addresses us fellows out here as "Hon." This is a reminder of what the late Congressman Green once said that he "was a d—n sight more of a curiosity in Washington than he was in Nebraska."

You never can tell. Humorist Julius Hulff, of Norfolk, who makes such beautiful poetry about babies, is a bachelor. If he ever gets married, he may think and say differently.

Si Tomkins, of Tarbox Hollow, writes: "Aww of us is hogs part of the time, sum of us is hogs aww the time' but aww of us is hogs Christmas time when it comes to eat-in."

This is the season of the year when the smoker is greatly repugnant to all who have not lost their sense of smell. Yet the poor slave can't help it. Custom says accept them and smoke them.

Judging from the tone of an editorial that appeared recently in the Omaha Bee, it is surmised that the paper will again bolt Railroad Com-



25th Anniversary Number

1908

World Almanac

Will be the most unusual edition of a reference book since the printing press was invented by Benjamin Franklin.

In addition to its regular library of Universal Knowledge, embracing ten thousand facts and figures indispensable to man or woman, old or young, student, school boy or girl, the farmer or the merchant, the educator, or the professional man, it will also contain a 25 year resume of all important events, historical or otherwise.

It will tell you and tell you accurately, something about everything and everything about a great many things.

1,000 pages—25th Anniversary Number—50 per cent increase in size and value but no advance in price.

Now on sale everywhere, price 25 cents. Mailed to any address for 35 cents.

Address the Press Publishing Company, Pulitzer Building, New York City.

missioner Williams, of Pierce, if he is renominated.

The paragraphs have been running in some pretty good parts at the expense of Dr. Fix, of Gering. However, the best joke about it is that Dr. Fix is a woman.

A Chicago young woman, visiting in Fremont, went to the poultry show. Approaching a beautiful flock of hens, she inquired what kind they were, and was informed that they were Brown Leghorns. "Well, I might have known that," she said. "If I had noticed the horns on their legs."

A story of not only touching human interest but one in which man's love of money and woman's whims and uncertainty of mind are forcibly illustrated, is told by the Sleepy Hill correspondent of the Winside Tribune. Read it and ponder: "A certain party of Chapin precinct was offered a nickle by a lady if he would shave his mustache off. Because it was hard times, he thought he would accept the offer, so off came the mustache. He looked so ugly that the lady offered him the nickle to replace it. 'Too late now,' replied the man.

Emerson, Nebr. Dear Sir: I don't read much; but I read your type. I hear you can answer all questions. Please answer this question and greatly oblige. Do the girls do all the asking in leap year? I bet you are nearer 21 than 31. Yours truly, J. There is some sort of a mutual understanding: Jay, that the boys let the girls have a show every four years. If not, how would some fellows ever get married? However to verify this statement write Lydia A. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. Its wicked to bet unless you can win.

Because her husband wouldn't go home, a Norfolk woman shot him in the leg. Many a wife is waiting to see whether it has the desired effect or not.

The numerous anti-horse thief associations are joining forces and organizing into one large body. In this way they are confident of getting better results and a horse thief. —Clyde Ecker in Sioux City Tribune.

IF WOMEN ONLY KNEW

What a Heap of Happiness it Would Bring to Wayne Homes

Hard to do housework with an aching back.

Brings you hours of misery at leisure or at work.

If women only knew the cause—that Backache pains come from sick kidneys.

'Twould save much needless woe. Doans Kidney Pills will cure sick kidneys.

Wayne people endorse this:

Mrs. M. L. Goodyear, living in Wayne, Nebr., says: "I have suffered severely from rheumatism for several years. During a bad attack some time ago I learned of Doans Kidney Pills and secured a box. I was soon greatly relieved. My son has been bothered with rheumatic pains through his limbs, consulted a physician but nothing he used gave him any benefit. I finally induced him to try Doans Kidney Pills and he has used only one box but is improving steadily. Doans Kidney Pills is a very good kidney remedy and I have no hesitancy in recommending them."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agent for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Superintendent's Notice

Teacher's examinations will be given the third Friday and Saturday following of each month. A. E. Littell, Superintendent.

For all the news, all the time read the Herald.

Good Cough Medicine for Children

The season for coughs and colds is now at hand and too much care cannot be used to protect the children. A child is much more likely to contract diphtheria or scarlet fever when he has a cold. The quicker you cure his cold the less the risk. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the sole reliance of many mothers, and few of those who have tried it are willing to use any other. Mrs.

F. F. Starcher, of Ripley, W. Va., says, "I have never used anything other than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for my children and it has always given good satisfaction." This remedy contains no opium or other narcotic and may be given as confidently to a child as to an adult. For sale by Raymonds Drug Store.

A Good Father

Starts his boy on the right road



by opening a bank account for him. Its a little thing to do.

DEPOSIT ONE DOLLAR

for your boy today. Ask for one of our POCKET BANKS. Give it to your boy and

Watch the Results

Do something definite. A little start is all he will ever need. Give him a chance—he will do the rest.

First National - Bank
Oldest Bank in Wayne County
WAYNE, NEBR.

Special Excursion

To Summerfield Texas, January 7th, 1908

Round Trip From Wayne, Nebraska to Summerfield in the Pan-Handle of Texas and Return \$26.15.

The fare for the round trip without this excursion is about \$48.00. We furnish you with a free sleeping car from the time you leave Omaha till you get back to Kansas City.

Have 15,000 acres of fine farm lands for sale around Summerfield in the shallow well district, ranging in price from \$15.00 to \$25.00 per acre.

Soil of the Pan-Handle

The soil around Summerfield is a chocolate brown from two to four feet deep, overlaid with a yellow clay subsoil. There is absolutely no trace of alkali or gypsum. This is covered in its natural state with a dense growth of buffalo and granna grasses which cure in sun when ripe, and afford as good pasturage in winter as in summer. The land is slightly rolling, wells are from 40 to 100 feet deep with good water and plenty of it.

Crops Raised in the Pan-Handle

Wheat twenty to forty bushels per acre. Kaffir corn, milo maize, forty to sixty bushels; oats, thirty to sixty-five bushels; Indian corn, twenty to forty bushels, and in some cases seventy bushels have been made to the acre. Vegetables and melons of all kinds, when properly planted and cared for do well. Fruit also of all kinds do well. In some sections of the Pan-Handle cotton is grown and makes from one-half to one bale per acre. This section has never been visited by the boll weevil. In fact the amount raised per acre appears to be limited only by the energy and ability of the farmer. Flax, Kaffin corn and milo maize are generally used as a sod crop and almost invariably net the owner on an average of fifteen dollars per acre according to James J. Hill (who is probably the most competent man and in the best position to judge of such matters.) In 1950 there will be three people in the United States for every one here now. Just think what this means! It means that we shall have to either have three times the average under cultivation or else import our food stuffs from foreign countries. With these facts and statistics staring you in the face, is it any wonder that the prices of farm lands have lately been increasing in value at a surprising rate, not only in one locality, but extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Canada to the Gulf, and immigration is even now knocking at the door of Old Mexico. The march of progress will continue.

Do Not Hesitate

How often have you heard people say: "Why, I remember when I could have bought land at \$10.00 an acre which is now worth \$100.00 an acre, but I didn't have sense enough to invest then." That same opportunity we are offering you today in Texas for there is no question that land which will produce crops that will net from fifteen to thirty dollars an acre will, within a short time, be worth from fifty to seventy-five dollars an acre. Remember the old saying: "He who hesitates is lost," and make up your mind to go with us on our special excursion Jan. 7th, 1908. You will never regret it. For further information inquire of

C. R. Munson Local Agent, Wayne, Nebraska

Betty's Decision.

By LULU JOHNSON.

Copyright, 1907, by C. H. Butcliffe.

Mournfully the somber melody of the dead march from "Saul" came through the double sashed windows of the Eagle House. The music gained in mournfulness what it lacked in impressiveness, for Dan Hicks' struggles with the unfamiliar clarinet added a wailing note not intended by the composer. Not one of the members of the Grantville Cornet band was a skilled musician.

Vance Bevan moved over to the window to watch the passing of the cortege. First came the band, shivering in their gaudy uniforms, which they would not hide beneath their overcoats. Then followed the Niagara Hose company and the Grantville Hook and Ladder. The long light truck of the latter was stripped of its ladders, and in their place was a platform, on which rested a flag draped casket. Behind this were two closed carriages and then a long string of vehicles of all descriptions.

Hank Flagler joined his guests at the window.

"There goes a good man," he said in the hollow tones that seemed most appropriate to the occasion. "I tell you, there wasn't a better man in all Scottville county. He was always doing something. First it was the engine company. He got it the steamer. Just kept at it until it had to come. He said Grantville was getting too big for the old hand engine. He was right. What chance would there have been of saving the Vall block if there hadn't been a steamer?"

"One of the leading citizens?" asked Bevan as he proffered a cigar. Flagler nodded.

"One of the best," he declared. "We were all sorry when he went to the Philippines. I guess he stirred them islands up. Only out there four years, and he came home with a cool hundred thousand. Yes, sir."

"But why go to the Philippines?" questioned Bevan. "It would seem that so clever a man should have no difficulty in getting ahead nearer home."

"But Fred was in a hurry," explained the hotel man. "You see, he had always been in love with Bessie Brewster. Bessie loved him, too, but she was an ambitious little thing. She wanted Fred to get ahead faster, and that meant the Philippines. He left it all to her too. I bet she must be all broken up. That's her in the second carriage, I guess. I see Betty Harvey in with her."

"Of course the family is in the first back. I rode in that back the night I got married. Lem Spriggs he says there's been enough varnish on that old back to pay for a new one, and I guess he's right. Old man Harkness had it when he set up in business as a livery back in 1875. Every father year they slap on some more varnish, and it looks as good as new again."

Flagler rattled on with bits of information as the various carriages passed. The first heavy fall of snow was upon the ground, and a few sleighs were in the long procession. Bevan heard a little of the running comment. The mention of Betty Harvey had roused a chain of thought. He had run up from the city to argue with her and had found the whole town upset by the arrival of Fred Greyson's body. Betty was busy comforting her friend, Bessie Brewster, and would not even see him.

There was small hope that he would be able to get speech with her, but he decided to wait until after the funeral. He wanted to make one last appeal.

The two had met at the shore during the summer. Betty had given her love to the clean young engineer, but when he had asked that they might be married soon she had shaken her head. Stumblingly she had explained her reasons for refusal. She was an heiress, and in the little town in which she lived she feared that the people might despise her suitor as a fortune hunter.

Ever since she had come into the money at the death of her father her friends had warned her against the wiles of the fortune hunters. She did not for an instant believe that Bevan cared for her money, but she was too proud of him to be willing that he should be so classified by others.

Much the same feeling had led Bessie Brewster to refuse to marry Fred Greyson until his fortune should match her own. Greyson had gone to the Philippines, where he believed that a fortune might be acquired quickly. He had made his "pile," but on his way home the fever had taken him. From Manila the journey had been made in a metallic casket.

The last of the carriages had passed. The dead march still sounded clearly on the crisp, frosty air, and Bevan fell in with the crowd that escorted the procession on foot. The road wound up the side of the hill to God's acre, where the yellowed headstones gleamed darkly against the freshly fallen snow.

The fire companies made a hollow square, within which the Masons formed for the funeral service. Betty Harvey stood with the chief mourners, supporting her friend, but before the short service was concluded she had to lead the bereaved girl back to the carriage. Rapidly the dead drove back to the village. Vance Bevan had been there to help Betty lift the girl into the carriage, and he had sprung to the driver's box to be of service when they should have reached home. It was he who bore the fainting girl

into the house, he who summoned the doctor, and he who was waiting when at last, Bessie having fallen into the merciful oblivion of sleep, Betty stole softly from the room.

"Are you still here?" she asked in surprise as she came up to Vance. "I must go back to town tonight," he explained. "Before I go I had to see you."

"We have been all over that before," pleaded Betty. "Can't you understand how I feel about it, dear?"

"And does this not change your mind?" he asked. "Look, Betty! I have come to let you decide for me. Already I am making progress in my profession. I am classed as one of the rising young men among the engineers. My reputation has obtained for me an offer from South America. It is to go down there and make the survey for a railroad. It will make me rich in three or four years."

"As matters are now I cannot make the same money here in ten or fifteen years, but I can support you comfortably. You can give away your fortune to charities if you want. I can make enough for two. Shall I go or stay?"

"Is there any question?" asked Betty. "Four years is a long time, Vance, but I can wait that long to see you escape being called a fortune hunter. Was there need to ask?"

"They represent four years that can never be replaced," reminded Bevan. "There are excellent probabilities that I may come back home, as Greyson did. If it were my only opportunity I should not hesitate, but I have a chance here. It is for you to say."

For a moment the girl hesitated. All her life she had been taught to despise the title of fortune hunter. She loved Bevan too well to wish that title might be applied to him, even though she knew that under no circumstances would he consent to avail himself of a penny of her money. It was a question between pride and love, and in a country town the opinion of others counts for much.

Bevan, reading her answer in her eyes, turned to go. For an instant she remained silent; then the glance fell upon the crumpled picture of Greyson on the wall, and with a little cry she stepped forward. Bevan turned to catch her in his arms.

"I don't care what people say," sobbed Betty. "Four years is too long, dear."

On the street without the fire companies were returning from the cemetery, and the band headed the procession playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Betty raised her head from Bevan's shoulder with a little smile.

"You will never leave me behind, will you, dear?" she whispered.

Bevan bent his head to kiss the rosy mouth. "Till death do us part," he quoted reverently.

Wrestling With English in Japan.

According to a foreign paper, the following example of Japanese profligacy in the use of the English language was found in an advertisement in a case of towels received in Canton: "I know you are acknowledge the Towel made in Japan are more convenience in using, and longer in existence than the Towel in Europe. Lately, however, the crafty merchants cheats the customers by making it change from light and coarse texture to heavy and fine by using paste, indeed these are most audacious manner. I was strike on this point, therefore for the sake of avoiding the small interests, and wishing to continue the sale for ever I endeavored to select the materials, to deduce the prices, and the dyes not to fall till the Towel get broken. Wishing the reputation should be raised like the height of the mount Fuji, I named it 'Fugi' brand. Lastly I beg humbly that ladies and gentlemen should buy it at everywhere bearing of the trade mark 'Mount Fugi.'"

An Excellent Waitress.

Nurses in training have many hardships to bear, but perhaps none is worse than having to appear cheerful under all conditions. A sense of humor is perhaps as great an asset as a nurse can have, for it will help her over many a difficulty.

The daughter of a wealthy man became imbued with the desire to know how to earn her own living, and to that end she entered one of the large New York hospitals as a nurse. The work was to her liking, and as she looked on the bright side of everything she was generally in a happy frame of mind. Her particular "pet" was an old and illiterate sea captain who was in the surgical ward with a broken arm which would not knit. He was a cheerful old fellow, and his droll remarks gained for him the good will of everybody. One day when the nurse had paid him some little attention he said, with an appreciative smile:

"Miss L. is the best waitress I ever had!"—New York Times.

Move About a Little.

There is something impressive in the story of a lifetime of persistent toil. But there is another point of view which deserves respect. The gadabout may be a useless member of society, but the stay at home is likely to be a narrow one. We find ourselves on this little planet, with its oceans and mountains and mighty rivers and wide prairies. We know not whence we came nor if we shall ever pass this way again. Surely we may do our task better in our own appointed place if we look about the world, feed our minds with the glories of nature and discover how men and women before us have lived their lives and embodied their aspirations in the great arts of building and painting and sculpture. The wheat-field and the ledger and the cooking stove are facts of human life, but so are the Cologne cathedral, the Sistine Madonna, the Canadian Rockies and the valley of the Yellowstone.—Youth's Companion.

Like Unto Caesar.

By J. LUDLUM LEE.

Copyright, 1907, by N. E. Daler.

The giant steamship tossed and pitched. The decks were wet with spray from the angry waves, and you could count the passengers on deck on one hand. Two husky men lurched against each other as they turned the corner, both muffled to their ears, puffing vigorously at their pipes to produce a welcome speck of warmth.

"Beg pardon—didn't see you in this rotten fog," said the younger of the two.

"Rotten don't describe it, sir. It's well, I'll be hanged! My pipe went out in that collision, I guess. Got a match?"

"Sure I have! But what good is it out here? A torch wouldn't stay lighted in this wind. Come inside a minute and light her up."

They were back on deck in a moment and, as so often happens on board ship, in that thin seemed to have made friends. Arm in arm this time they braved the wind and weather. The older man was talking.

"I suppose you think a man of my age ought to be in his cabin a night like this. But you see, my wife is sick in one bunk and my daughter down and out in another. Guess you and I are about the only ones to venture out, aren't we?"

"Guess we are, sir, unless, of course, the girl with the sable coat is on deck. Nothing keeps her below."

"Girl in sable coat. Who's she?" demanded the elderly man, his attention somewhat aroused.

"Well, I don't know. She is the usual mystery found aboard a boat of this character. Captain says she's a titled woman from the continent going over to see the States. Whoever she is, she's a stunner, old man! Here she is now," he whispered as the figure of a woman passed them.

The old gentleman turned, but too late to see anything save the outline of a woman, clad in a long sable coat, which enveloped her from head to heels.

"Looks pretty good in the dark, young man. I'll take a better peek in the daylight, and in the meantime I guess I'll go below and look after my sick. Good night, sir."

"Good night," said the younger man, as he left his newly made friend at the companionway.

Eaton Hollis, representing an English syndicate and bound for New York, was not ready to turn in. He had no one below to look after and fell into a long, steady stride around the deck. He puffed at his pipe and wondered what the girl in the sable coat was doing. He didn't want to appear officious, but he could not help wondering, and as he walked he kept his eyes well open for a look long, for she passed him very soon. Try as he would he could find no plausible excuse for speaking to this evidently self-reliant young woman of title, so on he strode.

Just amidsthip he heard a voice—such a voice that today he can shut his eyes and hear it in his dreams—saying:

"Oh, I beg your pardon, but would you help me to open this door? I simply cannot do it."

He sprang to her side in an instant, but the door did not yield so easily.

"Do you want to go in? You know the moon is just coming up, and I think the storm is all over." Hollis had grown bold of a sudden.

"Well, really, I do not want to go in, but you know my maid is dreadfully ill, and it seems cruel to leave her alone," answered the sweet voice.

"Oh, bother the maid! Take my arm and let's see how it goes. Driving double—you can fight the wind so much better with two abreast," urged Hollis, as he extended his left arm.

She looked up at the strong features and then at the glimmer of the moon breaking through the clouds, hesitated for just a moment, then without a word took the proffered arm, and off they went.

The next morning broke clear and bright, and the girl in sable had changed her raiment to a suit which bespoke the art of England's best tailor. That night her gown was of soft, clinging material which showed her figure to perfection, while the cloak that covered her shoulders was the envy of the women passengers. With every gown were bits of jewelry that seemed to belong to them and to just suit her who wore the gorgeous raiment. Hollis stared as did the rest, then shut his eyes and lived over again the walk of the night before, with her frail arm clinging close to his strong one and that sweet, distracting voice chatting in his ear.

He started up as from a reverie as the purser passed him. Hollis offered him a cigar.

"I say, purser, who's the woman over there that nobody speaks to and every woman on the ship envies for her clothes?"

"Oh, that is the Countess of Brienne. Beautiful creature, isn't she? Gad, but she'd make a good show piece for some of those newly rich Americans!" he murmured as he passed on with the cigar in his mouth.

Hollis turned in disgust at the last remark, to be confronted by the "beautiful creature." His attempt at an explanation was cut short by her rippling laugh.

"Oh, don't!" she cried laughingly. "I was tickled to death to hear it. You see I had no idea I was going so well—making such a big hit as it were. I

am going out for a few turns on deck. Shall it be single or double breasted?" she asked naively.

"Don't you want to change your wraps?" suggested Hollis as he glanced at the beautiful drapery that was about her.

"Oh, no, it doesn't matter," carelessly remarked the countess.

They circled the deck only once, because the crowd was inconveniently large, and soon they were seated side by side in their chairs. The air was chilly, and Hollis offered to go for extra wraps, but just then the maid came up and asked if she would be needed again that night. The countess asked for a coat. The pale faced servant soon returned and heedlessly threw the sable lined wrap over the feet of her mistress. Hollis was dumfounded with this display of extravagance, yet stared in blind adoration at his companion.

"I suppose all men are fools," he ventured to remark.

"Oh, are they?" answered the countess, with a ring of disappointment in her voice. "You see, I am very young and I don't know, but now you are a man of the world, a man of experience, and I suppose you know. I thought some day I might meet a man who was not a fool, and then I should fall in love with him."

"Lucky man," murmured Hollis, but his throat seemed to go dry and his pipe went out. "Do you think I am a fool?"

"Well, really, I don't know you so very well, but I think you're dreadfully stupid. You seem to have so little to say."

Hollis was just going to say something, but he looked at the sable coat and the beautifully gowned figure of the woman within it and he closed his lips firmly.

Thereafter they met at rare intervals—not oftener than Hollis could help, and the day the boat docked in New York he went over to say goodby.

"I wish I could call—just once," he pleaded as she hesitated.

"This is my card, Mr. Hollis, and if you will come—you may," she added as she handed him a neat little envelope with a card inclosed.

"Hollis slipped in into his pocket and once more said goodby to his lady with the silvery voice. How queer that sounded, "If you will come—you may." What had she meant?

The next night Hollis lunched a hansom at the corner of his hotel and gave the driver the address. When they drew up in front of a little apartment house he wondered, but went in. Everything connected with the girl seemed a mystery, so he did not hesitate. The card had read, "Ask for Miss Touseley." He did so, and the maid said she would be in directly. He glanced about the room. Nothing elegant, yet of exquisite refinement. He looked at the pictures. There she was as a child, here as a young girl, and there again she was standing in flesh and blood in the door with two hands outstretched.

Somehow she seemed more real, more alive than ever before as she held out her hands, and he took them. She was dressed in some simple gown, and they sat on the couch together while he told her of his hopeless love, his longing for her and of his salary of a few thousand a year.

"My darling, I want you, and by heavens, I'll have you, even if you are a countess! Won't you let me try to win you? Oh, if you only knew—if you only knew!"

"I know too well," the sweet voice said. "But I'm not a countess at all. I'm a poor girl, and my name is Touseley, just Sarah Touseley. There's nothing royal about that, is there? I am not a countess, and all those fine clothes were not mine. You see, we lost all our money, and I had to do something. Well, I could speak French and knew good clothes, so a big firm sent me over to buy model gowns. I wore them to avoid duty. Of course I sold them some, but the model was just as good to copy, and—oh, please, please don't hold me so tight, dear," she almost sang into his ear.

But he did not seem to hear her. He was saying to himself over and over again:

"Not the Countess of Brienne, but Mrs. Eaton Hollis."

The Poor Sick Boy.

Mark Twain, on a visit to his birthplace—Hannibal, Mo.—told to the school children a true story about a schoolboy.

"This boy," he said, "awoke one morning very ill. His groans alarmed the household. The doctor was sent for and came posthaste.

"Well," said the doctor as he entered the sickroom, "what is the trouble?"

"'A pain in my side,' said the boy.

"'Any pain in the head?"

"'Yes, sir.'"

"'Is the right hand stiff?"

"'A little.'"

"'How about the right foot?"

"'That's stiff too.'"

"The doctor winked at the boy's mother.

"'Well,' he said, 'you're pretty sick. But you'll be able to go to school on Monday. Let me see, today is Saturday, and—'

"'Is today Saturday?' said the boy in a vexed tone. 'I thought it was Friday.'"

"Half an hour later that boy declared himself healed and got up. Then they packed him off to school, for it was Friday, after all."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Severe Sense.

Grateful Mother—Oh, are you the noble young man who rescued my daughter from a watery grave?

Noble Young Man (who is truly modest)—Yes, madam, but I assure you I only did it from a sense of duty.—Judge.

On the Wings Of Pegasus.

By MARTHA COBB SANFORD.

Copyright, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.

"A foine day f'r a canter, miss," commented genial Mike as Marcella, one hand on his shoulder, the other on the pommel, sprang lightly into the saddle.

"Heavenly!" agreed the girl, but the wistful expression in her eyes belied her gayer.

"Wud ye be goin' alone?" queried Mike, skillfully adjusting the folds of her riding skirt.

"It looks that way," laughed Marcella, "unless I meet Lochinvar on the high way."

"I was only thinkin', Pegasus is pretty frisky the day, owing to shandin' so long in the stable. He's likely to run wild ye, Miss Marcella. But av course if Mistor Lock—pardon, miss, I g'it the rist av 'is name—is goin' to meet ye—"

Marcella interrupted him with a merry laugh.

"Oh, Pegasus and I will get along all right. How his coat shines! No av ever took such good care of him as you do, Mike. He'd win the blue ribbon at any horse show."

Mike grinned appreciatively and tipped his cap.

"Now don't ye be doin' any jumpin', Miss Marcella," he cautioned, as Marcella's hand held high, gave Pegasus a smart flick with her silver topped crop and trotted off along the roadly shaded drive.

"That wud ye be takin', Miss Marcella?" called the admiring groom after her.

"The Tanglewood road, I guess," Marcella answered back over her shoulder.

"I have really no guesswork about it. Since a certain memorable day nearly a month ago no other road has led for Marcella any charm—and ye or three long weeks she had persistently taken another direction."

Now, as she turned toward the highway that led into the old winding road, her thoughts galloped ahead of her horse's hoofs, and already in imagination she had brought Pegasus to a halt at the edge of the wood and was watching, spellbound, a man and horse make jump after jump over the meadow wall.

How she longed to try it herself! Pegasus vaulted beautifully, she knew. She had seen him take the bars many a time when out at pleasure. But she had promised her father that she would never attempt it. That was the condition, in fact, by which Pegasus was her very own possession.

Then she remembered with a thrill how Pegasus had suddenly started and before she could control him had bounded the lead of the other rider and bounded with the grace of a greyhound over the meadow wall. The unexpectedness of it had quite taken her breath away. But, oh, was there ever any sensation so exquisite?

Before she could recover from her surprise the unknown rider had galloped up beside her and, dispensing with even an apology for his lack of conventionalities, exclaimed: "A magnificent performance! Please accept my compliments."

And she, conscious of the rising color in her cheeks, had answered smilingly:

"The praise belongs all to Pegasus. I didn't know he was going to do it."

"How incredulous the man had looked!" "You mean?" he asked, doubting his senses.

"That I never took a jump before. My horse followed my lead. I was never more astonished in all my life."

"In that case allow me to pay my compliments over again," the man had then said, looking at her with undiminished admiration. "Pegasus has a wonderfully clever rider."

And then—Marcella blushed to recall it—she had spent the rest of that glorious morning in taking vaulting lessons from an unknown riding master. And if further truth be told she had let the accident of one day dictate the programme of the next. But after that discretion had come to the rescue, and romance was forced to beat a reluctant but absolute retreat. In other words, every day for three long monotonous weeks Marcella had resolutely avoided the vicinity of Tanglewood road.

But today she had closed her ears to the prosaic arguments of prudence and literally given rein to her fancy. The air was as crisp and the sky as blue as on that other day. Her heart thumped with excitement.

"Faster, Pegasus, faster," she urged, touching the horse's shining flanks with her crop. "We're almost there."

When the edge of the wood was reached she drew rein and with eager, shining eyes looked out expectantly over the brown meadows. There was no one in sight. Well, she would have one jump anyway.

Pegasus was as keen for the sport as Marcella herself. He took the wall handsomely—not only once, but again and again. Then a gate of bars farther down in the wall catching Marcella's attention, she decided to put her horse at that. It was higher than the wall and would be glorious to fly over.

Just as Pegasus sprang for the leap behind her caused Marcella to look back. She recognized Mike on her father's saddle horse, and the next moment, how she never knew, found herself hurled high over Pegasus' head.

As luck would have it, she landed on a heap of dead leaves blown by the

winds against the flank of the wall and so was only badly stunned. When at length she recovered consciousness some one was kneeling beside her and bathing her forehead with cold water.

"Don't tell father, Mike," she pleaded faintly, her eyes still closed.

"No, miss."

"Then again after a few minutes' attendance:

"Am I badly hurt, Mike?"

"Not the ghost of a scratch, Miss Marcella. I couldn't have picked out a better place f'r ye to land myself—a pile av soft leaves and a shtrame of water-r close by. Faith an' 't's luck was ridin' wid ye the day, Miss Marcella."

"But how did you happen to follow me, Mike?"

"I was afraid ye might not be matchin' that Mistor Lock—pardon me f'r fr'gittin' his name ag'in—after all. Did Pegasus run wild ye, miss? How came ye to be jumpin'?"

A faint color stole into the girl's cheeks.

"But I can jump, Mike. You should see me," she said in a tone full of pride in spite of its faintness.

"I have many's the toime," was Mike's unexpected reply.

Marcella's eyes opened wide. She raised herself on one arm and stared at him.

"Why, you're not Mike at all! I must be dreaming. You're!"

"Lochinvar, dear," he answered, smiling upon her lovingly and taking her gently into his arms.

And then, while her head rested on his shoulder, the unknown knight explained to his lady of the saddle how he came to be Mike and Lochinvar and Kendall Lee, Esq., architect by profession, all rolled into one. It was partly her fault of course, for she had dismissed him heartlessly from her service, and he had had to get back into it by hook or by crook.

"It's used up pretty nearly all my fall vacation, this groom of my lady's stable business," he concluded humorously. "Still I haven't neglected my profession entirely, for I've spent all my leisure moments, dearest, planning a dream of a little house for two."

He paused and waited for Marcella to speak, but never a word said Marcella. She didn't even raise her eyes to look at him, but then she did not lift her head from his shoulder, either.

So Kendall kissed her.

At that Marcella sat bolt upright.

"Tell me, sweetheart," he urged, holding her so close that she couldn't escape if she would, "you do forgive me, don't you, and you do love me and you will be my bonnie bride?"

"What a lot of questions to be answered at once!" exclaimed Marcella, willfully dodging them all.

"But it takes only one little word to answer them all," urged Kendall, and before he could kiss her again Marcella had spoken it.

A plaintive whinny from Pegasus broke the silence at length, and the lovers came back to earth with a start.

"Which role do you think you'll like playing better, Mike," asked Marcella mischievously, "groom or bridegroom?"

And down Tanglewood road they galloped, laughing merrily.

The Peasant Water Doctor.

At Volbeck, a little place near Munster, Germany, one of the notable figures has been for several years the water doctor, a peasant named Josef Garthaus. His "practice" is so great, says a Frankfurt paper, that he will see patients on three days in the week only. The "doctor" was recently summoned before the tax officers, to whom he had never made a statement as to his income. Even before that body he would make no statement and paid the tax on the authorities' estimate of 14,000 marks income a year. "And this man," says the report, "practices at the very gates of Munster, where there are sixty physicians in good standing and where a medical faculty is being organized. The surprise becomes greater when it is known that the 'doctor' never charges more than 50 pfennigs for a consultation. How many thousands of people must seek his help? At the low estimate of the tax board Garthaus must be consulted by 28,000 a year."

An Arabian Barber.

The usual Arab instrument for shaving, declares Mr. M. W. Hilton-Slupson, the author of "Algiers and Beyond," is the ordinary sheath knife, on which the Arab gets a very fine edge. He adds that when in camp in the Haofamed country he has seen a man kill and skin a sheep and be shaved with the same knife in less than half an hour.

The barbers in the market place at Biskra are certainly a most rough and ready lot, and the sight of one of them shaving a head is not easily forgotten. One day I saw a camel driver go up to one of them with a head of hair quite as long and thick as an ordinary well-groomed Englishman's. He took a seat upon a rickety chair, and the barber, having moistened the hair with water, proceeded to shave him as bald as a coat with an old European razor without making the very slightest cut upon his skin. No soap was used, and the operation took only about three minutes."

Easy.

Weggie—I say, old chapple, the papah says there will be a lot of meteors this month. How do these astronomer Johnnies know

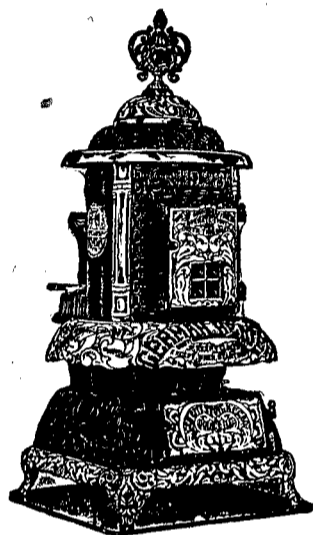
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NORTHEASTERN NEBRASKA NEWS

Geo Collins recently advertised for a set of harness that had been borrowed or taken from his stable, and the first of the week it was shipped to him from a distance. It pays to advertise. —Laurel Advocate.

C. E. Stading living west of Ponca had the misfortune to lose his dwelling house Tuesday night by fire. There was nothing saved to speak of so we understand. The property being almost a total loss. Friends deeply sympathize with Mr. Strading in his loss.

A local lodge of Odd Fellows was instituted at Crofton, last week. Grand Master O'Haulin of Blair and Grand Marshall Root of Shales being present. Members from the Hartington and Bloomfield lodges also were present. The Crofton lodge starts out with a membership of forty.

In the case of Connor vs. Fields et al, commonly known as the mill dam case, Senator Allen, one of the attorneys for O'Connor, applied to the supreme court for a hearing. The Ponca Journal says: Word has been received that a rehearing has been denied. This finally settles a dispute that has been in courts and under litigation for years.

The big Dixon shoot billed for Tuesday was a hummer in every particular. Twenty-four shooters took part in the prize shooting for the eighteen merchandise prizes given

by the Dixon business men. The winners: Geo Morrow, 1st, \$7, Cap Nichols, 2nd, \$2.75, W. Long, 3rd, \$2.50, Morgan, 4th, \$2, McClaffin 5th \$2, C. Hall 6th \$2, O. Hall 7th \$2, Rice 8th \$2, White 9th \$2, Reed 10th \$2, Savage 11th \$2, Brink 12th \$2, Ankeny 13th \$1.50, Manz \$1, Hooker \$1, Fletcher 50c, Hall 50c, Eckert 35c. —Concord World.

A Lincoln farmer had been bothered for weeks with a large flock of blackbirds. Seeing them perched on his barn one day he ran to the house for his shot gun. Quickly proceeding to load it he found he was out of shot. Grabbing up a paper of tacks he pored the contents into the gun and then hurrying to the barnyard he turned both barrels loose at the flock. Imagine his surprise when he found that he had tracked the last one of the birds to the barn roof. While calling his wife to see what a good shot he had made, he was again surprised to see the flock of birds fly off with the roof. —Metz Times.

Judge J. A. Williams, formerly of this place but now of Lincoln where he lives while state railway commissioner, came up Sunday afternoon and remained until Monday afternoon, at which time he left for Plainview to transact some business leaving for the state capitol Tuesday. A few weeks ago the Judge was thrown from an automobile while he and the commission's clerk

Mr. Powell were inspecting a railroad track and as a result he was considerably bruised up. He has not yet fully recovered and while here walked with the aid of a cane. —Pierce Leader.

In various parts of the state comes the report that grocery peddlers are working the farmers to a finish. Better steer clear of them, if you wish to save your money. True, they will quote you prices—say on 25 pounds of coffee, or 10 pounds of tea, or 5 pounds of pepper or nutmegs—at less than your home merchant does by the single pound or quarter pound; but you take that same order to your home merchant and he will duplicate their prices, and nine times out of ten quote lower prices on the same amount—and you bet you'll get a better quality of goods from the home merchant. These peddlers are not working for your benefit, but simply to fill their own pocket books; and they pay none of your taxes, neither do they pay your preacher.

David Ewing of Hartington a traveling representative of the Haller Medicine Co. of Blair, Nebr. had a runaway while returning from Dixon, Monday afternoon which nearly resulted fatally to him. Just this side of Dixon the team became unmanageable and started for this city, but in turning the corner just west of town the buggy turing topsy-turvy, spilling Mr. Ewing out and dragging him a considerable distance, he was dropped in a mud hole, unconscious. Now comes a part of this incident that we hate to relate, we hate to think of such warts. Three teams passed by this man and saw him there, apparently dead, but did not so much as raise a hand to help. May the devil take a person of that nature created in the image of man. that will pass by a fellow being in distress. Nels Bostron was the man with a heart in the right place, and took him to Dr. Evans drug store. Five stitches were taken in Mr. Ewing's head. A son David Ewing Jr., arrived that evening and accompanied his father home to Hartington the next day. —Concord World.

A tickling cough, from any cause, is quickly stopped by Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. And it is so thoroughly harmless and safe, that Dr. Shoop tells mothers everywhere to give it without hesitation, even to very young babes. The wholesome green leaves and tender stems of a lung-healing mountain shrub, furnish the curative properties to Dr. Shoop Cough Cure. It calms the cough, and heals the sore and sensitive bronchial membranes. No opium, no cholorm, nothing harsh used to injure or suppress. Simply a resinous plant extract, that helps to heal aching lungs. The Spaniards call this shrub which the doctor uses, "The Sacred Herb." Always demand Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. Felber's Pharmacy.

Bridge Notice

Notice is hereby given that bids will be received at the County Clerk's office of Wayne county, Nebraska, for the building and repairing of all bridges required to be built or repaired in Wayne county during the year 1908; bidder to furnish all material therefor, according to the plans and specifications adopted by the county board of Wayne county, and now on file in the office of County Clerk of Wayne county, Nebraska. Said bridges to be built of wood or iron, or both, or with iron, cement or concrete sub-structure, according to said plans and specifications, and located in various parts of Wayne county. Separate bids to be made upon each class of bridges and each class of approaches, also on each culvert, and at a specified sum per lineal foot for the super-structure of each of said classes of bridges and of each of said classes of approaches. Bridges to be built within ten days from notice by county to construct the same and in case any new bridge is to be constructed where an old one stands, contractor to tear down said old bridge and remove and pile all old lumber in such bridge safely near the site thereof, such lumber to remain the property of the county. Said bids to be filed with the county clerk of said Wayne county, Nebraska, on or before 12 o'clock noon, on the 10th day of January 1908. Said bids will be opened at 12 o'clock noon, Friday, January 10, 1908, by the County Clerk of said county in the presence of the Board of County Commissioners of said county at the office of the County Clerk of said county. No bids will be considered unless

accompanied by cash or a certified check for \$200.00 payable to Chas. W. Reynolds, County Clerk of said county, to be forfeited to said county in case the bidder refuses to enter into contract with said county if same is awarded to him. Successful bidder will be required to give bond to the county with two or more good and sufficient sureties in the amount of \$1000.00 conditioned for the faithful performance of contract awarded to him.

Also bids will be received for all of the above work at time and place and under all conditions as above set forth, the county to furnish all material delivered at nearest railroad station, except piling, which will be delivered at either Wayne or Carroll.

The Board of County Commissioners reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

Dated at Wayne, Nebraska, December 3rd, 1907.

CHAS. W. REYNOLDS,
(Seal) County Clerk.

When the stomach, Heart or Kidney nerves get weak, then these organs always fail. Don't drug the Stomach, nor stimulate the Heart or Kidneys. That is simply a makeshift. Get a perscription known to Druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. The restorative is prepared expressly for these weak inside nerves. Strengthen these nerves, build them up with Dr. Shoop's Restorative-tablets or liquid—and see how quick help will come. Free sample test sent on request by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Your health is surely worth this simple test. Felber's Pharmacy.

Notice

Notice is hereby given that bids will be received at the office of the county clerk of Wayne county, Nebraska, for lumber for any of the following dimensions, to-wit: 2x4 to 2x12, 12 to 20 feet long. 3x10 to 3x12, 3x14, 3x15, 3x16 and 4x16, from 16 to 32 feet long. 4x4 to 10x10, 18 ft long. Prices to be quoted for the above in pine and fir.

Piling 8 in, top, 10 to 32 ft long. Prices for piling red cedar and oak.

County reserves the right to reject any and all bids; also right to buy piling and lumber in car load lots from other parties than those to whom the contract is let.

All bids to be filed with the county clerk of Wayne county, Nebraska, on or before 12 o'clock noon, of January 10th 1908.

Bids to be opened at 12 o'clock noon, of January 10th, 1908.

Dated at Wayne, Nebraska, this 3rd day of December 1907.

CHAS. W. REYNOLDS,
(Seal) County Clerk.

The finest coffee substitute ever made has recently been produced by Dr. Shoop of Racine, Wis. You don't have to boil it twenty or thirty minutes "Health Coffee" is really the closest Coffee Imitation ever yet produced. Not a grain of real Coffee in it either. Health Coffee Imitation is made from pure toasted cereals or grains, with malt, nuts, etc. Really it would fool an expert were he to unknowingly drink it for Coffee. Ralph Rundell.



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