BOX ELDER.

This is fine weather for the small grain.

Orla Bolles spent Sunday afternoon with Hugh Campbell.

Leah Doyle accompanied Edith Lytle from Sunday school, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Shaw went home with J. A. Modrell and family from Sunday school.

Rev. F. C. Tyler was called to Spring Creek, Friday, to attend the funeral of John Swanson.

W. B. Wolfe has gone west to spend the summer with his sons and daughter, in Montana and Oregon.

A. W. Campbell and grand-daughter, Mrs. Chas. Wilson, went to Osborn, last Friday, and visited until Sunday evening with J. L. Campbell and family.

The Ladies' Aid society will meet with Mrs. J. C. Dedman, Thursday, May 26.

There was quite a gathering at the Ladies' Aid society, last Thursday, which was held at Mrs. Dora Doyle's, and George Harrison came along with a kodak and shot into the crowd and hit everyone.

Rev. F. C. Tyler preached at Zion Hill, last Sunday.

T. M. Campbell has finished up his assessor work and returned the book, last Saturday.

Uncle Stephen Bolles is able to get around again. He walked to the garden, one day last week.

About fifty friends and neighbors went, with cakes and ice cream, to the home of J. A. Modrell, last Friday evening, to remind him he had reached another milestone in his journey through life, it being the 33rd anniversary of his birthday. The evening was spent very enjoyably. The young people participated in games ,while the older folks talked of bygone days until the wee hours of Saturday morning.

Don't forget the sock social, the 27th.

There will be an election of Sunday school officers, next Sunday morning.

Recollections of Halley's Comet of 1835.

How many, or how few, people remember seeing Halley's comet, whose last appearance was seventy-five years ago, lacking some four or five months, as it appearance in 1835 was in the fall, either September or October. My recollection of that comet is very clear; and can recall its brilliancy, as it lighted up the heavens. It was visible in the evening in the southwest. I must have been nine years of age, as I was born in 1826, at Rome, New York.

Probably what impressed this event more forcibly on my memory was the fact that at this very time Elder Miller, the original Adventist, was holding a series of meetings in the Baptist church in Rome, preaching that the world would come to an end by fire in the very near future. It is doubtful whether Elder Miller's preaching or Halley's comet had the greater influence in scaring the people of that community into repentance. However, between the two there was a great revival.

These new converts were styled Millerites, but some ungodly persons called them Cometites.

Another incident that impresses my memory of that occasion was that our family at that time were entertaining some relatives from the western part of the state, who had a very disagreeable crying baby about two years old; and its mother went, together with all the women of the house, every evening to hear Elder Miller's burning words, leaving the crying kid for a brother and myself to care for, until eleven or twelve o'clock, every night for a week. We were wishing, while walking the house and yard with that kid, that Elder Miller and the comet would subside.

JACOB WIGGINS.

Real Estate Filings.

The following real estate filings have been made in the county clerk's office:

B. N. Leisure wdwr to Virginia F. Thiessen, w d to e hf sw qr 22-1-28.....$	1 00
Ben N. Leisure to Sarah H. Lister, w d to nw qr sw qr w hf ne qr sw pr 3-1-28..	1 00
Benjamin N. Leisure to Legal Heirs of U. S. Leisure, w d to s hf nw qr 22-1-28..	1 00
Benjamin N. Leisure to Eliza Ervin, w d to pt ne qr ne qr 19-1-27.....	2500 00
B. N. Leisure to John L. Leisure, w d to w hf sw qr 22-1-28..	1 00
Conrad Grothen et al to Charles W. Poore, w d to se qr, s hf ne qr 1-3-29....	8400 00
James N. Clark rec to J. Fletcher, deed to w hf nw qr 2-1-30..	500 00
Jacob Fletcher et ux to W. L. Rose, w d to w hf nw qr 2-1-30..	1 00
Minnie A. Everist et cons to Anna M. McKenna, w d to lots 5 and 6, block 17, First McCook..	6000 00
P. F. McKenna et ux to 1st Nat'l Bank of McCook, w d to n hf ne qr 31, e hf ne qr 30, w hf nw qr 29-4-29..	6000 00
Manford L. Brannan et ux to Carl Reinmiller, w d to w hf ne qr, ne qr ne qr 15, se qr se qr 10-4-29.....	200 00
J. L. Sargent et ux to Edwin G. Caine, w d to hf int in lots 3, 4 and 5, block 32, Indianola..	500 00
Joseph R. Stansberry et ux to Rochelle R. Robinson, w d to lot 8, block 11, Second McCook..	1700 00
John F. Helm et ux to Albert J. Helm, w d to pt se qr ne qr 17-3-28.....	240 00
Lincoln Land Company to W. S. Wait, w d to lot 4, block 9, Seventh McCook..	200 00
Adam Bauer et ux to Conrad Hoffman, w d to lot 14, block 7, Willow Grove....	825 00
L. J. Powers et cons to Henry S. Veeder, w d to w hf w hf 30-3-30..	1675 00

R. F. D. No. 3.

Farmers are listing corn.

Ida Clamp has gone west to look after her claim.

G. W. Sigwing and wife have another boy.

Mrs. W. G. Dutton is away on a visit.

R. F. D. No. 4.

Small grain looks good, and farmers have begun listing corn.

Milt Clark delivered hogs to town, fore part of the week.

W. G. Dutton is irrigating his wheat.

Bill Wood is breaking sod. He says walking is all right, but it is out of date.

George Wallen has finished planting corn.

Young Brothers are breaking some prairie.

E. Jaques bought a team the other day. Ed says the roads are good now. Yes, Ed, no dust today.

GOOD IN SPOTS.

One Man Who Discovered That War Was Not Wholly Bad.

Lem Jackson loved to loaf. He lived in the mountains not far from Greenville, Tenn., with his wife and a large brood of children. Lem had a "houn' dawg" that he set great store by, and he spent most of his time lounging in a runway waiting to shoot a deer driven in by old Bose or sprawling on the bank of a stream fishing. In that way he was a good provider after a fashion, but not all the urging, scolding, nagging and broomsticking of his shrewish wife could drive him to work.

Lem led the lazy life of a Rip Van Winkle until the outbreak of the civil war, and then he joined the Confederate army. At the end of six months Lem was shot through the right thigh, and it was long before he was able to limp out of the hospital and back to his regiment. In the second year he was shot in the left shoulder, and when he returned to duty his left hand was bent far back by a shortened tendon, but he was still able to raise his rifle. Early in the fourth year they got him again—a musket ball through the body—but he was back in the ranks long before the fighting was ended. Every one wondered at Lem's persistence in sticking to the terrible trade of war.

Dr. Girdner met Lem hobbling down the street in Greenville one morning in June, 1865, still pale and weak from his latest wound, his right leg short and wabbly, his left hand stiffly bent back.

"Glad to see you alive, Lem," said the doctor. "I suppose you're glad to be home again?"

"Waal," Lem admitted without enthusiasm, "I s'pose I had to git erlong home. Gin'ral Lee he surrindered us down to Appomattox, an' we all had to go home."

"But aren't you glad to be away from the dangers of war?"

"Why, doc, war hain't so bad," cried honest Lem—"war hain't so bad. There's lots of days when you don't have nothin' to do."—Harper's Weekly.

A GAME OF BALL.

How It May Strike a Stranger Who Sees It For the First Time.

Nothing has set America so high in the estimation of foreign nations, says Ellis Parker Butler in Success Magazine, as the adoption of baseball as the national sport. If a foreign spy wanders into America seeking to fathom our real inwardness and sees a game of baseball any feeling of contempt for our newness gives way instantly to awestruck admiration. At his first glance baseball is to him a mystery, and it remains a mystery to him. He sees 30,000 men and women suffering the tortures of the lower regions on hot grand stands. He sees a man pick up a small white ball as hard as a pine knot. Facing him is another man who holds a smooth but deadly club in his hands. Behind this second man is a third man whose face is hidden behind a birdcage. Suddenly the man with the ball raises one foot in the air and shows the man with the bat the sole of his shoe. The man at the bat sees that there are spikes in the sole of the shoe, and it angers him, and he raises his bat to throw it at the man with the ball. But—ah, ha!—the man with the ball is too quick for him. He throws the hard, white ball at the man with the bat with all his strength. The man with the bat waves defiance by swinging the bat in the air. The ball proceeds. The batsman never flinches! Will the ball kill the man or will the impact crush the ball? But, see! The ball finds man unflinching; the ball is panic stricken; the ball dodges around the man; the ball is lost, buried in the huge leather chair cushion that covers the hand of the birdcage man behind the batsman! "Strike one!" says the umpire. Thirty thousand cheers! Why?

Grub Street's Pawnshop.

If the Avant is not the oldest and best known pawnshop in the world it deserves to be. It has been in existence ever since the days of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. It is in Fleet street—Grub street—and has been the poor writer's uncle for all these centuries and years. It has an old legend something like this: "Old Literary Friends Never Forgotten." There are many souvenirs, sayings and traditions of the greatest men on earth who, going broke, had to patronize it. Outside of its own name it is well known as the Grub street pawnshop.—London Mail.

Unspellable.

The Newfoundland seal folk for some reason not given by the St. John's correspondent of the New York Sun describe their greasy spoil as "swoils," and they also say they "spell" an object when they mean to carry it. One can imagine the amazement of the young cleric who on one occasion asked a burly hunter how he spelled "swoils."

"We don't spell 'em; we hauls 'em," was the bewildering reply.

The Retort Courteous.

"I hate to press this bill, Mr. Slowpay," said the tailor, taking a much wrinkled memorandum of accounts from his pocket, "but"—

"Oh, don't bother, Snip," said Slowpay genially. "You don't need to press it. I don't mind the wrinkles in it at all. Fact is, I've got a dozen fresh copies of it at home already."—Judge.

A Wide Waist.

Miss Thynn—I saw Jack put his arm around you. Miss Plumleigh—You didn't, either. Miss Thynn—Well, then, as far around as he could get it.—Boston Transcript.

BRITISH NAVAL DRILL

Practice That Keeps the Crews In Fit Condition.

CLEARING SHIP FOR ACTION.

A Lively Time While the Decks Are Being Stripped of Everything That Would Impede the Fire of the Guns. Working the Torpedo Nets.

It is a little after five bells in the forenoon watch, or, in shore going talk, 9 a. m., and the officers and men of the battleship wear an expectant air. The ship's company is fallen in at stations for general exercise. The commander, surrounded by his staff—a midshipman, a bugler and the chief boatswain's mate—is standing on top of the after barbette. A kind of tense hush is over all hands and, indeed, over the rest of the squadron at anchor in the bay. It is a general drill morning, and the ships of the squadron are about to compete against each other at various evolutions.

On the after bridge the glasses of the signal boatswain and his yeomen are glued on the flagship. Presently a couple of gayly colored flags are hoisted at her main. Hardly have they left the rail when the signal boatswain spins round. "Signal's 'place net defense, sir!'" he cries. "Out nets!" bawls the commander. "Out nets!" shout the boatswain's mates. Instantly hordes of men dash at the neat roll of wire nets lying on the shelf round the ship and push it overboard. One edge being held in place, it unrolls as it falls, making a veil on the side. "Clear the net shelf!" The men vanish. "Man the purchase!" Somewhere above a bugle blares out a "G."

The marines, handling large bearing out spars, shove the upper ends of the booms, from which the nets hang, outboard. They revolve slowly about their lower ends, which are near the water line and, hauled by the steam capstan on one side and the seamen on the purchase on the other, extend themselves at right angles to the hull. "Break!" bellows the commander, and a signalman jerks the halyards. A red, white and blue pendant, hitherto waiting in a ball at the topsail yardarm, breaks from its confinement and floats out on the breeze, announcing to all and sundry that the ship has finished the evolution and is now protected from torpedo attack by her crinoline of nets. "First ship, sir," reports the signal boatswain, and the men, once more at their general stations, grin contentedly and make contemptuous comments on the struggles of the remainder of the fleet. There is a short pause till these are ended; then another hoist rises from the flagship's bridge. "In nets!" is the order, and the ship's company is once more galvanized into action. Amid a scene of orderly confusion the huge booms return to position, shut back against the ship's side, the brails which pass beneath the nets every few yards are manned, all hands haul with a will, the mass of steel meshes is rolled up and secured on its shelf, and the bright pendant at the topsail yardarm is again broken by the signalman.

A short "Stand easy!" follows, soon ended by another signal, "Clear for action!" To the mind of the bewildered spectator pandemonium follows. But it is only in appearance. Each man knows what he has to do and does it. Under the onslaught of the seamen davits, stanchions, rails, stovepipes—in fact, all things that can possibly restrict the fire of the guns—disappear with a rapidity that gives the impression of their being mowed down; skylights are masked by steel hatches, boats are turned in and secured, and in two or three minutes the decks are stripped bare and the men again fallen in, awaiting the order to replace gear. This done—a longer job, but still accomplished with celerity—the last and most exciting signal of the forenoon appears—"Away all boats' crews; pull round the fleet."

The men tumble into their boats at the davits, the lowerers pay out the falls, and in a few moments the cutters, whalers, gigs and galleys are pulling for dear life, a midshipman in charge of each. On the after bridge the commander, waving two small hand flags which control the huge steam derrick, is lifting the pinnace and launch from the boat deck and depositing them in the water. Men drop into them, double and treble banking the long oars, and soon these are pounding after the lighter boats.

The evolution is a race, ship against ship. Who will have the first boat back? Who will have all boats back and hoisted first? Midshipmen, probably with bets on the matter, are urging their crews on. Every man is putting his back into it for the honor of his ship. Telescopes watch progress from all the vessels of the fleet. Here comes the galley—the captain's boat, manned by a picked crew and dancing through the water under the long sweeping strokes of the oars—first boat back. Again the tricolored pendant flies out, and the captain's "doggie" (midshipman) climbs out of the galley's stern sheets, beaming all over his boyish countenance.

The boats are hoisted as they return, the men left on board manning the falls and running away with them to the sound of the ship's band playing on the shelter deck. Presently all is square again. The boatswain's mates pipe "Hands carry on smoking." The forenoon's drills are over, and officers and men alike are in good humor, proud of the final signal received from the all powerful flagship:

"Evolutions smartly performed."—London Globe.