Local News.

Watch out for holiday adds.

We have advertising space to sell.

Printer's ink sells holiday goods.

The merchants are beginning to talk about it. We told you so.

Chas. Gasteyer has a fine line of China ware for sale. Just what you want for Christmas presents. And just the place where Santa Claus goes to stock up.

Window Glass cheap at Watkinson's.

Sun dogs were seen in the west about 4 p m yesterday.

Round Oak Heaters are the best at Watkinson's.

For any thing in the Harness line call at T. M. Reeds.

Mr. and Mrs. Cline returned from their visit Wednesday.

Good grades of machine oils sold by T. M. Reed.

Mrs. L. Tracy, of Scotia is visiting her parents in the city this week.

W. H. Conger is confined to his bed having taken sick last Sunday.

Dr. Sumner Davis, Grand Island, Surgical diseases and diseases of Eye and Ear.

We learn that a social hop was given at the home of Mr. Ogle last Friday evening.

A. Sutton has been enjoying a visit from his brother of Central City the past week.

S. E. Gallaway unloaded a car load of lumber for the Keystone Lumber Co. last Saturday.

John Taylor, Sr. went to Silver Creek Tuesday where he has secured a job of carpenter work.

McFadden and French's pop corn crop is turning out well and proved to be a good investment.

The Edward Webster company, one of the largest grocery firm in Kearney, failed yesterday.—Ex.

Herman Jung had a very nice sleigh ride Thanksgiving day. We did not learn who the other party was.

Mr. Shepherd, a commercial man assisted in the song service at the M. E. Church last Sunday evening.

WANTED—100,000 chickens, hens, geese, turkeys, ducks, in fact fowls of all kinds, also fat cattle. Will pay the higheset price at the city meat market.

Both the Thanksgiving service at the M. E. church and the social at the Baptist church were given up on account of the severe cold weather.

The Adventists here are now holding a series of revival meetings. They commenced last Tuesday, the 24th inst, and will continue until Sunday.

James Conger went to Omaha yesterday to attend his damage suit against the Northwestern Railway company which is set for trial Monday next.

If there is a reliable man among our readers who can sell Minnesota grown trees, he can secure steady employment and good wages by writeng the Jewell Nursery Co., Lake City, Minn.

Soothing, and not irritating, strengthening, and not weakening, small but effective—such are the qualities of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills.—Odendahl Bros.

A man named Fox, and a girl named Huut, were married out on the Central Branch recently, says the Atchison Globe, and of course the papers headed the announcement "Fox-Hunt."—State Journal.

The length of life may be increased by lessening its dangers. The majority of people die from lung troubles. These may be averted by promptly using One Minute Cough Cure.—Odendahl Bros.

Valley county cast enough votes at the election this year to entitle it to a clerk of the district court. This will simply divide the work done in the clerk's office without additional expense to the tax payers.—Ord Journal.

To cure all sores, to heal an indolent ulcer, or to speedily cure piles, you need simply apply DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve according to directions. Its magic-like action will surprise you. Odendahl Bros.

Mrs. L. E. Holcomb gave her Sunday School class a reception last Friday evening. Owing to the severe cold weather there was not a very large turn out but a very pleasant time is reported by those present.

The old lady was right when she said, the child might die if they waited for the doctor. She saved the little ones life with a few doses of One Minute Cough Cure. She had used it for croup before.—Odendahl Bros.

A heavy mist, and at times a light rain commenced falling last Tuesday morning and lasted for over forty-eight hours. The rain froze as fast as it fell and nearly a quarter of an inch of solid ice was formed over the streets and sidewalks and over hill and valley. Everything was covered with a solid sheet of ice.

Absolutely pure, perfectly harmless, and invariably reliable are the qualities of One Minute Cough Cure. It cures colds, croup and lung troubles. Children like it because it is pleasant to take and it helps them.—Odendahl, Bros.

Cutlery at half price at Wa[illegible]kinson's

Eye and Ear, Dr. P[illegible]avis, Grand Island, Nebr.

Studibaker Wagon[illegible] and buggies—at Watkinson's.

Dr Robinson [illegible] of Mason City was in town Monday

Tailor m[illegible]ade clothing 12.50 per suit at A. E. [illegible]hase's.

Sew[illegible]ing Machines at prices to suit the tim[illegible]s at Watkinson's.

For SCHOOL HOUSE heaters cheap go to A. Wathinson's.

I have corn, oats and ground feed for sale T. M. Reed.

Frank Kansgan is proving up on his Homestead on Clear Creek.

Mrs. L E Walworth returned from Lincoln last Saturday evening.

A Brysmite in Kentucky had to eat a roasted cat because his favorite was defeated.

D W Titus of the Litchfield State Bonk was doing business at the county seat last Monday.

Mrs Gene Walker of Mason City is vssiting friends this week, having arrived Monday.

Yesterday was a white Thanksgiving It snowed nearly all day and the wind was high. The thermometer registered six above Zero all day.

Mr Gregory captured an eagle last Saturday and brougt it to town. It was a very large bird and had a white head and neck. John Long purchased the bird.

Call and look at the samples of readv made clothing at A. E. Chase's. Suits from $5.00 up. Fit guaranteed.

Last week we stated that T. L. Pilger went to Omaha. We were mistaken however, as he attended the irrigation fair at Lexington. He returned last saturday evening.

Henry Wilson was true to his agreement and was promptly on hand to wheel Geo Gibson around the court house square. It was pretty cold but George seemed to enjoy the ride. The oysters were served as per programme.

LECTURE:—Monday evening Nov. 30 at M. E Church by Benj S Haywood of Holdredge, Conference President of the Epworth League. Subject "What we owe each other" Come everybody and enjoy a treat.

Thanksgiving was pretty generally observed in this city. The weather was cold and stormy and it was disagreeable to be out but a good thanksgiving dinner was served in many homes.

"Excuse me," observed the man in spectacles, "but I am a surgeon, and that is not where the liver is." "Never you mind where his liver is," retorted the other. "If it was in his big toe or his left ear DeWitt's Little Early Risers would reach it and shake it for him On that you can bet your gig-lamps."—Odendahl Bros.

The Union Pacific System has inaugurated a thorough colonist sleeping car service between Council Bluffs and Portland. This car leaves Co Bluffs on our train No 3 daily at 3 15 p m and passengers go through whitout change Berths in this car can be secured by request at this office. In addition to the above, we also run a through colonist car daily to San Francisco and a permanently conducted colonist car weekly every Friday to San Francisco and Los Angelos. Full information can be obtained by writing or calling on

Frank W Cline, Agent.

The old government Fort Hartsuff located a few miles above Ord on the North Loup, and about forty-five miles North of this place, will be sold February 3 A short time ago when enroute to Burwell we passed by the old fort and saw the large structures of stone and concrete just as they stood when occupied by the soldiers. It was built in 1874 and some of the, then settlers of this place worked on it. The writer's oldest brother was employed for several months there. The brick used on the job were manufactured at Loup City. In speaking of the old fort an exchange says: "Fort Hartsuff was one of the principle military posts in Nebraska in the early days. Captain William S. Stanton, of the corps of engineers, protected by a detachment of soldiers, left the Union Pacific at Grand Island in June 1874 and march over to survey a site for a post on the Loup. He selected a place on the stream north west of the present city of Ord. This was June 6, 1874. September 16. 1874 President Grant approved the post and on recommendation of Lieutenant-General Sheridan named it Fort Hartsuff, in honor of Major-General George L. Hartsuff. The post was abandoned June 23, 1884. General-Coppinger was at one time stationed at Fort Hartsuff. He was then senior captain of the Twenty-third infantry and went there in March, 1875, succeeding the Ninth infantry, and remained until December, 1876, when he was succeeded by the Fourteenth infantry. General Coppinger recalls that there were a number of Indian scares in those days but no battle of any moment. General Coppinger and his regiment completed Fort Hartsuff and armed the few settlers who were in the country in that day.

"The government seemed to have overlooked the reservation, as it was supposed at army headquarters that it had been sold long ago."

Superstitious About Thirteen.

Augustin Daly, of whose company Mr. James Lewis was a member for over 25 years, said of him: "It is a coincidence that he was buried on Sept. 13, for he always had the strongest fear of the number 13 and of Friday. I don't know that he was a superstitious man in other respects, though, no doubt, he would object to humming the Macbeth music in the theater, but he had great fears on that point. He never wanted to begin anything on the 13th of the month or on Friday. If I had a new part to give him and it would naturally be delivered to him on either of those days he would ask me not to let him have it until the next day or to give it to him on the day before. I don't know that he had ever suffered any misfortune on either of those days to confirm him in his fears.

"My own experience has been quite the reverse of unlucky with regard to them. Some of my most successful seasons have been begun on Friday, and he made one of his own greatest successes in a part which he played for the first time on the 13th of the month. It was Sept. 13, too, the date of his burial, and it was the beginning of Miss Clara Morris under my engagement, when he played Sir Patrick Lundy in "Man and Wife." The fear of No. 13 extended further than this. Mr. Lewis would never sleep in room 13 at a hotel. He would rather walk the floor of some other room all night without a bed. And he would never accept section No. 13 in a sleeping car. That or stateroom No. 13 on a steamer was in his mind a positive invitation to disaster. The person on whom the duty devolved of arranging the details of Mr. Daly's tours had to remember that and look out for it."—Troy Times.

He Asked Too Much.

The waiter accidentally jogged the elbow of the man eating breakfast in the restaurant.

The morsel that he was about to consume fell to the floor.

The next moment he gave a startled cry and turned deathly pale.

All was confusion.

The proprietor and the occupants of the other tables jumped up and rushed to his assistance.

His face had assumed a bluish hue, which was quickly followed by a greenish color and then by a purplish tinge.

The case looked serious, for he was evidently apoplectic.

Finally, to the relief of all, he was resuscitated.

All demanded an explanation.

"I am subject to heart disease," he at length exclaimed, "and any severe shock is likely to kill me. It's a wonder I'm alive to tell the tale."

"What tale?" they asked eagerly.

"Heavens, gentlemen!" he replied, as his cheeks blanched at the recollection, "you'll hardly believe me, but I swear on my oath that when the waiter knocked that piece of bread and butter out of my hand it fell to the floor with the butter side up."

The others surveyed him pityingly.

"Something has affected his brain," they whispered one to the other. "Such a thing is unheard of. It could never have happened."

One by one they drew away and left him alone.—New York World.

Gained His Point.

In the days when her majesty went down to Windsor by road she liked to be driven at a rapid pace—a little too fast to please her escort, especially the officers who rode their own horses. A gallant captain, afterward a renowned M. P., was one day in command and riding at the head of his troop. Just in front of him, with his back to the horses of the carriage, sat the Prince of Wales, then a small child. The captain, directly the party started, lifted his hand and shook his fist in the little prince's face. The prince roared with fright, and his royal mother, quite ignorant of the cause, took him on her lap to pacify him. When the prince was quiet and resumed his seat, the captain again shook his fist, and this was repeated all the way down to Windsor. At the end of the journey the queen learned exactly what had occurred and issued her command that the officer should never command her escort again. This was just what the captain hoped would happen.—St. James Gazette.

His Preference.

Her father is a physician and an admirer of culture. But he grows weary now and then of hearing Mabel play scales and five finger exercises. After a half hour of work from her exercise book she turned and said:

"Father, I have taken up the study of theory."

"Have you?"

"Yes. This," she went on, striking a chord, "is a tonic."

"Mabel," he answered in a tone of patience sorely tried, "I'm ever so much obliged, but I don't think that is what I need. But if you had a sedative that you could try on me I'd appreciate it more than tongue can tell."—Washington Star.

The Safety Point In Floors.

Probably less is known by architects and structural engineers regarding the safety of floors than of any other portion of a building. The relative cost of the steel beams in a floor, as compared with the terra cotta or other filling, has caused some builders to go to an extreme in increasing the spans between beams, thus greatly increasing the risk of destruction by fire, even though there may be ample strength in the absence of fire.—Engineering News.

Builded Better Than He Knew.

Mrs. Jackson—I thought you told me you trimmed that hat yourself. I'm sure it is just as stylish as if it had been done by a high priced milliner.

Mrs. Johnson (complacently)—Yes, I think it has a stylish look myself. You see, my husband sat down on it accidentally after I had got done and gave it exactly the right twist.—Boston Courier.

English Drinking Songs.

The best of the English drinking songs were written by the dramatists of the seventeenth century, men who trolled out their vigorous sentiments, linked sweetly together in flowing verse, without the smallest thought or fear of shocking anybody. Frankly indecorous, they invite the whole wide world to drink with them, to empty the brimming tankard passed from hand to hand and to reel home through the frosty streets, where the watchman grins at their unsteady steps, and quiet sleepers, awakened from dull dreams, echo with drowsy sympathy the last swelling cadence of their uproarious song. Where there is no public sentiment to defy even bacchanalian rioters and bacchanalian verses cease to be defiant. What admirable good temper and sincerity in Fletcher's generous importunity!

Drink today and drown all sorrow;
You shall perhaps not do it tomorrow.
Best, while you have it, use your breath;
There is no drinking after death.

Then let us swill, boys, for our health.
Who drinks well loves the commonwealth.
And he that will to bed go sober
Falls with the leaf, still in October.

Upon this song successive changes have been sung, until now its variations are bewildering, and to it we owe the ever popular and utterly indefensible glee roared out for generations by many a lusty tavern chorus:

He who goes to bed and goes to bed sober
Falls as the leaves do and dies in October,
But he who goes to bed and goes to bed mellow
Lives as he ought to do and dies an honest fellow.

—Agnes Repplier in Atlantic.

Solidified Petroleum.

The claim some time ago set forth by Paul d'Humy, a French naval officer, of having originated a process for the successful solidification of petroleum for commercial and industrial purposes has been further explained by him. From this account, summarized in The Progressive Age, it appears that heavy common oil has been converted by this inventor into a solid block, as hard as the hardest coal, burning slowly, giving off an intense heat and showing not the slightest sign of melting, a ton of such fuel representing as many as 30 tons of coal, and the space occupied by one ton of it being about three cubic feet, as against the large space required for the coal. At a recent gathering of experts, M. d'Humy exhibited samples of the article and experimented with them. On the table were several cakes of the solidified petroleum and of low grade oils of various sizes and shapes, and in addition to the cakes there were samples of the same fuel in dry powder and paste, the petroleum powder and paste mixed together and pressed forming a homogeneous mass, with a great specific gravity, hard almost as stone, and, when burning, giving off a flame 300 times its own volume and a heat well nigh as great as oxygen. Tests to determine the production of smoke or smell failed to indicate the emanation of either of these.

Time to Call a Halt.

The vital statistics clerk felt rather than heard his visitor enter the office. He looked up from the desk and beheld a cadaverous and woebegone individual, in whose eyes was the feverish glitter of one to whose lids sleep cometh not.

"Poor commission three doors to the right," said the official glibly.

"I don't want the poor commission. I want to see you," said the intruder, with something very like defiance in his voice and yet with that undertone of despair that aroused the sympathy of the clerk.

"And what can I do for you?" asked the latter.

"It isn't what you can do for me, but what I can do for you," responded the visitor. "I've been trying to do altogether too much, and I've got to have a rest. I don't belong to no union, and I'm willin to work overtime when it's necessary, but I'll be blamed if you ain't trottin me a heat that 'ud distance anybody but me. I've got to have shorter hours and a day off once in awhile, an if I don't get 'em, I'll quit, see?"

"But my dear sir, I never saw you before. I never employed you. Who are you, anyway?"

"Me? Oh, I ain't anybody but Heart Failure. That's who I be, an I mean what I say."—Detroit News.

The Telephone Ear.

A German newspaper asserts that about 30,000 of the inhabitants of Berlin hear considerably better with their left ear than with their right. This has been observed in continually increasing measure for 15 years. When the cause was sought for, it appeared that those who are thus affected are frequent users of the telephone. The listening part of the instrument is generally held in the left hand and put to the left ear, while the right hand is often used in taking notes, etc. In the cases observed the subjects heard the slightest sound through the telephone with their left ears, but could understand little or nothing if the instrument were put to their right ears. It is therefore concluded that the telephone has an appreciably stimulating effect on the auditory nerves, and the recommendation is made that the instrument be used alternately at the right and left ear.

Overdone.

Dukane—I don't know how you came to lose money in that scheme. You told me it was a rare investment.

Gaswell—The investment may have been a rare one, but I was well done before I got through with it.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

It is said that the first book printed in this country from stereotype plates was a catechism by a Mr. Watts. This work was issued in New York in the year 1813 and was compiled for the benefit of the children of several New York churches.

A bushel of sweet potatoes equals 48 pounds in Iowa and 56 pounds in most of the other states.