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WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE...BY BART



WILLIE CAN LIE IN BED MORNINGS AND THE STOCK WILL BRING HIS BREAKFAST TO HIM—

HIS OWN GUARD ON WAY TO JAIL

David Esaacson Hopes in Prison to Invent Something for Government.

MAN OF MANY PARTS

Had Premonition of Fate and Feels He Will Still Be of Some Use—Believes in Upholding Law.

Atlanta, Ga.—David Esaacson, bowed by age and troubles, poor as a church swindler, inventor, alchemist, dreamer, on his way to the federal prison here, boarded the steamship City of Columbus at her pier in New York city. Searching out Captain Diehl of the steamer, Esaacson announced himself as a United States officer, charged with taking a prisoner to Atlanta.

"And where is the prisoner?" asked Captain Diehl.

"I am the prisoner," Esaacson replied to the astonished captain. "I am at once prisoner on parole and my own guard, for I have given my word that I will deliver myself."

Esaacson, sixty years old, was convicted in the federal court in New York city of having used the United States mails to swindle many persons through a manufacturing company, of which he was president. Esaacson was sentenced to imprisonment of a year and a day in the federal prison here and to a fine of \$200.

Passengers ignorant. Not knowing who he was, Esaacson's fellow passengers were delighted with him; his conversation proved him a man of the world; the seascapes he painted delighted the other voyagers. Landing at Savannah, Esaacson dallied there a day or two, then came here and relieved himself of his duty as a deputy United States marshal; he delivered himself to the warden of the jail. Esaacson said:

"Marshal McCarthy is one of the best of God's noblemen. He said to me: 'Esaacson, I am going to let you take yourself to Atlanta, not because I am partial to you—for I would do this for any man in whom I had confidence—but because your case has appealed very strongly to me.' Such kindness from a man accustomed to handling prisoners penetrated the very core of my being."

Esaacson claims to have rediscovered an art which the ancient Egyptians practiced—that of enameling a

SOME QUEER STUNTS DONE BY LIGHTNING

Drives Nails Bowls Over Men, Makes Children Speechless and Burns Clothes.

Frederick, Md.—Three persons lost their speech for a quarter of an hour, two were knocked unconscious and one was stunned early the other morning when a bolt of lightning struck the home of Preston Gernand, Myersville, this county.

The same bolt burned holes in bed clothing, drove nails in the kitchen cabinet as neatly as if they had been driven with a hammer and completely demolished the furnishings of two



Bowled Gernand Into the Yard.

rooms, one a bed chamber and the other a kitchen. Those rendered unconscious:

Mrs. Henry Gernand, Tallahassee, Fla., professional vocalist, and sister-in-law of Preston Gernand; Preston Gernand, owner of the property. Mrs. Preston Gernand was stunned.

Two hours after the bolt had struck the home the entire family had fully recovered from the shock. The lightning did not fire the residence.

The lightning struck the chimney of the Gernand home, passed through the bedroom of the three Gernand children, burning the bed clothing and bowled Gernand from his chair into the back yard half a dozen feet away, where he lay unconscious.

Mrs. Gernand recovered and lighted a lamp. Her sister-in-law was unconscious, and she found her husband lying on the ground in the yard. Mrs. Gernand summoned a farm hand and sent him for a physician several miles away. The family had partly recovered when the physician arrived.

DOG WAITING AT MASTER'S GRAVE

Kansas Collie Is Still Hoping for the Return of His Owner.

KEEPS ALL-NIGHT VIGIL

Animal Each Day Makes Rounds They So Often Traveled Together, Then Trots to New Grave in Cemetery.

Buckner, Mo.—Pete is only a dog. Just a collie dog with the gentle, expressive eyes of his kind and a good deal of gray about his muzzle. Folks in Buckner, Mo., say that they can notice the gray the last three weeks or so, but they may be mistaken in that. Pete, being only a dog, is not expected to know the depths of emotion that persons feel. He is not supposed to understand about death and sorrow and utter loneliness and that sort of thing. He was a smart dog, people said, and had been a faithful companion to his master, William Hudspeth, who lived on a farm near Buckner.

But when Mr. Hudspeth died three weeks ago, everyone forgot about Pete. There were so many things to be looked after that the grief-stricken family left him to his own devices.

Beyond a Dog's Understanding. It had been a strange day for Pete. Early in the morning the people who came to the house had routed him out of his place in front of the door where he had lain during the two weeks his master was in bed.

They wouldn't let him in where his master was, not even in the house, although he tried to get in several times. And then finally they brought his master out in a big box and everybody went down the road with him. Pete went along, of course.

They went on across the railroad tracks and up the rock road.

He stopped with the rest of them at the place where the white stones stood about in the grass and watched them all go over to a big hole in the ground. But his master wasn't amongst them. Perhaps he wasn't in the big box after all. He'd probably stopped in town as he always did, and Pete, foolish dog, hadn't noticed it. It was much more likely than that his master was in that box they were putting down in the hole.

So Pete started back. The loungers on the bank steps called to him as he stopped there but he paid no attention to them. They watched him trot on



Pete Was Never Missed a Day at the Graveyard.

down the street and stop for a moment at each stone his master had used to visit. Then he disappeared out the road to the farm.

Waiting in Cemetery. The sexton, working late that night, heard a whining among the graves. When he came to the newest one he found Pete. The dog lay on the grass at the side of the headstone and would not come away when he sexton left. The next morning he was still there.

Since then Pete has never missed a day at the graveyard. When he turns in from the road he goes straight to the Hudspeth lot and stays there for hours at a time. The sexton has noticed his restlessness. He haunts around among the stones only to return to his master's grave. Finally he goes back to town and makes one more round of the stores.

Sometimes he goes out to the farm then. Sometimes he goes back to the graveyard and the sexton finds him in the morning whining at the mound of earth. Always he has a restless, troubled air as he searches for someone who cannot be found.

And there he sits at his master's grave.

If you simply must open your mouth, whistle. The noise will not be so distressing to other people.

Daily sells for less.

RIDDING TEXAS OF WOLVES

Professional Hunters Are Reaping Big Harvest Under New Scalp Bounty Law.

Austin, Tex.—Although many thousands of wolves have been killed since the new scalp bounty law went into effect last June, there is still enough money in the fund appropriated for the purpose to last several more months.

Many professional hunters are making considerable money killing wolves, both of the lobo and coyote varieties. An investigation of the predatory wild animals pest was made by representatives of the United States department of agriculture, and ranchmen and farmers have been provided with a formula for killing, poisoning and hunting wolves, as follows:

"The stock killed by wolves is mainly cattle. Calves and yearlings are generally selected, but if these are not available, cows and even full-grown steers are killed. They are usually attacked from behind and literally eaten alive. Occasionally an animal will escape the wolf with a great piece torn out of its ham, while the wolf goes on to catch and kill another."

U. S. GETS WORK FOR MANY

Secretary Wilson of Department of Labor Pleased With His Employment Bureau.

Washington.—The federal employment bureau is a success, declares Secretary of Labor Wilson.

"We started in a small way," he said today, "but the work has progressed far enough to show the possibilities of this line of endeavor. We have furnished jobs to about 33 per cent of those who have applied for work. Our aim is to link together in one big chain all the state and municipal agencies for the unemployed. Some progress has been made along this line already."

"The bureau does not merely place unskilled labor; it has applications from many men of training in various industrial fields and has found employment for a large number. We are constantly receiving applications for jobs and from the employers orders to fill their employment wants. We act precisely as a clearing house for labor."

TWINS ARE SENT BY MAIL

Mailed to Postmaster in Nebraska Town as First-Class Parcels at Cost of 47 Cents.

Ewing, Neb.—The four-year-old twins of Postmaster Waugh and wife were visiting in the country about seventeen miles out from Ewing and suddenly becoming homesick they wished to return home.

Mr. Waugh being unable to go after the young scions, telephoned for their return by parcels post, and accordingly Perry Saiser, who runs route No. 2, brought the youngsters home safe and sound to anxious, waiting parents.

The twins weigh 37 and 38 pounds respectively, and their safe transit home cost the trifling sum of only 23 and 24 cents, on each, a total of 47 cents.

JEWELERS GIVEN JOLT BY SLEUTH

Convention Is Thrilled by Clever Stunt Pulled by Famous Detective.

FRISKS SILVER WATCH

Lifts Timepiece From President's Pocket Right Before His Very Eyes—Is Found on Another Official.

The great detective had just concluded his stirring speech. "Thieves had best have a care," he had said, "for the jewelers are now protected against them quite as fully as the bankers."

Applause filled the room in the Grand Central palace, where the members of the American National Retail Jewelers' association had assembled for their annual meeting.

"We now have just time"—began President Tinley L. Combs of Omaha, Neb., but he went no further. In place of the watch he had started to consult was a void—an aching void, if one might judge from the expression on Mr. Combs' face. The watch was gone.

"Gentlemen," said the president, "if this is a joke, one might say it was a timely one. My watch is gone. A great detective is here. Perhaps he can put into actual operation some of the things he has just been telling us."

Detective on the Job. A breathless silence filled the great room. All eyes were upon the detective.

Quite unabashed by the attention he was receiving, he hastily rose from his chair. "Let the doors be closed," he shouted. "Time flies, but not so this timer."

"The watch is somewhere in this room. I will personally search everyone present. If there is anyone who



Just Like That—So Easy.

objects he may bring the watch to me and the matter will be considered a closed incident."

No one stirred. "Very well, then, I'll proceed with the searching."

From the very first pocket into which he thrust his trained fingers came forth a watch.

"Ah, here is a watch," said the detective, exultantly. "I scarce expected to meet with success quite as soon. Here is a watch for you, Mr. Combs," he said, and promptly sat down.

"Thanks," said Mr. Combs, "mine was only silver, but this gold one will do."

Finds the Watch.

Had the situation been less serious the laugh that followed might have been more hearty. Hastily the watch was returned to its rightful owner. Then the detective continued his search.

A moment later a very guilty looking silver watch was extracted from the waistcoat pocket of one of the members of the executive committee.

"This is your property, is it not, Mr. Combs?" demanded the detective. It was.

"I knew it," said William J. Burns, the detective. "You see, I put it there myself. I thought it would be a good stunt."

Then the meeting proceeded.

The professional politician is a queer animal. He says lots, means little, and does less.

When walking in the shadow of death it is wise to hunt the sunny side of the road.

Life begins with a wail and ends with a kick, and there's a dose of both sandwiched in between.

Wisdom is a valuable asset, when one has horse sense enough to apply it.

Try Chase's first.

The "SILENT SMITH"

—Model 8 shows what should now be expected of a typewriter.



Ball Bearing; Long Wearing

The success of the L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriters has been due to the fact that the wants of the user have dictated its construction. The user has decided in favor of certain improvements now incorporated in Model 8. Among them are:

Silence of Operation—The most silent running efficient typewriter ever placed on the market. Absolute silence has been very nearly attained.

Decimal Tabulator—A help in billing and tabulating. There is no extra charge for this convenience.

Variable Line Spacer—Enables the operator to start on a given line and space from point of starting; also to write on ruled lines whose spacing varies from typewriter spacing. A great help in card work.

Faster Ribbon Feed—Insures new place of impact for each typeface.

Choice of Carriage Return—Upon special order the new left hand carriage return will be furnished in place of the right hand return.

All the important features of previous models have been retained—ball bearing carriage, typebars and capital shift, back spacer, key-controlled ribbon, removable platen, protected type, flexible paper feed and automatic ribbon reverse.

Write for New Catalog of Model 8. It will explain why the L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter is a synonym for superior service.

L. C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITER COMPANY
Factory and Home Office, SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

1819 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb.



"I Am the Prisoner."

pebble so that it resembles exactly a precious stone; only an expert can detect a false stone. He has not completed his experiments in this direction. He added to the correspondent:

Felt It Was Coming.

"It was the saddest moment of my whole life the day I left New York. I never felt so crushed in spirit, but I am going to bear it philosophically. For, believe it or not, this series of experiences was preordained. Years ago I had a premonition that certain events would occur in my life; I could almost see the future and discern their nature."

Esaacson denied the accusation that he had bled his dupes for \$500,000.

"A few thousand, a few thousand," he said, "of which I have not a centime now."

"Old as I am, I have not completed my work, my honest work, by a great deal," he concluded. "While in Atlanta I shall continue that work, pursue my discoveries, and, together with my painting, I shall keep busy. Some day—and I can see it as clearly as I see the light now—I shall invent something that will be of use to the United States government, in the enforcement of whose laws I believe thoroughly. My experience will be one that in years to come will bring some benefit, and if I can devote myself while in Atlanta toward the invention of something that will be of service to Uncle Sam, I shall not count my time as having been spent in vain."

WOMAN POTS WHITE DEER



For the first time in twenty years a white deer has come down from the Adirondacks and the lucky shot which killed it was fired by Miss Marion Beatrice Fuller of Boston and she is mighty proud of her achievement. The picture shows Miss Fuller and one of her trophies of the chase.

In a learned discourse, an exchange tells us why hair falls out. We note with regret, however, that it fails to tell us how to fall it back again.

The only disagreeable feature of great wealth is in finding a way to dodge the tax assessor.

Try Chase's first.

PRE-ELECTION PROPHEESIES

The political wise-acres are in that condition which comes after election, where in the figures given out by the victors rebound greatly to the credit of the lucky guessers. For those who guessed wrong and lost, there is only the solace that in time people are apt to forget all things.

PUBLIC SALE.

I will sell at Public auction on the S. M. Smalley farm, six and one-half miles south and west of Loup City and 2 miles west of Austin, on Wednesday, November 29, commencing at 1 o'clock p. m., the following described property:

12 head of horses, consisting of 1 black mare, smooth mouth, weight 1,050 lbs.; 1 black horse, 9 years old, weight 1,050 lbs.; 1 sorrel mare, smooth mouth, weight 1,150 lbs.; 1 gray mare, smooth mouth, weight 950 lbs.; 1 gray horse, smooth mouth, weight 1,505 lbs.; 1 suckling mule; 4 suckling colts; team of 4-year olds, weight about 2,200.

Two head of cattle, cow and calf. Eighteen head of hogs.

Farm machinery, etc., one corn sheller, 1 wagon and rack, 1 walking cultivator, 1 lister, 1 hay rake, 1 cultivator, 1 disc, 1 feed grinder, 3 buggies in good condition, cook stove, heating stove, Lay-by go-devil. Six dozen chickens, some corn.

household goods and other articles too numerous to mention.

Terms of sale: All sums of \$10 and under, cash. Over that amount a credit of 8 months time will be given on approved notes bearing 10 per cent interest from date. No property to be removed from premises until settled for.

MRS. WALTER GREGG, Owner
COL. J. G. PAGELER, Auct.
W. F. MASON, Clerk.

HUGHES VACATION.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: The Commissioner appointed to vacate that part of Road No. 313, laying on the section line between sections 9 and 16, Township 14, Range 14, in Sherman County, Nebraska, has reported in favor of the vacation thereof, and all objections thereto or claims for damages must be filed in the County Clerk's office on or before noon of the 13th day of January, 1917, or such road will be vacated without reference thereto.

L. B. POLSKI, County Clerk.
By S. H. RICHMOND, Deputy.
(SEAL)

A healthy mind is conducive to a healthy body. A healthy body produces energy and the ability to accomplish things. Start with the mind. Life is full of joys, sorrows, and stomach aches.