

Newsy Notes From Neighboring Towns

GATHERED FROM OUR EXCHANGES

SUPERIOR

(From the Journal)

F. A. Henningsen, wife and daughter are home from Butte, Montana.

E. L. Shauless' fine large house was consumed by fire Monday morning.

The merchants who handled valentines this year reported a good trade.

Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Tompkins arrived from Denver Sunday. Mr. Tompkins will work in Johnston's barber shop.

A one-armed stranger was arrested Friday night and laid all night in the calaboose to keep from freezing to death.

John Phelps of Cadams received a telegram Monday announcing that his son, C. W. Phelps, had been killed in Denison, Texas.

Dr. W. B. Jones accidentally cut his hand with a butcher knife Wednesday morning, which will incapacitate him from work for several days.

W. C. Henderson, the auctioneer, sold over \$4,000 worth of personal property in two hours at the sale of the effects of the late Enos Lester at Cadams last week.

C. E. Adams has received an appointment from Lieutenant General Adna R. Chaffee of the United States army to act as a member of his staff at the inauguration of President Roosevelt. Mr. Adams will accept the honor.

Rev. S. I. Johnston arrived home from a trip to Denver and other Colorado points Tuesday morning. At Greeley he found E. W. Hosack, who is prospering nicely. Rob Martin has purchased a grocery there and has a good business.

Railway Mail Clerk Soink, who was on the train stalled at M. C. in a snow drift, walked down from that place yesterday, a distance of seventeen miles, carrying a pouch full of letters, which he turned over to the local office to be worked out.

Three prominent Nuckolls county men died last week. James Van Vatin, ex county treasurer, died Tuesday night. W. G. Bradley, the abstractor, and former county clerk, died Thursday morning of heart disease. George Rouse, who has figured largely in county matters during the last quarter of a century, died Thursday.

BLOOMINGTON

(From the Advocate.)

Isaac Black is on the sick list.

Principal Hussong has been granted a life certificate by the state superintendent.

J. C. Hunt attended the funeral of his brother Fred at Republican last Saturday.

Mrs. I. B. Hampton of Indian territory visited with her daughter, M. S. C. H. W. Aldo.

Geo. W. Greep, the lumberman, reports that several new dwellings will be built in the spring.

Wm. Dunn returned Wednesday evening from Red Cloud, where he had been auctioneering Hasell's stock of dry goods.

The bridge committee is this week making arrangements to strengthen the ice breaks at the Naponee and Franklin bridges.

Dr. Jones of Omaha was called to the city yesterday for a consultation over Mrs. J. B. Sumner, Jr., who is in a very critical condition.

Our stock dealers one day this week had a misunderstanding and it resulted in one of them being arrested and taken before his honor, Judge Huffman, who bound him over to keep the peace.

Evangelist Shaw who has been in the city only a few days, said in a sermon last week that Bloomington was "the wickedest place between here and hell." (Wonder when he made the trip to the latter place.)

Seventeen years ago last night the Knights of Pythias lodge was organized in this city with twenty-four charter members. Seven of the original members are still here. Since that time ninety-one members have been initiated and six have died.

LEBANON

(From the Times)

Minnie Linton is ill with the grip.

Ray Hutchison was over from Esbon Sunday evening.

Chas. A. Hanson and Miss Lulu

Haley were married Wednesday evening.

Wm. Yapp has returned to Grand Junction, Colorado.

Will Waddell returned Monday from Waukomis, Oklahoma.

A daughter of James Ashbaugh, from Wyoming, is visiting him.

Chester Goode and wife visited relatives and friends here last week.

Willie and Cassie Kimsay left Saturday evening for a visit at Kansas City.

Mrs. Q. P. Reynolds died at 10 o'clock Monday night and was buried at Iona.

Philip Jerome was down town yesterday for the first time in two weeks.

John H. Anderson left yesterday for Mankato, where he will attend school for a year.

Robert Cherry has purchased a tract of land in South Lebanon and will erect a cottage.

Will Johnson sold 800 meals to railroad people and passengers while the wreck was being cleared up.

Joe Brown and Charley Fowler commenced work on the Long-McCue lumber yard sheds yesterday.

The musical entertainment at the opera house last evening given by Mrs. Baker and Mrs. E. C. Rath, assisted by the orchestra, was a grand success.

Tuesday, Dr. Hislop received as a valentine a patent to a piece of land in Ontario, Canada, as a reward for valuable services rendered to the government during the Fenian riots in 1866.

Although the thermometer registered 29 degrees below zero, Art Carpenter managed to get to the Times office wearing a smile, which it was impossible to freeze. Cause, the arrival of a girl baby at his place Sunday evening.

FRANKLIN

(From the Sentinel.)

A. T. Trumbull and wife have moved here from Alma.

Fred Barber went to Campbell Monday night to see his sister Mabel, who is ill.

Louis Yeck of Cass county, Illinois, is visiting with friends on Macon prairie.

Harry Robertson has bought a 160 acre farm near Oxford and will move out in the spring.

G. Townsend left for Belle Fourche, S. D., Saturday night, where he expects to take a homestead.

The government thermometer at the academy registered 33 degrees below zero Monday morning.

Robert Taylor, two miles east of town, lost over 100 head of hogs and pigs during the late cold snap.

John L. Sise arrived from Las Vegas, N. M., Monday, three days too late to attend his mother's funeral.

Everett Hanson, who has been working for the Colorado Southern in Denver, is visiting here with his sister, Mrs. H. S. Ayer.

Harmon Fritson delivered two car loads of hogs to E. A. Peery yesterday. The shipment will swell his bank account about \$1600.

Johnson Rust, who has long been a patron of the Rock Island, snipping from Kensington, will hereafter ship over the Burlington from here.

Oscar Johnson, whom we reported last week as from Cherokee, Ia., was a runaway from Red Cloud. His mother came up Tuesday and took him home.

Hay Morris, who came with his family from Australia about a year ago, was a pleasant caller at this office Tuesday. Coming from a country where the temperature is very mild, zero weather for a month strikes him as being a little too severe, and he will therefore join the Franklin county colony in the Big Horn this spring.

Dock Fire in Boston.

Boston, Feb. 21.—A loss estimated at \$500,000 was caused by a fire that, breaking out in pier 4 of the Hoosac Tunnel docks early today, destroyed piers 3 and 4, damaged pier 5, burned the upper works of the Furness-Leyland line steamer Philadelphia and damaged the steamer Dalton Hall. An immense grain elevator adjoining was saved. The crews of the two steamers escaped with some difficulty and the firemen and chief steward of the Philadelphia were badly injured.

Ends Steamship War.

Paris, Feb. 22.—The Compagnie Generale Trans-Atlantique has signed a convention with the Cunard Steamship company ending the tariff war.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA. DO YOU GET UP

(Continue from Page Three.)

said the journalist cordially. "And also, if you are running with the circus and calculate on doing business here today, I'll have you fired out of town before noon. How are you? You're looking extremely well."

"Mr. Harkless," answered Watts, "I cherish no hard feelings, and I never said but what you done exactly right when I left, three years ago. No, sir; I'm not here in a professional way at all, and I don't want to be molested. I've connected myself with an oil company, and I'm down here to look over the ground. It beats poker and faman all hollow, though there ain't as many chances in favor of the dealer, and in oil it's the farmer that gets the rakeoff. I've come back, but in an enterprising spirit this time, to open up a new field and shed light and money in Carlow. They told me never to show my face here again, but if you say I stay I guess I can. I always was sure there was oil in the county, and I want to prove it for everybody's benefit. Is it all right?"

"My dear fellow," laughed the young man, shaking the gambler's hand again. "It is all right. I have always been sorry I had to act against you. Everything is all right. Stay and bore to Korea, if you like. Did ever you see such glorious weather?"

"I'll let you in on some shares," Watts called after him as he turned away. The other nodded in reply and was leaving the room when Cynthia detained him by a flourish of her fly brush. "Say," she said—she always called him "Say"—"you've forgot yer flower."

He came back and thanked her. "Will you pin it on for me, Charmion?"

"I don't know what call you got to speak to me out of my name," she responded, looking at the floor moodily.

"Why?" he asked, surprised.

"I don't see why you want to make fun of me."

"I beg your pardon, Cynthia," he said gravely. "I didn't mean to do that. I haven't been considerate. I didn't think you'd be displeased. I'm very sorry. Won't you pin it on my coat?"

Her face was lifted in grateful pleasure, and she began to pin the rose to his lapel. Her hands were large and red and trembled. She dropped the flower and, saying huskily, "I don't know as I could do it right," seized violently upon a pile of dishes and hurried from the room.

Harkless rescued the rose, pinned it on his coat himself, with the internal observation that the red haired waitress was the queerest creature in the village, and set forth upon his holiday.

Mr. Lige Willetts, a stalwart bachelor, the most eligible in Carlow, and a habitual devotee of Minnie Briscoe, was seated on the veranda when Harkless turned in at the gate of the brick house. "The ladies will be down right off," he said, greeting the editor's cool finery with a perceptible agitation and the editor himself with a friendly shake of the hand. "Mildy says to wait out here."

There was a faint rustling within the house, the swish of draperies on the stairs, a delicious whispering, when light feet descend, tapping, to hearts that beat an answer, the telegraphic message: "We come! We come! We are near! We are near!" Lige Willetts stared at Harkless. He had never thought the latter was good looking until he saw him step to the door to take Helen Sherwood's hand and say, in a strange, low, tense voice, "Good morning," as if he were announcing, at the least: "Every one in the world, except us two, died last night. It is a solemn thing, but I am very happy."

They walked, Minnie and Mr. Willetts, a little distance in front of the others. Harkless could not have told afterward whether they rode or walked or floated on an airship to the courthouse. All he knew distinctly was that a divinity in a pink shirt waist and a hat that was woven of gauzy cloud by mocking fairies to make him stoop hideously to see under it dwelt for the time on earth and was at his side, dazzling him in the morning sunshine. Last night the moon had lent her a silvery glamour. She had something of the ethereal whiteness of night dews in that watery light, a nymph to laugh from a sparkling fountain at the moon, or, as he thought, remembering her courtesy for his pretty speech, perhaps a little lady of King Louis' court wandering down the years from Fontainebleau and appearing to clumsy mortals sometimes of a summer night when the moon was in their heads.

But today she was of the daintiest color, a pretty girl whose gray eyes twinkled to his in gay companionship. He marked how the sunshine danced across the shadows of her fair hair and seemed itself to catch a luster rather than impart it, and the light of the June day drifted through the gauzy hat to her face, touching it with a delicate and tender flush that came and went like the vibrating pink of early dawn. She had the divinest straight nose, tip tilted a faint, alluring trifle, and a dimple cleft her chin, "the dearest maelstrom in the world!" He thrilled through and through. He had been only vaguely conscious of the dimple in the night. It was not until he saw her by daylight that he really knew it was there.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WITH A LAME BACK?

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Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. It has been tested in so many ways, in hospital work and in private practice, and has proved so successful in every case that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper, who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling more about Swamp-Root, and how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles are sold by all good druggists. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

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INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM CURED IN 3 DAYS

Morton L. Hill of Lebanon Ind., says: "My wife had inflammatory rheumatism in every muscle and joint; her suffering was terrible and her body and face were swollen almost beyond recognition; had been in bed six weeks and had eight physicians, but received no benefit until she tried the Mystic Cure for Rheumatism. It gave immediate relief and she was able to walk about in three days. I am sure it saved her life." Sold by H. E. Grice, Druggist, Red Cloud.

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