

AGED OAK IS PART OF HISTORY.

Centuries Old and Washington and Clinton Sat Under It.

"It was at Kingston during the Clinton reburial ceremonies on Decoration Day," said a New York man, "and I stood a while beneath the branches of what is perhaps one of the most remarkable old oak trees to be found anywhere in this country.

"Just how old the tree is no one knows, but there are records showing that 200 years ago it was a landmark. The tree stands there to-day more than 100 feet high and its trunk is nine feet in diameter. Nowhere about it did I discover any sign of decay or declining vigor.

"But aside from its admirable physical condition and aspect this old tree has historic interest. The tree stands on a great way from the old senate house, where the state of New York had its birth, and it marks one edge of a plot on which the famous one-legged Dutch governor of the colony, Peter Stuyvesant, built a stockade as a defense for the colonists against marauding Indians.

"After the revolutionary war, when Gen. Washington went up from Newburgh to visit Gen. George Clinton at Kingston, the two patriots sat beneath the spreading branches of this oak and for hours recounted the events of the long struggle and discussed the plans for the future welfare of the country. Who may know but that some of the benefits which we enjoy to-day under the institutions of our government are results of the discussions of those two great patriots beneath this grand old tree? I brought myself to think so, at any rate.

"A few miles from this historic oak, an old resident informed me, is another tree which besides being an ancient landmark is something of a curiosity. It is a chestnut tree, with a trunk 21 feet in circumference, from which about six feet from the ground a white elm of large size has grown. The chestnut trunk completely encloses that of the elm, and the explanation of the curious association is that at some time a branch of the chestnut was broken off, leaving a cavity in which in time mould and vegetable matter collected and made suitable depth of soil for the seed of the elm, which lodged there to germinate and grow and become a tree, a veritable part of its unprotesting host, the mammoth chestnut trunk."

Boy Groping With a Problem.

A bright boy who writes letters and "compositions" for his mother as a "home study" but has time enough for baseball, had this to say in one of his recent productions: "Archie can't be first base because Harold's mother won't let him play with a driver's boy. Archie is a bally player, even if his father drives a team. I sent Harold's mother what was in my Christmas book about poor boys. It was that Virgil was the son of a porter, Sir Richard Arkwright was the son of a lawyer, Franklin was a tallow chandler, Oliver Cromwell's father kept a brewery, Aesop was just a slave, Dickens was a reporter and Ben Jonson was a bricklayer. But Harold's mother told him that I was long ago, and it didn't do now, so I do not know what to do to get Archie in if we don't get a new club without Harold. I wish I had a big brother to tell me what to do, for I think ladies don't know so much about such things."

No Loopholes There.

Eugene Walter, the extraordinarily successful young playwright, said at a recent dinner in his honor in New York:

"The playwright, to succeed, must make his point inevitably. Every point, by fair means or foul, must be captured. Not a loophole, for failure to creep in, may be left."

Mr. Walter smiled.

"In fact," said he, "the playwright must be as sure of his point as was the young lady who took advantage of the present lay year to propose."

"She didn't give me a chance," her husband explained afterward to a friend. "She said, 'Will you marry me? Have you any objection?' Thus, whether I said yes or no, she had me cornered."

"Well, you might have kept silent," said his friend.

"That is what I did," the other replied, "and she hung herself on my least, murmuring that silence gave consent."

All the Lady's Fault.

Some one had up for a subject, it seems, has suggested discussion of the question, "Are literary persons ill-mannered?" In this connection a story is told of a minor author who went visiting in a Boston home. During the evening he asked the hostess if she would ask the guests to retire into the little room adjoining the large room in which they were gathered, as he wanted the large room in which to meditate. While it is recorded that the Boston woman granted his request and crowded her guests into a small space, it is not likely that a hostess in any other part of the country would have taken the request seriously, so this exhibition of bad manners must be set down to the exaggerated idea of hospitality and not the literary propensities of the man.

Down, but Not Out.

First Mate—A man fell overboard just now.
 Captain—Why didn't you give an alarm?
 First Mate—What was the use? He was all in!

ALL HASTEN TO THEIR HOMES.

What Happens in the Small Town After Sunset.

If you happen to spend an evening in an English business town you cannot fail to be surprised at the almost complete solitude that surrounds you, says the Philadelphia Record. This town that you may have seen in the afternoon swarming with such numbers of busy people, teeming with so intense a life, is now deserted.

To its previous animation has succeeded a strange calm. It is as though you walked in a city of the dead.

It is because every evening after six o'clock work is over in the English town; the complex machinery of the immense labor organization stops.

The factory and the office, their doors open wide, cast into the street their world of liberated workers. By crowded tramways, by crowded pavements, the town disgorges itself. Each one—clerks, workmen, workgirls, office boys, bankers and merchants—with the same haste to regain his dwelling leaves behind him the gloomy town where he labored, where he strove as in the lists. It is an immense and enthusiastic retreat. It is the daily exodus of the English toward their "home."

What, then, is it, this home of which the English constantly speak, the thought of which touches their heart, whose memory dims their eyes, that enfolds all the happiness of their life? It is home, a place in which to forget the aggravations of the world, in which to be with one's dear ones, one's pets and one's lares and penates generally.

Shaw's Life Principle.

Leslie M. Shaw of Iowa, formerly secretary of the treasury, has a story on tap to fit almost every situation that presents itself. He was governor of Iowa when President Roosevelt invited him to become a member of his cabinet. He went to Washington in response to a summons from the White House. While Mr. Shaw's appointment had been rumored, it had not been announced officially, and a persistent rumor was in circulation to the effect that he would not accept the cabinet offer. Several correspondents waited on Mr. Shaw at his hotel to learn his intentions regarding the matter.

"When I was a boy," he said, "I started off one day on a fishing trip with another boy. We had a long tramp to the fishing place, and as the weather was warm we got very thirsty, and coming to a farmhouse my companion suggested that we stop and get a drink of water. The lady of the house not only gave us a drink out of a nice tin dipper, but insisted upon our taking some pie. Bill, my companion, took a large piece, but from diffidence or something, I declined. Bill looked at me with amazement. 'See,' he said, 'always help yourself to pie when it is passing.' That was pretty sound advice, and I have acted on that principle ever since."—Washington Star.

A Study in Black.

Like a glimpse of the southland was a little scene on lower Seventh avenue one morning this week, says the New York Globe. On the pavement directly in front of the entrance to a poor tenement sat a negro boy not more than five years old. Bare-headed and bare-footed, clad only in two ragged garments, he squatted like a tailor, his ebony face alight with appreciation as he munching a bit of fruit.

Close beside him on the sidewalk was an old soap box. In the soap box was an ebony baby of 18 months, clad in a single garment and equally largely in an endeavor to swallow a share of the fruit. The soap box was a substitute for an unattainable baby carriage, and the five-year-old a substitute for an unattainable nursemaid. Dire poverty meant nothing to the pair of negro children.

"There's an opportunity for a fine canvas," said one observer. "I wish I were an artist."

Immigrants' Purse.

The immigrants who stream into New York all have different ways of carrying their money.

The Irish immigrant carries a canvas bag in which notes and coins are crumpled together.

The German wears a money belt, gay and costly, of embroidered chain.

The French and Italians carry brass tubes with screw tops wherein they keep their cash in 20-franc gold pieces.

The Swede is sure to have an immense pocketbook of cowhide that has been handed down from father to son for generations.

The Slavs carry their money in their high boots, along with a fork and spoon.

An Eye to Business.

An expert golfer had the misfortune to play a particularly vigorous stroke at the moment that a seedy wayfarer skulked across the edge of the course. The ball struck the trespasser and rendered him briefly insensible. When he recovered a five-dollar bill was pressed into his hand by the regretful golfer.

"Thanky, sir," said the injured man, after a kindling glance at the money. "An' when will you be playin' again, sir?"—Lippincott's.

His Last Joke.

"You say you would like more exercise," said the death watch to the condemned man. "What sort of exercise would you like?"

"I should like to skip the rope," replied the prisoner with a grin.

FIND PIRATES' HOARD

WINDFALL FOR PEOPLE OF PORTUGUESE VILLAGE.

Hidden Plunder of Long-Forgotten Sea Banditti Revealed Through the Encroachments of the Atlantic Ocean on Coast.

The inhabitants of Paradelha, a tiny fishing village on the Portuguese coast some distance south of Lisbon, have been growing rich of late on what seems to have been the hidden plunder of some long-forgotten pirate band. Some of them have gathered in as much as \$1,000 worth of treasure.

That part of the coast of Portugal is suffering from the encroachments of the ocean. Many houses have been undermined in the last few years and have had to be abandoned. Sometimes big slices of dry land slip off into the Atlantic ocean on a stormy night and the people wake up to find all landmarks changed.

This is what happened a couple of weeks ago in a furious gale. The waves washed far in over the upland and carried away vast masses of the upper soil, leaving the shelving beach a couple of hundred feet wider than it had ever been before. A fisherman walking along the edge of the strand saw something glistening in the slope and rooting it out of the ground found it was an ancient silver cup. He dug some more and found quantities of scattered gold and silver coins.

When the news got around the village the whole population turned out to dig. They found still more money, all dating back to the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries. There were rings and brooches, crucifixes and jeweled chalices, jeweled sword handles and table plate. Nobody knows just how much the treasure amounted to, since the fisherfolk hid it as fast as they secured it, and when the official inquiries were made every one denied his own share.

They are still digging, however, and an occasional find is made. The sea seems to have broken up the cache and distributed its contents over many acres of beach. Objects are picked up as far as low water mark, and some are doubtless washed back from time to time from deep water.

It is believed that the treasure represents plunder from Spanish coast towns. It is said that long ago there were numerous bands of Portuguese pirates which committed depredations on a considerable scale both at sea and ashore, and when Portugal was at peace with Spain they were obliged to be very careful and hide their plunder. From time to time other hoards of the same sort have been discovered. When this collection was buried, no doubt, the spot was far enough from the water's edge to be regarded as safe for all time.

Serious Thoughts.

The multimillionaire was being shaved. As he lay back in his chair looking upward, his grave face gave the impression that he was in deep study.

"Ah," whispered one of the barber-shop latherers, "I'll wager a dollar against a toothpick that he is thinking of railroad mergers."

"No," said another, "he is thinking about bear raids in Wall street."

"Not he," he is pondering over the rebate system," echoed a third.

"I'll ask him."

Walking over to the chair he said politely:

"Excuse me, sir, but to settle an argument, would you kindly tell us what mighty question you are studying over?"

The multimillionaire turned his lathered face around and smiled. "I was just studying two flies doing handspins on the ceiling," he chuckled, and the trio of assessors looked so sheepish they failed to hear "Next" when it was called to them.—Chicago News.

Antidote for Ingersoll.

Colonel Ingersoll was to speak in a Western town. As an antidote for the good people annoyed for the following night: "An answer to Ingersoll." Circulars were even scattered about the hall the night before, and one was handed to Ingersoll by mistake as he made his way toward the platform.

He was fairly into his subject, when a mule attached to one of the vehicles about the entrance opened up an opposition, after the manner of mules. Ingersoll ceased, listened intently till the music ceased, for an instant, then, shaking a menacing finger in the direction whence the sound had come, he cried:

"Hold on there! You stop! Can't you play fair? This is my evening! You are advertised for to-morrow night!"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Always Good.

"Ah, yonder goes a wicked beauty," said the Fool, the while he pointed out a very handsome woman in the street.

"Friend Fool, there is no such thing as a wicked beauty," was the Sage's answer.

"But, Master Sage, that beauty I am showing you, she's very wicked!" cried the Fool. "Why, she has ruined men galore! Wicked—well, I should say she was!"

The Sage smiled simply as he made reply: "You may be right in that the woman's wicked. But—"

He paused an instant to drive home his point.

"Her beauty, Fool, is good, exceeding good!"—Hartberger's Weekly.

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Annual Estimate of Expenses and Report of Revenues Received.

The following is the annual estimate of expenses for all purposes to be raised in the City of Red Cloud, Nebraska, during the ensuing fiscal year:	
For street cleaning	\$1,000.00
For street lighting	1,250.00
For water works	2,500.00
For interest on water bonds	2,500.00
For interest on electric light bonds	500.00
For fire department and fire engine	2,000.00
For police department	2,000.00
For maintenance of street lights	500.00
Total	\$14,000.00
The following is a statement of the entire revenues of said city of Red Cloud for the past fiscal year:	
Collected from general fund	\$1,050.00
Collected from water fund	2,000.00
Collected from electric light fund	2,500.00
Water levy fund collected	1,125.00
Electric light levy collected	1,000.00
Total	\$8,675.00
Total	\$30,225.00
Approved June 17th, 1910.	
(SEAL) J. O. CALDWELL, Mayor.	
Attest: L. H. Fort, City Clerk.	

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There is a disease prevailing in this country most dangerous because so deceptive. Many sudden deaths are caused by it—heart disease, pneumonia, heart failure, apoplexy are often the result of kidney disease. If kidney trouble is allowed to advance the kidneys poison blood will attack the vital organs, causing catarrh of the bladder, or the kidneys themselves break down and waste away cell by cell. Bladder troubles almost always result from a derangement of the kidneys, and a cure is obtained quickly by a proper treatment of the kidneys. If you are feeling badly you can make no mistake by taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

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Illustration showing Missed Farming Scene in WESTERN CANADA

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