

The season for destructive storms is at hand. WIND and LIGHTNING will destroy and damage buildings and kill and maim stock in barns and pastures. Protect yourself by insuring them in the Nebraska Mutual Ins. Co., home office, 141 South Twelfth street, Lincoln, Neb. Write us for particulars.

#### Filling a Lamp.

Reservoirs of oil lamps should never be filled to the brim, as oil expands when heated, and the overflow is apt to exude, causing a smell of paraffin, while to prevent the oil from flowing over the edge of the burner after the lamp has been filled the wick, after cleaning, should be turned down below the level of the burner until it is required to light it.

#### Secrets of Popularity.

Two secrets of popularity are keep a cheerful courage burning and say nothing but pleasant things about people or say nothing at all.

#### The One Supreme Evil.

There is no evil that we cannot either face or fly from but the consciousness of duty disregarded.—Daniel Webster.

#### Aurora High School Loss Settled.

This certifies that we have this day received from Mr. W. C. Wentz, Agent for the Nebraska Underwriters Insurance company of Omaha, Nebraska, a draft for \$2,850.00 which sum added to the amount realized from said company from sale of materials from old building, \$150, makes a total amount of \$3,000, being the full face value of Policy No. 13115 on the brick high school building in Aurora which burned April 5, 1908.

We wish particularly to commend the company for the promptness of the settlement in adjusting this loss, and this Board is especially pleased to know that a Nebraska company is first to make payment of the loss on our high school building.

I. N. JONES,  
Pres. Board of Education.  
C. W. WOOD,  
T. A. MCCAY,  
H. COLE,  
O. GUNNARSON,  
L. A. STEINBERG,  
Members of Board of Education

#### Sounded Knell of Scurvy.

Scurvy is another instance of a disease caused by lack of organic salts in the food. A century ago the navies of the world were decimated by this disease. Then an Englishman discovered that lime or lemon juice would prevent scurvy. This is because of the large percentage of potash salts which the juice of the citrus fruit contains.

### Lincoln Directory

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# Lim Jucklin on Rooster Fights

By Opie Read

"The majority of men that I know look forward to the time when they are not to take any pleasure in this life," said old Lim Jucklin, and his neighbors who were standing about the horse-block whereon the old man had just taken his seat looked at him in astonishment.

"I don't see how that can be," spoke up Sam Niles, goat-whiskered, squint-eyed, and a liar on most occasions, but like most liars, the inheritor of a sort of engaging wisdom.

Old Lim cleared his throat. "And the reason you can't see it, Sammy, is because you are morally blind. The average man looks forward to the time when he won't have to work, and when this time comes he almost always finds that for him there is no more enjoyment. Next to the enjoyment of work itself, we get the most pleasure out of rest and—"

"And when we rest we are enjoyin' ourselves," Sam broke in.

Old Lim nodded. "Yes, but when we haven't worked we can't rest, for rest means the tuther side of bein' tired. After climbin' hard to reach the top of the hill we take a long breath and it is as sweet as spring water, and the reason it seems so deep and fetchin' is because the breaths comin' up the hill were short. But if we set down on the top of the hill and stay there the breaths ain't so sweet. After a while they get to be like the breaths down in the valley. To make 'em sweet you've got to climb for 'em. In this life all the way through it is almost impossible to get any real good out of a thing you don't work for. That's the reason the gambler's money don't amount to anything. It hasn't any sweat value. And even if he hadn't done anything to cause him to be driven out, Adam couldn't have stayed much longer in the Garden of Eden. He never had worked. It is true, and he didn't know what it was, but the fact that he had nothin' to do had, accordin' to my notion, begun to make him wish that Sunday was over with.

"But the happiest man I ever saw was the laziest," said Sam, and the old-timers looked at one another and smiled, for no matter in what reverence a country oracle is held the ingrained envy of his neighbors applaud the threat of his overthrow.

"I'm not here to deny truths, but to bring 'em out," replied the old man. "I've known lazy men that appeared to enjoy themselves simply because they wan't at work, and I can go a little further and say that the happiest feller I ever saw was an idiot. All he had to do was to jolt himself and he was tickled mighty nigh to death. The sight of a dog a scratchin' of himself was better to him than the keen joke of a wise man. But when I spoke of the average man I meant the man with a mind."

"But one of the smartest men I ever saw was lazy," said Sam.

"Yes, that may be a fact, and some of the plainest truths have been told by a liar, but the liar ain't the man that fills the world with truth. But I still insist that I'm talkin' about the average man, and I don't think the average man is lazy. The brightest minds have had the most beautiful thoughts, enjoyed mebbly by the few, but it is the work of the average mind that has built up civilization. If every mind had been as great as Shakespeare's, the world would have been a whirlwind of ideas, like lightnin' bugs in a swamp, and there wouldn't have been anybody to stoop low enough to dig food out of the ground. There wouldn't have been anything to learn, and the universe would have been a great mental starvation. There is more happiness in bein' able to enjoy the wisdom of the wisest than to be the wisest. Wisdom is sometimes, a sort of savior, crucified for the benefit of mankind.

A lout wearing one suspender, a hickory shirt and a white cotton hat came up, grinning, and with an air of confidence and importance such as nothing save the consciousness of a momentous mission could lend, blurted out: "Gentlemen, ther's goin' to be a transaction in feathers over here in Atcherson's stable. It has been 'lowed that a little red rooster from up the creek can put outen business a black inimy from down in the holler, and—"

But he had said enough. Old Lim got up and dusted the seat of his trousers. Out of his mouth he threw his quid of tobacco, as if he had been invited to eat of some delicate dish. His nature, and his reading, taken up long after the children had quit school, told him that to fight chickens was a wanton cruelty. But he argued that they were going to fight anyway, and that the mere fact of his looking on would not add to their suffering.

Man suffered for man and it was called heroism. Man killed chickens and devoured them. He gave them no chance for their lives. To be a conqueror was the greatest joy of the male portion of the animal kingdom. To be killed in a fight did not render the chickens unfit for food, if anyone wanted to eat them, and, besides, it offered an opportunity to die game, and that ought to be looked upon as the crowning glory of any life. Old Squire Brizintine looked at Lim. They belonged to the same church, or at least formed a part of the same congregation, having married religious women. They both of them had on many an occasion announced their belief in the Book from "end to end." And old Brizintine looked at him and said:

"Limuel, is it possible you are goin' over there to see them roosters fight?"

"Well, 'Squire, my goin' won't make 'em hit none the harder."

"But your presence will lend encouragement."

"They don't need no encouragement, 'Squire. They'll fight quick enough as it is."

"I mean that it will lend encouragement to the young men of the community."

"Well, I don't think they need any encouragement nuther. And, besides, if I don't go myself I won't know which ones of them to lecture for goin'."

"Ah," said 'Squire Brizintine, "that is another view of the matter. I'll go with you."

While they were arming the warriors with glistening steel, Sam Niles cried out that he would put his money on the little red.

"Which one would you bet on, Uncle Lim?" inquired Pud Buck.

"Pud, you know I never bet."

"But if you did bet, which one?"

"There ain't no possibility of such a thing."

"Well, then, in your judgment—and I know it's good—which one do you think will whup?"

"The black one," said Lim, and on that chicken Pud put his money.

"Limuel," remarked 'Squire Brizintine, "nothin' could induce us to bet on such wicked contrivances, but I think your judgment is at fault. The little red will be the master."

"Well," Lim replied, "money shouts louder and can be heard further than words—but then, we don't bet."

"Limuel, that is a truth well uttered. But I tell you what I'll do: if that black chicken whups the red one I'll come over and work a day in your corn field. That is, if you agree to work for me if tuther one whups."

"I'll agree to that, 'Squire, but I want it understood that we ain't a bettin'."

"Of course not. Why, if Brother Haney, the preacher, should think we'd bet—but we wouldn't. However, we don't mind workin' for each other."

"Bein' as we are neighbors and have been for nigh on to 50 year," said Lim.

"Exactly, Limuel. I may safely say exactly."

The roosters were put into the "pit." Glossy embodiments of desperate valor, their eyes burned like coals. About their necks their feathers curled in a fringe. And then they struck. From Little Red a feather flew, catching a ray of sunlight, a brilliant fancy from an angered mind; and they struck again and Black went down, bleeding from the head. "One, two, three, four—" but up he came with a defiant crow. "Git him down, old boy," shouted Lim. "Undercut there and finish him. Love me, love me, Black. Keep me out of the hot sun. Don't let 'em say my judgment was bad. Look out for them sort of swipes. Steady there. Hike, look out. Hold on, hold on. He's dead."

Victorious Red flapped his wings. "Limuel," said 'Squire Brizintine, "come over day after to-morrow and see me. You'll find me in the creek bottom field."

Old Lim wiped his brow. "Gentlemen," said he, "I took that chicken simply because Sam Niles backed tuther one. Many a wise man has done a fool thing simply because a fool got to the smart thing first. 'Squire, I'll see you day after to-morrow."

(Copyright, by Opie Read.)

#### The Resemblance.

Mrs. Knox—Mr. Nearsite met Nell Browne for the first time to-day and he mistook her for you.

Miss Mugley—The idea! That was strange.

Miss Knox—Oh, I don't know! Haven't you heard about Nell. She got her face poisoned in some way and she looks a sight!—Philadelphia Press.

# I've Been Thinking

By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.



He was a coward. No man save himself knew it for he had been fortunate enough to keep the knowledge of it from others. But he knew that he was a coward.

He admired bravery in other men. He read tales of heroes with keen pleasure and he wished that the gods had given him the quality of courage. But he was nevertheless a coward.

When the Spanish war broke out he saw his friends go to the front and he envied them. They will do brave deeds and be admired of men, he thought, but I who am a coward must stay at home with the women.

And he loved a girl and was loved in return by her. And she did not know that he was a coward. But well he knew that he was.

And as the weeks went by and much fighting had been done and yet he had not offered up his manhood for the cause his sweetheart grew impatient and asked him what kept him at home. And he could not answer her. For he would not admit that he was a coward save to himself.

Then as she importuned him to go he weighed his chances. If I go, said he, I may not see actual service, but she cannot twit me with cowardice. I will risk it for my soul's peace.

And he enlisted. And for many months fortune favored him and he saw no active service. But yet his knees shook daily when he thought of the possibilities of the future.

And at last he was ordered into battle, and because his moral cowardice outweighed his physical fear and he feared ridicule more than he feared danger he exposed himself to the fire of the enemy. And he was unharmed, but his fellows said, he is a brave man.

And his first battle was his last also, for the war ended on that day and he went home. And the papers and his comrades spoke of his bravery, and his sweetheart accepted him at his reputed valuation and they were married.

But his life was embittered, for he hated hypocrisy and in his heart of hearts he knew that he was still a coward.



THINK it was Zangwill who said that, like a poet, a gentleman was born, not made. The same aphorism can be applied to the opposite sex. A true lady is born, not made.

Being born a lady she can be improved by education and by refining influences, but she will not suddenly begin to be a lady, she will always have been one; while if she was not born a lady

no amount of education or refinement or stimulating environment will make her a true lady.

She may educate herself to become a very passable imitation of a lady by cultivating her sense of her obligations to her brothers and sisters in this world.

She may act the part so often and so well that after a time she will convince people that she is a lady; but if she only takes the trouble to be born one, if she will only choose for her ancestors kindly, unselfish people, she will be apt to start her life with the chief requisites, and then, no matter what her education may or may not be, her heart will every day incline her to ladylike actions and people will say when she dies: "She was a true woman if ever there was one."

And to be a true woman is to be the best possible kind of lady.

Man who's been studying the origin of the injunction says it came from the Roman law. Wasn't invented in time, however, to stop Caesar from the Rubicon.

Men of intellectual and moral and religious culture, who are not active forces for good in society, are not worth what it costs to produce and keep them.—Henry van Dyke.

#### HOW TO TEST LINSEED OIL

There is nothing that will make paint go wrong on the house more quickly than poor oil. It is as bad in its way as adulterations in the white lead. Petroleum oil cheapeners may be detected by placing a drop of the oil on a black painted surface. If one sees the characteristic iridescence or play of colors which kerosene exhibits, it is evidence of adulteration. Corn and fish oil can be detected by the smell.

Adulteration in white lead can best be discovered by the use of a blow-pipe, which National Lead Company will send with instructions free to anyone interested in paint. Address, National Lead Company, Woodbridge Building, New York.

#### Out of Reach.

A little child of two years was crying lustily for the round, full moon.

"Oh, no," said her little sister. "God has put it away up so high nobody could get it, or else they'd soon smash it all to pieces and there wouldn't be any moon."

#### A Hard Choice.

"The man's wife is suing his affinity, and they're both pretty."

"Well?"

"This puts the tender-hearted jury up against it."—Louisville Courier Journal.

#### \$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, etc. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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