Important Notice.

All persons are hereby notified and warned that TRESPASS in any form on the following described lands in Red Willow county will be prosecuted to the FULL EXTENT of the law:

W½NW¼ 9, W½SW¼ 4-4-30. Somers land.

E½NE¼ 9, E½SE¼ 4-4-30. Oliphant land.

E½NW¼ 8-1-29. Cregar land.

D. S. Farnham, owner, Newton Centre, Mass.
6-8-6mos* W. S. MORLAN, Attorney, McCook.

A Tree of Many Powers.

The ash tree is rich with superstition. The old charlatans of the middle ages used it in their love potions, and the damsels of ancient times believed that it would enable them to make their sweethearts true and help them to discover their future husbands. The inhabitants of Iceland still look with dread upon the use of mountain ash as fuel. Their belief that it will make enemies of all who gather round a hearthstone on which it burns is deep seated and was once almost universal in Europe.

Superstitious seekers after good luck may still be found invoking the spirit of the even leaved ash, after the manner of the ancient tree worshipers, with the verses:

Even ash, I do pluck thee,
Hoping thus to meet good luck;
If no luck I get from thee
I shall wish thee on a tree.

The Philosopher's Sport.

A balloon trip gives one a sense of utter and complete stillness and also a beautifully serene feeling of aloofness from men and tiresome matters, a contempt for the puniness of earth and an unbounded sense of sociability and camaraderie with those with whom one is basketed aloft in those few square feet of wicker. It is a philosopher's joy, ballooning, the sport of the scientific, and the idea that it provides a new thrill or curdles the blood of jaded and sinful butterflies may be good enough for the halfpenny press, but not for the wiseacres of the Aero club.—Bystander.

Lucky Horseshoes.

There is a right way and a wrong in the picking up of a horseshoe. I was walking with a country bred boy along a Somerset lane and saw one lying in the crumbling summer rut. "There is a horseshoe," said I. The lad sprang forward, but stopped suddenly before his fingers touched the iron. "But I won't pick it up," said he, "or I shall spoil your luck." It may perhaps have been only a point of etiquette, but he assured me that a horseshoe of my finding could bring luck neither to him nor to me if he touched it before me.—London Standard.

Which Was It?

The governor was puzzled. "Look here," he said, turning to his private secretary. "Can you tell me whether this note comes from my tailor or my legal adviser? They're both named Brown."

The note was as follows:

I have begun your suit. Ready to be tried on Thursday. Come in. BROWN.

—Toledo Blade.

Depends on the Man.

"What good is experience?" wailed the man who was looking for a job. "You can't cash it."

"Some people can," said his friend. "I bought some experience once that cost me $3,000."—Detroit Free Press.

A TURKISH LEGEND.

Why the Much Married Man Got to the Mosque First.

Some years ago, when General Tewfik Hussein was the Turkish minister at Washington, he objected to the curious questions the newspaper interviewers asked him about the harem. One interviewer, however, told the representative of the sublime porte a funny story about Brigham Young and his many wives, and it induced the minister to reciprocate.

"There is a Turkish legend," he said, "to the effect that if a man prays seven consecutive mornings alone in the mosque for good luck it will come. Near St. Sophia mosque, Constantinople, a poor man lived who tried to carry out the injunction; but, when he kneeled, to his chagrin he always saw another man who had arrived first. The fourth morning he could restrain himself no longer and cried out: 'What is the secret of your getting to the mosque first? I get up early and lose no time.' The other man asked, 'How many wives have you?' When he answered 'One,' the fortunate man said: 'You can never get to the mosque earlier than I, for I have four wives. When I wake up one brings me my clothes, another gets my shoes, a third prepares my bath, and the fourth cooks breakfast. The result is I lose no time. Now, my friend, go at once and marry three other wives, and you will know the secret of my arriving first at the mosque.'

"The poor Turk followed the advice, and very soon he knew why the man with four wives got to the mosque first—he stayed there in preference to staying at home."—Leslie's Weekly.

LONDON PUNCH.

One Occasion When the Proprietor Wanted It Stopped.

The introduction of Sir Francis Burnand to the staff of Punch led to an unusual incident. The Bookbuyer tells the story. Mr. Burnand had given up his profession of law and was devoting himself to writing. It occurred to him that a burlesque on the sensational novel of the day and printed after the manner of the London Journal might make a popular hit. He proposed his plan to the editor of Punch, who at once accepted the idea.

The first installment came out, illustrated by Gilbert, Du Maurier and Keene and reproduced in Journal fashion. It "took" at once and became the talk of the town.

The day of the first issue the senior proprietor of Punch was ill in bed. The number reached him with the Journal burlesque folded on the outside. At first he thought a Journal had been sent him by mistake, but when he discovered that the page formed a portion of Punch he did not stop to read it, but sprang out of bed at once, dressed and hurried to the office.

"Stop Punch!" he cried, bursting into the room. "Stop Punch! You've got a page of the Journal in the form!"

It took considerable explanation to satisfy him that some dreadful mistake had not been made.

This was Mr. Burnand's first appearance on the Punch staff. The next night Thackeray took him to the weekly dinner and introduced him:

"Gentlemen—the new boy."

Killing Time.

To read for either instruction or amusement is commendable, but it is not so for the sake of killing time. Late in life, after his fortune had been made, a successful merchant, Mr. S., took a young man into partnership. Entering the office on a dull day in the dull season, the millionaire found his partner yawning over a book. "What's that you're doing?" Mr. S. asked. "There's nothing else to do, so I'm reading," was the answer. "Nothing else to do? Reading?" the great merchant repeated in a tone that expressed wonder, amusement and scorn. "When you've nothing else to do don't read. Think!"

Imaginary Disease.

The British Medical Journal says that only an imaginary remedy will cure an imaginary disease, which is true to the old maxim, "Similia similibus curantur." It continues: "This may be condemned by the righteous as quackery, and quackery of a kind it undoubtedly is. But if the real end of medicine is to cure can she, when legitimate means fail, afford to despise anything that relieves suffering, even though the suffering be imaginary?"

Forgiveness.

"I can forgive, but I cannot forget," is only one way of saying, "I will not forgive." A forgiveness ought to be like a canceled note, torn in two and burned up, so that it can never be shown against a man. There is an ugly kind of forgiveness in the world—a kind of hedgehog forgiveness shot out like quills.

Learning by Experience.

Nell—He always [illegible] that no two people on earth think alike. Lill—Well? Nell—He has changed his mind since looking over the presents his wedding called forth.—Woman's Home Companion.

His Bad Break.

"Why have you and Harry ceased to be friends?"

"He wanted to begin economizing the minute we became engaged."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Only Safe Way.

Lawson—You say your wife never disobeys you?

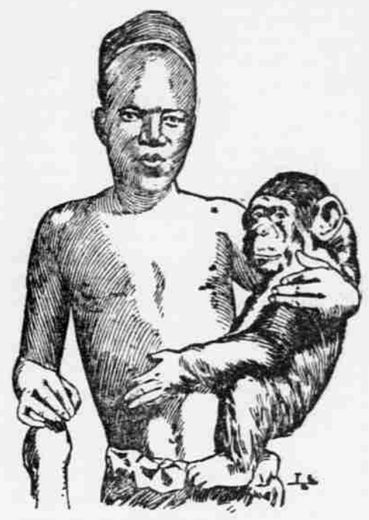
Dawson—No. I never give her any orders.—Somerville Journal.

How much the world needs kindness; how easily it is done!—Drummond.

LITTLE OTA BENGA.

The African Pygmy In New York and the Controversy Over Him.

Ota Benga, the African pygmy brought to this country recently by Dr. Samuel P. Verner, has been the subject of a curious controversy. It was Dr. Verner who was in charge of the party of pygmies which was a feature of the world's fair at St. Louis. He returned these pygmies safely to their home in Africa, and little Ota, another member



OTA BENGA AND A CHIMPANZEE.

of the lilliputian community, wished to come to America, so the ethnologist brought him along. He is twenty-three years old, but about the size of the average American boy of twelve. At first Ota Benga stayed at the American Museum of Natural History in New York, as he was an object of much interest to the ethnologists there. Then he was given quarters in the New York zoological park. It was then that trouble arose. One day Ota appeared in a big cage with a monkey. Immediately a protest was made against the exhibition of a man in a cage with a monkey or other animal on the ground that it was brutalizing. Director Hornaday of the zoological gardens explained that Ota's appearing in a cage was merely a matter of convenience, as most of the time he had his freedom to run about the park and slept in a good room and took a bath every morning. He said that Ota was learning English readily, was bright and was rapidly becoming Americanized.

COLONEL GUERRA.

Insurrectionary Leader Who Is Bothering President Palma.

Pino Guerra, the Cuban insurrectionist leader, has taken a very defiant attitude toward the government. He has been operating in the province of Pinar del Rio, and the force under

COLONEL PINO GUERRA.

him has been estimated at from 3,000 to 4,000 men.

A peace commission conferred with him, and he was represented as demanding as the condition of disbanding his force the retirement of President Palma, Vice President Capote and the present Cuban cabinet and the holding of a new election. This the government refused to accede to, and the peace negotiations with Colonel Guerra failed.

A SOUTHERN ROMANCE.

The Match Between Miss Carrie Peyton Wheeler and Gordon M. Buck.

A romance which is of national interest and which will excite especial attention in the south is the match between Miss Carrie Peyton Wheeler, daughter of the late General Joseph Wheeler, and Gordon M. Buck, a na-

MISS CARRIE PEYTON WHEELER.

tive of the south, now a New York lawyer. Miss Wheeler was sponsor for the south at the last reunion of the Confederate Veterans' association, and her appearance in the convention hall was the signal for enthusiasm.

DEEP SEA FISHES.

There Being Nothing Else to Eat They Live Upon Each Other.

"All the deep sea fishes are enormous eaters," says a naturalist. "There being nothing to eat but the life about them, they live upon each other. Every facility for killing and devouring is provided—luminescence to dazzle, swiftness and strength to overtake and overpower, knife blade teeth for tearing, abnormally large jaws for crushing. Whatever the prey or however large it may be, there is little trouble in swallowing it. The mouth yawns like a cavern, and the stomach distends to hold a body even larger than the swallower. The appetite in fishes seems never wanting, and complete digestion with some of them is only a matter of half an hour." For this reason slaughter goes on unendingly. Usually it is produced only by hunger, but some monsters, like the bluefish, even when gorged, kill for pure love of killing.

Of the eternal warfare that goes on beneath the surface of the waves the same writer remarks: "They follow the prey like packs of wolves, and in turn are followed, band succeeding band, increasing in size as they decrease in numbers. The herrings eat the smaller fish, even their own young; they are harried by the bluefishes until a trail of blood stains the water, while following the bluefishes come the insatiate porpoises. Nothing saves the weaker ones but breed. Many thousands of eggs are spawned that a dozen or more may be hatched and brought to maturity. Billions are lost; yes, but millions survive.

"The herrings move on the sea in uncountable numbers—in banks that are miles in length and width, in windrows so vast that they perhaps keep passing one given point in unbroken succession for months at a time. Just so with the menhaden. A catch in a purse net of 500,000 is not infrequent. Such numbers are sufficient to withstand all the ravages of the natural enemy. The bass, the haddock and the pollock may kill to their hearts' content, and still the menhaden will hold their own."—Chicago News.

THE BLAST FURNACE.

In Cleaning One It Is Necessary to Use Dynamite.

The function of a blast furnace is the reduction of ores to metallic iron. The iron ore, like stone and coke, is put in at the top and the iron and slag are drawn off at the base. The temperature of the interior of a blast furnace when in operation varies according to circumstances, but the molten iron when drawn off is about 1,500 degrees F., indicating a much higher temperature inside.

To withstand such terrific heat, which is maintained by a powerful blast of air which acts much in the same manner as a forced draft on a boiler, the furnace is lined on the inside with a fine grade of fire brick, thoroughly burned. This wall of noncombustible material is about four feet thick, outside of which is the steel jacket of the furnace, about one-quarter of an inch thick.

The lining of a furnace will last from two to six years, according to the nature of the material smelted, the furnace being in continuous operation during that time. It takes about six weeks to reline a furnace.

After a furnace is "blown out," or ceases to be used, there is a quantity of iron which cools and solidifies at the base of the furnace. This is called salamander, and it is necessary to use dynamite to loosen this material and get it out of the furnace so that repairs can be consummated. Salamander has a ready sale, as it is a fine grade of pig iron.

As a rule, when trade conditions are good a blast furnace is never allowed to cool down or be taken out of blast except at intervals of several years for relining.—Baltimore Sun.

Took the Wrong House.

On one of the southern railroads there is a station building that is commonly known by travelers as the smallest railroad station in America. It is of this station that the story is told that an old farmer was expecting a chicken house to arrive there, and he sent one of his hands, a newcomer, to fetch it. Arriving there, the man saw the house, loaded it on to his wagon and started for home. On the way he met a man in uniform with the words "Station Agent" on his cap.

"Say, hold on. What have you got on that wagon?" he asked.

"My chicken house, of course," was the reply.

"Chicken house be jiggered!" exploded the official. "That's the station!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

His Promotion.

A somewhat turbulent private wrote to his mother: "I am sorry you had no letter last week, but I am a defaulter, and it gives me a heap of extra work." The good woman in reply begged him not to be too hard on the others, but to remember he had been a private himself. I regret to say that he roared with laughter and read the letter aloud for the benefit of all who shared his room.—Miss M. Loane, a Queen's Nurse, in Contemporary Review.

Musical Note.

A gentleman at a musical party where the lady was very particular not to have the concord of sweet sounds interrupted, seeing that the fire was going out, asked a friend in a whisper, "How could you stir the fire without interrupting the music?"

"Between the bars!" replied the friend.—Home Notes.

There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy.—Stevenson.