

**The Farmer's Mutual Insurance Company of Nebraska.**

A Farmers' State Mutual company has been organized under the new law passed by the "farmer legislature." It is organized on very much the same plan as the county mutual companies. The principal difference is that in this company a membership fee of one per cent of the value of the property insured is charged. It is claimed in favor of this plan that it furnishes a fund for the payment of a large proportion of the losses without making assessments. The headquarters of this company are located at Lincoln. The company seems to be on a sound basis, and its officers show flattering testimonials.

This company insures all kinds of farm property, including livestock and grain, against loss by fire, lightning, windstorms, and tornadoes. Write to the company for further information. See advertisement in another column.

**HE SAW THE KING.**

**It Took Both Pluck and Nerve, But This Boy Had Them.**

Emerson's saying that a boy is the true democrat, was illustrated by the adventure of a Maine sailor lad. He was at Christiania and made up his mind that he would see the celebrated Swedish king, Oscar. Accompanied by another boy from the same ship, says the Youth's Companion, Jack Branscombe, he walked to the palace and found it surrounded by a moat that looked impassable. But the boy, whose perseverance and courage merit commendation, however his assurance may seem to deserve rebuke, would not be balked. After some search he discovered under the moat a narrow tunnel leading into the royal gardens.

The mouth of the tunnel was choked with rubbish, but the young sailors made their way through and into the gardens. Here they were at once surrounded by guards, who could not understand their explanation, but tried to conceal them from the view of an approaching party.

The party were the king and his retinue. Seeing the disturbance, a gentleman stepped forward and asked what was the matter. The Maine boy acting as spokesman—his companion by this time shaking with fear—answered that they had come to see His Majesty, Oscar I. They were from Boston, and on their return home would like to tell their friends that they had been face to face with the king.

"Well," answered the gentleman in perfect English, "you have seen him. I am the king." He gave the boys several coins as souvenirs of the visit.

Thirty years afterwards that sailor lad, George C. Perkins, had become governor of California. One day he was on a pilot boat bound for Monterey, and noticed that one of the sailors was eyeing him intently.

"Who is the governor? What state does he come from?" asked the sailor of an officer.

**RELENTLESS FIGHT.**

**A Bitter and Unrelenting Combat Between A Boa-Constrictor and Tiger.**

This is the story of a duel to the death between two wild creatures in the remote forests of South America. The battle was watched from beginning to end by Manuel, the tiger hunter. The duel was between a spotted tiger and a boa-constrictor.

It was in the afternoon of a hot day that Manuel walked softly down the path that led to the camp, but upon this occasion he was creeping along with unusual stealthiness, for he had a pretty clear idea that a tiger was walking along the path a short distance in front of him. At the proper time he would attract the tiger's attention and offer him battle. Within a few hundred yards of his hut the hunter became aware, from subtle animal instinct, that the tiger had stopped in the path.

The hunter paused and listened. There was a rustling in the leaves and a stirring in the undergrowth that he did not quite understand. Undoubtedly the tiger had found something that attracted his attention. The rustling ceased for a moment, but began again a trifle more vigorously. Then came a low, muffled growl and thrashing among the leaves, as though the tiger was showing his teeth and swinging his tail from side to side. The hunter crept forward like a shadow. At a curve in the path he stopped short. A strange thing was going on in the narrow path a few yards before him.

A tiger was pacing back and forth, with his tail waving and his hair bristling in sudden anger. In front of him lay a huge boa-constrictor, coiled ready for a spring. The big snake's eyes shone like diamonds in the sun, and his tongue darted in and out like forked lightning. His great coils were quivering with rage and fury. What had stirred up those two wild creatures to a pitch of anger Manuel was unable to say. The snake had probably been in the path, about to seize some small animal, when the tiger appeared and broke the spell. The tiger wanted the right of way, or, at least, the chance to pass on one side; but the snake had only tightened its coils and stood its ground, with unmistakable signs of an aroused fighting disposition.

This annoyed the quadruped to such an extent that he showed his teeth, growled and thrashed his tail. It was at this instant that the hunter came along the path and stopped. Neither the snake nor the tiger saw him, and he stepped quickly behind a cactus bush to await his opportunity of being in at the death.

It very soon became apparent that there was to be a fight. Both creatures grew more angry each moment, and watching it all with intense interest, the hunter smiled as one might smile who noted the condition of a favorite gladiator.

While Manuel thought these thoughts these two wild things in the path moved back and forth, as though sparring for an opening. The snake was alert with sullen anger, his glancing head darting here and there in flashes of light. The tiger was so vindictively savage, but his head quivered with wave upon wave of rising anger.

At length the tiger, unable to restrain his rage, leaped at the serpent's head like a dazzle of light. The snake's head was not there. He landed in the path on the side of the snake, but almost immediately he had touched the ground a coil had been thrown over his head and he gave a thrilling cry and fell fully a dozen feet in the air. He landed safe and unharmed on his side of the path, a little shaken perhaps, but still full of good blood.

**HERMAN--BROS.,**

**WHOLESALE AND RETAIL**

**Clothing, Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods.**

**BRANCH HOUSES:**

BEATRICE, GRAND ISLAND, FALLS CITY, WEEPING WATER AND AUBURN. 1914

**Special Attention to Mail Orders.**

**PRICES LOW.**

**1017 & 1019 O STREET. LINCOLN, NEB.**

The snake was back in an instant, coiled ready for defense. The tiger crouched in the path as if about ready to spring. The snake quivered with nervous preparations. The hunter caught his breath in quick anticipation. This was the critical moment. Furious beyond all control, the two wild creatures sprang upon each other in the same instant. For a scant half second there was poised in the air a yellow blur, wrapped about with great glistening coils like the trunk of a small tree, and then the snake and the tiger rolled in the dust together.

It was a grand battle, and right nobly was it fought. The serpent's coils were tightening about the tiger with strained convulsive movements of the shining skin, but the tiger's long teeth and sharp claws were buried deep in the serpent's neck and body. In that terrible embrace there could be no result other than death.

Tighter grew the great coils; the tiger's bones were cracking one by one. Deeper sang the long teeth; the serpent's life-blood was forming little pools in the dust.

Convulsively the fighters rolled in the path, but weaker and weaker grew their struggles. The end was coming. Perhaps foreseeing it, the tiger made one frantic, desperate effort to free himself from the deadly embrace, but the blood-streaked coils only tightened the more. Then the tiger again sank his teeth and claws into the serpent's neck and body. He would die as he had lived, a thing of unshaken courage. The serpent, in a spasm of pain and dying rage, tried once for all to crush his enemy into a shapeless mass, but his flesh and muscles had been sadly torn away, and his neck was breaking under the tiger's teeth.

The hunter caught his breath hard and stepped from the shelter of the cactus bush. The end was at hand. Death was glazing the eyes of the tiger; the serpent's head fell helplessly to one side. There was a feeble struggle in the shoulders of the tiger, a galvanic shudder in the coils of the serpent, and then all was still. It was over.

**Of Two Evils Choose the Lesser.**

"I told you," said the teacher apologetically, to Tommy, "that I should whip you if you didn't tell your father you had run away from school, didn't I?"

"That's all right," responded Thomas. "I didn't tell him. One of your lickin's is a picnic by the side of one of dad's."

**Photographing Under Water.**

Photographing under water has actually been carried out, so it is said. Experiments were made in 1889 in the Mediterranean to ascertain how far daylight penetrated under water. In very clear water, near Corsica, and eighteen miles from land, the limit of daylight was found by means of photographic plates to be 1,580 feet.

**RIVERS.**

**Their Power of Cutting Through Walls of Solid Rock.**

We frequently see statements and estimates of the amount of sand and mud that is annually carried into the ocean by the great rivers of the world. No one who has seen a suddenly-formed rain torrent cut a deep channel in a roadway can doubt the power of water to wear away the features of the globe. In fact it has been estimated that in about 6,000,000 years, if the present rate of denudation be continued, the whole surface of the earth will be smoothed off to one general level.

But while it is easy to see how a river and its tributaries can readily cut their way through ordinary soil and sand, it is more difficult to conceive the remarkable effects produced by water which runs over a bed of solid rock.

The Colorado river, for instance, flowing between lofty walls of rock and upon a rocky bottom, is still deepening its channel.

The explanation of the cutting power of the water of the Colorado lies, as Rev. Dr. Hutchinson, the geologist, has pointed out, in the fact that it is charged with sand, brought to it in great quantities by its tributaries. This sand, being swept down the steep gradients of the river, wears away the rocky bed as emery dust wears stone.

Thus nature assists nature on all sides, says the Youth's Companion, and the sand that frost and wind and water have formed out of the exposed rock of the mountains becomes, in turn, an instrument for channeling and wearing away the better protected rock of the valleys beneath.

**Old and Young.**

There is no surer antidote for the effect which time has over us all, in making our age evident, than a young heart.

"I should like to live to be as old as you are grandmamma," said little Helen. "but I don't want to be as old as Aunt Susan, ever."

"Why, why," said grandmamma, looking over her spectacles, "what do you mean, my dear child? Your Aunt Susan is a great many years younger than I am!"

"I don't see how that can be," said Helen, much perplexed. "You always remember the plays you had when you were a little girl; but when I asked Aunt Susan one day she said: 'For pity's sake, child, you don't expect me to remember any of the games I had as a little girl. It's so long ago I've forgotten whether I ever played any!'"—Arkansaw Traveler.

"You say you are a good washer and ironer. How do you tell when the irons are hot?"

"How? By smelling the burning linen, mum, of course. What's my nose for?"—Philadelphia Times.