

A weekly newspaper published at Dakota City, Nebraska. Permission has been granted for the transmission of this paper through the mails as second-class matter.

Call for Republican Convention. Pursuant to the call of the state committee issued Jan 8th, 1908, the republican electors of Dakota county are hereby called to meet in convention in Dakota City on Saturday, February 29th, 1908, at two o'clock p. m.

Waterbury items in Ponca Leader: On Monday night, Jan 27, at twelve o'clock, occurred the death of Mrs Isabelle Sayre. She has been very low for the past six weeks with dropsy, requiring constant care and suffering untold agonies, and death was a welcome release.

Emerson Enterprise: Miss Ruby Bryce was an Omaha visitor Wednesday. A. P. Doran has been transacting business in Woonsocket, S. D.

Items of Interest from our Exchanges. Pender Times: Mr and Mrs C L Spencer of McDonald, Kansas, visited Pender friends this week.

Winnipeg Chieftain: Jess Mansfield is visiting here this week. Mrs J Pitts of Homer was in town yesterday. Clarence Fisher and wife made a trip to Homer Monday.

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cently killed by a train at Porter, Ind. While crossing a railroad in a sleigh, with another man, a train struck the rig, killing both men and the horse.

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Oakland Independent: Saturday another sudden death took place in our midst, an old settler and veteran in life, Mrs Z P Norby. She arose in the morning and commenced to prepare the usual meal but was compelled to stop on account of not feeling well and took to her bed.

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WILLIAM NIXON.

OBITUARY.

On Friday morning of last week, January 31, 1908, the messenger of death called William Nixon, of Homer, to his last long resting place. His death was incident to old age, he being in his 89th year at the time of death.

He took an active part in the affairs of the pioneers and old settlers association, and a few years ago served as its president. His health has been gradually failing for some years and his familiar figure has been missed at the last few meetings of the association.

Coming to Dakota county in the early days he had amassed considerable wealth, principally from investing in land, and also by strict attention to his large farming interests.

The following biographical sketch of his life is taken from Warner's sketch of Dakota County: "William Nixon bent his steps westward in 1856, landing upon Dakota county's fertile soil March 21, of that year, and since that time the fertility of her soil, added to his exhaustive energy, has yielded for him one of the most beautiful farms in northern Nebraska.

Monday with Rev McCarthy of this place. James Hammers has bills out for a public sale at his farm Feb 13. Mr Emerson expects to move to Dakota about March 1st.

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and respected by everyone. His funeral which was Sunday afternoon was largely attended. The Masons having charge at the cemetery.

Mrs Geo Midkiff's mother was buried Sunday at Union, Cass county, Neb.

North bound passengers Tuesday evening were Will and Clara Brown, Jim King, Tom Murphy, Pete Anderson, Joe Maney and Andrew John's.

The Ladies Club gave their annual banquet Saturday evening. We hear that the husbands did full justice to a three course luncheon.

Mabel and Mamie Clapp entertained their friends Saturday evening at cards.

The sick list since our last issue: Mrs Mary Rymel, Lula Barnes, Henry Loomis, Dwight Bancroft, Howard Bancroft, Orval Lake and Bernice Monroe.

HUBBARD.

Sam Thorn transacted business at the county seat Tuesday.

Tom Ream's mother came up from Dakota City Tuesday and accompanied him out to the farm.

James Hartnett and wife were Sioux City passengers Saturday.

Last Friday Frank W Bell resigned his position as clerk in Anderson's store, where he has worked for the past six or seven months, and loaded his household goods for Pender, where he has accepted a position as clerk in the Newman Cash Store.

We want your cream, butter and eggs, and will pay the highest market price for farm produce. Carl Anderson.

Fred Voss received five cars of sheep from S. D. last week, which he is feeding for market.

Jim Hendrickson is loading several cars of hay for Sioux City this week.

You should see the new assortment of fancy dishes we have in stock. They are beautiful. Carl Anderson.

Frank Mahon, Henry Cain, Tom Heffernan and George Timlin, attending the dance at Jackson, Monday evening.

Don't think that Agent Crinkla has the swell head, its only a case of toothache.

Everything in the line of groceries at Carl Anderson's.

John Hart sold his big gray team to Mike Green.

D J Conley closed a deal with Joe Hagan for 89 acres of land at \$45 per acre.

Jim Maloy of Pender was a visitor here a short time Tuesday while on his way to Sioux City.

A fine assortment of dried fruit—anything you want—and it is all fresh. At Carl Anderson's.

Frank Hale went to Bancroft Wednesday morning, to visit his sister, Mrs John Tryon for a few days.

John Bachert and wife were up from South Sioux City a few days the past week, visiting at the Joe Leedom and Sam Thorn homes.

Glady Thompson, Jene McLaughlin, Mrs Chas Thompson and children and Henry Cain were guests at the Cobleigh home last Sunday.

the Jackson dance Monday night. A fine time was reported.

The members of the Masonic order from this community and others, attended the funeral of Wm Nixon Sunday.

A large crowd from here took in the wrestling match in Sioux City Tuesday evening.

Mr and Mrs. Glen Amour entertained Thursday evening at cards.

The young bachelors in this vicinity have organized a club called "Still in Pa's Car," of which it is hoped will be a drawing card for this (Leap) year.

The Farmers Institute is said by all who attended to be the best ever. Our president, Jacob Leamer, and Secretary Fred Cuthbertson should be given due credit for their efforts in making this meeting a success.

Just keep in mind the basket social, Feb 14 at the home of Fred Cuthbertson under the auspices of the W H & F M society. All are welcome.

Mr and Mrs Brockway are here from Wisconsin for a visit with their daughter, Mrs Harry Gibbons.

Thieves are reported to be getting in their work. Wonder if some of our long fingered friends would't enjoy a load of bunk shot in preference to corn, chickens, tools, etc?

John Lichtenfels and daughter of Bolivar, Pa, arrived at the Foreshore home Wednesday. Mr Lichtenfels is a brother-in-law of Mrs Foreshore.

On Wednesday evening about fifty friends and relatives tendered a farewell surprise to Mr and Mrs Wm Broyhill and family at their home. The evening was spent most pleasantly. A delicious supper was served at midnight. Mr Jacob Leamer presented them with two beautiful rockers in behalf of their friends as a token of remembrance.

Verne Strong received from his grandfather in Mississippi a number of pieces of wood from different trees to add to the 5th grade geography collection.

Ethel Ross is back at school after a long absence on account of sickness.

Mrs Spencer visited school Thursday afternoon.

We can still add to the mump list those absent at present are Margare Bridenbaugh, George Banzet, Lettie Heikes and Allen Kline.

The stormy weather has not decreased the attendance of the country pupils. With a few exceptions on account of sickness the attendance is perfect.

The 7th grade are reading the Legend of Sleepy Hollow. A number of selections from the sketch are going to be studied in connection with reading in this grade.

We are still waiting for those new geographies and physiologies! The grammar room.

The 7th grade are very much interested in percentage which was taken up this week.

Real Estate Transfers. Wm Gordon, trustee, et al to Albin T Schroeder, lots 7 and 8 in block 41, Joy Place, South Sioux City, Neb., \$4 75.

In the county court of Dakota county, Nebraska, State of Nebraska, Dakota county, vs. To Mary Elizabeth Boals, William Quyns Boals and to all persons claiming an interest in the estate of George Larue Boals, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of four executions issued by Harry H. Adair, clerk of the district court in and for Dakota county, Nebraska, prior to the 25th day of January 1908, and acting justice of the peace in and for said county and state, on December 25, 1907, and against the Sioux Beet Syrup company, a corporation.

I have levied upon the following described property to-wit: The undivided one-half of lot six (6), of section twenty-one (21), township twenty-nine (29), range nine (9), in Dakota county, Nebraska, to-wit: \$100.00.

Order of Hearing and Notice of Probate of Will. In the county court of Dakota county, Nebraska, State of Nebraska, Dakota county, vs. To Elizabeth McLean, Grace Nixon, Jane Nixon, Alexander M. Nixon, Elizabeth Nixon, John A. Nixon, John L. Nixon, John M. Nixon, Alexander Nixon, unknown heirs of Mary Nixon, John Taylor, and to all persons interested in the estate of William Nixon, deceased.

INVITATIONS.

Girl Finds Her Manner a Little Too Free and Enticing. "Oh, what made you scowl while I was putting that rose in Jim's button-hole?" Stella Pierce demanded, as she ran down the steps from the porch and joined her brother. "We're not going to be late. They can't begin the play until I'm there, anyway. I'm to put on the make-up for them."

They had walked to the corner together before Cliff answered, shortly: "No, I didn't think we'd be late."

"What was it, then? Surely not because I gave him the rose—a boy I've known all my life?"

"No, it wasn't the thing you did. But you took such a time about it, and held your face so close to his, and smiled up at him so. You'd have been mighty surprised, no doubt, if he had put his arms round you and given you a hug?"

Stella's head went up laughily. "What a thing to say to me, Cliff Pierce! Jim wouldn't dare touch me. The boys all know they can't take liberties with me."

"All the same, your whole manner was an invitation. You needn't get angry, sis. I knew you didn't mean anything by it, but girls don't understand how some things seem to boys, and I've noticed that way you have with the fellows before. It's just as if you dared them to come on. I tell you, you've got to look out. If one of 'em should take you up some day you'd have yourself to thank."

"I consider your remarks insulting," said Stella, in high disdain, and they walked in silence the rest of the way to the hall where the amateur theatricals were to be given.

Once in the midst of the exciting hurry behind the scenes, Stella forgot her grievance, and taking out rouge-pot, brushes and pencils, began her work.

"Who next?" she asked, presently, as she was completing a pair of beautiful eyebrows for one of the girls.

"Take Mr. Atwater," cried the busy "leading lady." "We shall want him first of all."

"But I don't need any paint," objected the big, handsome fellow, as she dropped into the chair before Stella.

"Of course you do," she retorted, dimpling down at him. "You'd look like a ghost without it behind those footlights."

Then the flurry about them went on, and Stella, recognizing a new dash of spice in her task, tried to seem unconscious while she worked of the black-eyed stare of admiration, which never wavered.

"Well, I'm reconciled to paint," young Atwater remarked, meaningly, as she put on the finishing touches. "My face is yours, to do anything you like with it."

"No, thank you," she answered, roughly. "Not with all that rouge on."

"Take some of it off," he challenged, and just then it happened that the leading lady hurried half a dozen performers to the stage, leaving the two by themselves for an instant.

"I—don't know where to begin," Stella stung back, still laughing.

"Begin with my lips," he said, with a quick step forward, and ten seconds later Stella stood alone in the room, ready to stamp the floor in helpless rage.

"I hate him! I hate him!" she said, aloud. "Impertinent! Common! How dared he?" She was rubbing the smear of rouge from her own angry face, and as she did so the details of her own part in the scene just past flashed before her. Like a judgment, she heard her brother's words, "Yourself to thank."

"It's true," she owned to herself, turning her crimson face away as three more actors in need of complexion came trooping into the room. "Oh, I'm ashamed!"—Youth's Companion.

Hocus Pocus and that Sort of Thing. I saw a Hindoo out in the open street take three good sized balls, larger and heavier than lens' eggs, and commence tossing them up in the air, catching them as they returned. Soon his hands were motionless, but the balls kept ascending still. They did not return. Were they dematerialized by some invisible psychic power? Such is my opinion. During my stay in Madras there came down from a mountain a genuine psychic and seer. He was truly a venerable mystic. In a bungalow on a bright sunny day, in a bungalow p. m., a dozen people, this old yogi burned incense, repeated some mantras and said in substance, "Now I can move any object in this room by my will." Reflecting a few moments, I said, "Command those peacock plumes to there to come to you." Focusing his thought, his will, upon them, they leaped at his bidding from the case and, sailing around the room, fell at his feet. Other objects were moved in a similar manner. This was genuine white magic.—St. James' Gazette.

Everything in Proportion. For many weeks the irritable merchant had been riveted to his bed by typhoid fever. Now he was convalescent. He clamored for something to eat, declaring that he was starving.

"To-morrow you may have something to eat," promised the doctor. The merchant realized that there would be a restraint to his appetite, yet he saw in vision a modest steaming meal placed at his bedside.