

FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1908.

Pages Five and Six

Cottonwood and Vicinity.

The genial rain is just what we needed to soften the crust. Corn and beet planting is about through in this locality.

Jess Smith started Monday. Said he was going through.

Very few at services Sunday afternoon on account of rainy conditions.

Mrs. Trembly, of Bignell, was a caller in our vicinity Tuesday.

Anna Sowles school having closed, she reached her father's home Saturday night.

Lou Martin, of Sutton, is spending a few days in our community.

C. O. Hutchinson says a fellow feels like he's broke if he doesn't put out some bees, and sometimes he's broke if he does.

Corn at 70 and 75 cents per bushel makes a fellow feel shaky when he has to buy.

What was Richardson doing on our side last Tuesday? He should have been taking his night's rest.

Andy and Irl Lowles caught two young coyotes last week. They have them for pets.

Burt Houser received a kick from a horse about a week ago.

Maxwell is "doing" some. C. H. Kuhns is moving his house to the west part of town in order to get more room for increasing his store room.

H. Jangensen has bought a lot south of where he lived and has moved his house thereon.

A Gandy team broke loose on Tuesday and cleared the streets for a short time.

The "Chapel Car" will be in Maxwell on Monday, June 1st, and services will be held therein every evening while they stay. Come and hear.

Garfield Items.

The young folks dropped in on Phillip Miller and gave him a surprise on his birthday.

The quarterly meeting will be held here Sunday morning, May 31st. The presiding elder will be present.

Mrs. Luther Claudson has been on sick list, but at present is better.

Harley Dodge, of Callaway, has been spending a week with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Greer and children of Callaway came up last week to visit relatives over Sunday.

Last Saturday the Arnold ball team came up and played the Garfielders, Arnold winning the game.

Hex Pease came over from Arnold in his automobile to witness the ball game.

Myrtle News.

Mr. Jensen, of McPherson county, called at his daughter's Mrs. E. C. Allison Saturday.

L. C. Mitchell is among the first to be through planting corn in this neighborhood.

Travis Jensen purchased a horse of Reese Brummet a week ago.

A baby girl came to the home of Geo. Bay last Friday.

Mrs. Raleigh Reynolds was called to Arnold by the serious illness of a cousin.

Mrs. Harry Morrow has been under the doctor's care the past week.

L. C. Mitchell began breaking sod for D. E. Fowles Monday.

Returns from 21,077 saw mills in the United States show that for the year 1906 the output of lumber, laths and shingles amounted to 37,940,067,000 feet board measure. How many mills made no return of their product nobody knows. In addition, railroad statistics compute that they laid the forest under contribution for 103,000,000 cross-ties. How much fuel the forest supplies the hearthstone is a thing of impossible consumption. The effect of our prodigal conjecture and vandal waste of timber is shown in a loss of \$100,000,000 in the Ohio valley alone in a single year, due to floods that devastated cities, towns, villages, hamlets and granages.

The New York Herald concludes its weekly impartial summaries of the pre-convention contests for the Republican Presidential nomination with a carefully prepared division of the delegates as they are likely to vote in Chicago. If instructions, endorsements and pledges amount to anything, William H. Taft, secretary of war, will be nominated on the first ballot. He can only be beaten by President Roosevelt, and the probability of a stampede is much more remote than at any time during the last two months.

For Sale Cheap.

South half of N. W. 1/4 section 25-16-31, Lincoln Co., Neb., 80 acres of prairie land. Write the owner, C. F. Simmermaker, Tipton, Iowa.

The Real Prince

MARTHA COBB SANFORD.

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How Katherine Searle came to be Jack Carrington's ward belongs to the early chapters of a long story. It dates back, in fact, fifteen years, when Katherine was a three-year-old baby and Carrington a young man of twenty.

But at the beginning of the present chapter, after having been "finished off" at a very proper boarding school, Katherine had just returned from a winter in Europe with Carrington's married sister.

And Carrington as he sat in the twilight on the luxuriously appointed porch of his out of town house was expectantly awaiting a promised after dinner talk with her.

In accordance with a long and carefully formulated plan he felt that the time had now come for him to take Katherine seriously in hand and to prepare her for the prominent part she was sure to play in a world of admiring but, alas, inconstant men.

Katherine, radiant in a fluffy glory of some soft, delicate stuff beyond man's comprehension, at length tripped out through the casement door and perched herself affectionately on the arm of her guardian's easy chair. He took her little white hand in his and patted it gently as he would a child's.

"I suppose you haven't begun to think about marriage yet, little girl?" he asked by way of tactful beginning.

"Begin to think about it?" echoed Katherine. "Why, I've always thought about it—always and always."

Carrington looked up in amazement. "H'm," he mused. "I haven't begun a moment too soon, it seems." Then aloud he added: "So you've always thought about marriage, my dear? Well, well! And what have you thought about it?"

Katherine threw her arms about his neck and gave him an energetic hug. Then she placed a cushion at his feet and settled herself comfortably.

"I'll tell you," she began confidentially. "I've always adored fairy stories, and of course there's a glorious young prince in every fairy story, you know. Well, it was always fun when I was a little girl to imagine myself the beautiful princess whom the prince was looking for—and now I'm grown up, guardy, dear, it's just as much fun," she finished naively.

Carrington laughed heartily. He was greatly relieved.

"Imaginary princes are all very harmless and proper, little Kit," he commented indulgently, "but pretty soon you'll begin to think about real everyday men."

"Pretty soon?" she queried teasingly.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Carrington, with an unconcern he was far from feeling. "You've not thought about real men already?"

"You'd call Harvey Dunton a real man, wouldn't you?" Katherine asked, looking at him roguishly.

Carrington's jesting mood passed in a flash. He shut his teeth with sudden vexation.

"Where did you meet Harvey Dunton?" he inquired searchingly.

"On the steamer coming back," answered Katherine. "Your sister introduced him. He's really very devoted to me. He's coming around later this evening. He slugs, you know, and I've promised to play his accompaniments. Don't you like him, guardy? You don't look as though you do."

"Oh, Dunton's all right," he answered good naturedly, suddenly alive to the fact that he must play his hand cautiously. "You evidently like him, little girl?" he parried.

"I don't know really, guardy. But he likes me. That's as far as we've got," was Katherine's ingenuous reply. "I'm not taking him very seriously because, you see, somehow he isn't exactly like the prince I've been expecting."

"I should hope not," muttered Carrington.

"What did you say?"

"I said he's coming across the lawn now," evaded Carrington. "I'll stay out here and listen to the music if you don't mind, Kit."

"Just as you like, guardy, dear," laughed Kitty. "I'll come out again after he's gone and tell you how we got on."

"Well?" asked Carrington an hour or so later as Katherine appeared suddenly in the doorway.

She did not answer, but stood as if spellbound. This was a bad sign—a very bad sign, as Carrington interpreted it.

"Well?" he ventured again, this time a trifle peremptorily.

"Guardy," exclaimed Katherine, her rapt expression breaking into the merriest of smiles, "I'd forgotten you were out here!"

"That's the way it seemed to me," returned Carrington dryly. "Dunton has a very alluring voice, hasn't he? Come over here, you mischievous kitten, and confess, as you promised."

Katherine came slowly.

"I'll tell you, guardy," she began hesitatingly, perching herself, as usual, on the arm of his chair—"that is, if I can. I hardly know myself how I feel. You see, when Mr. Dunton isn't singing I don't like him any better than I do lots of other men, not nearly as well as some, but—"

"Lots of other men, did I understand you to say?" interrupted Carrington.

"Oh, well, three or four, guardy! What do a half dozen, more or less, matter?"

"There's safety in numbers, to be sure," replied Carrington tritely.

"But let's get back to Dunton. You

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were going to tell me now you feel about him."

Immediately Katherine dropped her frivolous mood and became thoughtful.

"When he's talking, guardy, he might just as well be any man, as I told you, but when he sings, well—"

"Well?"

"I almost feel that my prince has come," breathed Katherine ecstatically.

"H'm! Very romantic," was Carrington's chilling comment. "When will you see him again?"

"Not for a week. He was to go up to town on important business," sighed Katherine.

"Well, off to bed with you now, my child," ordered the stern guardian, "and may some good fairy tell you how to know the real prince when he comes."

A week later to a night Carrington again sat listening to Dunton's full magnetic voice as, with seductive ease, it glided through one love song after another to Katherine's sympathetic accompaniment.

Suddenly there came a pause in the singing—a long pause. Carrington waited for the sound of talking, but the silence was unbroken.

Without stopping to weigh the justice of motive or consequences, he jumped up determinedly and made a dramatic entrance into the music room.

Dunton, startled, straightened himself stiffly. He had been leaning over Katherine, looking into her eyes with passionate pleading.

"This business must stop right here," commanded Carrington, looking Dunton squarely in the eye.

"I do not understand you, Mr. Carrington," replied Dunton haughtily.

"If you have been eavesdropping you could have heard nothing, for nothing has been said."

"No; that's just the trouble," retorted Carrington hotly. "Nothing has been said. Miss Searle is my ward, as you know, and it is my duty to protect her from such sorcerers as you. I happen to know that, like the carefully guarded ladies in the fairy tales, she is waiting for her prince to come"—here Carrington smiled down upon Katherine gently and placed his arm about her—"a real prince, Mr. Dunton. They wear many disguises, you know, and the lady's protector has to be on the alert."

Dunton turned ashy white.

"I trust that she may find her—real prince," he answered scornfully and walked angrily from the room.

When the sound of his footsteps had died away Katherine flung both her warm white arms around Carrington's neck. Her eyes were full of shining tears, but her lips were smiling.

"Guardy," she said softly, "I have found my prince!"

"Katherine, you don't mean"—began Carrington joyfully.

"Yes—Jack—I do."

"And so," said Jack lovingly, after he had kissed her until she protested, "this is the end of the fairy story?"

"Oh, no!" laughed Katherine softly. "They lived happily ever after, you know."

Exercise or Die.

Every man and woman must do some muscular work or take equivalent exercise, else they will die long before their natural time. And if one's vocation involves the use of only one set of muscles work must be found for the other muscles, else the individual becomes disproportionate in form and eventually a prey to disease.

A bodycarrier, who is required to use

nearly all his muscles, exerting himself close to the limit of his strength for many hours daily, never gives any thought to artificial exercise, for he has no need of any. But the professional man, the clerk, the typist and the saleswoman—all these find little real use for the muscles in their daily employment, and they require to take up some system of physical exercise to maintain normal health. Then there are factory operatives and the toilers in various trades, whose work brings into play certain sets of muscles, while others are out of use. These require exercise adapted to giving employment to the neglected muscles. There is also a class of wealthy people who do no regular work of any kind, who require to follow some strength giving sport in lieu of work. At the opposite extreme is a class of athletes who make a business of artificial exercise and build themselves up into mountains of muscle. These almost invariably overdo and in consequence suffer later.—Charles H. Cochrane in Metropolitan Magazine.

A Real Fire Engine.

In all the varied list of curious causes of fires perhaps the most absurd was the source of a conflagration that occurred in Worcestershire, England, in 1902. The Worcester Insurance company decided to change its fire engine from a horse drawn vehicle to one operated by a motor. The work was not quite completed when the company received warning of a fire which had broken out on a farm at nearby Kenapsey village. However, the engine was in sufficient running order to be sent on forthwith under the action of the newly installed motor.

Unhappily the engine's funnel had not been protected by a spark protector. As a result the trail of the sporting mechanism was embellished with a gorgeous train of sparks. Therein lay the cause of trouble. In a lane the fire engine met a wagon loaded with straw, which it promptly set on fire. Unheeding, it hurried on its way and in its course presently ignited some stacks which bordered on the road. It still pushed on relentlessly, however, and came to a standstill only when the water tube of the motor burst. It was still some hundreds of yards from its destination, and there it remained ingloriously helpless while the fire at the farm burned itself out.—Boston Post.

Notice.

Picnic parties and fishing is positively forbidden at the Lamplough Lake. Parties found trespassing will be prosecuted.

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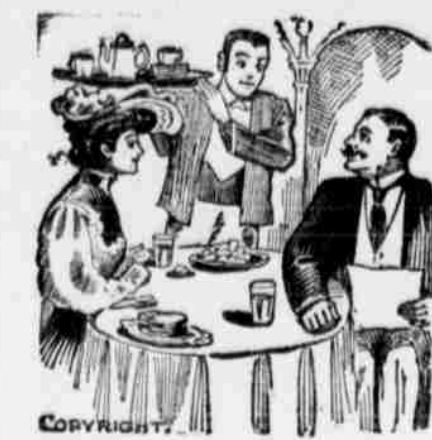
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Road No. 314. The commissioner appointed for the purpose of vacating in part and establishing a public road as follows:

(Part to be vacated) To vacate a part of Road No. 34 beginning 160 rods north of the southeast corner of section 6, township 12, range 29 from thence 80 rods west, thence 160 rods north.

(Part to be established) Commencing 160 rods north of the southeast corner of said section 6 thence 160 rods north on said section line between sections 6 and 5, township 12, range 29, from thence east about 20 rods on township line to southwest corner of section 33, township 12, range 29, from thence one mile north on section line between sections 32 and 33 township 12 range 29; also commencing at northeast corner of said section 6 on township line west to connect with road No. 34, has reported in favor of the vacation and the establishment of said road; all objections thereto or claims for damages must be filed in the county clerk's office on or before noon on the 25th day of July, 1908, or such road will be vacated and established without reference thereto.

Dated North Platte Nebr., May 21, 1908. F. R. ELLIOTT, County Clerk.