



Combines Ease of Operation with Good Work

It's genuine satisfaction to drive the John Deere Corn Binder round after round, and see the standing corn transformed into well-shaped, easily-handled bundles, because the hard work is all taken out.

The power carrier does away entirely with the hard work—you don't have to dump the bundle carrier and return to position hundreds of times during the day.

On the John Deere you press the foot trip lever and the power carrier does the rest—it delivers the bundles free of the path of the horses, and practically parallel to the standing corn. The horses don't have to tramp over and on the bundles. Because the carrier is always in receiving position, no bundles are scattered between the windrows.

You will also appreciate the John Deere Corn Binder because it is easy on the horses. The Quick-Turn Tongue Truck takes off all neck weight, and makes it just as easy to turn at the ends as if the horses were hitched to a wagon.

Besides, the truck takes off side draft and prevents sluing because the axle of the truck is flexibly mounted—the wheels hold to uneven ground constantly.

The John Deere works successfully in all kinds of corn fields. The wide throat, with flexible throat springs, holds the corn into the conveyor chains. The bottom conveyor chains operate close to the butts, carrying the corn back in a vertical position all of the way.

The three packers, one working above the needle and two below, insure well-formed bundles. The three discharge arms discharge the bundles onto the power carrier. No chance of the discharging bundle mixing with the bundle being made.

We want you to see this Binder. There are a lot of other good things about it we want to show you

Leypoldt & Pennington, Implements

THE TRADE-MARK OF QUALITY  MADE FAMOUS BY GOOD IMPLEMENTS

PROCEEDINGS OF THE BOARD OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS

Board met Monday, August 16th, pursuant to adjournment. Those present were Commissioners Koch, Herminghausen and Springer.

The following bills were allowed: Henry Long on drag, \$30.00. John Anthony on tractor, \$30.00. John Ketchum on Road Dist. 1, \$48. Albert Steinhausen Com. 1, \$16.00. Geo. Kroeger dragging Road Dist. 49, \$36.00.

Wm. Smith work on roads Road Dist. 22, \$140.00.

Sundry persons by surveyor, \$131.33. S. J. Koch phone rent, etc, \$11.70. John Ritner, bridge work, \$125.00. Nebr. Telephone Co., Aug. rent and tolls, \$54.15.

W. T. Elliott bridge work, \$30. E. C. Hostetter bridge work, \$51. Wm. Johnson, bridge work, \$339.50. Farmers Cooperative Assn., \$58.45. Nick Camblin dragging, \$24.30. E. H. Springer phone tolls, etc., \$14.49.

C. L. Grant, road work State, \$165. Geo. Gutherless, dragging \$4.80. J. W. Rose dragging, \$22.50. Bert Nation dragging, \$10.60. John Ammon road work 29, \$15.

Dan Morrow road work 29, \$52.50. Maxwell Rebecca Lodge Hall rent, \$7. A. C. Pickle, road work 29, \$52.50. Claus Anderson road work 10, \$14. Beryl Freel road work 38, \$15.

N. P. Light & Power Co., \$35.06. W. W. Young, lumber, \$81.05. Boone Anderson dragging, \$22.50. E. W. Coker mdse, \$39.94.

I. L. Naylor blacksmith, \$29. Hershey Auto Co. supplies, \$36. Alfred Edson road work 34, \$73. Chas. Bratten road work 34, \$54.

Carl Forsberg road work 34, \$21.70. Elander boys road work 24, \$39.40. Elmer Lunquist road work 34, \$5.95. J. Rubenthaler road work 34, \$12.95.

Murphy & Murphy drsr, \$21.50. Ed Galvin Com. 2, \$1.00. C. C. Long haying roads, \$72. Harvey Tollison road work 4, \$75. McGovern & Stack mdse, \$41.25.

Tillie Blankenburg, services, \$133. Mrs. Emma Pulver services, \$194. Sundry persons road work \$157.90. Briggs-White Lumber Co., \$86.65.

Adjourned to August 23.

Get Lucky Tips in Dreams.

When an Italian has a dream he doesn't go tell his friends about it for the sake of making conversation, but hurries to get his dream book to find out what the dream portends. The book has a number for everything man wears, has, eats and sees. Things shown in a dream are looked up, and the corresponding numbers are played by the Italian in the week's national lottery. And if he doesn't win, says Kenneth L. Roberts in the Saturday Evening Post, he feels positive that somebody with the Evil Eye has looked at him and broken his chances. The man with the Evil Eye is hated, feared and shunned.

Has Served Country Well.

Senor Portal, for the last 30 years the leading journalist of Peru and the author of 12 "best sellers" in that country, has done for his native land what Luis Taboada did for Spain, Mark Twain for the United States, and, long ago, Mollere for France; while waging war with his pen, he has created true literature. Thirty years ago, when he laid down the sword he had carried with honor through the Peruvian struggle with Chile, he took up arms against every imaginable weakness, shortcoming, sin, and vice of his fellow countrymen; and in laughter-provoking sarcasm and scathing irony he has depicted all the wickedness to which flesh—and particularly Peruvian flesh—is heir.

Velocity of Light.

Physicists never tire of efforts to increase the accuracy of their knowledge of the fundamental facts of science. A re-determination of the velocity of light by the Fizeau toothed wheel method was made at Nice. These experiments were remarkable on account of the great distance over which the beam of light employed was transmitted. Previously such a beam had been caused to travel about fifteen miles, but on this occasion the reflecting mirror was so placed that the total distance traversed by the beam, going and returning, was fifty-seven miles. The mean of 1100 observations gave for the velocity of light 180,225 1/2 miles a second.

Train service is such that the Lincoln Journal can give most parts of the state later news than any other paper. Omaha papers are compelled to go to press much earlier to catch these same trains. It gives the Lincoln Morning Journal a natural advantage, which you can enjoy. This is doubly true on rural routes, which cannot be reached by evening papers until the next day. Many towns are served by the Evening Journal. You always have your choice of the Journal that serves you best. The Journal at its low price of \$5 a year is the biggest newspaper bargain in Nebraska; \$7 with the big Sunday Journal. In this campaign you will find the Journal the paper of independence—the one that can print the truth about all the parties and all the candidates. Cash prizes of \$2,000 in addition of liberal cash commissions, will be given you for six weeks' work. If you want to do a little work on the side among your friends, write for details of this offer. Address State Journal, Lincoln.

The Scarecrow

By RALPH HAMILTON

(©, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

It seemed to Miss Mary Burton that she had reached the very height of earthly felicity when she became the sole owner of a home of her own. For fifteen years she had taught school, carefully saved her money and now at thirty-five with a paid up annuity policy bringing her forty dollars a month she had settled down amid beauty and comfort.

The house was very pleasantly arranged and there was a two-acre garden. This latter had been neglected and Miss Burton had great ideas of improving it as she accumulated the money to do so. An orphan niece, Myra Davis, had come to live with her, bringing the furnishings of two rooms, inherited from her mother. The arrangement was that Myra should assist about the house, and if they could get a little fancy work to do they would join in this feature of increasing their income.

"The first thing we must do is to get that old chicken yard in order," said Myra. "It will take about fifty yards of poultry netting to patch up the old fence and a new gate must be made for it. There's laying boxes to get for the chickens, too, and the inside shed ought to be whitewashed. You'll leave all that to me, won't you, Aunty?"

Miss Burton was fully agreeable to this arrangement. Her own hobby about the place was a cherry tree that occupied the center of the garden. "It bore for the first time last year," a neighbor told me," she said to Myra. "There was only a little fruit then, but this will be a good year for it. All my life I've longed to be able to put up fruit raised by my own hands."

So Miss Burton sprayed the tree and watched the buds grow into little green globes and cleaned and polished some old fruit jars and made great preparations for the harvesting of her treasures.

Meantime Myra lived in a sort of elysium of delight. Her forte was making things spick and span and keeping them so. She was trying to straighten, stretch and attach a roll of poultry wire to posts one afternoon when a young man of about twenty-two came along. He was rolling a lawn mower and had a small canvas bag, evidently containing tools.

"Just let me save you time and trouble, young lady," he spoke briskly. "You've got too pretty fingers to scratch and muck up with such rough work. Using nails? Oh, that won't do! Here's what you need for tacking and holding wire," and he took from his kit a box containing u-shaped brads.

Myra liked his face and manner—anybody would, for he was all smiles and good nature. He looked as if he would feel hurt if she declined his help, but she said, "We are doing most of the work around here, Aunty and myself. We haven't got much money."

"Oh, that won't be work for me," declared the young man. "I've got a little leisure. Now then, you take this awl and hold the wire true while I nail. That's it. Famous! Just getting ready to make a farm of the place, eh? I'm picking up a sort of temporary living staying here for a week or two. I know something about garden work and if you don't mind I'll drop around once in a while and give you some points."

"Oh, if you would!" exclaimed Myra, and in her ingenuous way told of Miss Burton's agricultural ambitions. It led to her interested visitor telling her something about himself. His was a curious story. He gave her his name as Archie Lull, and related that he had come from another state where he had been in charge of a grain elevator for a wealthy relative. One day a maudlin produce buyer had quarreled with his wife in the elevator office and had struck her. All the manhood of Lull resented the brutality. He had given the man the trouncing of his life. The latter was influential and threatened to prosecute Lull to the limit.

"It was cowardly to run away," confessed Lull, "but I was tired of the monotonous job anyway, so I've sort of made myself scarce."

He was a tireless worker, well informed, agreeable and accommodating and he made many new friends. He won the heartiest appreciation of Miss Burton by putting up a scarecrow to keep away the robins and blackbirds from her precious cherries and currants.

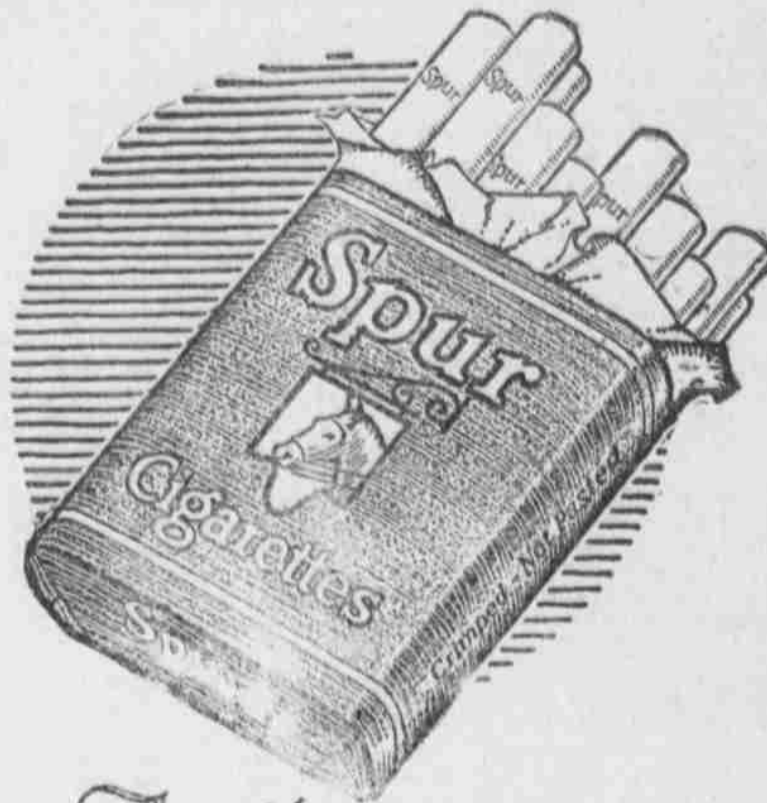
In making the scarecrow Lull had used "an old coat of no value," he declared, "too loud to wear on the street—just used it inside the elevator office." It was conspicuous and did its work well. One day a man motoring by halted and came up to the fence.

"Young lady," he spoke to Myra, "excuse me, but that coat on your scarecrow strikes me as familiar. Would you tell me something of its owner?" and then, as Lull appeared, he extended his hand with heartiness and the words: "Lucky I've found you. There's a lot to tell you."

What the attorney told Archie Lull was that his relative, dying, had left him one of the heirs to a considerable amount. Miss Burton looked disappointed and Myra said at losing the companionship of their cheery, helpful friend.

"But I'm coming back," declared Archie, and he did. It was to court the winsome Myra and with her later settle down on Miss Burton's miniature farm as the dearest spot on earth.

There's always room at the top
for Highest Quality at Lowest Possible Price



What is the big idea?

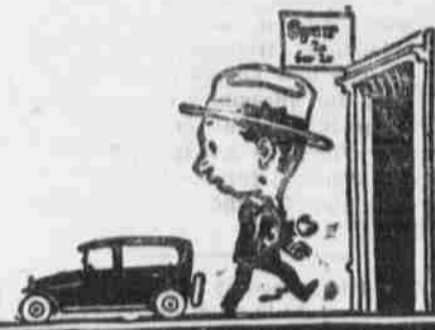
MEN have all kinds of reasons for liking Spur Cigarettes. Some like them because they're mighty classy-looking—that brown-and-silver package is an eye-winner. Some like them because the paper is crimped—no paste to taste. Some like them because they're a full-packed cigarette—nothing "skinny" about them. Some like Spurs because they're twenty for twenty cents—the rock-bottom price for the highest possible quality.

But what they all shout about and pass along is that they have found at last a cigarette with that good old tobacco taste that lingers in the memory.

Yes, sir, you can sure taste the good Oriental and home-grown tobaccos—and that's the big idea back of Spur Cigarettes.

Now, folks, just don't wait, but try a package of Spur Cigarettes today. It's not as though you were buying a limousine. And if you do find in Spur the cigarette you have been wanting—something that just strikes the spot—it will be the best buy you've made since Hector was a pup.

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Spur Cigarettes

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