

# Lincoln Paints

REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE

STAND THIS CLIMATE BEST

**Absolutely Pure**

**Look Well**

**Wear Well**

**Especially Prepared for Nebraska**  
(NOT FOR THE WORLD)



**What it Covers it PROTECTS as well as ORNAMENTS**

## Neil Brennan

The Only Agent in Town

### BOARD OF SUPERVISOR

Record of Official Proceedings of That Body.

(Continued from last week.)

Jacob Roche, session work....	43 00
W S Roberts, session work....	42 00
W S Roberts, session work....	68 00
School dist. No. 38, election....	6 00
School dist. No. 211, election....	3 00
John P Sullivan, election....	4 00
Fern D Smith, printing super- visors proceedings.....	24 75
Romaine Sanders, register of Vital Statistics.....	7 00
C W Tullis, election.....	8 00
Geo Weingartner, board jury....	3 25
Henry Warner, election.....	4 00
F M Wald, election.....	4 00
John A Zeimer, board jury....	3 25

Total.....\$1004 64

Moved and seconded that the follow-  
ing estimate of expenses for 1908 be  
accepted. Motion carried.

Court house, jail and prisoners	\$3000 00
Blanks, stationary, printing....	1000 00
County officers.....	6000 00
Assessors.....	4000 00
Cornors inquest and witness fees.....	500 00
Lights and fuel.....	800 00
Insane.....	500 00
Court, justice court.....	500 00
Roads.....	2100 00
Election.....	3000 00
Court and jury.....	6000 00
Miscellaneous.....	3000 00
Bridges.....	12000 00
Soldiers relief.....	600 00
Judgments.....	6800 00

Total.....\$49800 00

Page, Neb. To the Honorable Board  
of Supervisors: I, Thomas Wade,  
hereby certify that I am a resident  
tax payer of Holt county, Nebraska,  
over 50 years of age, that I was errone-  
ously assessed with poll tax for the  
year 1907; that said poll tax, \$2.50,  
was by me paid in cash and I hereby  
respectfully petition this board for a  
refund of the amount paid.

Thos. Wade.



## ROYAL BAKING POWDER

**Absolutely Pure**

**The only baking powder  
made with Royal Grape  
Dream of Tartar**  
No Alum, No Lime Phosphate

## Cupid's Coal Truck.

By James Francis Dwyer.

Copyrighted, 1908, by E. C. Parcells.

The car came to an abrupt stop, and the conductor stretched his neck in a reckless manner as he looked for the cause.

"Coal truck on the blink with a broken axle," he cried disgustedly. "an' now I got to chase through the snow to phone the 'mergency van.' He walked through the car to acquaint the motorman of his heroic intention and, after buttoning his jacket, set off up the snow covered road in search of a telephone.

The motorman took the opportunity to stretch his legs by walking around the disabled vehicle. When he stepped from the car the two passengers sighed wearily and the man moved closer to his companion.

"Well, I'm glad that conductor has gone," he remarked. "He stared at us till my conscience suggested I had given him a bad coin."

The fur wrapped girl beside him laughed merrily.

"Tis a habit of conductors," she murmured. "I have noticed them before."

"I will pardon him," said the man. "He is but mortal, and I am pleased to find that his mercenary occupation has not destroyed his love of the beautiful."

The girl smiled indulgently, but remained silent. Meanwhile the motorman had entered into a discussion with the truck driver as to the best method of removing the damaged vehicle.

"Letty!" The man's voice interrupted a day dream and the girl started.

"Do you know I am desperately in love?"

The big blue eyes surveyed him critically.

"No; I do not," she said emphatically. "When a man is in love he can never disguise the fact."

"You are thinking of calf love," he remarked, "the kind that bubbles over and spoils its owner's appetite, but solid, healthy man's love?"

"It is all the same," she interrupted; "concealment is impossible. Now, Mr. Dorrington is in love, and a child can detect the symptoms."

"Dorrington!" The man's voice expressed his surprise. "Do you mean old Dorrington?"

The slightest puckering round the corners of the little mouth showed where a smile tried hard to establish a footing.

"When Mr. Dorrington called yesterday," continued the girl, "I watched him closely while he was speaking to mother."

"Pardon me!" The man's tone was masterful, and the girl stopped. "Is Dorrington—old Dorrington—in love with your mother?"

The smile made another valiant effort to disturb the serenity of the girl's face, but retired discomfited.

"I do not think so," she said quietly. "If he is, the feeling is not reciprocated, as mother always leaves me to entertain him when he calls."

The man winced.

"I am anxious about him"—he tried to hide the effect produced by her thrust—"Dorry is not young, you know, and love, like measles, plays the mischief with elderly people."

The hovering smile flashed triumphantly across the girl's blushing face.

"Seriously, Letty," her companion continued, "Dorrington is old! I remember him twenty-five years ago, when he chased me away from a pond near your mother's house. God bless my heart, girl—his tone changed to one expressing blank astonishment—"I am getting old too!"

The girl turned, and the blue eyes looked carefully over the man's brown face, noting the length and depth of every wrinkle that marked it.

"You are getting old, Jack."

"I know it," he cried, "and here am I in a sidetracked car doing nothing, while time pursues me remorselessly."

Evidently thinking anything preferable to inaction, he started out to capture one of the little gloved hands of his companion, and after she had vainly tried to defeat his intentions he clasped it between his own two and seemed immensely pleased at the feat.

"Dear me," she sighed. "I wish that conductor would come back."

"He cannot shift us!" The man was defiant, and the girl blushed as she noticed his restlessness.

"No, but he can stare at you," she cried irritably, "and your actions since he departed prove that the stare was effective."

"But, Letty," he said, "what a terrible thing it is to look back on thirty-five wasted years, thirty-five autumns, thirty-five springs and the same number of winters and summers, all barren and useless." He shuddered and moved closer.

"Oh, Jack," she murmured, "do look and see if he is coming."

He stood up, still holding the little hand, and carefully scanned the white road. "He is not coming!" he cried gleefully. "He will have to walk a mile—a mile there and a mile back."

"You have no pity!" exclaimed the girl. She made an attempt to release the imprisoned hand as she spoke, but the man's grip tightened. "How would you like it, sir, if you had to walk two miles in the snow because a silly old coal truck collapsed on the track?"

"It is not a silly old coal truck," said the man, dropping back into his

seat. "It is a wonderful, glorious, rainbow tinted instrument of—of—"

"Don't say Providence," she interrupted.

"No; of Dan Cupid! Didn't I tell you, Letty, that I adore?"

"The coal truck," she interrupted again. "You certainly used enough adjectives to give one that impression."

"And I do!" he cried defiantly. "I adore the horses, the axle and every other part that helped toward the breaking down because—do you know why, Letty?"

"Because it made the poor conductor tramp two miles in the snow," she answered.

The man was annoyed.

"Confound the conductor!" he cried. "I wish he'd come back," she said. "If he does not return soon I will call upon the motorman. I suppose he is responsible for the safety of the passengers while his mate is away."

The mention of the motorman made her companion turn around to see where that person was stationed, and he was somewhat surprised to find that he had impressed two horses belonging to another truckman and, with the combined teams, was making a vigorous effort to pull the obstruction from the track. This strenuous proceeding alarmed the man, and he turned quickly to the girl.

"Letty, I want you to listen!" he cried. "This might be the only chance I will get to explain."

The noise outside increased.

"Go ahead!" screamed the driver, as the four horses strained and struggled.

"Keep it up! Keep it up!"

"Letty!" The man seized both hands now and tried to turn her face toward him. "I want to tell you!"

"Use the whip!" yelled the driver. His shrill shriek ripped through the car and drowned the man's voice.

The girl turned toward the window, and the fur boa on her shoulders shook suspiciously. The man had a dim idea that she was laughing.

"Letty!" The man was desperate. "I—I love you."

A loud yell of triumph came from the driver, and a merry peal of laughter from the girl helped the echoes as they buzzed around the car. The noise was tremendous. The driver's yells were deafening, and the shouts of the motorman and the truckman told the man that the work of removing the obstruction was nearly finished. He took one hasty glance at the moving truck and, springing back, quickly seized the laughing girl in his arms.

"There!" he cried triumphantly as he kissed the blushing face. "And there! And there again!" And over the girl's muffled laughter and protests came a victorious cheer from the motorman and the two truck drivers, informing the two passengers that the truck was clear at last.

Three minutes afterward the conductor kicked the snow from his boots and gave the "Go ahead!" signal to the elated motorman, and the car moved off. As they passed the disabled truck the man pointed to the name painted in red letters on its side, and the girl read, "John Love, Truckman."

"One of Dan Cupid's aliases," whispered her companion. And the blush on her face made the beauty loving conductor stare at her for the rest of the journey to the infinite delight of the man.

### The Fife.

It is said by some that we owe the fife—"ear piercing," as Shakespeare calls it—to the Swiss, and Sir James Turner, who busied himself in writing on military matters, names it the "Alpinean whistle." In France it was employed at least as early as 1534, in which year it was ordered by Francis I. that each band of 1,000 men was to have four drums and two fifes.

A few years later in England we find "drommes and fyffes" included in the muster of London citizens. Shakespeare refers to the musician, not the instrument, when he speaks in "The Merchant of Venice" of "the vile squealing of the wry-necked fife." An old writer observes, indeed, that a "fife is a wry-neck musician, for he looks away from his instrument."

About the reign of James II. the fife lost its popularity for a time, Sir James Turner observing, "With us any captain may keep a fife in his company and maintain him, too, for no pay is allowed him, perhaps just as much as he deserves."—Chambers' Journal.

### Wanted Browning.

He was evidently a German, and his speech didn't belie the fact. He caught the attention of the librarian.

"Blease, I vant a book," he said.

"What book?" she asked.

"Boetry," he replied.

"Who is the author?"

He looked troubled.

"Blease, I haf forgot it," he said.

"But his name begins mit 'P.'"

"Poe?" asked the obliging girl.

"Not Boe," he answered.

"Pope?"

"Not Bope."

His face brightened up.

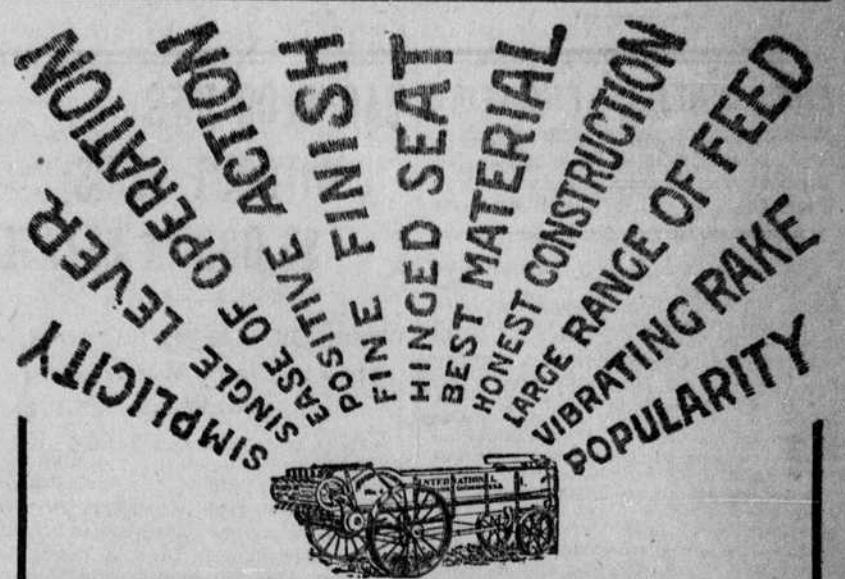
"He is der feller dot wrotit 'In a Palcony,'" he said.

"Why, that was Browning."

"Sure, Browning," he repeated. "I couldn't remember, but I knew dot it commenced mit a 'P.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### A Cave Full of Bones.

In the Isle of Egg, one of the Hebrides, is a cave into which one can hardly creep on hands and knees. Inside it widens enormously and runs down to the terrific depth of 250 feet. To this day the bottom is strewn thick with human bones, the relics of the whole clan of Macdonalds, over 200 in number, who were miserably suffocated by the Macleods from the island of Skye. This tragedy is supposed to have occurred in the thirteenth century.



## CONCENTRATION

of all valuable features is accomplished in I. H. C. manure spreaders. As a successful farmer you appreciate the value of concentration. Nothing worth while is ever accomplished without undivided attention. Concentration is one of the chief aids in life, in business, in everything. Manure spreaders are becoming more necessary to the equipment of an up-to-date farm than ever before.

### CLOVERLEAF SPREADERS

embody up-to-date characteristics and features which make them unexcelled machines for every farm. They represent concentration of effort, experience and skill in the highest degree. These spreaders are built in three sizes to suit all requirements. Call and examine them for yourself.

**For sale at Brennan's**

## BURRESS BROS. Carroll, Wayne Co., Neb

IMPORTERS & BREEDERS OF

### Percheron and Belgian Horses

**We arrived with our last importation Oct. 18, '07**

Our barns are full of big, square built horses, imported and American bred—from yearlings to 5-year olds. We handle the best draft horses in the northwest. They have the size, bone and action, each horse being selected on the merits of its own individuality. We have no agents; do our own buying in Europe and our own selling at our barns in Carroll, so we can afford and do sell them very reasonable.

Farmers, form your own companies; come to our barns and select a horse that will be a money maker for you and a benefit to your community. Come and see our horses or write us.

### THE JACK PINE

The Pine Which Redeems the Sand-Hills and the Waste Places on the Farm.

A mighty timber famine is coming down upon us and we must do something and do it quickly. While the Norway popular—Populus Laurifolia of Siberia—is the most hardy and thrifty deciduous tree of all our northern states, the Jack Pine is by far the most rapid growing of all our conifers. While on account of its persistent cones it is not as valuable as some others for an ornamental tree, yet on account of its wide adaptability to different soils and conditions, its tremendous growth, and its general utility, it is with out a peer for groves, forests, and wind-breaks. Perhaps in a hundred years other pines might overtake it, yet for rapid growth for the first fifty years it will be without a rival. Here at York on our Experiment grounds, we have eighteen kinds of evergreens but this beats them all nearly two to one. It was thought they needed sand, but they will grow readily on any kind of soil. We have them on an adobe clay bank with no cultivation that are making over two feet a year. On the poorest sand-hills of northern Nebraska, without cultivation or irrigation, they are making two feet a year and those fifteen years old are already casting seed and little ones are springing up. Put them on rich prairie soil and their growth is tremendous. We know that a sand-hill is a cordial invitation to a pine tree and that the great sand waste of Nebraska, in a few years, can be made, prospectively at least, worth \$100 per acre.

Land is rising in value and the poorest portion of the farm should be put to work. Planted to pines, it will soon be as valuable as the rest.

There are two varieties of this pine.

The eastern type is a poor, gnarled, scrubby tree, worthless for us. The northern type grows with great rapidity, much like the Murrays or Lodge Pole Pine of the Yellowstone Park.

It packs the ground solid with straight thrifty trees. The railroads have used Jack Pines by the millions, and now are giving them a creosote treatment to make them more durable. Immense quantities of lumber and framing timber are taken from the northern forests every year from these trees. It takes two or three years for them to get a good start after planting. They do not waste themselves with side branches but mount upward with great rapidity, making two or three feet a year, so you can figure on a forty foot tree in twenty years. And these years will soon pass away and there will come down upon us a timber famine such as our fathers never dreamed of—increasing the value of all wood material many fold.

Raising From Seeds.

I call myself an expert and have published a work on evergreens but I cannot grow Jack Pines successfully

from seeds at this station, nor can they at the United States Government station on the Dismal River, Nebraska, where they are planting half a million acres with Jack and Bull Pines, but they do grow readily in their own habitat. Already there are nurseries of them springing up in the sands where the trees are growing.

After years of experience, we have found that collected trees, twelve to fourteen inches, carefully dug and well packed are successful. These, as well as nursery grown ones, can be had by the million for about \$6 per thousand. They must always go by express, but the rate is much lower than formerly and they are 20 per cent lower on plants than on merchandise.

Think how much value even one thousand of these trees would add to any farm in the northwest and there is hardly a farm in all that great empire where they would not grow. Suppose you put in 10,000 on some sandy or stony portion of your place, if you have it. How much of utility and beauty you add in a very short time.

By planting well, and cultivating or mulching, you would bring them on at a rapid rate. All told, nearly a million were planted last year. It should be ten million this year.

Where can we get these pines at a reasonable rate? Is a question that is often asked us. We have tried different parties. Some will send us good trees, ruined in the handling, so we can save but 5 per cent. This is very trying to pay your money and the express rates and then lose them. H. B. Ayers of Aitkin, Minnesota, sent out the first lot for the Government experiment in Holt county, which had such remarkable success. We buy thousands of them from him every year. The loss is generally not over 5 per cent. He furnishes them at \$5 to \$6 per thousand.

C. S. Harrison, President Nebraska Park and Forest Society, York, Nebraska.

### Suitable.

"What would be a suitable birthday present for my little boy?" inquired the fond mother.

"Let me think," returned the star boarder, who occasionally liked to sleep late in the morning. Then, with the glad, confident smile of one who has solved a problem, he added, "How would a gag or a straitjacket do?"—Chicago Post.

Gratitude is a fine virtue, and yet it is wearisome when carried beyond due bounds.—Le Sage.

Health—Economy

## Calumet Baking Powder

Best by Test