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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

Recommended by leading physicians and chemists

### FIVE REASONS WHY CALUMET BAKING POWDER

1. It complies with the Pure Food Laws of all states.
2. It is the only high-grade powder sold at a moderate price.
3. It is not made by a Baking Powder Trust.
4. Food prepared with it is free from Rochelle Salts or Alum.
5. It is the strongest Baking Powder on the market.

\$1,000.00 given for any substance injurious to health found in Calumet

Calumet is so carefully and scientifically prepared that the neutralization of the ingredients is absolutely perfect. Therefore, Calumet leaves no Rochelle Salts or Alum in the food. It is chemically correct.

All Grocers are Authorized to Guarantee this.

Calumet Baking Powder costs little. Costs a little more than the cheap, injurious powders now on the market, but is a big saving over the trust powders.

Try Calumet



Economizes the use of flour, butter and eggs; makes the biscuit, cake and pastry more appetizing, nutritious and wholesome.

# Royal Baking Powder

**ABSOLUTELY PURE**

**This is the only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar.**

**It Has No Substitute**

There are Alum and Phosphate of Lime mixtures sold at a lower price, but no housekeeper regarding the health of her family can afford to use them.

Blank books for Township Clerk's order on County Treasurer at this Office

### HIS TERRIBLE EYES.

Senator Cass Could Almost Paralyze a Man With a Look.

Giant heads, bodies and brains were Webster and Cass. All the strength of New Hampshire granite was concentrated in those two sons. To look upon them made the ordinary man feel small. Wonderful eyes they possessed, and men have been known to shiver with dread when one or the other allowed his glance to fall upon them. Cass could look through a stranger in a way to make his brain burn and his knees knock together. One searching stare seemed to destroy all mentality and fill the victim with paralytic emotions.

No man dared take liberties with Cass. In 1846 the proprietor of the National hotel in Washington was a man who so closely resembled the great senator from Michigan that he was often mistaken for him. An old friend, returning from a journey, entered the lobby and, seeing him leaning against the desk, slipped up behind and hit him a terrific whack on the shoulder, saying cheerily and simultaneously: "Hello, old man! Here I am back again. How are you?" Senator Cass straightened up his six feet three and, turning upon the assailant his terrible, bloodshot eyes, almost annihilated him with a look. Not a word was spoken. That look was ample. The stranger was so "rattled" that he could not even apologize, but slunk dejectedly out of the hotel.

Later in the day when congress was supposed to be in session the stranger returned to the hotel to shake hands with the proprietor and tell him all about the Cass incident. Walking bravely up, he laid his hand down on his friend's shoulder and, without waiting for a greeting, surprised him with: "See here, old fellow, you got me in a deuce of a scrape this morning. Why, you know, I took old Cass for you, slapped him on the back, nearly taking off a shoulder, and the old fool looked at me as if he wanted to commit murder. The darned old lunatic, why doesn't he stay out of here? He knows!" Again the great senator from Michigan straightened up his six feet three, again he turned his bloodshot eyes, again he looked and again the victim fled. Two mistakes of that kind in one day!

### CHARACTER IN WALKING.

Traits Which Are Readily Disclosed by One's Gait.

"There's a conceited man coming down the street," said the girl in the group on a corner. "How do I know? By his walk. I can tell the chief trait of any person's character by watching him or her walk. For instance, if a man walks with a heavy lift to his hips he's sure to be obstinate. If he sinks down a little on his heels he has a comfortable attitude toward life and the world in general—in fact, he's a bit lazy. That woman coming down the street now is a gossip. Any one could tell that because of her mincing, fussy gait. Indecision is the chief characteristic of that woman's character across the street. Don't you see how she swings her foot rather hesitatingly in the air before she puts it down?"

"The man who walks with his knees leading is sure to be of the pious type—the disagreeably pious type, I mean. You see that old codger who is crossing the road with his stomach seeming to lead the rest of him—well, of course it is evident that feeding is his chief delight. When an intellectual man walks his head leads. That girl who sways so is self-conscious. Yes, that girl going down the street has a pretty walk, gliding and quiet, but watch out for her; she is treacherous in the extreme.

"The man who puts his feet down especially solidly is heavy and somewhat stupid. That little person crossing the road with a quick, clean step is energy personified, but he has the sort of energy which has no regard for the rights or feelings of others. The girl coming out of that store has an ugly streak in her nature. Don't you see how she puts her foot down unwillingly as if she were saying: 'I won't! I won't! I shouldn't advise any man to marry her.'

"Of course I don't pretend to know thoroughly a person's character by his walk, but I do discover his predominant characteristic."

### The Quality of Mercy.

A notorious mountain moonshiner, familiarly known as Wild Bill, was tried before a federal court in Georgia and was adjudged guilty. Before pronouncing sentence the judge lectured the prisoner on his long criminal record and at last, informing him that the court entertained no feeling of anger toward him, but felt only unalloyed pity, sentenced him to spend six years in the federal prison at Atlanta.

Bill stolidly shifted the quid of tobacco in his mouth and turned to leave the courtroom with the marshal. Once outside the only thing he said was this:

"Well, I suah am glad he wa'n't mad at me!"

### Proving It.

"Keep up your courage, old man," said the passenger who was a good sailor to another who was leaning over the railing and paying tribute to Neptune.

"Never mind me," came the answer between gasps. "I've always heard that it took travel to bring out what there is in a man."

### Painfully Natural.

Playwright—Is her acting natural? Manager (enthusiastically)—Natural? Why, when she appeared as the dying mother last night an insurance agent who has her life insured for \$25,000 and who was in the audience actually fainted.—London Tit-Bits.

## Curing a Fad

By W. F. BRYAN.

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Being fanciful as well as fashionable, Miss Hovey was a faddist, this to the deep sorrow of Dick Fennister, who barely had time to develop an interest in one pursuit before Florence Hovey was off at a new tangent.

Dick had just learned to handle the diabolo when he was called upon to abandon the illusive spinning reel in order to spend his afternoons amid dim lights and odors of incense while a burly Buddhist proclaimed the tenets of fasting and mortification of the flesh to the end that the soul might be enabled to quit its earthly tenement and soar through realms of space.

And then came Battery. His advent enabled Dick to resume an intimate connection between soul and body and also permitted him to take Florence to luncheon occasionally until Battery's artistic notions engulfed Miss Hovey even more completely than the Hindoo religion had done.

Battery knew the value of what actors call "dressing the part," and there was small danger that any one would ever mistake him for other than what he was. The black velvet coat, the straight brimmed high hat and the peg top trousers above sharply pointed French shoes were all delightfully suggestive of the Latin quarter. Florence discarded shirt waists and went in for soft, clinging gowns designed by Battery. The phraseology of the studio supplanted the words of affection which Dick Fennister had received despite the reigns of other fads.

Things began to look serious, indeed, for Fennister, and none knew it better than himself. Battery by his very selfishness was the sort of man to attract women, and Dick Fennister feared that if he sought to exercise his rights as a fiance this would serve only to mark the termination of their engagement and precipitate Florence's serious interest in the artist.

Things went from bad to worse, and there came the day when Dick called to take Florence for a walk only to find that she had gone with Battery. Later it developed that she had gone to his studio to pose for her portrait and that Mrs. Hovey had accompanied them as chaperon, but this did not lighten the situation much.

Thereafter Battery called daily to escort his sitter to the studio, and with mournful interest Dick watched the trio pass the club window.

Then there came a day when the light of resolve flashed into his eyes, and with positive cheerfulness he turned from the spectacle. Harry Fulton, passing him in the hall, was scandalized to surprise him performing a dance indicative of solemn joy.

"Your own idea?" he asked when Dick saw him and had subsided.

"A poor thing," admitted Dick, "but my own. It is the outward indication of the joy that rises within me."

"It's all right then," was the sarcastic retort. "It seemed rather the outward indication of an inward colic."

He passed on, and Dick headed for the coat room. Ten minutes later he quitted the club.

Mrs. Hovey rather enjoyed the afternoon promenades down the avenue. Battery's eccentricities, aided by real cleverness with the brush, had made him something of a social lion, and she was proud to have him in leash. She enjoyed the attention which the artist attracted, but this afternoon there was a new expression on the face of those whom they met.

In spite of the occasional "Very clever!" and "How original!" which fell from the lips of passersby there was a flash of levity in the eyes of nearly all. Both Mrs. Hovey and Florence anxiously, if secretly, felt various portions of their dress to see if some disarrangement of their toilet had aroused attention.

But several fugitive touches assured them that all was well, and so they gave more attention to Battery, who reveled in this afternoon parade down the fashionable thoroughfare with the aristocratic matron and her remarkably handsome daughter at his side. He had scorned the suggestion of a carriage, declaring that the walk cleared his brain and enabled him to do his best work.

"This picture shall be my masterpiece," he declared, "if only I am able to do justice to the subject. See! Every one stares at the beauty I am struggling to reproduce upon canvas. It shall make me famous."

"You are already that," reminded Mrs. Hovey. "You will make Florence famous instead."

"No; she is already that," replied the artist. "It needs none to tell that she is the observed of all observers. Today I notice it as never before."

"Do you?" asked Mrs. Hovey uneasily. "It does seem to me that we are attracting unusual attention."

"It is the gown," said Battery complacently. "It is a triumph. It is a joy to see one's ideals so fittingly realized." He glanced with frank pride at the somewhat conspicuous costume he had designed for Florence and which she was wearing upon the street for the first time. He was inordinately vain, and even the indirect flattery of curious glances was as incense to his soul.

They had almost reached the side street on which Battery had his studio in an abandoned stable whose rough and dilapidated exterior served only to heighten the effect of the luxurious furnishings within. Suddenly

Mrs. Hovey gasped and clutched the artist's arm.

Were it not for the clutch and the feel of bone and muscle beneath she could have sworn that Battery was advancing toward them with his pompous deliberate stride. Battery, too, saw the vision and stared.

"It would seem a double," he said. "Tell me, do you see one who looks like me?"

"Two—three," said Mrs. Hovey in gasps, while her eyes filled with fear. "It cannot be a delusion, since we both see it," said Battery in relieved tones. "What can it be?"

"There's another!" almost screamed Mrs. Hovey as a third figure came into view—"What can it mean?"

The question was quickly answered, for the first of the false artists was now abreast of them, and, glancing over her shoulder, Mrs. Hovey faced a new surprise. On the black velvet coat was neatly lettered: "Belding, the Artist. Best Photos \$3 Per Dozen."

"It is an advertisement," she gasped, "and—and—"

"The people think Mr. Battery is one of them," said Florence indignantly. "Oh, there's Dick! He'll take us home. We need not trouble Mr. Battery."

Fennister, perceiving that he was recognized, hurried forward. Florence regarded with approval his correct afternoon dress and turned from the artist in disgust as a sixth double filed slowly past.

"Please take us home, Dick," she said faintly. "It seems that we have been assisting in advertising some cheap photographer."

"Jolly good makeup," said Dick as he stepped between the two women, thereby displacing the artist. "Mr. Battery saved them the trouble of thinking up an idea for a costume. Let's drop in here and have an ice," he added as they reached a fashionable restaurant.

"Perhaps your mother would like"—

"Tea," declared the crimson faced woman. "I was never so mortified in my life, Dick. I wish you'd hurry up and marry Florence if only to cure her of her silly habit of fads."

"With all my heart to the first part!" cried Dick as his glance sought the girls.

"I'm cured of the second part," added Florence demurely. "What a wonder it was no one used the mahatma for an advertisement for a—a—"

"A minstrel show," said Dick, with a laugh. "He was black enough."

And then Fennister offered up a prayer that it might never be discovered who had planned the advertisement.

### Hypercriticism of Cooks.

In a Sixth avenue employment agency ten cooks out of a job waited one afternoon recently for something to turn up. Presently a well dressed woman who was short of servants applied at the desk for the desired help. The manager referred her to the ten cooks. The woman interviewed each of them in turn, with unsatisfactory results.

"Not one of them," she explained to the manager of the agency, "likes to eat the things that we like."

"But what difference does that make?" asked the manager. "They are no doubt good cooks for all that."

"Possibly, but they wouldn't suit me," said the woman decidedly. "My family have very pronounced tastes in regard to cookery, and my experience has taught me that only a cook who likes the same dishes can prepare them satisfactorily. It stands to reason that any cook who likes certain dishes will have better luck with them than one who doesn't like them, consequently I'll do the work myself until I find a girl whose taste agrees with ours."

—New York Press.

### Would Excuse Her.

"The butler in a Scotch family occupies a privileged and unique position," said a Scot to some friends who were discussing the servant problem. "He sometimes assumes a freedom of speech that to Americans would be an impertinence, but to those that know him this is only one of the many evidences of his interest in the family welfare."

"A young lady from New York was the guest at a house where a butler of that sort reigns. She submitted to his patronage with much amusement. One day there were unexpected and important guests for dinner, a fact that caused the butler a little while before the meal was served to waylay the American girl in the hall.

"I'm fearin' there 'll no be enough soup," he explained, "so when it's offered ye maun decline it, lass."

"Why," was the laughing response of the girl, "it wouldn't be polite of me to decline soup."

"Not precisely," said the butler, with a benign smile, "but they'll a' make excuse for ye, thinkin' ye ken nae better."

### Wars That Were Caused by Women.

I do not think that any of you are ignorant, my friends, that the greatest wars have taken place on account of women—the Trojan war on account of Helen, the plague which took place in it was on account of Chryseis and the war called the sacred war on account of Theano. This war lasted ten years. The Crissaean war, which also lasted ten years, was excited on this account—because the Crissaean carried off Megisto, the daughter of Pelagon, and the daughters of the Argives as they were returning from the temple.

And whole families have been ruined owing to women. For instance, that of Philip, the father of Alexander, was ruined on account of his marriage with Cleopatra, and Hercules was ruined by his marriage with Iole.—Athenaeus, A. D. 300.

### Get Away Year.

Bacon—The single men do not seem to be afraid of leap year any more. Egbert—No. You see, as soon as the girls get ready to leap the men prepare to jump.—Yonkers Statesman.

### LEE AND M'CLELLAN.

An Incident of the First Meeting of the Two Soldiers.

The first meeting between General George B. McClellan and General Robert E. Lee happened in Mexico during the war with that country. McClellan was a lieutenant of engineers, and Lee was a major on the staff of General Winfield Scott.

One day McClellan was walking across a field when he saw General Scott and his staff approaching on horseback. As they drew near Major Lee reined up his horse and asked the lieutenant if he did not know that he was disobeying orders. His tone was sharp and angry. McClellan answered that he was not aware of any disobedience and asked for an explanation. Lee replied that all officers had been told to remain in their quarters, awaiting orders, and asked for the lieutenant's name.

McClellan gave him his name and said that no order of that kind had reached him. But Lee in a peremptory tone ordered him to go to his quarters and remain there. Then he rode off and rejoined General Scott and the staff, who had not stopped. McClellan went to his quarters, as he had been directed to do, but was quite indignant at the way in which Lee had treated him, for he had not knowingly committed a breach of discipline.

He had just finished telling his brother officers the incident when he was informed that an officer was outside the tent asking for him. On going out he was much surprised to see Major Lee, who saluted him with respect.

"Lieutenant McClellan," the major said, "I am afraid that I was not courteous in my manner to you a little while ago, and I have called to apologize."

"I assured him that it was all right," said General McClellan in telling the story, "and he rode off after making a low bow, leaving me in admiration of a superior officer who so promptly and generously repaired an error."—Chicago News.

### AN AERIAL HORROR.

The Very Dreadful Thing That Stroh-schneider Did.

A group of aeronauts were talking aeronautics.

"Did you ever hear of Stroh-schneider?" said a German. "He did a dreadful thing once. I'll tell you about it." "Stroh-schneider appeared in a certain village and advertised that he would take the landlord of the village inn up with him on a trapeze hanging from the car of his balloon.

"Though the landlord's wife made a kick and the authorities, upholding her, forbade the man to accompany Stroh-schneider, the landlord sat in state on the trapeze beside the famous aeronaut when the ascension began.

"But those nearest to him noticed that he was paler than a ghost and that his arm was thrown around Stroh-schneider's neck as if in terror. And, noting these things, the people nodded ominously to one another.

"Up and up went the balloon, and now a murmur of horror arose among the multitude. The aeronaut and the landlord were quarreling; they were fighting. High up there in the clouds, perched on the swaying trapeze, they struggled, thumped, kicked.

"Suddenly the aeronaut, in a mad burst of rage, seized the landlord by the throat, thrust him backward and flung him into space. Down the poor fellow dropped like a stone, turning over and over. He alighted on his head.

"The people, mad with horror and rage, rushed to the spot. And there, to their amazement, stood the landlord, laughing heartily. The figure that had fallen was a manikin dressed up in his clothes.

"And this," the speaker concluded, "is the only practical joke that has ever been played from a balloon."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### Perils of Crinolines.

The dangers of the historic crinoline are illustrated by a story told by Lady Dorothy Nevill in her "Reminiscences." Going too near the fireplace, her voluminous skirt caught fire, and in an instant she was in a blaze. There were no men present, and the women could not help her, because if they had gone near enough to be of use their own skirts would have been ignited. Fortunately Lady Dorothy had sufficient presence of mind to roll herself in the hearth rug and thus subdue the flames.

### A Judge of Land.

Proud Father—Welcome back to the old farm, my boy. So you got through college all right? Farmer's Son—Yes, father. Proud Father—Ye know, I told ye to study up chemistry and things, so you'd know best what to do with different kinds of land. What do you think of that flat meadow there, for instance? Farmer's Son—Cracky, what a place for a ball game!—Kansas City Independent.

### Pity the Poor Wolf.

"Why is it," asked the fox, "that you always look so gaunt?" "Oh," replied the wolf, "it's all due to the business I'm in. I always have to keep away from the door until there's nothing left in the house to eat."—Catholic Standard and Times.

### The New Yorker.

"You New Yorkers don't seem to know anything about the rest of the country," said the visitor. "The rest of the country?" echoed the New Yorker. "What's that?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Equality may be all right, but no human power can convert it into a fact.—Balzac.