

Where the finest biscuit, cake, hot-breads, crusts or puddings are required **Royal** is indispensable.

ROYAL
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Absolutely Pure

Not only for rich or fine food or for special times or service. Royal is equally valuable in the preparation of plain, substantial, every-day foods, for all occasions. It makes the food more tasty, nutritious and wholesome.

RURAL WRITINGS

[Items from the country are solicited for this department. Mail or send them in as early in the week as possible; items received later than Wednesday can not be used at all and it is preferred that they be in not later than Tuesday. Always send your name with items, that we may know who they are from. Name of sender not for publication. See that your writing is legible, especially names and places, leaving plenty of space between the lines for correction. Be careful that what you tell about actually occurred.]

Phoenix.

Otto Nilson and C. C. Henkel were Atkinson visitors last week.

Remah Banta staid with Grandma Hunt a couple of days last week.

Jim Fullerton from near town took dinner with Mrs. Coburn and in the afternoon went down to Anncar.

Mrs. Etta Congor and three children came up from Neligh the first of last week and spent the remainder of the week with her parents and sisters.

Saturday was "Bryan day" in Spencer and a few of us went over from Phoenix to help swell the crowd, and returned home that evening with the feeling that Spencer was the place for a good time.

A gloom was cast over the entire community when word was received here Sunday evening of the death of Allie McMain, which occurred at a Sioux city hospital that day. Al, as he was familiarly called, by his cheerful manner and disposition, won for himself a host of friends, which were numbered by his acquaintances and the deepest sympathy of all is extended to the sorrowing father and aunt. The remains were brought here Tuesday. Funeral services were held at the house Wednesday afternoon, conducted by Rev. Horton of Atkinson, after which he was laid to rest by the side of his mother who passed away only a few weeks ago.

It is laughable to read the explosions of the Bryan press of Nebraska to the effect that the republican press of the state is fostering and helping the Johnson boom for the presidency, says the St. Paul, Neb., Republican. Why should the republican party want Johnson, a successful man in all his political undertakings, and that too in a strong republican state, at the head of the democratic ticket, instead of Bryan, a failure in all his political work, whom experience has proven two fold an easy man to defeat?

The body of the woman found in the ruins of the Laporte, Ind., farmhouse were positively identified as that of Mrs. Guinness, the multimurderess, by the finding of her teeth on which a local dentist had operated. The further examination of the remains dug up in the yard of the Guinness place showed that four of her victims had been killed the same week and possibly the same night.

Stomach Troubles.

Many remarkable cures of stomach troubles have been effected by Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. One man who had spent over two thousand dollars for medicine and treatment was cured by a few boxes of these tablets. Price, 25 cents. Samples free at Gilligan & Stout's drug store.

The coal purchases of the United States government aggregate in value nearly \$6,300,000 annually.

In portions of northeast Nebraska farmers have had to replant their cornfields.

A bumper small grain crop is practically assured by May rains.

Advise to Politicians—And Others

Give thy thoughts no tongue, Nor any unproportioned thought his act.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,

Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;

But do not dull thy palm with entertainment

Ofteach new hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.

Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,

Bear it, that the opposed may beware of thee.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:

Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,

But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;

For the apparel oft proclaims the man;

And they in France, of the best rank and station,

Are most select and generous, chief in that.

Neither a borrower nor lender be;

For loan oft loses both itself and friend

And borrowing dulls the eye of husbandry.

This above all—to thine own self be true;

And it must follow, as the night the day,

Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Farewell; my blessing season this in thee.

—Shakespeare.

A Profitable Candidacy.

Globe-Democrat: As long as Mr. Bryan holds his personal grip on the democratic party his popularity as a public speaker is not likely to decline, and this means that his income from the platform alone will continue to be over \$50,000 a year. The secretary of the lyceum bureau that manages Mr. Bryan's lecture tours states that it arranged 175 dates for its chief star last year and that his share of the receipts was \$52,500. Mr. Bryan's regular charge at chautauquas is the first \$250 taken in and half of all the receipts above \$500, exclusive of season tickets. For an evening lecture the terms are a cash guarantee of \$200 and half the door receipts. Half of the door receipts are asked for lectures not in the regular course. Last year Mr. Bryan spoke almost every day from January 6 to September 10, and often twice a day.

Mr. Bryan is a striking example of American business opportunity, though nothing to boast of as a political illustration of the extent to which the one-man power can be carried in a party. His lecture income, together with that from his paper and his "pathetically bald" books, decidedly places him in the plutocratic class which it is his habit to denounce. Mr. Bryan's books, which are universally pronounced compendiums of stale stuff, poorly arranged, have been among the best sellers in democratic circles. His lectures are better, but far from profound intellectually. He earns his money honestly and is welcome to it, but what about the party he has ridden twice to defeat and still holds under his whip and spur? Is he in danger of getting into the ranks of the wealthy he has inveighed against? At all events he is working a rich vein for himself.

\$19.60 Chicago and Return.

Excursion rates via the Chicago & North Western Ry., on account Republican National Convention. Tickets on sale at above rate from this station daily June 12 to 17. Return limit June 30. Ask ticket agent for particulars.

FORETOLD HIS FUTURE.

The Message Carl Schurz Received From Spirit Land.

An extraordinary experience with a medium is given in the Carl Schurz memoirs in McClure's.

After receiving what purported to be a message from Schiller, General Schurz asked that the spirit of Lincoln be summoned to tell why President Johnson had called Schurz to Washington.

"The answer came, 'He wants you to make an important journey for him.' I asked where that journey would take me. Answer, 'He will tell you tomorrow.' I asked further whether I should undertake that journey. Answer, 'Yes; do not fail.' (I may add, by the way, that at that time I had not the slightest anticipation as to what President Johnson's intention with regard to me was.)

"Having disposed of this matter, I asked whether the spirit of Lincoln had anything more to say to me. The answer came, 'Yes; you will be a senator of the United States.' This struck me as so fanciful that I could hardly suppress a laugh, but I asked further, 'From what state?' Answer, 'From Missouri.' This was more provokingly mysterious still, but there the conversation ceased.

"Hardly anything could have been more improbable at that time than that I should be a senator of the United States from the state of Missouri. My domicile was in Wisconsin, and I was then thinking of returning there. I had never thought of removing from Wisconsin to Missouri, and there was not the slightest prospect of my ever doing so.

"But, to forestall my narrative, two years later I was surprised by an entirely unthought and unexpected business proposition which took me to St. Louis, and in January, 1869, the legislature of Missouri elected me a senator of the United States. I then remembered the prophecy made to me at the spirit seance in the house of my friend Tiedemann in Philadelphia."

CLEVER FISHERMEN.

Odd Methods of the Indians on the Sault Ste. Marie.

On the Sault Ste. Marie the Indians have a novel method of catching whitefish. Two Indians go with a canoe into the rapids. One occupies the bow and one the stern. The latter uses a paddle to keep the boat's head upstream. The former has a pole with which to steady the boat, standing upright in his place.

They take with them a dipnet four feet in diameter attached to a pole or handle fifteen feet long. This is placed ready to the hand of the Indian in the bow. The fishing is done at the foot of the rapids, where the water boils and tumbles furiously.

With his pole the Indian in the bow holds the canoe or lets it float steadily sidewise, now up a little perhaps and then down, but always under perfect control. The Indian gazes constantly into the water, which is often ten feet deep where they are fishing and the depths of which no white man has ever yet able to school his eye to penetrate.

Suddenly he seizes the net by the handle with one hand, still manipulating the boat with the other, and plunges the net into the water, perhaps ten feet away, thrusting it to the bottom. Then he gives it a peculiar twist, draws it up and turns out into the boat often as many as half a dozen whitefish weighing from three to five pounds.

These Indian fishermen are unerring in casting their nets, and it is not an uncommon thing for them to capture 300 whitefish in a day. How they are able to see the fish in the bottom of the rapids is a mystery no one has yet been able to fathom.—Pearson's Weekly.

As Good as a Porter.

It is curious how many people are in ignorance of simple little facts in connection with everyday life which would save them a large amount of unnecessary labor and fatigue. Take the case of carrying a heavy bag or portmanteau, for instance. We all know the annoying way in which it knocks against our legs and the almost intolerable ache in the arm that is supporting the burden. Few people are aware, however, that by folding a couple of newspapers and putting them under one's armpit a large amount of the strain and inconvenience is immediately removed. Try it next time you are hurrying to catch a train.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Hat He Had.

"Mamma, if I had a hat before I had this one, it's all right to say that's the hat I had had, isn't it?"
"Certainly, Johnny."
"And if that hat once had a hole in it and I had it mended I could say it had had a hole in it, couldn't I?"
"Yes; there would be nothing incorrect in that."

"Then it would be good English to say that the hat I had had had had a hole in it, wouldn't it?"

Yes, Indeed.

"It takes a couple of sweethearts a deucedly long time to say goodbye, even if they are parting for only a few hours."

"Much adieu about nothing, eh?"—Kansas City Times.

Amiable.

"Daughter, is your husband amiable?"
"Well, ma, he's just exactly like pa. When he gets his own way about everything he's just perfectly lovely."—Punch.

Among the richer classes 343 in 1,000 live to 90 years; in the middle classes, 175; of the laboring class, 153.

WARNED BY DESERTS

What These Sandy Wastes Mean to Mother Earth.

A DEATH GRIP ON THE WORLD

They indicate the Beginning of the End of Our Beautiful Planet, Which Is Doomed to Roll Through Space a Parched and Lifeless Orb.

Deserts already exist on the earth, and the nameless horror that attaches to the word in the thoughts of all who have had experience of them or are gifted with imagination to conceive is in truth greater than we commonly suppose, for the cosmic circumstance about them which is most terrible is not that deserts are, but that deserts have begun to be. Not as local evilable evils are they only to be pictured, but as the general inescapable death grip on our world, for it is the beginning of the end. What depauperates the forests to grass lands and thence to wastes must in turn attack the sea bottoms when they shall have parted with their seas.

Last of the fertile spots upon the planet because of the salts the streams have for ages washed down and of the remnant of moisture that would still drain into them, eventually they must share the fortune of their predecessors and the planet roll a parched orb through space. The picture is forbidding, but the fact seems one to which we are constructively pledged and into which we are in some sort already adventuring.

Girdling the earth with what it takes but little personification to liken to the life extinguishing serpent's coils run two desert belts of country. The one follows, roughly speaking, the tropic of Cancer, extending northward from it; the other, the tropic of Capricorn. Arizona is in the northern band, as are the Sahara, Arabia and the deserts of central Asia.

Now, these desert belts are growing. In the great desert of northern Arizona the traveler, threading his way across a sagebrush and cacti plain shut in by abrupt sided shelves of land rising here and there some hundreds of feet higher, suddenly comes upon a petrified forest.

Trunks of trees in all stages of fracture strew the ground over a space some miles in extent. So perfect are their forms he is almost minded to think the usual wasteful woodchopper has been by and left the scattered products of his art in littered confusion upon the scene of his exploit. Only their beautiful color conveys a sense of strangeness to the eye, and, leaning down and touching them, he finds that they are—stone; chalcidony, not carbon! Form has outlived substance and kept the resemblance, while the particles of the original matter have all been spirited away. Yet so perfect is the presentment one can hardly believe the fact, and where one fallen giant spans a little canyon one almost thinks to hear the sound of water rushing down the creek.

But it is some millions of years and more since this catastrophe befell, and the torrent, uprooting it, left it prone, with limbs outstretched in futile grasp upon the other side. A conifer it was, cousin only to such as grow today, and flourished probably in the cretaceous era, for the land has not been under water here since the advent of tertiary times.

Nowhere near it, except for the rare cottonwoods along the bank of the Little Colorado, grows anything today. The land which once supported these forests is incompetent to do so now. Yet nothing has changed there since except the decreasing water supply. During tertiary and quaternary time the rainfall has been growing less and less. Proof of this is offered by the great pine oasis that caps the plateau of which these petrified forests form a part and iskerneled by the San Francisco peaks. The height above sea level of the spot where the chalcidony trunks are strewn is about 4,500 feet. The lower present limit of the pine in its full development is 6,500 feet. Two thousand feet upward the verdure line has retreated since the former forests were. And this is no local alteration, for upon the other side of the plateau petrified remains of trees are similarly found.

The line of perpetual green has risen because in desert regions the moisture is found most plentiful nearest to the clouds from which it falls upon a parching earth. Streams, instead of gathering volume as they go, are largest near their source and grow less and less with each fresh mile of flow. The brooks descending from the Anti-Lebanon, in Syria, water the gardens of Damascus and, thence issuing upon the plain, lose themselves just beyond the threshold of its gates. So in the Arizona desert, though in a less degree, and those who live there know it but too well.—From Percival Lowell's "Mars and the Future of the Earth" in Century.

Breaking Wire.

Anybody who has tried to break a piece of wire without the aid of a pair of pliers will probably agree that the operation is both a difficult and painful one. There is a method, however, by which it may be easily accomplished. By bending the wire into a loop and pulling both ends as tight as possible an injury will be caused to the wire, which on being straightened will immediately break. By this means wire up to No. 12 gauge may be successfully dealt with.

Fire and sword are but slow engines of destruction in comparison with the babbar.—Steele.

SENATE OF LILLIPUT.

The Way Dr. Johnson Outwitted the House of Commons.

Parliamentary bodies were long a great stronghold of resistance to the press. Reporters were strictly barred from them, and reports of their proceedings were sternly punished. It was among the triumphs for the right and for common sense which Franklin achieved that he caused the chamber of the provincial assembly of Pennsylvania to be thrown open to publicity. Nevertheless no reports were allowed of either the Continental congress or the constitutional convention.

Dr. Johnson's violation of the cherished privacy of the British house of commons is a classic story. He reported its debates without entering its sacred precincts, and in order to escape the severe penalties of the law he reported them without mentioning the body or any of its members by name. Setting up an imaginary "senate of Lilliput" and giving fictitious names to the leading members of parliament, he edified for years the readers of the journal which then boasted the "largest circulation" in England.

Receiving a few scanty notes of what was going on at Westminster, he elaborated them into a brilliant spread. He was, indeed, the illustrious founder of the immortal craft of rewriters. His discerning readers came to know not only that the senate of Lilliput was the house of commons, but that "Blefsu" stood for France and "Mildendo" for London; that "sprugs" meant pounds, that "Nardac" was the Duke of Newcastle, and so on. What his notes lacked his imagination readily supplied.

Never was the eloquence of parliament more brilliant than in Johnson's reports of the debates, in which, he admitted, he took care that the Whig dogs got the worst of it, although Pitt himself must have felt mollified when he read the wonderful outburst attributed to him by Johnson on "the atrocious crime of being a young man." It is the best remembered of all Pitt's speeches, and it was written by Johnson "in a garret in Exeter street."—Boston Globe.

A SMART ENGLISHMAN.

The Story He Told of His Experience in "the States."

A tall, practical Englishman went over to "the States" the other day from London. He took lodgings at an inn in a small village, which shall be nameless. He had dinner, and among those who sat at the table with him was the waiting maid, whom he designated as "servant," but he received an indignant correction from the landlady.

"We call our servants, sir, 'helps.' They are not oppressed; they are not Russian serfs."

"All right," said the Britisher; "I shall remember."

And he did, for in the morning he awoke the whole house by calling out at the top of his voice, which was like the tearing of a strong rag:

"Help, help! Water, water!"
In an instant every person equal to the task rushed into his room with a pail of water.

"I am much obliged to you, I am sure," he said, "but I don't want so much water, you know. I only want enough to shave with."

"Shave with!" said the landlady. "What did you mean by calling: 'Help! Water?' We thought the house was afire."

"You told me to call the servant 'help,' and I did. Did you think I would cry 'Water!' when I meant fire?"
The explanation, it would seem, was satisfactory, and he can call the servants "servants" as much as he likes at that place now.—London Answers.

Not Very Flattering.

When the artist had finished his scenic sketch of the stretch of woods skirting the suburban road, he looked up and beheld a serious faced Irishman whom he had previously noticed digging in a trench by the roadside gazing queerly at his canvas.

"Well," said the artist familiarly, "do you suppose you could make a picture like that?"

The Irishman mopped his forehead a moment and, with a deep sigh, answered, "Sure; a mon c'n do anything if he's driv to ut!"—Argonaut.

Some Good Anagrams.

The following is a list of very remarkable anagrams:

Astronomers, no more stars; catalogues, got as a clew; elegant, neat leg; impatient, Tim is a pet; matrimony, into my arm; melodrama, made moral; midshipman, mind his map; old England, golden land; parishioners, I hire parsons; parliament, partial men; penitentiary, nay, I repent it; Presbyterian, best in prayer; revolution, to love ruin; sweetheart, there we sat; telegraphs, great helps.

A Neat Selection.

"That's a nice umbrella you have there."
"Ain't it? Reflects credit on my taste, doesn't it?"
"It certainly does. Where did you get it?"

"Picked it out of a bunch of seven that were standing in the boarding house hall this morning."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Contradictory.

"Is your husband voracious in his appetite, madam?"
"I can't say as he is, doctor. He'll eat anything and everything as long as there's anything to eat."—Baltimore American.

Usually the Way.

"A man likes to hear hisse' talk so well," said Uncle Eben, "dat mos' conversation looks jes' like two people impatiently waitin' deir turns to say sompin."—Washington Star.

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To the Pacific Coast
Very low round trip rates commencing June 1st for attractive Coast tours, only 680; slightly higher via Shasta route and Puget sound.

To Chicago and East:
Republican convention excursion tickets at low rates in June; also summer excursion rates in connection with convention and summer tourist rates to eastern resorts.

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Daily excursion rates commencing June 1st to Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Black Hills, Yellowstone park; great democratic convention at Denver in July.

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J. F. JORDAN, Ticket Agent, O'Neill
L. W. WAKELEY, G.P.A., Omaha, Neb



The following animals are for service this season at my place just north of town—

Black Percheron Graden Stallion \$12.50
Bay Hambeltonian \$10
Large Jack, weight 1000, \$12.50.

If mare is sold or moved from the county service fee becomes due at once. Call and inspect them; they will bear inspection. I will treat you right.

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