

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure
The only baking powder made with Royal Grape Cream of Tartar
No Alum, No Lime Phosphate

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 Name of sender not for publication.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.

Ray News.

The fine rains make the crops grow rapidly.

Jim Harding and sons drove over to the Eagle Monday

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Johnson and W. R. Johnson drove to the county seat Tuesday.

David Veiquist was hunting stray cattle Monday, with not very good success.

Mr. and Mrs. Connaughton were afternoon callers at Wallace Johnson's Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Twyford drove to O'Neill Sunday, returning the following day.

The weather man has gotten awfully careless with his sprinkling cart and has played havoc with farm work for the last week. Hope he will do better pretty quick and give us a chance to finish planting and kill the weeds, which have made a luxuriant growth the last few days.

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.

Kola Items.

Jason Barnum is home on his home-stand this week.

Mrs. Pfund and children returned home from O'Neill last Tuesday evening.

B. W. Garewood and sister (?) of Amelia visited at the home of Mr. Howarth last Sunday.

Mr. Lehrman and Johnny Kennedy helped Jacob Pfund, jr., put up his new windmill last week.

Sheriff Hall of O'Neill and H. A. Lehrman of Amelia were visitors at Kola Wednesday of last week.

Walter Shermer went to Plainview last week, by way of O'Neill, for a three week's visit with his parents.

Our neighbors, George Holcomb and Charles Kimball, are helping Mr. Storts, of the Lee & Prentiss ranch, put up a new windmill.

Mr. Howarth came home from Norfolk week before last and last week went to Atkinson for a load of wire and posts with which to build a pasture.

Miss Lilly Monroe had quite a time last week while returning home from Atkinson with a big load. The wagon got mired but kind neighbors came to the rescue and Miss Lilly has cause to remember two gents that did not want to get their feet muddy.

Remember, all of you that are interested in schools, that the annual school meeting will be held the last Monday in June. Let everybody come, cast their vote and give their ideas, and be interested in their school district, for it ought to be the best ever.

Last Thursday the people of Kola and vicinity watched a twister south of here which done quite a little dam-

Always the Same

Calumet Baking Powder

The only high grade Baking Powder sold at a moderate price.

age. Mrs. Johnson of Carson had her house destroyed. The roofs were blown off the homes of Mr. Kelly and Frank Welton; while at Mrs. Monroe's place hay rack, chickens and other articles went sailing through the air.

Henry Sparling, while out picketing his horses, discovered his house on fire, and in trying to save his trunk, which had some money in it, badly burned his face and hands. He put on the lay burner and left the door open and in some way the wind blew the fire out of the burner and the house was like a furnace before he could get to it and he did not save a thing. No insurance.

No Need of Suffering With Rheumatism.

It is a mistake to allow rheumatism to become chronic, as the pain can always be relieved, and in the most cases a cure effected by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm. The relief from pain which it affords is alone worth many times its cost. It makes sleep and rest possible. Even in cases of long standing this liniment should be used on account of the relief it affords. 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Gilligan & Stout.

Phoenix.

Hazel Eastman spent Sunday at Fred Turner's.

Roy Parshall was a Sunday visitor at James Garin's.

Ralph Coburn made a trip to Atkinson and back the first of the week.

Harvey and Louie Garin were visitors at Frank Haynes' over Sunday.

Lynn Stockwell came over from Butte Saturday and is visiting relatives here.

Mr. Kennedy, who is breaking for George Kirkland, is boarding at Ray Coburn's.

Ray Coburn, wife and children were callers at the Lamphier, Leyman and Coburn homes Sunday afternoon.

If you don't think it "simply poured" last Sunday, ask the crowd who "started to the ball game in Boyd county what they know about it.

A few young people wore down from Celia for the ball game Saturday and Walter O'Malley, from near O'Neill, came over also to pitch for our boys.

Isabel Mathnie, May Aldridge, Mabel Keeeler, Jessie Coburn, Henry Bartels, Friend Keeeler and Walt O'Malley took supper at George Syfies Saturday evening.

Dr. Cross of Spencer was called one day last week to doctor a very sick horse belonging to Wilber Kirkland, and last Monday he came over to C. C. Henkels for the same purpose.

We understand that Michael Hynes has gone to Kansas, but hope it is only for a short time, as his presence will be greatly missed among the young people, especially at the dances.

Quite a crowd gathered at the ball diamond Saturday afternoon to watch the ball game, but through some misunderstanding the nine from over south failed to come, but they played ball a little anyway.

The Phoenix ball nine, or part of them, went to Boyd county Sunday in spite of the weather and played a game of ball with the boys over there, and beat them to the tune of 16 to 2. They returned home feeling well repaid for their "rainy" trip.

OBITUARY.

Allie McMann was born in Peoria county, Illinois, April 18, 1882, and died at Sioux City, Iowa, May 31, 1908, aged 26 years, 1 month and 13 days.

He had been afflicted nearly all his life and although everything possible was done to aid him, all failed to give relief. He was taken to Sioux City a few weeks prior to his death, where his limb was amputated with the hope of a speedy and complete recovery, and for a time he felt very much improved and was thinking of the time when he would soon return home. But he grew gradually worse, as two or three weeks passed, and at last the time came when he must give up this world, as we all must do sooner or later. Although he suffered a great deal, it was always patiently and uncomplainingly and his ambition was too great for his strength and condition. No matter how bad were his feelings, he always had a cheery word and pleasant smile for any one he might come in contact with. Next to the home where he was a very dear member, he will be missed, most especially, among the young people, as he was always in for a jolly time. In the years he has lived here he made many warm friends and no enemies, to the writer's knowledge.

Funeral and burial services were conducted by Rev. Horton of Atkinson Wednesday afternoon, June 3. The floral offering was very fine and the funeral was one of the largest ever held here. He was laid to rest by the side of his mother, who passed away only seven weeks before. To the sorrowing father and aunt we tender our most sincere sympathy and he will live in our memories as "gone but not forgotten."

CARD OF THANKS

Mr. McMann wishes to extend thanks to all who assisted him during his last sad bereavement.

Chattel mortgages at this office.

A STRENUOUS RULER.

Daring, Coolness and Bravery of James IV. of Scotland.

One of the interesting characters of history is James IV., king of Scotland from 1473 to 1513. He was athletic, courageous and fond of adventure. In putting down insurrections and improving the criminal administration of the country he was foremost in the ranks and did not shun a hand to hand contest. He married a daughter of Henry VII. of England and made a treaty which secured peace between the two countries. He labored to build up a navy and develop commerce and showed skillful diplomacy in dealing with other nations. He was killed in battle at Flodden, where his army was disastrously defeated by Henry VIII.

Those were strenuous times, when it was necessary for a king to be a fighter and to inspire his obstreperous subjects with some degree of terror. King James used often to go about the country in different disguises, not only because he loved adventure, but because he could thus secure information on the state of the nation at first hand.

It is related of the vigorous Scottish king that once when wandering through the hills during the night he was overtaken by a violent storm and was obliged to take shelter in a cavern near Wemyss, which is one of the most remarkable antiquities of Scotland. Having advanced some way in, the king discovered a number of men and women ready to begin to roast a sheep for supper. From their appearance he suspected that he had fallen into evil company, but as it was then too late he asked hospitality from them till the tempest was over. They granted it and invited the king, who was unknown to them, to sit down and join them at supper. They were a notorious band of robbers and cutthroats, and this fact soon dawned upon James.

As soon as they had finished their supper one of them presented a plate on which two daggers were laid in the form of a St. Andrew's cross, telling the king that this was the dessert they always served to strangers; that he must choose one of the daggers and fight him whom the company selected as his antagonist. The king, realizing that he was to be murdered, instantly seized both daggers, one in each hand, and plunged them into the hearts of the two robbers nearest to him. He then dashed out of the cave and made his escape, returning as soon as possible with a body of soldiers, by whom the whole band was arrested and publicly hanged.—Punxsutawney Spirit.

A BRAHMS ANECDOTE.

The Man Who Spoiled an Evening For the Great Composer.

Among the Brahms anecdotes which are popular in Germany this one was contributed by Frau Luise Pohl. Brahms liked Baden-Baden and took as much pleasure in a winter visit to the place as in the crowded summer time. The residents knew this when they invited him in 1876 to come and direct some of his works. After the concert the friends of the master assembled at Goldeman Kranz by invitation of the oberburgermeister ganner to "drink a glass of wine." The session lasted long, but gradually the company grew smaller. Presently they had all gone except Brahms and Cornelius Rubner. After awhile even Brahms suggested home, and his young companion eagerly agreed to adjourn the session. On the way home Brahms asked his companion, whose name he had not heard, "By the way, do you know this young director Rubner?" "Are you interested in him?" he asked by way of answer.

"Certainly. Adolf Jensen thinks he is not only great, but genial. Don't you know him?"

"I know him very well. He is an arrogant, conceited fellow, who can do nothing and knows nothing."

The pleasure of the evening was spoiled by this harsh opinion as to a man whom Brahms had made up his mind to like. The next morning he attended, with some others, a breakfast at Jensen's, where he told the story. He had hardly finished when the door opened and Rubner walked in.

"That's the man who slandered your friend," said Brahms, and when everybody laughed he suspected what was told to him as soon as the first man recovered.

Using the Fire Buckets.

In many business offices fire buckets are placed, filled with water, in readiness for an emergency. It is seldom, says the Scientific American, that instructions for use are placed near the supply. The wrong way to tackle an incipient fire is (usually) to hurl the whole contents of a bucket on the spot. Most of the water is wasted by this means. A heavy sprinkling is more effective. The water may be splashed on the blaze by hand, but a more useful sprinkler is a long haired white-wash brush. One of these should hang beside every nest of fire buckets.

A Doubtful Assertion.

Browne—They say that drowning men catch at straws.

Towne—Yes, but I doubt it. I've seen a number of men drown, and those of them who had any preference at all seemed in favor of a plank. In fact, I do not now recall ever having been asked for a straw by a gentleman who was drowning.—New York Journal.

Extravagant.

Kind Lady—If I give you this penny what will you do with it? Beggar—Hire a motor cab and show me friend Rigby the town, ma'am.—Illustrated Bits.

Conceit may puff a man up, but never props him up.—Ruskin.

Cinderella's Mask.

By ETHEL BARRINGTON.

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As the sound of sleigh bells broke the quiet of the room Miss Mercer clinched her teeth to keep back threatening tears.

"I couldn't stand on that foot for one minute, let alone dance," she exclaimed to her younger sister's governess, who stood slim and silent before the fire.

"I am truly sorry," the latter replied. "Jane said you sent for me to help you. What can I do?"

"Take my place in the minuet."

"Oh, no—no; I couldn't do that!"

"You'll have to," groaned Miss Mercer, with decision. Being fond of Augusta Park, she treated the young dependent with confidence and consideration beyond her position, but expected in return cheerful yielding to her own whims or comfort. "I'll write to Aunt Enid explaining the accident to my ankle and that you will take my place, so that the dance need not be abandoned. It's fortunate you played for some of the rehearsals and can wear my gown."

"I really cannot!" Genuine distress rang in the protest. "The dancers are all your friends. I am not in society!"

"When I wanted you to play the other night you made no fuss. Regard it as an act of charity if it helps you, but go."

"Not to Mrs. Fitzray's. I won't enter her doors!"

The invalid raised herself on her elbow, regarding in astonishment the flushed cheeks of the other girl.

"That sounds as if you held some sort of grudge against aunt, and I doubt if you ever met her."

Augusta shook her head. "Don't be a goose then." Miss Mercer shifted her cushions with a little moue of pain. "Bring that low chair and let me talk to you. Now listen," she coaxed when her directions were obeyed. "It would be wickedly selfish not to save the situation. Aunt's masked ball has been looked forward to as one of the events of the season. Our minuet of 'holly and mistletoe' is to be the piece de resistance. Aunt will never forgive me if I am the cause of its being cut out."

"It would be ridiculous for one in my position to take part in it," objected the governess.

"Who will know or care so long as they get their fun?"

"If it were only somewhere else," Augusta faltered, whereupon Miss Mercer turned the averted face toward her, holding it firmly by the chin to study the expression.

"You are keeping something back," she accused. "Be honest! Oh—it's not possible!" She half started up from the lounge, to drop back, breathing quickly. "So you're the girl," she said. "You might have trusted me."

"There was nothing to tell. I would not marry into a family where I was not wanted."

"Morgan said he would choose his own wife, and my cousin is not one to change where his affections are concerned. Of course I now understand your refusal of my request, but you must reconsider the matter. No one can recognize you with a mask, and you can leave directly after the minuet. I'll mention no name, merely write my aunt that a friend has consented to substitute. She'll be too busy to be curious."

Thus it happened that when the ball opened Augusta, a mere nobody, was among the envied debutantes who participated in the minuet. She was thrilled at being in the house of the man she loved and the possibility of learning how it had fared with him during the three years of silence that had buried their happy courtship.

When Morgan's parents had discovered his attachment for an unknown college student bitter scenes had ensued, resulting in the young man leaving Harvard to win independent success in life.

Augusta's pride forbade her corresponding with him, and after graduating she supported herself that her father might be free to educate her sisters. That the Mercers were related to the Fitzrays she had not discovered for some months, and after the first shock of the knowledge she decided to retain her position, there being only formal intercourse between the families and therefore small chance of her identity being discovered.

The brilliantly illumined ballroom was crowded when the eight young couples swept into the center, the men in picturesque "square cuts" of green and scarlet, the girls in gauzy white, with frosty spangles and garlands of mistletoe. Augusta, relying on her mask, entered into the dance with a grace and spirit that caused many of the spectators to single her out for favor. Rising from a deep courtesy, her eye was drawn to one of the guests who regarded her intently. Something in the broad shoulders, the firmness of the chin, visible beneath the black mask, set her heart beating wildly—this to be followed by a sudden chill of the blood when she remembered that Morgan had a brother.

Nervous with alarm, she never knew how she followed the intricacies of the dance, though she must have acquitted herself well, since of the flowers that pelted the dancers at the end a generous share fell at her feet. Then, silent among a laughing throng, she realized that her part in the festivities was at an end. Pride and duty demanded her withdrawal.

"I have secured your trophies," announced some one at her side as she

reached the hall, and with a thrill of joy she knew that Morgan had indeed returned. To leave before he had recognized her became of vital importance. Yet how tear herself away when her whole heart was in a tumult for his presence?

"You will permit me," he begged, taking her card. "I'm sure the next is a waltz."

Augusta, shaking her head, endeavored, to slip away.

"You can't vanish so," he challenged, dropping his mask. "Will you follow suit or must I wait the witching hour of 12 to solve the mystery?"

"Mystery?" repeated Augusta in a curiously muffled voice.

"But one girl dances like you." He bent over her eagerly. "Were it not impossible I should think!"

"Thought at a masquerade!" Augusta teased; but, knowing that he spoke of herself, she grew reckless and, despite the risk of delay, yielded to his plea for just one waltz.

The first led naturally to a second, after which, because she could not single out Fitzray for favor, she permitted others to fill her card. Many dances were "halved" among important partners, since about her hung the fascination of real mystery, which with most of the masks was but a pretense. Augusta drifted in the intoxication of the hour, forgetful of everything save her lover's presence. For supper he secured a tiny table to themselves.

Strangely interested in his companion, yet knowing his suspicions to be wildly improbable, he impatiently awaited the striking of the clock. As the first silvery chime rang through the room the guests, amid gay rillery, threw off their masks.

Augusta, casting one startled glance about her, sprang to her feet, then ignominiously fled, like Cinderella of old, leaving Fitzray to stare at her empty chair. Reaching the hall a moment later, the young man caught a glimpse of vanishing drapery on the stairs.

Imagining that the girl must return, he waited with the best grace he could muster, but at the sound of wheels outside he flung wide the hall door just in time to see a carriage disappearing with all speed, while before the servants' gate lay a small object dark against the snow—the silken mask that had baffled him.

In the Mercers' schoolroom next morning lessons dragged as never before, and the pupil wasted no regrets when her governess was summoned to her sister's room.

"Say something," demanded that lady after having informed Augusta that her cousin had been to see her. It seemed he had been so successful in business, winning such golden opinions from his employer, that a partnership was promised.

"Uncle is so proud," she concluded. "He declares himself willing to receive Morgan's chosen wife. After which news I couldn't fib. It scarcely seemed to your interest, and you'd better go down to him."

Instead of following this advice Augusta dropped on her knees beside the lounge.

"It's been so lonely—I'm so happy," she whispered incoherently.

"Morgan didn't look overstocked with patience," Miss Mercer warned as she pushed the girl gently away. "Come back directly he's gone," she commanded, and as the girl turned, with a smile, before closing the door her face was beautiful in its tremulous happiness.

Left alone, Miss Mercer lay quite still, watching the hands of the clock slowly making the circle of the dial. "I wonder," she mused whimsically, "are fairies human enough to feel a wee bit lonely after they have brought the lovers together?"

Saved the Vase.

The little son of an English gentleman, in mischievously playing with a vase, managed after several attempts to get his hand through the narrow neck and was then unable to extricate it. For half an hour or more the whole family and one or two friends did their best to withdraw the fist of the young offender, but in vain. It was a very valuable vase, and the father was loath to break it, but the existing state of affairs could not continue forever. At length, after a final attempt to draw forth the hand of the victim, the father gave up his efforts in despair, but tried a last suggestion.

"Open your hand!" he commanded the tearful young captive, "and then draw it forth."

"I can't open it, father," declared the boy.

"Can't?" demanded his father.

"Why?"

"I've got my penny in my hand," came the astounding reply.

"Why, you young rascal," thundered his father, "drop it at once!"

The penny rattled in the bottom of the vase and out came the hand.

Some Famous Faces.

Napoleon, with a face as if it had been modeled from a Greek cameo, was never, in Talleyrand's judgment at all events, quite a gentleman. He gesticulated too much and was altogether too violent for the correct taste of the great noble trained under the old regime. Perfection of body is not necessary, either, for many misshapen men have been dignified even when they were not, like the Duc de Vendome, princes of the lilies in days when that distinction meant so much.

Little men and wizened men have both inspired awe, for great soldiers trembled if Louis XIV. frowned, and no man received without weakened knees a rebuke from William III. The protruding underlip of the Hapsburgs has never detracted from their majesty, and Victor Emmanuel, who, for all his good manners, always suggested to the onlooker a bull face to face with the matadore, was for all that every such a king.—London Spectator.

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