

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 Name of sender not for publication.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 corrections. Be careful that what you tell about actually occurred.

Emmet Cleanings.

Oscar Lawrence took a load of our prominent young men to Atkinson Wednesday night to take in a show.

Ed Heeb reports good sales in the implement line, which shows that the country around Emmet is prospering.

A number of people from here and this neighborhood took in the circus at O'Neill last week and all report a good time and a first class circus.

The Emmet band is coming to the front very rapidly and will soon be able to class up with any of the aggregations in this part of the state.

Zeb Warner purchased a new steam boiler for the purpose of heating his dipping vat last Thursday and will now be prepared to dip cattle with very little trouble.

Leo Steskal, who sold the Steskal store to P. V. Peterson, has brought suit against P. V. Peterson and Sam Becker for illegal possession of the goods in said store. Steskal has retained Arthur Mullen as his attorney to prosecute the case.

At the present time the business men of Emmet are all feeling as though it is necessary to have an auto in their business as nearly half of them have a machine and several others dealing for one. It is essential to keep up with your neighbor.

Last Sunday the Emmet ball teams were accommodated to their hearts content with three of the greatest, if not the fastest, games seen on the home diamond this year. The first game was called at 1:30, Emmet vs. Atkinson Giants. The score is not public property, so we will have to refrain from giving same. The second game, Emmet vs. The Lowlanders, was a very hard contested game in which batting averages, errors and assists suffered considerable. The last game was the Scrubs vs. Highlanders and was very interesting, the score being 7 to 9 in

At the McGinnis Cream Station

You can get cash for eggs, poultry and cream. Stop and look our Cream Separator over. We can save you from \$25 to \$40 on a machine. We handle repairs for all makes of separators.

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Cheaper to Keep Than a Horse and Buggy. Twenty Cars Delivered to Date.

ASK THE USERS.

Write us for Catalogs Demonstration if Requested.

Wm. Krotter Co., Stuart, Neb. Territory Agents.

favor of the scrubs, after which the rooters took a lay off.

Inman Items.

Roy Goree had business in Ewing last Friday.

Charles Fowler is painting his new house this week.

Jay Butler moved into his new house last Monday.

W. C. Hancock transacted business in O'Neill last Monday.

Henry Fracke is back from Cedar Rapids, where he had been for some time.

Miss Lula Wilcox has returned from Fremont, where she has been attending college.

A large crowd of Inman people attended the Gollmar Brothers circus last Friday.

William Hart, Jr., is here spending his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Hart.

Miss Lena Gallagher went down to Neligh last Saturday morning to have some dental work done.

Mrs. Boombach and children of Stuart came down last Friday for a short visit with relatives here.

Miss Bernice Kinetobe came down from Page last Tuesday for a short visit with relatives and friends.

We understand that the Battle Creek band has been engaged to furnish the music for the Fourth here.

Last Saturday Miss Mildred Clark went to Fremont where she met her sister and they both went on to Pender for a visit with relatives and friends. They returned home Wednesday.

Wesley Conrad of this place and Miss Elena Trowbridge of Page were united in marriage last Wednesday and will make their home here. The people of this community wish them success.

Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy drove over from Page last Thursday to meet their daughters, who were returning home to spend their vacation. The Misses Kennedy are attending school at University Place.

The Live Stock Market

South Omaha, Neb., June 16.—Special market letter from Standard Live Stock Commission Co.

Last week's advance was not maintained at the first of this week on the medium and common kinds of cattle although choice heaves are nearly steady. Others are 10 to 15 lower. Chicago's receipts are very liberal. Butcher stock fared about the same as beef steers. Stockers and feeders are steady at last week's decline.

We quote: Fair to choice heaves..... 7.40@ 8.20 Others down to..... 6.35 Calfed cows and heifers up to 7.00 Fair to good..... 4.40@ 5.60 Canners and cutters..... 2.75@ 4.50 Veal calves..... 5.00@ 8.00 Bulls, sags, etc..... 3.75@ 6.00 Good to choice feeders..... 5.00@ 5.50 Others down to..... 4.00 Stock heifers..... 3.75@ 4.75

The hog market has declined about 10 to 15 cents since last week's close. They will probably work lower. Bulk \$9.25 to \$9.30, top \$9.35. Sheep and lambs are about steady with last week's advance. Fair receipts.

Fish in Former Times.

Men of former ages, unless they lived near the sea or a river, had great difficulties in gratifying their taste for fish. The great houses had their fish ponds or stews, but sea fish, such as cod, herring, sturgeon, herring and sprats, were salted, and the excessive consumption of highly salted fish in the middle ages is said to have produced leprosy. Fish was also baked in pies to enable it to be carried for great distances.

In a New Light.

Actor-Playwright—I have been told, sir, that the Corot you sold me is not genuine! Art Dealer—Who said so? Actor-Playwright—The art critic of the Daily Whirl. Art Dealer—Do you believe what their dramatic critic says about your plays? Actor-Playwright—I never thought of that! What have you to show me today?—Smart Set.

Firmness.

"When my wife makes up her mind," said Mr. Meekton, "there is no use of arguing with her."

"But every woman changes her opinion sometimes."

"Yes. And Henrietta is particularly resolute when she makes up her mind to change her opinion."—Washington Star.

Self love is at once the most delicate and the most vigorous of our defects. Nothing wounds it, but nothing kills it.

\$1000.00

Given for any substance injurious to health found in food resulting from the use of

Calumet Baking Powder



QUEEN SAAV'S READY WIT.

A Story Appropriated From the Annals of Irish Royalty.

The anger of King Colm was terrible. 'Twas a fortnight before he could address himself to his queen or look her in the face and speak to her—and what he came to say to her then was that she was a shame and a disgrace to him, but sure what could he expect anyhow when he was such a notorious fool as ever to marry a beggar of a race of beggars. "Get up," says he, "and dress yourself, and leave my sight and my castle for evermore."

"Very well and good, my lord," says Saav, says she. "I'm ready. I was prepared for this, as you'll remember, before ever I married you; but," says she, "you remember your agreement—three back burdens of the greatest value I choose to carry out of your castle at my lavin'?"

"Thirty-three," says he, "if you like. 'Twill be a cheap price to get rid of you."

"Thanky, my lord," says she. "I'll only ask three. And before I've got them out maybe you'll think it's enough."

"What is the first back burden you choose?" says he.

"A back burden," says she, "of gold, silver, diamonds and jewelry."

In a short time the king had a burden of them piled on her that near almost broke her back, and with it she went out over the drawbridge.

When she laid it down and came back in again says the king, says he, "What will your second back burden be?"

"For my second back burden," says she, "hoist up on me our baby boy."

The king gave a groan that'd rent rocks. But he wasn't the man to be daunted before any woman. He lifted with his own hands the boy in whom his heart was wrapped up and settin' his teeth hard, put him on Saav's shoulders. She carried him out over the drawbridge.

When she came back again says Colm, says he, "Now then, name your third and last burden, and we're done with you forever, thank God!"

Says Saav, says she, "Get on me back yourself."

King Colm and his good Queen Saav lived, ever after the happiest and most contented couple that Ireland ever knew, a parable for all kings and queens and married couples in the nation. Saav lived and died the wittiest, as her husband lived ever after and died the justest and most generous, most reasonable, sensible, affable and amiable king that Ireland ever knew.—Everybody's Magazine.

Whistler Let Them Wait.

Whistler's laxity in the matter of engagements was notorious. No one ever knew if he were coming or not to affairs. But his point of view is explained in his answer to a friend of his who knew that he had an engagement to dine with some swells in a distant part of London and who felt that it was most impolitic for Whistler to offend them. It was growing late, and yet Whistler was painting away madly, intently.

"My dear fellow," he said to him at last. "It is frightfully late, and you have to dine with Lady Such-a-one. Don't you think you'd better stop?"

"Stop?" fairly shrieked Whistler. "Stop, when everything is going beautifully? Go and stuff myself with disgusting food when I can paint like this? Never! Never! Besides, they can't do anything until I get there! They never do!"

If Jupiter Were Inhabited.

Calculations as to the size required for human beings on the other planets vary widely, according to the basis of reckoning. According to those based upon the attraction of gravity, Jupiter should be peopled by pygmies of twenty-eight inches. Wolfius, on the other hand, argued that Goliath himself would be accounted decidedly undersized upon that planet. He worked from the feebleness of the sun's light there, which would demand that the pupil of the eye should be much more dilatable. Since the pupil stands in a constant proportion to the ball of the eye and that to the entire body, said Wolfius, a little calculation shows that an average Jovian must be nearly thirteen feet seven inches tall—not quite four inches shorter than Og, king of Bashan, according to the measure of his bedstead given in Deuteronomy.

A Bright Blacksmith.

The greatest improvement in vehicle construction was when some bright blacksmith thought of heating the tires and shrinking them on the wheel. While many claim the honor, it is not known to whom it rightly belongs. Previous to this event tires were made in short sections and held on the felloes with nails. When starting on a long haul the driver always laid in a good supply of nails to use on the trip.—Shop Notes Quarterly.

Winding Up His Affairs.

"Look here, Ben, what did you shoot at me for? I ain't got no quarrel with you."

"You had a feud with Jim Wombat, didn't ye?"

"I did, but Jim's dead."

"I'm his executor."—Kansas City Journal.

Like the Moon.

"He's a star after dinner speaker, isn't he?"

"A star? He's a moon."

"How?"

"The fuller the brighter."—Cleveland Leader.

Persons who really wish to become angels should make a start in that direction while they are yet mortals.—National Magazine.

A CUNNING WEASEL.

The Trick by Which He Trapped His Big Rat Antagonist.

Once a sawmill in a western town was infested with rats, which, being unmolested, became very numerous and bold and played round the mill among the men while they worked during the day. But one day there appeared on the scene a weasel, which immediately declared war on the rodents.

One by one the rats fell victims to the weasel's superior strength, until only one very large, pugnacious rat was left of the once numerous colony. The weasel had a go at the big rat several times, but on each occasion the rodent proved more than a match for his slender antagonist and chased the weasel to a hiding place.

Shortly thereafter the weasel was seen busily digging under a lumber pile near the mill. He was engaged for some time, but later appeared again in the mill, seeking his old enemy. He soon found him and at once renewed hostilities. As usual, after a lively tussle the rat got the better of the argument, and the weasel ran, pursued closely by the rat, straight to the hole under the lumber pile.

He ran in, still followed by the rat, but immediately reappeared round the end of the pile and again dodged into the hole behind the rat. Neither was seen again for some time, but the weasel finally reappeared, looking no worse for the fight.

The curiosity of the men in the mill being aroused, they proceeded to investigate the hole under the lumber pile. They found that the weasel had dug the hole sufficiently large at the opening to admit the rat, but had gradually tapered it as he proceeded until at the other end it barely allowed his own slender body to pass.

When the rat chased him into the large end of this underground tunnel he quickly slipped through, and while the rat was trying to squeeze his large body into the smaller part of the hole the weasel dodged in behind him, caught him in the rear and in a place where he could not turn round and finished him at his leisure.—Harper's Weekly.

POISON IN FLOWERS.

Dainty and Beautiful Blossoms in Which Lurks Death.

When the good friar in "Romeo and Juliet" reflected upon the properties of the simple flower, "within whose infant rind poison hath residence and medicine power," his observation embraced a goodly category of well known flowers whose secretions furnish the world with so many poisons.

For instance, the laburnum, which has been compared to a fountain of gold leaping into the sun—a most charming sight—is one of the most poisonous things imaginable, inasmuch as it is poison in leaf and flower and seed. Even the grass growing beneath it is poisonous by reason of its proximity to the innocent looking blossoms overhead, and it has been found necessary to guard against cattle eating this grass for fear of fatal results.

The bulbs of such dainty and beautiful flowers as the narcissus, hyacinth, jonquil and snowdrop secrete the most deadly poisons, not to speak of the oxalis, the monkshood and the foxglove, all of which furnish noxious liquors sufficient to destroy life.

To these may be added certain of the crocuses, the lovely lady's slipper, the quaint old jack-in-the-pulpit and the laughing little buttercup. The latter, despite its most innocent appearance, is one of the worst of the poisonous flowers. Even the cow is aware of that and carefully avoids it. The cousins of the buttercups, the peonies, the larkspurs and the rest, all contain toxic fluids.

Another source of deadly poison is the oleander tree, while the bark of the superb catalpa tree contains many deadly doses.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

An Unfamiliar Alias.

There may be nothing in a name, but the American traveler of whom the Living Church tells found at least confusion therein. He had landed at Liverpool and hastened out of the city to a rural village, where he found a charmingly old fashioned inn which delighted his soul. It was late when he arrived, and when he asked what he could have for supper the buxom landlady suggested minced collops. He agreed with enthusiasm, the dish sounded so romantic, so Robin Hoody, so almost mediæval. And what do you suppose they brought him? Just plain hash!

Bread in Sweden.

In Sweden the bread of the people is for the most part hard, thin as a dinner plate and about the size of one. It is baked without yeast, and the water is practically all extracted in the process of baking; hence, relatively per pound of bread, its cost is much higher than in the common forms of bread as we know them, containing one-half their weight in water that has cost nothing. Loaf bread and rolls in Sweden are a luxury.

Making Time Profitable.

"See here," cried the busy merchant, "don't you know my time is valuable?"

"Well," replied the book agent, "I'm sure it might be valuable to me. If you'll give me five minutes of it I believe I can sell you a set of these books."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Finding Issues.

"We've got to buy a paper if we wish to go in politics."

"Sure. Then we'll have a lot of issues to offer the people."—St. Louis Star.

A MODERN GALATEA.

"Hearts Have Changed Little Since Pygmalion's Time."

By CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT.

(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

As Wykoff entered the parlor a young man who was warming his hands at the fire looked up.

"Hello, Wykoff!" he said languidly. "It's you, of course."

Wykoff did not seem any better pleased at the meeting than did the speaker. "Humph!" he remarked disgustedly. "I might have known I'd find you here, Meredith."

"It's mutual," returned the other, with a gesture of resignation. "I can't for the life of me see how you can afford to neglect business this way, old man. Maybe, though, you have seen Forbes this morning."

Wykoff shook his head. He did not seem in the least interested.

"He was looking for you," went on Meredith. "I don't know what he wanted, but I imagine from his manner that it was something important. He said he would be at his office till 5 o'clock. It's nearly that now, and you had better hurry if you want to see him."

"Forbes can wait. Look here, Meredith! I'm tired of seeing you hanging around here all the time. I wish—"

Before Wykoff could explain what he wished a girl swept into the room, holding out her hands in grave welcome. "How do you do, Mr. Wykoff?" she said quietly. "How do you do, Mr. Meredith? I seem to be honored this afternoon. Will you ring for the tea, Mr. Meredith? Sit down, Mr. Wykoff. You look troubled. I hope nothing is wrong." Her tones were calm. Any one could see that she took little interest in the affairs of others.

"Wykoff isn't troubled, Miss Curtis. That's his way of expressing extravagant joy. He was just saying how pleased he was to see me here."

The girl glanced at Wykoff, who was plainly seeking for some retort—and finding none. Alry persiflage was not in his line.

"You must not tease Mr. Wykoff," she said gently. "When is that sister of yours coming to see me, Mr. Wykoff? I want!"

The sentence was never finished, for with a rush a small girl bounded into the room and flung herself on Wykoff. "Oh, Mr. Wykoff!" she cried. "Come right out and sculp my snow man. You promised you would." She caught his hand and tried to drag him to the door.

"Bessie! Let Mr. Wykoff alone," intoned Miss Curtis. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

A gleam came into Meredith's eyes. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," he quoted gayly. "Positively you are getting quite a reputation, Wykoff! Keep on and maybe you'll get a real client some day—somebody who wants to be 'sculpted' in marble, to adopt Miss Bessie's charmingly expressive word."

Wykoff winced. No one knew better than he that so far he had not made a moneyed success in his art; sculptors have little honor in western America. He had known Meredith all his life and, being tongue tied himself, had greatly admired the other's glibness until he himself had become a target for it. He hesitated now, angry all through, but fearing if he spoke at all he might say more than he intended.

Little Bessie, however, had no such scruples. Deliberately she fixed her eyes on Meredith. "I don't like you," she deposited positively.

"Bessie!" Miss Curtis was scandalized.

"I can't help it, Sister Mary. I don't like him. So there!" She turned to Wykoff. "You promised," she reiterated wistfully, "and I've got a snow pile all built and!"

Reluctantly Wykoff rose. "I really did promise, Miss Curtis," he declared, "and I suppose I must keep my word."

He spoke sorrowfully, for he hated to leave the field to his rival, even though all he could do was to stand and take punishment and pretend he liked it.

But if Meredith expected to profit by the other's disappearance he reckoned without his host—or his hostess. Miss Curtis talked on in the grave, quiet way that had stirred the heart of more than one man, but she gave him no chance to bring up the question which lay nearest to his somewhat sophisticated heart—the question he had come resolved to ask before he left. Finally, when the conversation began to languish, she rose, declaring that the house was abominably hot. She insisted on going out to see what Mr. Wykoff had done with the snow man.

Meredith made no demur. Wise in the ways of women, he knew better than to try to force the conversation. In the girl's existent mood he did not fear Wykoff and welcomed rather than otherwise the chance to break some shafts of wit on what he deemed that gentleman's sluggish intellect. Wykoff, he thought, afforded an excellent foil for his own brilliancy.

When he and Miss Curtis reached the front door neither Wykoff nor little Bessie was in sight. A line of foot-steps, however, led across the snow to where a clump of evergreens stood in the corner of the lawn, and toward these the girl led the way.

Her feet sank soundlessly in the deep carpet of snow, and they rounded a bush and came upon Wykoff before he heard them.

Bessie had disappeared, and Wykoff was alone for the moment—and yet not alone. Before him rose a splendid figure—the figure of a goddess of

A BRAVE GIRL.

Her Terrible Experience While on a Smuggling Expedition.

This tale of heroism displayed by a young woman engaged in smuggling contraband goods over the Swiss-Italian border comes from Geneva: "Mlle. Poretti, aged eighteen, and her brother, aged twenty-three, left Swiss territory to cross the Baldisco pass carrying contraband goods into Italy. On the summit they were overtaken by a violent snowstorm and were soon in deep snow. The Porettis roped themselves, the young man leading. They lost their way, and while attempting to find the path Poretti fell through the snow into a crevasse into which he nearly dragged his sister. The girl, however, planted her ice ax in the snow and withstood the shock.

"Early the next morning several smugglers crossing the pass from Swiss territory into Italian found the young girl near the ordinary route taken by smugglers and recognized her at once, as she belonged to a smuggler's family and lived at Chiavenna. The smugglers at once drew up the brother, but found that he had died during the thirteen hours his sister had held him by the rope. He had received severe injuries in the head, and his body was frozen.

"The smugglers carried down the brave girl, who was almost unconscious, as well as the dead body of her brother, and notified the Poretti family at Chiavenna. On reaching the valley the girl had recovered sufficiently from her terrible experience to explain that she and her brother had spoken for several hours after the accident and at last he had said that he felt nothing and wanted to sleep.

"A warm night followed the snowstorm, or two dead bodies would have been found. Under the great strain the rope had cut through the girl's clothes and her waist was bleeding when she was rescued."—Chicago News.

MISERY AIDING MISERY.

The Helping Hand Among the Beach Combers of Marseilles.

Harry A. Franck in "A Vagabond Journey Around the World" writes of the trying times when he was a beach comber in Marseilles: "Long, hungry days passed, days in which I could scarcely withstand the temptation to carry my kodak to the mont de pieté (pawnshop) just off the sailors' square. Among the beach combers there were daily some who gained a few francs by an odd job, by the sale of an extra garment or by 'grafting,' pure and simple. When his hand closed on a bit of money the stranded fellow may have been weak with fasting, yet this first thought was not to gorge himself, but to share his fortune with his companions under hatches. In those bleak November days many a man ranked a 'worthless outcast' by his more fortunate fellow beings toiled all day at the coal wharfs of Marseilles and tramped back, cold and hungry, to the Place Victor Gelu to divide his earnings with the other famished miserables whom he had not known a week before.

"More than one man sold the only shirt he owned to feed a new arrival who was an absolute stranger to all. These men won no praise for their benefactions. They expected none and would have opened their eyes in wonder if they had been told that their actions were worthy of praise. The stranded hand grew to be a corporate body. By a job here and there I contributed my share to the common fund, and between us we fought off gaunt starvation.

"In a dirty alley just off the place was an inn kept by a Greek in which one could sleep on the floor at 3 sous or in a cot at 6, and every evening a band of ragged mortals might have been seen dividing the earnings of some of them into three sou lots as they made their way toward 'L'Auberge chez le Grec.'"

Halley's Achievements.

Edmund Halley was a very great man. He was not only the first to predict correctly the return of a comet, that which is now known by his name, but also—before Newton had announced his results to any one—arrived at the conclusion that the attraction of gravitation probably varied inversely as the square of the distance. While these and other important achievements of his are well known it seems to have been forgotten that Halley devised a method of determining the age of the ocean from chemical denudation.—Dr. G. F. Becker in Science.

Tommy Knew.

Teacher (addressing class)—A philanthropist is a person who exerts himself to do good to his fellow men. Now, if I were wealthy, children, and gave money freely to all needy and unfortunate who asked my aid I'd be a—

She broke off abruptly to point at a boy in the class.

"What would I be, Tommy?" she asked.

"A cinch!" shouted Tommy.—Exchange.

The Cure.

He—There is a certain young lady deeply interested in me, and while I like her, you know, still I never could love her. I want to put an end to it without breaking the poor girl's heart. Can you suggest any plan?

She—Do you call them often?

He—No, indeed; not any oftener than I can possibly help.