

# STATEMENT

Showing Receipts, Disbursements and Balances for the Six Months Beginning Jan. 6th and Ending June 30, 1910

RECEIPTS.	
To amount on hand January 6, 1910.....	\$ 84,052 47
Total tax collections.....	98,902 29
State university land collections.....	1,741 36
State common school land collections.....	4,838 78
State aid for schools.....	3,000 00
State apportionment.....	4,370 98
Fines and licenses.....	606 00
Redemptions.....	3,608 83
Miscellaneous collections county general fund.....	1,147 50
Miscellaneous collections county road fund.....	33 40
Interest on deposits.....	813 09
Fees.....	601 50
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>\$203,716 20</b>

DISBURSEMENTS.	
By State treasurers receipt.....	\$ 8,124 74
General fund warrants paid.....	17,943 86
Bridge fund warrants paid.....	5,969 64
Soldiers' relief warrants paid.....	125 00
County judgment paid.....	4,850 00
County road warrants paid.....	13 90
Water bond warrants paid.....	2,583 40
District school orders paid.....	48,972 04
District school bonds and coupons paid.....	1,473 00
School judgments paid.....	482 70
Township warrants paid.....	16,311 65
Village warrants paid.....	3,045 70
Center precinct orders paid.....	84 55
Grattan railroad bonds and coupons paid.....	5,512 34
Grattan judgment paid.....	743 00
Sidewalk warrants paid.....	289 75
High school warrants paid.....	280 22
Special road warrants paid.....	507 37
Redemptions.....	3,571 30
Salaries paid.....	2,093 70
Orders of the county board paid.....	107 90
Expense and janitors salary.....	469 23
Cash on hand.....	80,151 21
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>\$203,716 20</b>

BALANCES.	
State university land.....	\$ 688 64
State school land.....	1,796 57
Consolidated state.....	6,141 61
Soldiers' relief.....	534 16
County judgment.....	378 75
County school.....	20 37
County funding.....	26 97
Water bond.....	374 28
School bond.....	8,029 32
Special school.....	1,143 96
Township.....	11,577 47
O'Neill judgment.....	117 38
Village.....	496 77
O'Neill Railroad.....	1,131 86
Grattan Railroad.....	462 28
Irrigation.....	178 71
Grattan Judgment.....	69 03
Sidewalk.....	66 10
Advertising.....	1,572 52
County Road.....	1,676 92
Redemption.....	54 35
Atkinson Judgment.....	613 32
Railroad Sinking.....	507 22
County General.....	1,881 03
County Bridge.....	3,542 34
Center Precinct.....	11 23
High School.....	2,136 42
Special Road.....	366 97
District School.....	32,934 87
Interest on County Deposits.....	813 09
Permanent Road.....	29 60
Special emergency bridge.....	3,041 57
Labor Cash.....	2,459 59
Miscellaneous.....	43 40
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>\$84,471 79</b>

Orders of the County Board, Overdraft.....	\$ 83 43
Fees.....	1,462 20
Expense & Janitors Salary.....	469 23 2,015 86
<b>Actual Balance.....</b>	<b>\$82,455 93</b>

AMOUNT ON HAND.	
First National Bank O'Neill.....	\$13,000 00
O'Neill National Bank.....	9,146 78
Citizens Bank of Stuart.....	13,000 00
First National Bank Stuart.....	6,500 00
First National Bank Atkinson.....	6,500 00
Atkinson National Bank.....	6,500 00
Fidelity Bank O'Neill.....	6,500 00
Chambers State Bank.....	4,160 00
Ewing State Bank.....	3,900 00
Pioneer Bank Ewing.....	2,600 00
Inman State Bank.....	2,600 00
Page State Bank.....	1,300 00
Emmet State Bank.....	1,300 00
Cash in Office.....	644 43
Error in January report. (Sidewalk Fund).....	26
<b>Total Cash.....</b>	<b>\$80,151 47</b>
Due from Elkhorst Valley Bank.....	\$2,263 61
Trust Warrants not received for.....	40 85
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>\$82,455 93</b>

Registered General Fund Warrants, called for payment May 26, 1910 but not presented, \$609 12

THE STATE OF NEBRASKA, County of Holt, ss.  
 I, J. C. HARNISH, treasurer of Holt county, Nebraska, do solemnly swear that the foregoing statement of receipts, disbursements and balances is true and correct to the best of my knowledge and belief.  
 J. C. HARNISH, County Treasurer.  
 Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 8th day of July, A. D. 1910.  
 (Seal) S. F. McNICHOLS, County Clerk.  
 By P. C. Kelley, Deputy.

**Inman Items.**  
 (Continued from page four)

beautiful chocolate and cream; it looks fine.

Miss June Hancock has contracted with district No. 11 to teach the ensuing year.

Miss Lula Wilcox has been engaged to teach the Rolla Snell school the coming year.

Mr. and Mrs. Clover went over to Crofton in their car Thursday, returning Saturday.

There will be a county option meeting at the M. E. Church here Thursday evening the 14th.

Mrs. John Kurck went to Basin, Wyoming, Friday, for an extended visit with her parents.

Mrs. Benj. Dikeman of Southerland, Mo., is here caring for her daughter, Mrs. Emery Dikeman.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Mossman went to Texas Wednesday, for a few weeks visit and travel in that state.

The Epworth League and Ladies

Aid will serve ice cream and cake at the home of Geo. Killenger Wednesday evening.

Mr. Frank Conard has purchased a fine span of bay horses, he paid a good price for them, but is satisfied, and they are dandies.

Mrs. Murphy drove over from Page Friday to meet her daughter, Mary, who came down from O'Neill, and who has been attending The Junior State Normal there.

The Republicans of Inman township are called to attend a caucus on the 16th of July to nominate a township ticket, elect eight delegates to attend the county convention at O'Neill and transact any other business that may come before the meeting.

Mr. Ed Miller and Mrs. Dikeman, who were the most seriously injured in the Fourth of July accident are slowly recovering from their injuries. Mrs. Dikeman is still at the home of Will Goree, where she was first taken the night of the accident, and it will be some time before she can go to her home.

## Young Man Hangs Himself.

Lewis Jonas, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Jonas, who live three miles southwest of Atkinson, was found hanging in the coal shed of the Tesch school house about twelve miles northeast of Atkinson, last Monday evening. Young Jonas was working on the Hale ranch, about five miles from where the body was found, and the last seen of the young man was on Wednesday evening, when in company with some other young men employed upon the ranch, he was in swimming near the ranch. After the others had returned to the house the foreman, Myron Thornton, noticed that young Jonas had not returned and a search was made for him. When he did not return the next day the lake was dragged, some believing that he might have been drowned. Search was continued for him and Mr. Hale and his men were going to drain the lake Tuesday, thinking that his body was there sunk in the mud.

About 6:30 Monday evening Mrs. Alfs, who had been visiting at the home of her father, went by the school house on her return home. When she approached the building she noticed the horrible stench emanating therefrom and going closer to the building looked into the school house through the windows, but seen nothing. She went to the rear of the building to the coal shed and looked through the window and seen a man's hand. She went home and informed her husband of what she discovered and he went to the building and found young Jonas hanging from a rafter in the coal shed. Coroner Wilson, Sheriff Grady and County Attorney Whelan were notified and they left for the school house about 6:30 Tuesday morning.

Shortly after the arrival of the officers upon the scene the body was cut down and Dr. Wilson said it was one of the most gruesome sights he had ever seen. The young man was supposed to have hung himself Thursday morning and the body was in an advanced state of decomposition. He had taken a piece of baling wire from the stove pipe and fastened it around a rafter and then made a noose and placed it around his neck. Being unable to reach the rafter he brought pieces of stone that were used for steps at the front door around to the coal shed and got on them and fastened the wire to the rafter and then stepped off. His feet were hanging down the side of the steps and he could have stepped upon them at any time before strangulation. Coroner Wilson empaneled a jury who viewed the remains and found that the young man committed suicide by hanging and that the crime was committed probably on Thursday morning. The coroner's jury was composed of: John Alfs, Jr., F. S. Wright, Fred Selbert, R. L. Arbutnot, Henry Alfs and Henry Hennings.

There is no question in the minds of the friends of the young man or his employers but that he was insane as he had been acting queerly since the Fourth, and there is insanity in the family, two of his brothers having been inmates of the insane asylum, one dying there a little over a year ago. No other reason can be assigned for the act except an unbalanced mind.

## A Good Showing.

Following is a statement of the business transacted at the Unitee States land office for the quarter year ending June 30, 1910:

No.	Kind of Entry.	Area	Amount
1	Public sale, general laws	79.72	\$ 398.00
16	Public " Kinkaid laws	2086.86	4081.38
2	Commuted homestead Ent.	200.00	250.00
7	Commissioners on suspended		27.38
	"Ponca Sioux" Com'd. entries		23.23
3	Excess homestead entries		1922.44
1	"Omaha Indian" final Pay't	147.88	1922.44
1	"Omaha Indian" final Pay't		181.55
5	Homestead entries general laws	440.00	41.00
67	Homestead entries Kinkaid law	23982.19	938.00
24	Final homestead proofs general laws	3419.21	85.45
82	Final homestead proofs, "Kinkaid law"	36657.33	328.00
	Testimony fees in all cases other than contests		240.65
	Testimony fees in contests		188.27
	<b>Total.....</b>		<b>\$8706.98</b>

MISCELLANEOUS.	
Amount of unofficial money received.....	\$776.75
Amount of unofficial money applied or returned.....	654.23
109 Notices to make final proof filed.	
23 Relinquishments filed.	
19 Protests against final proofs.	
169 Five year notice of expiration.	
20 Entries reported for cancellation.	
631 Miscellaneous letters answered.	
95 Official letters received and attended to.	
126 Contest Cases, initiated.	
19 Contest cases tried.	
<b>DISBURSEMENTS.</b>	
Register and Receiver.....	\$1900.00
Clerk.....	225.00
Office rental.....	30.00
P. O. Box rental.....	.75
Repairing Typewriter.....	10.00
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>\$1825.75</b>

**Flying Machines**  
 A few years ago flying machines were hardly thought of, nor was

**Scott's Emulsion**  
 in summer. Now Scott's Emulsion is as much a summer as a winter remedy. Science did it. All Druggists

## RAILROAD TRACKS.

If You Must Follow Them, Walk Outside, Not Between Them.

Two men, one young and the other grizzled with middle age, were walking beside the railroad track in a Boston suburb on their way to the nearest station. The younger stepped between the rails. "Better walk here," he advised. "It's better walking."

"No," replied the older man. "I never walk on the railroad track." "But we're facing the direction from which trains come," persisted the other. "It's safe." "My son," said the middle aged man, "I was a railroad engineer for more than twenty years, and if I learned one thing from the poor chaps I've seen picked up it was not to walk on a railroad track when there is a possibility of walking anywhere else. If the law stopped all trains running on Sunday and this was Sunday I wouldn't do it. It's the fellow that's sure he's taking all the precautions that gets killed."

Here was a man who knew about railroads from intimate connection with them. His advice was the advice of a man who knew. Every railroad man of experience will say the same as he. In England the tracks are private property, and nobody is allowed to walk upon them, so accidents are rare. Here hardly a day passes that we do not read of men killed while making a thoroughfare of the railroad right of way. And usually it is noted that they were on the "safe" side of the track, became confused by the approach of two trains and stepped in front of one or the other.

Occasionally something is to be gained in distance by taking to the railroad instead of the public highway. The man who feels that he must do this will be wise always to walk beside the track and never on it. It may not be quite as good walking, but he is not likely to suffer regrets in a hospital.—Boston Traveler.

## The Coffee Shrub.

As a rule, the coffee shrub first flowers in its third year and then bears only a small crop of fruit. The fifth year is usually the time of the first considerable yield. In Java three gatherings are made annually, called the "early," the "chief" and the "after crop," but only the second is of great importance. The flower enjoys but a very ephemeral existence, as the setting of the fruit generally takes place within twenty-four hours, and the petals wither and fall off almost immediately. A coffee estate in full flower is a very beautiful sight, but its glory is a very short past.—Westminster Gazette.

**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.

**McGinnis Creamery Co**



**29 CENTS A DAY**  
 Will Run This

**Maxwell Runabout**  
 100 Miles Per Week.

**THE GREAT ECONOMY CAR**  
 2 CYLINDER  
 12 H. P. \$600.00

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.

**Cragmore**  
 A Practical Lesson In the Art of Husband Winning  
 By GWENDOLIN ADAMS  
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The central figure in these complications is Roscoe Curtiss. If this were a play the heroine would be—well, I would be the heroine. There wouldn't be any hero; that is, unless Roscoe would be considered such, but he isn't. He's simply an objective point like the king in chess. A character the theater people would call the heavy woman—the woman who makes all the trouble—is Kate Carpenter. The reason she has made all the trouble is that she wants the same man I want. We both want Roscoe.

There! I think I have stated the case just as it is. Roscoe is intellectual. He stood high in his class in college and took a lot of honors—whatever that may be—but I don't love him for his learning. I love him for himself. That is, I don't exactly know what I love him for. I only know that I love him.

Kate Carpenter is a college graduate too. She's the only girl I am afraid of. When we three are together, Roscoe and Kate and I, she always introduces subjects I don't know anything about. That's a way she has of making me take a back seat. Roscoe doesn't like to talk "booky," as he calls it, and tries to stop her, but she won't be stopped. Not that she prefers to talk booky; she only wants to show her superiority over me.

I'm not such a fool but that I can see that Kate always turns the conversation on to subjects she knows something about, and when Roscoe gets on to a subject of which she is ignorant she keeps mum. It occurred to me to listen when they were talking, notice the subjects she avoids, make a list of them and study them. And so I did. I found out that history doesn't interest her. Nor does science. She smatters over social questions, professes herself theoretically a Socialist and all that.

During the spring months I devoted myself to study. All the members of this play, as I call it, are friends—at least the families are—and we meet every season at the summer cottage of one or the other for a house party. This year we are at our country home. In March, April, May and June I stuffed myself like a Christmas turkey with history. I studied up to the last minute before leaving town, and when I reached Marston, our place, I tell you I knew a lot. I'd read a whole volume of the history of England.

I didn't let on what I knew. I just laid low for Kate when she got on her high horse before Roscoe. I didn't have to wait long. The day after we all arrived we three were sitting on the porch, Roscoe smoking, Kate doing fancy work, I lolling in the hammock. Kate got on to votes for women and cited certain conditions away back in Greece or Egypt or some other benighted country in support of the position she took.

"I've always considered," I butted in, "Lady Jane Grey to be the legitimate sovereign of England."

Both Roscoe and Kate looked at me, astonished, then glanced at each other. Then Kate went on about the women of other times. Notwithstanding her contemptuous glance I was not to be put down.

"Why don't they include Oliver Cromwell in the list of British sovereigns?" I remarked casually. "He was a king really, if not in name. At any rate, he really is a ruler."

You should have seen the amazed sneer Kate gave me. But this time she deigned to notice what I said.

"Cromwell was a regicide."

"That scooped me. I didn't know what a regicide was any more than what a camel or leopard feeds on. But I didn't let on how ignorant I was. I just looked as if I knew all about it. Kate took up her old subject again, and I did some thinking. She seemed to know more than I did about Cromwell and regicides and all that. How would it do for me to invent a character?" I concluded to try it.

"Do you think," I asked, "that the hanging of Cragmore at Tyburn was a just and proper thing to do?"

That caused both Roscoe and Kate to sit up and take notice. They looked at each other for a moment sort of quizzically; then Kate said to Roscoe: "One of Jeffries' victims, wasn't he?"

"Never heard of him," Roscoe replied.

"I think he was a Monmouth conspirator," Kate protested. She would not deign to ask me about him. She had too great a contempt for my ignorance and too high an opinion of her own knowledge.

"Who was he, Lulu?" asked Roscoe.

"I'm surprised," I said, "that Kate doesn't know who he was."

She was the maddest girl you ever saw. Her face was red as a beet, and she made her fingers fly at her work.

"I'm not here cramming for an examination," she snapped.

I was so encouraged by the success of my scheme that I thought I'd go on a little further.

"Well, I don't mind telling you who Cragmore was, since you don't know," I said good naturedly. "One can't remember all the minor characters. I was interested in him because he was one of the men who helped Lord Darnley, husband of Mary, queen of Scots,

to murder her lover Rizzio at Holyrood palace."

If Cragmore was a surprise, this connecting him with that assassination was the bursting of a bomb. I hadn't read about this Darnley-Rizzio business at all. When we were in Scotland last year I went through Holyrood palace and heard the story from a guide.

I think that by this time Roscoe had got on to what I was about. At any rate, I saw the corner of his mouth quirk up, and he was looking far out on the landscape with his hat pulled down over his forehead. He did not say a word. I was sure he was waiting for Kate to get tangled up some more. At any rate, he let her do the talking.

"I thought," she said, "the murder of Rizzio was a mystery—that there was no certainty about the identity of the assassin."

"It may be," remarked Roscoe, "that Lulu has got hold of some recent developments which I have not been made aware of."

"I'm" sneered Kate. "More likely she got this Cragmore mixed up with the wrong event. Seems to me I've heard the name mentioned somewhere in English or Scotch history."

I just smothered her with kindness. "Why, so you have," I said in a sweet, soft voice. "How ridiculous of me! He was one of the Scottish chiefs who went with King James when he proceeded to London to assume the sovereignty of England. Now you remember, don't you?"

"I think I do," said Kate as if she were trying to recall something.

There was a perceptible broadening of the smile on Roscoe's lips. "We've had enough of history," he said. "Let's talk tennis awhile. I bought me a new racket before leaving the city. It's a dandy."

Kate rose and, taking her work with her, went into the house. Maybe I didn't feel pretty good. I knew what she'd do. She'd ransack every book in the house trying to find out who Cragmore was. All I feared was that she would find somebody of that name. But I didn't care. I'd say that wasn't the Cragmore I meant.

However, I'd only half won the battle. But it was the biggest half. If I could put my rival out of the fight on her favorite ground, learning, I thought I could snare Roscoe. I'm not one of those girls to quarrel with a rival. When a man sees two girls fighting over him he gets disgusted with both. There's where I got ahead of Kate. She showed that she was miffed because I knew who Cragmore was and she didn't. I think I played that very fox.

"Lulu," said Roscoe when she had gone, "you should be ashamed of yourself." He gave me an amused and a pleasant look that showed he wasn't ashamed of me.

"Why so?" I asked.

"You don't know any more about history than a newly hatched chicken."

I was ready for him. I'd been practicing looking hurt before a mirror, and I flatter myself I'd got it down to a fine point. I made him think I was going to burst into tears. I pretended to try to say something, but couldn't, I was so heartbroken.

"Why, Lulu! Don't take a fellow seriously."

"You are very unkind," I moaned.

"Unkind? Why so?"

"You who know so much to snub a poor ignorant g-g-girl—I could go no further for rising tears."

"My dear little girl," he said, rising and taking a seat by me in the hammock, "I'm awfully sorry if I've hurt your feelings."

"Because I've not been to college as you and Kate have you do nothing but try to put me down?"

"I try to put you down?"

"Yes. I simply tried to take part in some of your and Kate's conversations that I'm constantly left out of and you combine to snub me."

He rested his head on the hammock back of me. I didn't propose that it should remain there, so I turned away from him, put my handkerchief to my face and was shaken by sobs.

"That did it. He put his arm around my waist."

Before I let him go I had him kissing my tears away (I was awfully afraid he'd notice there weren't any tears), and if it hadn't been for Kate coming back ostensibly for a book she'd left I would have had it all my own way and settled. You should have seen her when she saw Roscoe sitting by me in the hammock.

"Excuse me," she said; "I didn't mean to intrude. I presume Lulu is whispering in your ear who this Cragmore was."

Roscoe looked at her sort of angry. I wished she'd say something more that was disagreeable. I would have egged her on to do so, but that would have given me away also. So I held my peace, and when she had gone into the house I said softly:

"You mustn't mind what a girl says when she is angry. Kate is lovely. I wish I was as good as she is."

"And knew as much. She's always booky."

The bell rang for lunch, and, knowing that he wasn't in a mood to go any further then, I put matters off for a more convenient season. I felt pretty sure that since I had induced him to put his arm around my waist and kiss away tears that wouldn't flow I'd be smart enough to do the rest of it.

This is the way I managed it. I didn't act at all as if there was nothing between us. On the contrary, I assumed that there was a great deal between us. I pretended to be embarrassed whenever we met, cast down my eyes, started whenever he spoke to me and acted always as though the slightest harsh word from him would throw me into convulsive sobbing. I am engaged to Roscoe.