

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

Inman Items. Grandpa Tompson has been very sick this week

Mrs. Floyd Keyes went to Neligh to have some dental work done last Mon-

Born to Mr. and Mis. Walter Green a 71 pound baby boy, Friday, September, 9, 1910.

Cleave Roe and Hugh Bitner went to Ainsworth Saturday and returned Monday morning.

Mrs. William Goree and Mrs. D. A. Goree drove over to Page Friday and spent the day there. Wilson Bitner, who has been down

at Stafford baling hay for some time, returned home last week. The Misses Ina. Clark and Ethel

Kildow went over to Chambers Tuesday returning Wednesday.

School began here last Monday morning and there seems to be quite a large attendance for the first of the

Rev. Goree, our District Superintendent of the M. E. Church, was here Sunday evening and preached in the Methodist Church.

Miss Ruth Evans was down from O'Neill last Wednesday giving some special instructions to her music pupils of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Abrahams and children who have been here for the past two months returned to their home at Omaha Tuesday.

Elder Levi Gamet and wife went to "Little Sioux, Iowa, last Monday where they will attend the L. D. S. reunion which will be held at that place this

Mr. Fred Knifer and family who moved to Colorado about a year ago to make their home have returned to luman and purchased the Falconor property located in the north part of town and will make their home there.

Mr. Dewitt Derby had a narrow escape from getting seriously hurt last sharply. "Nathan Fuller is a fine fel-Monday, when he fell from a load of low, and he saved my life! I might baled hay. The team being a little have drowned if he had not happened frightened began to run, the front along the river when my boat upset. wheel of the wagon running over his You may laugh at him for a countrytoot. He is unable to work for a few days.

A Witty Suggestion.

At the time when Thaddeus Stevens was a representative in congress a member of the house who was noted for his uncertain course on all questions and who confessed that he never investigated a point under discussion without finding himself neutral asked one day for leave of absence. "Mr. Speaker," said Stevens, "I do

not rise to object, but to suggest that the honorable member need not ask this favor, for he can easily pair off with himself."

Few Wits.

Him-I was confused for a bit, I con-Wess, but it took me only a moment to -collect my wits. Her-Yes; it couldn't take any longer than that. Go on."-Cleveland Leader.

Measures His Man.

"I can't say I've never told a lie." "Say the rest of it." "But I never tell a man a bigger lie than I think he'll believe."-Pittsburg

Kipling's Corncob. "Did Kipling ever steal one of my corncob pipes?" said the late Mark Twain once.

"Never, and if he says so he's wrong. He tried to steal one and failed; then he tried to steal another, but I prevented the theft and gave it to him, probably the only pipe that Kipling ever got honestly."

Thrift.

An economical housewife drank a quantity of silver nitrate by mistake. The doctor, who had been hastily summoned, ordered large drafts of the white of eggs to be administered. "Mary, Mary," murmured the almost unconscious patient, "save the yolks for puddings!"-Success Magazine.

Judge-Have you anything to say before I pass sentence? Prisoner (who knows human nature)-Yes, my lord; I should like you to have your dinner before you pass sentence upon me .-London Scraps.

He Rode on the Back of an Angry Bull.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Association. **X**>>>>>>>>>>>>> Anne Bliss unfurled a harmless look-

ing white parasol that developed a bright red lining. Neal Burton glanced at the rosy glow reflected on the girl's softly rounded

cheek and met her inquiring eyes. "How much farther to the river,

Neal?" she asked hastily. "As if you didn't know," he retorted. "You must have been there times

enough with Fuller. You needn't be afraid I'm going to propose to you again."

"I don't wish you to!"

"You've made that very plain on three different occasions. I may look at you sometimes, may I not, without intending to throw myself at your feet and plead for a crumb of affection?" His bitter sarcasm stung Anne to

foolish retort. "It would make me most uncomfortable if you did, as I haven't even a

crumb to spare!' Neal winced. "I don't wish a crumb. Anne. It's all or nothing as far as

I'm concerned." "I'm sorry it must be nothing, then." In the adjoining pasture a sleek dark

form leisurely approached a break in the rail fence. The young man, eager for keener torture to allay the dull ache of his

heart, spoke again jealously.

"Of course I'm no horny handed son of the soil; I don't mangle the king's English nor talk with a twang and eat sixteen buckwheat cakes for breakfast, winter and summer! I can't milk a cow, and I don't know the best soil in which to produce giant turnips. I do know the real estate business from the ground up. I can provide a home, and I can run a motor car. These are my limitations. Speaking of Nathan Fuller"-

"We were not speaking of him," interrupted Anne coldly.

Again silence. The dark form paused in the opening of the broken fence with uplifted head.

"Are you going to that barn dance tonight ?" asked Neal after awhile. "Yes."

"You told me when I asked you to go that you didn't care for that sort of thing."

"I changed my mind. I thought it would be rather fun to go and meet the country people. Their ways are so fresh to me; they enjoy everything so heartily. It is such a pleasant, simple

"The natives won't enjoy themselves much with a lot of giggling city boarders looking on. I suppose the other people at the farmhouse are going!"

"I-I hardly think so. Mr. Fuller invited me to go. I'm going to drive over in the buggy with him." Anne blushed deep with embarassment under Neal's sharp gaze. "Don't look at me like that, Neal Burton," she added man, but I would like to see you do a

deed like that!" "It is not my luck to have the opportunity." returned Neal, his face curiously white. "I understand what you mean, Anne. I'm just a plain, matter of fact sort of chap, the sort you've always known, and you're tired of my type. If I may be permitted to express the opinion-I trust Fuller will not misunderstand your 'gratitude' for something warmer."

Anne made no reply. Her blue eyes vere fixed on the shining river which they were approaching.

Suddenly Burton tore the red lined parasol from her light grasp and clutched her arm.

"Run, Anne! Run for the willow trees and climb! It's a bull! I'll keep him off! Run, I tell you!" He pushed her toward the river, but she turned and clung to him with a little cry of

With a despairing gesture he tossed the red lined parasol toward the approaching beast and saw it whirl along, its crimson silk full in the face of the animal. Then he grasped Anne's arm and raced with her across the intervening space toward the wil-

lows. Behind them the bull was trampling the tantalizing sunshade into twisted fragments. His angry bellow announcd that their flight had been discovered, and, with amazing celerity in so clumsy a beast, he had turned and

was after them. Neal fairly tossed Anne's slight form up into the low hanging branches, where she clung desperately. That he was able to reach her side and throw his arm about her was due to his trained muscles, backed by a cool head. As he braced himself against the inclined trunk, his feet secure in a convenient crotch below, the bellowing animal struck the willow tree like

a whirlwind. As they rocked dizzily with the waying tree Anne clung closely to Burton's shoulder, into which her face was pressed. Neal smiled tenderly down at her bright hair, while the bull repeatedly charged the tree frunk with most unsatisfactory results. Presently he desisted from the attack, and his

angry bellow diminist we to a low mut ter, like distant thunde . It was quite evident that he intend. to wait for their descent from the t the. He took up his position beneath the cool shade

Anne lifted a shamed face. "Has he gone, Neal?" she asked meekly.

and waited.

"No; he's down there waiting. Per-haps he'll get tired after awhile and go back to his pasture."

"Can't you find a branch for me to sit on?" inquired Anne from her position, supported by Neal's willing arm. "I'm afraid not, but you can take

this place-there, stand so-leaning against the trunk and brace your feet here. Hold tight to this little branch on either side."

"Where are you going to stay?" asked Anne uneasily. "I've driven you from the only safe position, only-you see—I couldn't"— She paused help-

"Of course you couldn't," returned Neal easily. "I shall take a lower stand-no danger-he can't touch me. Somebody'll be after him presently. It's growing late. Too bad we missed our row on the river."

A half hour passed in silence. Anne leaned wearily against the tree trunk, her eyes fixed on the river below. Neal, most uncomfortably astride of a slender branch that bent dangerously under his weight, sincerely wished that it would not be Nathan Fuller who came to their rescue. That bucolic youth's contempt for "city fellers" rankled in the bosom of one who had been at the front in college athletics, who had spent a vacation on a Wyoming ranch and learned to ride a bucking broncho.

"I suppose we couldn't make any one hear even if we called ever so loud," suggested Anne dubiously. "If-if Mr. Fuller were only around he might know what to do." She voiced the thought half consciously and flushed at Neal's snort of contempt.

"Mr. Fuller, even though he has generations of stock raising ancestors behind him, cannot change a maddened bull into a lamb and lead him away by a blue ribbon. Unless the animal's attention is attracted elsewhere or he is captured by strategy I don't see how either of us can get away." Neal paused and seemed to debate some question within himself. He looked down at the bull.

"What were you going to say?" questioned Anne.

"Merely that I might drop down on the beast's back and thus get him away from your vicinity-that might give you an opportunity to seek assistance from Mr. Fuller-and at the same time relieve you of my companionship." Neal's voice was bitter as he voiced this sentiment.

"You couldn't do that-you might be killed," protested Anne, ignoring his sarcasm

At that instant something happened. The bull lifted an ugly black head, rolled a malicious red eye and hungrily nipped at the drooping willow branch where Neal sat. The flexible limb dipped down, down, and suddenly Neal lost his grip of small twigs and slid quickly down the slippery branch, landing squarely astride of the animal's broad back.

Instinctively his hands grasped the smooth little horns before the frightened beast dropped his head and swung around. As the willow branch whipped upward Neal heard Anne's desperately frightened cry:

"Neal! Neal! Neal!" Then he w away on his mad ride. They mounted a rise of ground, and she closed her eyes and prayed.

When she opened them again she did not look at the field. She turned her gaze down to the river, where a boat floated close under the willows. In the boat were Nathan Fuller and a very pretty girl. The girl was speaking, half sobbing, then Nathan's voice in reply: "I can't help it, Lucy. She as good as asked me to take her tonight. It's just city folks' ways. You know I don't care about any one but you!"

"If you take that girl tonight I shan't speak to you again!" flashed Lucy tearfully. "She wants to marry you. I know she does!"

Anne's face was scarlet with mortification. Her silly gratitude toward Nathan Fuller because he had saved her life had nearly turned Lucy's romance into a tragedy. Anne leaned forward and spoke:

"Mr. Fuller!" When they had turned startled faces upward she told her story, and as Nathan hastened ashore in quest of Neal she added to the girl who stared at her resentfully: "You see, I am engaged to Mr. Burton. I

am doubly anxious for his welfare." Lucy smiled understandingly and helped Anne down from her perch in the tree just as Nathan returned with Neal, who limped slightly.

Declining Nathan's offer to row them home, they stood by the river's brink until the two in the boat had disappeared around the bend. Then Neal turned to Anne, standing with downcast eyes and nervously plucking hands.

"Anne," he said quietly, "I shall never again ask you to marry me."

"I don't blame you-I'm such an arrant coward, and there's really nothing likable about me," admitted Anne shakily. "You must let me tell you-I think you were very brave to do what you did. It was splendid."

"It was an accident. It was pure good luck," returned Neal calmly. then insistently, "I shall never again ask you to marry me, Anne, because Nathan has just told me he heard you announce our engagement to Miss Lucy."

Anne was crying now softly. "Do you love me, darling?" asked Neal, his arms around her. Anne's rosy face pressed close to his own was sufficient answer.

TRACING COUNTERFEITS.

Exciting Employment For Skilled Secret Service Men.

The tracing of counterfeit bills back to the persons responsible for their issue is a curious and exciting employment. The expert assigned by the government to this work are among the most skillful members of the secret service. The protection of the currency depends in large measure upon their efficiency, and the pains they take are almost infinite. The following case is one illustrating the difficulties which the secret service people meet and overcome:

A bank clerk in Cleveland had detected a counterfeit twenty dollar bill in the deposit of a small retail grocer. An expert was sent for and undertook the case.

He found that the grocer had received the bill from a shoe dealer, who had it from a dentist, who had it from somebody else, and so on, until the secret service man finally traced the bad note to an invalid woman who had used it to pay her physician. When questioned this woman said that the money had been sent her by her brother, who lived in New Orleans.

The sleuth looked up the brother's antecedents and soon became convinced that he was the man wanted. The brother, however, soon proved to the satisfaction of the secret service man that his suspicions were unfounded. Indeed, it appeared that the money had been received by the New Orleans man in part payment for rent of a house he owned in Pittsburg. While the sleuth was a bit discouraged, he couldn't give over the case when he had gone so far, so he took the next train for Pittsburg.

The tenant of the house in Pittsburg proved to be a traveling oculist who spent most of his time in the middle west. The secret service man had the good luck, however, to catch him just as he had returned from a trip, and the man at once recognized the bad bill as one that had been given him by a patient in Cleveland, the very point whence the sleuth started.

The patient was a boss carpenter. The secret service man got his address from the oculist and went right after the new clew. At this point he had a premonition that something was going' to happen, and he wasn't disappointed,

The carpenter, an honest old fellow, said that he had received the bill from a certain Parker. The said Parker was the small grocer in whose bank deposit the counterfelt had turned up. The expert flew to the grocer's as quickly as a cab could take him and found it closed. He had left town.

Afterward it was shown beyond question that the grocer was the agent of an organized band of counterfeiters. His shop was a mere blind. That the bill which he gave the carpenter should get back into his own funds after traveling all over the continent was one of those miracles of chance for which there is no explanation .-Chicago Record-Herald.

A Dean Ramsay Story. Dean Ramsay's memoirs contain an

anecdote of an old woman of Starthspey. Just before her death she solemnly instructed her grandnephew, "Willy, I'm deein', and as ye'll hae the charge o' a' I have, mind, now, that as much whisky is to be used at my fu-

neral as there was at my baptism." Willy, having no record of the quantity consumed at the baptism, decided to give every mourner as much as he wished, with the result that the funeral procession, having to traverse ten miles to the churchyard on a short November day, arrived only at nightfall. Then it was discovered that the mourners, halting at a wayside inn, had rested the coffin on a dike and left it there when they resumed their journey. The corpse was a day late in arriving at the grave.

Interest In Ancient Days.

As a rule, the ancients frowned upon the idea of interest. They called it usury, and, except in the case of wardships and trusts, when the law vested they looked upon the man who lived by investments as a bad character and his trade as a disreputable one. Even Aristotle, a most advanced thinker in many respects, talked most energetically against money, calling it a "barren thing, which could produce nothing without violating nature." It was not until the crusades that the money lender had any standing or respectability in Europe.-New York American.

Sunday Traveling.

Old time acts of parliament in Great Britain aimed to stop Sunday traveling. In 1669, for example, two men were found guilty of the crime of walking from Bristol to Bath on a Sunday and were at once fined 20 shillings (\$4.80) each. All business was at a standstill on a Sunday. Nothing was allowed to be sold except milk. For all the traders of England the milkman, and the milkman alone, was allowed to pursue his calling for the whole seven days of the week.

Easy. "Is that car on this train?" "No; he was switched off at the junc-

"'He' was? Why not 'she?'" "This was a mail car."-Toledo Blade.

He Knew the Brand. First Actor-When I was in Africa I was nearly killed by the bursting of a shell. Second Actor-Oh, who threw the egg?-London M. A. P.

Pure love cannot merely do all, but is all.-Richter.

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Intellectual Gourtship

It Is a Very Different Affair From Simple Love.

By EDITH B. ARNOLD.

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| Miss Margaret Lyall took all the degrees of the under and post graduate university courses. Being possessed of an independent income, it was not necessary for her to make a living, but she was so clever that the college sent her abroad to study for a professorship. She returned with an additional foreign degree and assumed the chair for which she had been preparing her-

self.

When Miss Professor Lyall was twenty-seven years old it occurred to her that after all she would prefer to be a wife and mother to growing old as a teacher. If she were to choose the more natural course it was high time she were doing so. She was considered a very attractive woman and was comely. She had had a number of offers, but had not been thinking of marriage and for this reason had accepted none of them. Now, having letermined to wed, she looked over the list of her suitors and settled on Royal Richardson, a journalist,

Mr. Richardson was editor in chief of a large newspaper. He was a highly educated and a forceful man. There is no place in the world where exactness, system and, above all, a quick resource are more essential than in the makeup of a daily newspaper. Mr. Richardson had a quiet, dignified way with him that carried great weight.

"That match," every one said, "is between one of nature's highest type of men and the same grade of women Such a couple united should produce important results for good. What a splendid spur the one for the other!" "No doll wife for me," said Mr. Richardson. "Give me a woman with a brain in her head!" "If I am to be married," said Miss Lyall, "I prefer a man who is certainly not my inferior. If he is my superior I will follow his lead, for that is a law of nature. If he should turn out to be of poorer judgment than I, then that same law will compel him to submit to my decrees."

Two persons were especially disappointed at this engagement. One was Walter Fairbanks, a quiet, unobtrusive man several years younger than Miss Lyall. Not being highly educated himself-he had gone into business at seventeen-he had a profound admiration for Professor Lyall. It was the acme of his desires to have such a woman for his wife. It would be like an intellectual beggar marrying one with an intellectual fortune. The other disappointed person was Miss Lucy Brooks, a girl of twenty, whose knowledge had been gained in a public school, but whose heart was as fresh as a rose and exhaled as much fragrance upon all who knew her. She had long worshiped Mr. Richardson from a distance, but considered him so far above her that it was madness for her to aspire to be his wife.

No sooner had Professor Lyall become engaged to Mr. Richardson than she began to take an interest in his paper. She liked to pick out editorials in which she could see his vigorous opinions expressed in his terse, pungent style. But one day she noticed what she had not discovered before. She was much interested in the national problems of the day and sympathized with every movement calculated to bring the trusts under a proper legal subjection. Mr. Richardson had given in his editorials an impression that this was the policy of his paper. But in an article which bore every evidence of having been written by him he made use of the term "trust bustinsisted upon money being usefully in- er." The next time he met his fiancee she said to him:

"Royal, I supposed the policy of your paper was to advocate the regulation of the trusts by law."

"My dear Margaret, the policy of a newspaper is an unknown quantity to any one except its manager." "Will you kindly explain?"

Mr. Richardson for the moment forgot that he was not in his editorial chair. It seemed an icicle rather than a sentence that came through his cold

"Yes; I will explain by saying that I alone dictate the policy of my paper." Miss Lyall looked at him with astonshment. "And I alone," she said. will decide as to the man I will marry. He shall not be one who would make use of the obnoxious expression 'trust buster.' "

She strode majestically out of the room and upstairs.

Mr. Richardson departed with a complication of feelings. He was disappointed, angered, hurt. For the first time he had been interfered with in his life work. His eyes were opened to the fact that the high grade of character, of intellect, he had wished in a wife had in this case at least proved a boomerang. If he had been called to account by another his feelings would not have been the least ruffled. But he had formed the very important plan of marrying Miss Lyall, and he saw that such a union would necessitate the rooting up of the main

habit of his life. "Good morning, Mr. Richardson," came a soft voice, and, looking aside as he walked, he met the amiable smile of Miss Brooks. It was like a

stiffshine breaking through a y cloud. He turned and joined her. For an hour he walked beside her listening to her prattle, scarcely speak sing himself, the girl all the while pour ing balm on his perturbed feelfrigs He went with her to her home, and it was another hour before he left.

Miss Lyall suffered the same per-

turbedasensations, and as Mr. Richardson had been comforted by Miss Brooks she turned to Walter Fairbanks for similar treatment. If a person of strong mind becomes balked and consequently irritated there is a craving for some one-not to rely on for advice, but to whet opinions upon. Miss Lyall made an excuse to send for Mr. Fairbanks in order that she might have a dummy to pound. Mr. Fairbanks proved himself admirably suited to the purpose. Not capable of understanding that higher role of elevating by an unceasing flow of information which is the great work of newspapers, he saw only the blemishes resting on the press. When Miss Lyall told him of her disagreement with Mr. Richardson he was surprised that she did not know that his paper was owned by a combination of industrial magnates. This opened Miss Lyall's eyes not only to the fact of an entire absence of sympathy between her and the man who was employed to oppose views she held very strongly, but that there was, after all, a comfort in coming down with her aeroplane and having a heart to heart talk on the earth's surface with a man who knew what was going on there.

But Mr. Richardson before any announcement was made of the breaking of the engagement concluded to make an effort to set matters right between him and his fiance. He called upon her, and she came down with a

disappointed look on her face. "I have called to say, Margaret," he began, "that perhaps you are not aware that a newspaper is not exclusively a concern for dispensing noble ideas. Noble ideas there may be in it, but they would not be there at all if the paper had no means for its publication. Unless a newspaper can be made to

pay"-"Has that anything to do with pretending to advocate ideas and at the same time sneering at them?"

"I don't admit"-"What is your definition of the term trust buster?"

s one who advocates breaking up those combinations which are essential to business at the present day." "But I don't admit that they are essential."

"A trust buster? Why, artrust buster

"Certainly your opinion can have nothing to do with the management of the paper I edit." "If the paper you edit is the exponent of the principles, or, rather, the want of principles, of the man I am to marry

it certainly is of great importance to "I am employed to carry out the policy laid down by the owners of the

paper." "Why, then, do you pretend to carry out opposing ideas?" "Margaret, a newspaper is a practical affair. It must have advertisements; to secure advertisements it must have circulation; to have circulation it must have readers. Readers

are of various opinions. One must steer a middle course to"-"Enough! You, the man with whom I had decided to unite my very being.

have no principles of your own"-"My principles are my own; the paper's principles are its own." "Then if you were paid to advocate anarchy and assassination you would do so without a qualm of conscience."

"Margaret," he said, changing his tone to one of despondency, "if our union is to be one of argument instead of simple love it will be a failure." "And unless I marry a man whose

principles are not for sale it will be a

failure." "You are impracticable."

"Goodby!" Mr. Richardson and Miss Lyall had igain found themselves in the position of those

Birds of tempest loving kind Thus beating up against the wind,

though neither of them loved the

tempest. They were obliged by their

nature to beat up against it. Again they sought solace in the sympathy of their intellectual inferiors. Mr. Richardson called on Miss Brooks, and Miss Lyall called in Walter Fairbanks. Richardson sat on a sofa beside the lithe, laughing girl. rested by her every innocent word, by her every dainty motion and more than all by that perpetual smile which hovered over her lips. She cared nothing for the policy of his paper, and, as to his principles, she did not for a moment doubt that they were noble. A lock of his hair fell down over his forehead, and with the touch of her waxen fingers she put it back in place, laughing as she did so. He took the fingers in

kissed her. That settled it. Miss Lyall talked to Walter Fairbanks about her conversation with Richardson. He listened to her without a word, looking at her the while with a pair of sympathetic eyes. Whenever she said, "Am I right?" he replied, "You are," and when she said, 'Am I wrong?" he said, "You are not." In other words, Miss Lyall got from Mr. Fairbanks what she wanted. And so in time she became accustomed to getting what she wanted and found it more convenient to place Mr. Fairbanks where she could have him all

his hand and kissed them. Then he

the time. She married him. Mr. Richardson and Miss Lyall meet occasionally and have intellectual talks. She considers him a brilliant man, but without principle. He considers her a very smart woman, but educated in a theoretic, impractical school. Each is very happy at home.