

Inman Items.

Rev. and Mrs. B. H. Murten of Page visited at Inman last week.

Mr. Leo Mossman and Miss Olga Schwink spent the fourth at Wisner.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Goree and children drove up to O'Neill Tuesday.

Mr. Ed. Goodspeed and family moved into their farm near Nehigh last Monday.

Mr. C. J. Malone erected a windmill on his farm west of Inman Saturday.

Mr. Carl Wilcox left for Fremont last Monday where he will attend school for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Van Avery spent the Fourth at Savage with her brother Mr. Bob Rose.

The Messrs Ray Mossman and Earl Watson spent the Fourth at Bloomfield with Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Cunningham.

Mrs. W. B. Smith came up from Norfolk last Friday to visit with C. F. Smith and family and other relatives.

Epworth League will give an ice cream social at the Hall next Monday evening. Everybody is cordially invited.

Mrs. Chas. Enders, who has been visiting at Omaha with her son Arthur of O'Neill who has been very ill, returned home Thursday.

Mrs. D. P. McGrane and children who have been visiting her parents the past two weeks, went up to O'Neill last Friday to visit relatives for a few days before returning to her home at Norfolk.

Opportunity Items.

F. Hatch and C. F. Simonson went to a picnic in Jim Brennan's grove.

F. Hatch is helping C. F. Simonson paint his house this week.

At last the drought is broken. We had good rains on the evenings of the 3rd and 4th.

A good sized crowd took in the picnic at Jim Brennan's grove the 4th and they all report a pleasant time.

Where did you spend the Fourth? C. and J. Berger and families, Getty, Ezra and Esther Thomas, C. J. Simonson and family celebrated at Ewing. They all report a good time.

Last week we was to previous with our items and did not get the results of the ball game played at Star on the 27 of June, between Star and Opportunity, which resulted in a score of 16 to 4 in favor of Opportunity. Rah for Opportunity.

Farmers are now optimistic in this locality in regard to the prospects of a good corn crop this year. In most cases this rain will benefit small grain, but a normal yield cannot be expected. Pastures, meadows and alfalfa will be revived and potatoes will in all human probability be an average crop.

Readers of The Frontier will doubtless remember seeing in our items of a previous issue an article declaring our belief in the existence of some valuable mineral matter among the numerous pebbles that abound in this locality, and will no doubt be pleased to learn that the investigations of ye scribe has resulted in a victory (a victory never the less) which fully justifies us in entertaining such a belief. The facts are substantially as follows: Acting on the advice of a disinterested party, we selected a few specimens, and sent them to the U. S. Geological Survey, Washington, D. C. for their examination and report. They said in their reply that some of them was chal-

donite, and the rest quartz. The specimens were so small to be worth much, but larger pebbles (of which there is plenty) are usually cut up for settings for cheap jewelry, which would be worth something. That in its self would indicate that we had a certain source of income here independent of what we can raise from the soil, but that these same stones are of the lowest rating among the class of minerals that are known by the name of precious stones.

HIS BOLD BLUFF WON.

How a Clever Beat Worked One of New York's Exclusive Clubs.

It is about as hard for a stranger to get beyond the portals of an exclusive New York club as it is for the proverbial camel to get through the needle's eye. But New York clubdom is laughing over how one clever person "put it over" one of the city's best clubs recently.

A well dressed man drove up in a taxicab and strode into the club. The doorman opened the way for him, and he walked up to the desk.

"Send a boy out for my bags, will you?" he began, and the clerk rang the bell for one of the club boys.

"A good room, please, if there are any left tonight," said the newcomer, "with a bath."

"Yes, sir; we have 218, a very good room, sir."

"Good! I had that room here a couple of years ago."

The bags were brought in, the boy showed the way to the elevator and soon the man was comfortably settled in his room. Downstairs he came in a few minutes and strolled out to the grill room. There he had a couple of drinks, smoked a cigar and took away a box of the club cigarettes. He signed a "chit"—in other words, a club check—for what he had bought and walked out. An hour later he came back and went into the dining room, where he ordered the best of the club had, profacing his meal with a couple of cocktails. Again he signed a "chit."

"Taxi, please," he demanded when he came back to the office after taking a couple of Havanas from the case, signing as usual.

It is the custom in all smart clubs to provide cabs for members, they signing checks for them and settling at the end of the month when their bill comes in. The man drove off, went to the theater with a lady he called for, kept the cab the entire evening, took her home and then returned to the club for a nightcap and a cigar. Then he went upstairs to bed. Next morning he was down bright and early.

"Send a boy up for my bags," he said, "and get me a taxi. I've got to catch the 9:20 train."

He had a hearty breakfast, took a pocketful of cigars, lighted one at the desk, a porter carried his baggage to the cab and away he went.

When the clerks came to enter the checks in the ledger it was found that this man was not a member of the club and was not even a guest of a member. His name was not on the list.

There was a bit of a jolt in the club office on bill day.—New York World.

Dressed According to Law.

The grocer's assistant in London used to be as carefully looked after as his employer, precise regulations being laid down respecting the way he should dress. His coat had to be made "close and comely" and as well as the breeches was to consist only of "cloth, kersey, sackcloth, canvase, English leather or English stuffe costing not more than 2s. 6d. the yard." His stockings were to be of woolen yarns or kersey, he was not to wear "Spanish shoes with polonia heels," and his hair was to be cut short. He was forbidden to wear any girdle, point, garters or shoestrings of any kind of silk or ribbon or any rose or such like goods upon his shoes. A breach of these regulations rendered him liable to eighteen hours' imprisonment in the Guildhall.

Lucky.

Wood Norton, the famous English estate, has been the home of foreign royalties for over half a century. After he lost the crown of France Louis Philippe lived there, and there is a funny story told of his meeting with an old publican after his return. The man stood by the roadside and bowed to the ex-king.

"Who are you, my man?" he asked. "I seem to know your face. Were you here when I lived here before?"

"Please, your royal highness, I kept the Crown."

"Did you, indeed!" exclaimed the ex-king. "That's more than I could do!"

Rings From Shishaldin.

On Unimak Island, Alaska, is Shishaldin, which in some respects is the most remarkable volcano in the world. In addition to a continuous emission of dense white smoke or steam, circular rings apparently several hundred feet in diameter and of wonderful symmetry and whiteness emerge in puffs at short intervals from the very top of the mountain. It causes one to think of the possibility of old Pluto of Pandalon smoking a cigarette.

Easiest Way Out.

"Something ought to be done to ease the prejudice against Wall street," said the apprehensive citizen.

"Well," replied Mr. Dustin Stax, "it is too much to ask us to move business into another thoroughfare. But we might change the name of the street."

The Fog Lady

She Came to the Rescue

By CLARISSA MACKIE

It had been a warm May day without a breath of wind to stir the young green leaves on the elms and maples that bordered the village streets.

Late in the afternoon there stole over hill and harbor a faint bluish haze that some said was smoke from distant forest fires. The weatherwise predicted a "May fog."

"Going out, doc?" asked old Simon Way, the boat builder, as the young physician passed him on the little wharf.

"Yes, Simon, I'm going out for a breath of fresh air, if there's any out there. It's deuced hot ashore."

"Ye won't find any wind outside today," predicted Simon, with an eye toward the channel. "I been out there all day and came back with the tide. It's hot as thunder out there, and it'll be worse before ye get back."

"You think we'll have a squall?"

The doctor hesitated at the top of the steps that led down to the water where his dory was fastened. His speedy little motorboat was anchored not far away.

"Worse than a squall for getting around in."

"What's that?"

"A fog."

"I shall be back before it shuts down." The doctor straightened his shoulders and took a deep breath.

"Ye feel shut in between these high bluffs?" asked Simon curiously.

"Yes, but under the right conditions I would not—there are certain things that might change it all—bring its own breath of paradise with it."

Simon Way went home and told his wife that he guessed Dr. Morton was getting tired of Bell Harbor, in spite of the splendid practice he had acquired. Mrs. Way threw a shawl over her head and ran across the street to tell Mrs. Clarence Sayles and that lady delivered the information in an abbreviated form to the effect that Dr. Morton was going to leave town.

Cleo Adams heard the news just as she sat down to the supper table.

In the meantime Dr. Morton's launch had chugged out of Bell Harbor into the sound. The white bow cut the placid water and broke up the rose-colored reflections into rippling waves of rose and silver flecked foam.

All about him was a wall of fog, now shot with a queer pinkish glow. As he shut off the power and the engine ceased throbbing he listened for some sound to break the silence that was upon the waters.

"This will be a good place to think it over," he said to himself and then realized that he had expressed the craving of his heart—ever since Cleo Adams had laughed at his offer of marriage.

He stared unseeing into the fog, his thoughts revolving around that episode of last night.

Dr. Morton had wooed Cleo Adams in the shy way that is characteristic of many men of his profession, and when the time came when he could no longer withhold his confession of love, he had done an unusual thing.

It was 9 o'clock the previous evening when he had entered his little office and sank wearily into a chair before his desk. His housekeeper had left a supper for him and gone to prayer meeting. The house was quiet.

Suddenly he picked up the telephone receiver and held it to his ear as he called Cleo's number. He felt very cool and professional as he waited for a reply from the Adams home.

It came at last in Cleo's low, clear voice:

"Yes? She inquired."

"Is this Miss Cleo?" asked the doctor calmly.

"This is Miss Adams," she replied to his satisfaction.

"Cleo," he almost whispered, fighting back the shyness that almost choked his utterance of the important words—"Cleo, I love you, dear; could you marry me?"

Then had come an instant's hesitation. He was prepared for that, but her light, stinging laugh was a stunning surprise to him. "No, thank you!" she had said airily and hung up the receiver with a little defiant clatter.

Dr. Morton sat in his chair, motionless and white, until his scandalized housekeeper had arisen from her bed and come downstairs to inform him that it was past 2 o'clock. Thereupon he had shaken himself together and retired, only to spend a sleepless night before he arose to fulfill the duties of another day's dull routine.

Now he had left it all behind. In the solitude afforded by the fog he would battle with his trouble and master it. But he did not reckon with the fog.

While he sat there thinking bitter thoughts about Cleo Adams, who now appeared to be shallow and heartless when once he had believed her to be earnest, sincere and far above coquetry in any of its forms, his boat was drifting idly with the tide. Little by little he was floating away from the shore, and not until he heard the blast of the foghorn of the shoals lighthouse did he realize his position. At once he started the engine and turned toward Bell Harbor.

It was growing dark now, and the fog clung moistly to his face and hands and every shred of his garments.

It entered his throat and almost strangled him, so raw and penetrating was it. Something dark loomed before him, and at the same instant a fog bell tolled close at hand.

A big sound steamer rushed past him, a menacing death from which he had barely escaped.

The foghorn he had first heard had not been the shoals light. It was the steamer bearing down upon him.

Where had he drifted? He could not tell, except that it must be in the path of the eastward bound steamers.

He resolved to steer in the direction where he believed Bell Harbor to be. He would go very slowly and cautiously, and when he drew near enough to Bell Harbor breakwater he could see the pale glow of its sentinel lantern and thus find his way through the tortuous channel into the harbor.

The doctor was an amateur. The launch was a new diversion and a plaything to him, and because he was a more skillful physician than he was a navigator he chugged helplessly around for two hours before he admitted that he was lost in the fog.

Another hour passed in fruitless going to and fro. He had heard the glare of the shoals light foghorn, but his ignorance of the waters about here made it impossible for him to calculate distances or directions. He laughed rather scornfully at his foolish hopes when he had bought the motorboat. Cleo Adams was an ardent sailor, and he had planned many delightful trips in the boat which as yet had no name. He wanted to call it after her.

The doctor was now prepared to spend the night on the sound. He had not heard anything that might indicate the presence of other craft in his neighborhood. He concluded that all other boats must be anchored, waiting for the fog to lift. Of course he did not dare to enter the cabin of the launch and sleep.

Just then a strange sound, odd enough heard there in the fog at 10 o'clock in the evening, smote upon his strained ears.

It was the voice of a woman singing. The sweet tones came tremulously across the water, and involuntarily the doctor turned his craft and headed in the direction of the voice.

To his delight it grew louder and clearer as he went on this course, and now he could distinguish the words of the hymn:

"Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore!"

"It sounds as if it was meant for me," he muttered, bending his head to peer through the fog for the first glimpse of the mysterious singer.

Guided by the voice of the singer, who rendered verse after verse of the stirring song with tireless patience now that the first tremolo had been overcome, Dr. Morton drew nearer to the sound until a peculiar orange glow indicated the nearness of a light.

Could it be the entrance to Bell Harbor channel? If so, who was that singing there on the black rocks of the breakwater?

He held to his course with the light on his left and, to his delight, left it behind. He was entering the channel and would soon be inside Bell Harbor.

The voice suddenly stopped and then spoke in tones vaguely familiar to him—perhaps the fog disguised it.

"Boat ahoy!" it called.

"Here!" returned Morton quickly.

"Is that Dr. Morton?"

"Yes. Can I take you off? Am I needed?"

"Come carefully—follow my voice—there!" as the boat jarred against a large rock. "Steady a moment!"

A pale form moved out of the fog and without effort entered his boat, shoving off from the rock before it groped to a seat beside him.

"If you will give me the wheel I can steer you directly to the wharf," said the voice of Cleo Adams calmly, and without a word the astonished physician gave the wheel into her hands and slid along the seat to make room for her.

"How came you there?" he asked curiously, after he had related the details of his being lost in the fog and how her singing had guided him safely to port.

Her voice trembled slightly: "Simon Way told father you had gone out in the fog against his advice and that you had not returned. Father worried because his lameness prevented him from coming to your rescue. I said nothing to them, but came out in my boat to look for you. It sprang a leak, and I abandoned it and climbed on the rocks. I was sure you could hear my voice and would find the way back." She spoke practically and, except for the tremble in her voice, appeared quite unmoved by the heroism of her deed.

"You came out here to save my life?" he asked hoarsely.

"You saved my father's life last winter," she retorted, adding, "You are such a good doctor that we cannot afford to lose you, although I hear you are going away."

"After last night you could hardly profess to care," he said bitterly.

"Last night? I did not see you last night. In fact, I was in Cloverton. They had sickness in Uncle Joe's family," said Cleo.

"Then who talked with me over your telephone?" he asked quickly.

"It must have been Stella Morris. She was to remain with father and mother all night. What did she say?" She is such a giddy, thoughtless girl!" Cleo faltered into silence as his words tumbled forth breathlessly in explanation.

"What would you have said?" he demanded.

"Yes," whispered Cleo as their faces touched.

When they named the doctor's motorboat they called her the Fog Lady, and nobody knew save Dr. Morton and his wife just what it meant.

UNCONSCIOUS COUNTING.

Train the Mind to Number Grouped Objects at a Glance.

It has always formed a part of the professional conjurer's education to acquire the power of making instant mental note of many objects. A German advocate of the theory that every one should cultivate some similar system of counting has suggested that the ability of most persons of distinguishing from three to five objects at a glance may be so perfected that the mind will find it possible to take note of at least thirty articles in the same length of time. This authority, Preyer, has declared that he can count thirty objects of the same kind as easily as other persons can count three or four.

Apart from such usefulness as this acquired power may impart, the method of teaching it is of interest. The test of one's ability in counting is easily made by placing several small objects, such as pins or coins, under a sheet of paper and then lifting the paper so that one may glance at the articles and give an immediate guess as to their number.

At first the eye finds it possible to distinguish only three or four objects, but practice soon enables the experimenter to manage any under ten with facility. Above that number the process becomes more difficult. Conscious counting is not permitted. The articles must be merely "valued."

To perfect oneself in this practice black spots, forming various geometrical figures, may be made upon squares of white cardboard, the number being gradually increased and the positions altered.

It is said that the sensation of a person practiced in unconscious counting when looking attentively at large numbers of objects is that their number "shoots rapidly through the head."

—Philadelphia Record.

SAVAGES OF ECUADOR.

The Jibaros Gave One Spanish Governor His Fill of Gold.

If you are looking for a real wild Indian seek the Jibaro. Perhaps you never heard of him, but you should, for he's the wildest, most savage and uncultured type of redskin who thrives today. War and the Jibaro are synonymous. No other Indian tribe in history has so determinedly and successfully resisted efforts to conquer it as this tribe of the Jibaro.

Today the Jibaro, 15,000 strong, rule supreme over the vast forest regions of Ecuador between the Santiago and Patate rivers and southward to the Amazon. It is one of the most picturesque and primitive of all surviving tribes of redskins. Once when partly subjugated to Spanish rule they were goaded to rebellion by enforced labor in the mines of their taskmasters and marched 20,000 strong into the stronghold of their enemy and in one night completely annihilated the 12,000 inhabitants. As an example of their savagery they killed the governor by pouring molten gold down his throat in order that he "might have his fill of gold."

Like tactics are still pursued, and the Jibaro is little molested. War is their normal condition, their favorite weapons being the lance, the javelin and the blow gun with poisoned arrows, which have served them with deadly efficiency.

Little is known of their religious or mythological beliefs. There are about 1,400 Jibaros who are Christians, but few of these are of the full blooded type and are scorned by the majority of the tribe. Missionaries say the Jibaros will never break from ancient customs.—Catholic Encyclopedia.

Railway Wheels.

Did you ever notice that the wheels of a locomotive engine are beveled? The reason for this is that in rounding a curve the outer rail is, of course, a little longer than the inner one. The difference is very little, but it would be enough to make an engine "skid" unless it were reckoned for. In the beveled wheel the higher part, with its greater circumference, is forced against the outer rail by the very tendency of the engine to drive straight ahead, and with the other wheel the smaller circumference rests on the rail, thus overcoming the difference in the lengths of the lines.

An Old Police Trick.

Defending a man charged at West Ham with drunkenness, a solicitor said: "It's a very old trick for two policemen when taking a man to the station to walk out of step. The result is that the prisoner lurches from one side to the other, and he is supposed to be unable to walk without assistance."—London Standard.

A Different Mission.

"Well, old man, how's tricks?" "Miss Wallaby accepted me last night."

"I suppose you are around today accepting congratulations."

"No; I'm around today trying to borrow \$200 to buy the ring."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Shrinking Nature.

Mr. Goodsole—What's your real objection to taking a bath?

Soiled Samuel—You see, mister, I'm so delicate dat if I even git near de water I shrink.—Exchange.

New Danger.

Wife—Did you read about the awful railroad wreck? Husband—Yes, but for heaven's sake don't let your mother know or she won't dare to go home.—Satire.

Every base occupation makes one sharp in its practice and dull in every other.—Sidney.

WHIMSICAL WILLS

Human Nature as Shown In Queer Requests and Bequests.

FEAR OF PREMATURE BURIAL.

This Dread Has Often Been the Cause of Curious Provisions in Last Testaments—The Grave of a Man Who Disliked the Society of Women.

The remarkable will of a man who died not long ago directing the undertaker to stab him through the heart after he had been pronounced dead by his physician is not a unique one. The fear of being buried alive has driven many a man to stipulate in his will that extraordinary steps be taken to make sure of death.

Thus, for instance, a magnate of Plymouth, England, decreed by his will that his wife should cut off one of his toes or fingers to make sure he was dead, adding that he made the request so that "as she had been troubled with one old fool she will not think of marrying a second."

The will of Lord Lytton contained special directions as to the examination of his body in order to provide against the possibility of his being buried while in a trance, which appeared to be an apprehension of his.

A farmer of Hertfordshire, England, who died in 1720, was so certain that his lethal slumber was to be not really death, that he inserted in his will his written wish that, "as he was about to take a thirty years' nap, his coffin might be suspended from a beam in his barn and by no means nailed down." He, however, permitted it to be locked, provided a hole were made in the side, through which the key might be pushed, so that he might let himself out when he awoke. His nephew, who inherited the property, obeyed his whim and did not bury the coffin till 1751, allowing him an extra year of grace.

The Sleur Boby, who died in 1845 at the age of ninety-six, said in his will: "Eight and forty hours after my decease I desire that a post mortem examination be made, that my heart be taken out and placed in an urn, which shall be entrusted to M. Baudoin (the undertaker). In conformity with an arrangement between him and myself my heart is to be conveyed to a mausoleum in the department of La Mayenne and there to be deposited, as agreed."

Robert, the famous Earl of Mellent and Leicester, one of the early crusaders in the holy land, died in 1118 in the abbey of Preaux, where his body was buried, but his heart was conveyed to the hospital at Brackley, there to be preserved in salt. Isabella, daughter of the Earl of Pembroke, who died in 1239, ordered her heart to be sent in a silver cup to her brother, then abbot of Tewkesbury, to be buried there before the high altar. The heart of John Balliol, lord of Barnard castle, who died in 1299, was by his widow's desire inclosed in an ivory casket richly enameled with silver.

But all these examples, strange as they may be, are not especially remarkable among the countless numbers of curious wills which are recorded through many generations.

There is, for example, the will of a rich old bachelor, who, incensed at what he considered the attempts of his family to put him under the yoke of matrimony, vented his spite on the whole sex of women by saying in his will: "I beg that my executors will see that I am buried where there is no woman interred, either to the right or to the left of me. Should this not be practicable in the ordinary course of things I direct that they purchase three graves and bury me in the middle one of the three, leaving the two others unoccupied."

John Reed, gaslighter of the Walnut Street theater, Philadelphia, filed that post for forty-four years. There is not on record a single performance at the theater at which he was not present. He never aspired to appear on the stage in his lifetime, but he was not without his mute ambitions, and before he died he contrived ingeniously to make sure of assuming a Shakespearean role after his death. A clause in his will read:

"My head is to be separated from my body immediately after my death, the latter to be buried in a grave, the former, duly macerated and prepared, to be brought to the theater, where I have served all my life, and to be employed to represent the skull of Yorick, and to this end I bequeath my head to the properties."—New York Sun.

The Fingerless Glove.

How early did mankind think of the convenience of the fingerless glove which modern babies, fishermen and Alpine climbers appreciate so greatly? We hear little of gloves in ancient times, and in most cases it is obvious that they had fingers. Those worn by the secretary of the younger Pliny, used when he visited Vesuvius so that he might keep on jotting down notes in spite of the cold, must have been fingered no less than those of the glutton in Athenaeus who wore gloves at table so that he might handle the meat while hot and get in advance of his bare handed fellow diners. One of the earliest known wearers of a glove with only a thumb is an Anglo-Saxon lady known in Plancher's "History of British Costume." Her gloves exactly resemble a modern baby's.

My precept to all who build is that the owner should be an ornament to the house, and not the house to the owner.—Cicero.