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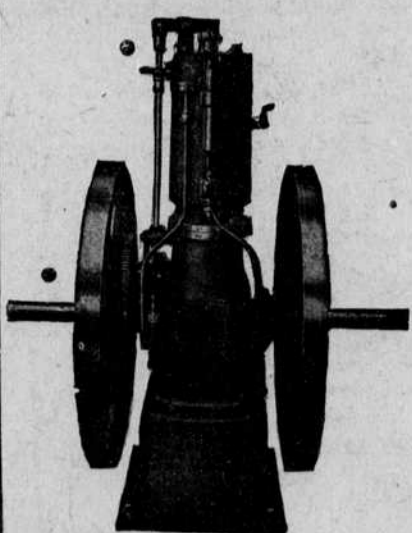
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A FLIGHT FOR LIFE

The Story of a Rescue Trip In the Mountains of Alaska.

BRAVE MEN AND SPEEDY DOGS

An Act of Heroism That Saved a Woman and Her Sick Husband From Death When Stranded on a Winter Night Amid the Snow-Clad Peaks.

The hardships to which people are exposed in the far north give frequent occasion for the display of heroism. In the pages of "Trailing and Camping In Alaska" Mr. Addison M. Powell tells of the rescue of a woman and her husband who were stranded on the mountains in an Alaskan winter.

A dog team galloped up a steeply sloping hill in front of the only pretense of a hotel in Valdez. The night was dark, as the northern winter nights always are when the moon is not shining. The dogs immediately lay down, almost exhausted from their long trip, and the two men were soon surrounded by inquiring friends. One of the two said:

"What do you think, fellows? We passed a woman just this side of Sawmill Camp. She was pulling a sled, on which was her sick husband. We remonstrated against her crossing the glacier, but she replied that they might as well die up there as anywhere else, as it meant certain death to stop. Our dogs could pull only our outfit, and there wasn't grub enough for all, so we were compelled to leave them. They will be at the last timber tonight, and if somebody doesn't go to their rescue they will be dead by this time tomorrow."

A man stepped out from the crowd and said:

"I'll go for one. Now, who else has a good dog team to splice in with mine?"

"I'm your man!" answered another.

It was 8 o'clock in the morning before they had made their selection of dogs and were ready to start on that hazardous trip.

"We'll be on the first bench by daylight and have them here before midnight," said one as he straightened out the team for the sixty mile run.

"Yea, boys! Stand in there, Leader! Mush, mush on, mush!" And with a yelp the dogs galloped away as if aware of the urgency of their mission. "Haw, Leader!" we heard as they turned the corner, and then they were gone. "There goes the best dog team in Alaska and driven by two of the best men on earth!" exclaimed a man as he re-entered the house.

The trail was easily followed, and soon the nine miles of level bench were passed. The speed slackened only when they were ascending the ridge, which they crossed by 11 that morning, and there it was seen that the sharp peaks were curling fine snow high in the air.

"They are beginning to smoke!" exclaimed one of the men.

"Yes; we must get back before night or it's all off," replied the other. Down, down, the steep descent they plunged, and by 1 o'clock they were off the glacier and skipping over level ground. In a short time they discovered the unfortunate couple whom they had started out to rescue, and when they came up to them it was a pitiable scene that presented itself.

The poor woman had become completely exhausted and had thrown herself down beside her helpless husband. She had evidently abandoned all hope and was weeping bitterly when she suddenly heard the yell of a driver and the barking of dogs. In a moment she passed from despair to hope. As the team galloped in a circle and stopped beside her with the dogs' heads pointed back toward the glacier she clasped her hands with joy.

The dogs lay down and with their lolling tongues lapped the snow, while the drivers ate some crackers and jokingly encouraged the sick man and the tired woman. They bade her seat herself comfortably while they fastened the two sleds together. Soon they were bounding away again at the dogs' first speed.

When they recrossed the summit the whole range was "smoking," and the wind was sending the fine snow along the crust. It whipped their faces with a warning of what was coming, but the driver said:

"Twenty miles to town, and it can never catch us!"

In Valdez every one was anxiously watching the trail. Many exclaimed, "They can't possibly be here before midnight!" but they were. As they rushed up to the crowd with a yell and a chorus of barks from the noble dogs they were met by eager, helping hands. The dogs acted as if they had understood why they were being petted, and again the woman wept for joy.

The Contingent Fee. The following pointed note was written by Daniel Webster in answer to a request that he take a certain case for a contingent fee: "I do not desire employment in professional matters, although I do sometimes engage in them. But I never engage on contingencies merely, for that would make me a mere party to a lawsuit."

Resourceful. Gibbs—Your wife seems to be a resourceful woman. Dibs—Resourceful! Why, the other day she put in a pane of glass with chewing gum.—Boston Transcript.

Real coolness and self-possession are the indispensable accompaniments of a great mind.—Dickens.

SHIPS JUST LIKE A VILLAGE.

Strange Little Worlds Are the South Pacific Ocean Steamers. In the morning (how strange at sea) I was awakened by the bleating of a lamb and by a lusty cockcrow. The Royal Mail steamers of the west coast are a strange little world. Built for an ocean where storms are unknown, they combine certain comforts, not to be found on much more pretentious boats.

Their saloons and cabins are exceptionally large and open directly upon the promenade decks that stretch the entire length of the ship, there being, properly speaking, no stowage and no second class. The natives and others who cannot afford the first class ticket travel in the "cabrieta," as it is called, a deck at the stern roofed with canvas, but otherwise open, where in picturesque confusion, surrounded by bags and bundles, they toil in the muck or lie wrapped in shawls.

Toward this deck the hapless faces—a big two story affair, piled high with ripening fruits, bananas, oranges and the like and partly with chickens, ducks and other fowl in baskets, fattening for the table. Between decks stand your beef and mutton on the hoof, gazing mournfully up at you as you look down the hatchways.

Upon this homelike boat, quiet and contented, with no unseemly hurry, you meander down the coast at ten knots. The air is soft as a caress, and for at least eight months of the year the sea is as placid as a mountain lake, a glassy mirror reflecting an azure sky.—Ernest Piezotto in Scribner's Magazine.

POCKETS VERSUS HAND BAGS.

Real Reason of the Subjection of Woman to Man.

Civilized man finds it difficult to make his way through life without a dozen pockets. The ordinary walking suit has fifteen. Civilized woman makes her way through life without pockets, depending on a single bag carried in the hand. The professional humorists have never tired of commenting on woman's pocketless condition, but it is really no laughing matter.

Here is a sex difference which is something more than fashion, which goes to the very heart of the subjection of woman to man. If we accept Spencer's definition of the evolutionary process as consisting in progress from an indefinite homogeneity to a definite heterogeneity the superior position of man is at once established. His fifteen diversified pockets, each allocated to a separate use—watch, cigar case, pocketknife, purse, newspaper and package of garden seeds—need only be contrasted with the single reticule in which the female of the species stores away an unco-ordinated mass of handkerchiefs, toilet articles, car fare, press clippings, telephone addresses, dress goods samples, confectionery, memoranda and tradesmen's bills that have long been settled by check.

Strong in his pockets, man walks the earth free in the play of his upper limbs, whereas woman sacrifices the use of her right arm before venturing out in a world of street cars, motor-cars, moving staircases, elevators and ticket booths.—New York Post.

No Wonder She Behaved. "I believe," said the minister, with a twinkle in his eye, "that the saying that children and fools tell the truth" is true. The other day my wife and I were invited out to dinner. The children of the family were so remarkably well behaved that my wife remarked:

"What lovely, well behaved children yours are, Mrs. Brown!"

"Both Mr. and Mrs. Brown beamed at this approval of their offspring, when up piped little Mary, 'Well, pa said that if we didn't behave he'd knock our blocks off, didn't you, pa?'—Mothers' Magazine.

Royal Informality. At Cadinen, Emperor William's model farm in West Prussia, where he loves to tramp about in rough clothes and high top boots, there is a certain blacksmith whose hand is never too grimy for his kaiser to shake. The Princess Victoria Louise from earliest years has shared her father's liking for the man's sterling qualities. One day the emperor and princess, in company with a high official, called at the smithy. As its owner turned from work to welcome them the kaiser introduced him as "a special friend of my daughter's."—Pictorial Review.

Toasted Bugs. An insect much resembling the June bug and found in great quantities in the high plains about Quito, capital of Ecuador, is toasted and eaten as a delicacy by the natives of that country. It is sold in the streets in the same manner as are chestnuts in the cities of this country. The roasted bugs taste very much like toasted bread.

Not Well Pleased. "I had to kill my dog this morning," said the boob.

"Was he mad?" asked the cheerful idiot.

"Well, he didn't seem any too well pleased," replied the boob.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Most Interesting. Woman is the most interesting thing ever invented. One half the world spends its time writing about her, and the other half spends its time reading about her.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Never spend your money before you have it.—Thomas Jefferson.

His Flag

How It Saved His Life

By **CLARISSA MACKIE**

Dick Terry waved his hand carelessly toward the stars and stripes fluttering from a neighboring rig.

"Oh, of course, I've got plenty of respect for the grand old rag, but one can't throw it at every time it breaks to the breeze!"

"Dash it all, Dick," exclaimed Monroe irritably, "you're almost insufferable since you took that trip abroad! Of course one doesn't want the eagle to scream all the time, but no American has got red blood in his veins if he doesn't feel a thrill of patriotic love every time he salutes his country's flag. Wait until you've knocked around the world as much as I have and you'll find that flag the sweetest sight you ever witnessed. It's the thing in your college set to make light of these things—but wait!"

Five years afterward Dick Terry found himself stranded in a remote Chinese village, whose inhabitants were excited over the reports of the impending revolution. Ignorant and superstitious and hating all foreigners of whatever nationality, they fell upon the luckless American and clapped him into a filthy lockup, to await whatever punishment the local magistrate should inflict.

It was quite useless for Dick to assert that he was a harmless American citizen, who had attempted to shoot the rapids of the upper Yangtze river in a motorboat without guides or companions and had met with disaster in the attempt. It was vain for him to protest that he meant no harm to the villagers and that he did not possess the evil eye, nor did he wish to steal their children for the dissecting room of a Shanghai hospital.

They merely listened politely, shook their round heads and locked him up. The prison cell was a small stone room in the magistrate's yamen, and after Dick had made a horrified examination of the dirty walls and floor and the moldy built in bed he sat down on the edge of the latter and admitted it was worse than he had expected.

"I don't believe those fellows understood a word I said," he muttered disconsolately. "If they really knew that I was an American and the son of a banker in Shanghai they would let me go. For all they know I may be a German!"

Just then he thought of his country's flag. What would it not mean if he had carried, as many Americans did when traveling abroad, a small silk flag to toss in their yellow faces! But Dick had never felt the real need of his country's protection before, and so he was unprepared to call upon her.

He looked disconsolately at his clothing. If he had possessed the necessary materials of the right colors he would have hastily manufactured a flag. His tweed suit was gray, his shirt a white drill and his necktie a brilliant red.

"If I only had some of the right kind of blue, I believe I'd try it," he muttered. But, of course, there wasn't a scrap, so he stared moodily at the rapidly disappearing patch of sunlight on the dirty floor.

Just as it vanished, leaving the cell cold and gray, a key grated in the lock and the door was pushed timidly inward.

Dick looked up and saw a Chinese maiden tilting toward him with a small tray on which were set a bowl of steaming rice and a pot of tea.

He smiled as he got up and took it from her hands. He bowed courteously until she understood what he meant and giggled delightedly. "She was a pretty girl according to Asiatic standards, and Dick was impressed by the rich quality of her garments. She wore a handsome coat of some rich blue satin embroidered in dull silver butterflies.

The satin was the color of the blue field in the flag of the United States of America. Dick Terry had a daring thought. With a charming smile he pointed to her robe and lifted his eyebrows questioningly. He pointed to himself, and then drawing off a diamond ring that he wore he offered it to her in exchange for her beautiful gown.

He had to repeat this pantomime several times before the girl understood his meaning, and, although she looked longingly at the jewel, she shook her shining black hair and edged timidly toward the door.

Then Dick became mutely eloquent. He gesticulated and smiled and nodded and pointed to his red necktie and extended his hands in appeal for a piece of cloth of that color and repeated the performance with a plea for some blue material of the tint of her robe, with sewing implements.

At last she appeared to understand and closed the door after her vanishing form. For long, dark hours after that Dick was alone. He was waiting for the reappearance of the Chinese girl, whom he suspected to be a member of the magistrate's household. If she brought the required materials he might clumsily stitch a flag together, and that would save his life on the morrow. Without the protection of the flag, whose stars and stripes would explain so much to the hostile vil-

lagers, as well as favorably impress the magistrate, he would probably become a victim to their superstitious hatred.

The savagely grinning faces of his captors had warned him of their intentions. He knew that the hearing before the magistrate would be a farce. His life would pay the penalty of his foolhardiness and his own people would never know what had become of him. They would most likely conjecture that he had perished in the cruel rapids of the river, together with the sunken motorboat.

Just as he had reached the bottom rung of despair he heard a sound at the door, and instantly he followed the wall around until he stood beside the partly opened door. He felt something soft and silky thrust toward him, and he grasped it thankfully, together with the little hand, whose fingers terminated in long, shell-like nails.

He held the struggling hand long enough to slip the diamond ring upon one finger, and then he let it go, and as the door closed he heard the same delightful giggle that assured him that maidens were the same the world over, whether of the east or west.

If any one of Dick Terry's college mates had seen him that night they would have found him employed in a strange task. If Monroe had looked in upon him he would have discovered that the careless youth of five years ago had departed and that here sat a stern faced man calling upon his country to save his life.

In the dim light of an ill smelling oil lamp which he had found by diligent search and lighted with matches from his pocket Dick examined the offering of the Chinese girl and found that she had indeed exceeded his wildest hopes. There were several lengths of rich silk—one of blue, one of red and a third of white. Wrapped in the folds were needles and skeins of sewing silk.

His penknife was sharp, but it did not entirely take the place of a pair of scissors. His fingers were clumsy, and he had not the least knowledge of the mystery of needle and thread, but he learned by experience. And when morning dawned gray and cold in the prison cell he blew out the lamp and looked at the product of his hands with eyes whose lids were stiff with weariness.

He had made a flag—the flag of his country. It was a strangely wrought emblem. The red and white stripes were curiously zigzag in their meanderings and the stitches were beyond mention. It is sufficient to say that they were strong. On the rich blue field in the upper corner he had sewed oddly pointed white stars, jagged from the silk with his knife. It mattered not that this flag of his bore only the thirteen stars representing the original thirteen states of the Union. He made as many as he could and stopped.

As he looked at the product of his labors and realized what this flag meant to him now when his life was at stake he flushed hotly in remembrance of his witless speech to Monroe years before. What was it he had said with that superior smile of his youthful, concealed self?

"Oh, of course, I've got plenty of respect for the grand old rag, but one can't throw it at every time it breaks to the breeze."

"I guess I'll have a story to tell Monroe if I ever get out of this alive," he muttered as he fell to concealing about his person all the bits of silk that were left from the flag. He had no wish to implicate the girl in this matter.

A manservant brought his breakfast, and when the meal was concluded the American was led to the magistrate's audience chamber. Beneath his coat was wrapped the American flag which he had made during the night.

The hearing was a farce. Not one present understood a word of anything save Chinese, and none of them appeared to recognize the different native dialects with which Dick was familiar and all of which he tried upon them without success. It was plainly evident that they wished to railroad him through to a speedy execution, and he had not the slightest doubt that they could concoct a crime against him as well as prove that he committed it. The magistrate was a large, sleepy-eyed, indifferent individual, who appeared bored by the whole proceeding.

He waved Dick aside when the young man tried to speak and listened immovably to the complaints of the half dozen rascally looking men who had captured him. When they had concluded the magistrate uttered a few sharp words and waved his hand in dismissal.

As eager yellow hands were outstretched to grasp him Dick opened his coat, flashed out the silk flag and wrapped the stars and stripes about his shoulders.

"Touch that if you dare!" he yelled, and so eloquent was his voice and gesture that they understood and shrank back, looking uneasily at the magistrate.

That individual scowled unpleasantly and pondered awhile. Then he uttered more sharp commands, and, in accordance with the Chinese custom of supplying some sort of victim for every sacrifice, the vociferous complainants were hustled forth to execution, while Dick Terry was reluctantly escorted to the river bank and permitted to exchange several pieces of good English gold for a dilapidated little sampan, in which he eventually reached a treaty port, where he took a train for Shanghai.

The silk flag occupies a place of honor in Dick Terry's home, and he never loses an opportunity to point a moral by relating the story of how that flag was made.