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STUDENTS!



Here's the Neatest, Cleanest, Easiest to Fill Fountain Pen You Ever Saw

"HOUSTON"

"Everybody's Wearing Them Now"

JOHN W. HIBER

Jeweler and Optician

Supervisors Proceedings.
(Continued from page four.)

take appropriate steps to hold him harmless by paying the amount of principal, interest, and costs to which he would have been entitled had the land been rightfully sold. (Sec. 222, page 1532 Compiled Statutes of Nebraska Annotated 1909.) Your petitioner further shows that he has paid the county treasurer in connection with this sale the sum of \$26.88.

Respectfully,
A. Baker, purchaser and owner,
Box 335, Cheyenne, Wyo.

Mr. Chairman: I move that the petition be granted and the county clerk is hereby instructed to correct tax list as the aforesaid property is Government land and not subject to taxation.
M. P. Sullivan,
D. M. Stuart.

Motion carried.

Five o'clock p. m., on motion board of equalization adjourned until Aug. 20, 1 o'clock p. m.

Th. D. Sievers, Chairman.
S. F. McNichols, County Clerk.

O'Neill, Nebr., Aug. 20, 1913, 9 o'clock a. m. Board met in regular session pursuant to adjournment, all members present, upon motion the following bonds were approved:
C. H. Fleck, road overseer.

On motion the board took up the matter of auditing claims against Holt county.

On motion board adjourned until 4 o'clock p. m.

Th. D. Sievers, Chairman.
S. F. McNichols, County Clerk.

O'Neill, Nebr., Aug. 20, 1913, 1 o'clock p. m. Board of equalization met, all members present.

The State of Nebraska. Office of State Board of Equalization and Assessment.

To the County Clerk of Holt county, O'Neill, Nebr.

This is to certify that at a session of the State Board of Equalization and Assessment, held at the State Capitol in the year A. D. 1913, pursuant to an act of the legislature of the state of Nebraska, approved April 11, 1903, the following rate of tax was determined and levied by said board

for the year 1913, on the total valuation as shown in the abstract of your county assessor now on file in this office and as equalized of said state board.

Total valuation	\$4,737,294
General fund, 5 mills on the \$1.....	\$23,686 47
University fund, 1 mill on the \$1.....	4,737 29
Special University fund, .75 mills on the \$1.....	3,552 97
Normal school fund, .85 mills on the \$1.....	4,026 70
State aid bridge fund, .20 mills on the \$1.....	947 46
Total, 7.80 mills on the \$1.....	\$36,950 89

The above amount will be charged to Holt county upon the books of the auditor of public accounts.

In Witness Whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of the State Board of Equalization and Assessment at Lincoln, this 6th day of August, A. D. 1913.

H. Seymour, Secretary.

Mr. Chairman: I move that the following levies be made on the one dollar valuation of the taxable property of Holt county for the year 1913.

County General fund.....	8 mills
County Bridge fund.....	4 mills
Emergency Bridge fund.....	1 mill
Soldiers Relief fund.....	1.5 mills
County Road fund.....	1 mill
County Dragging fund.....	1 mill
Total.....	14 1/2 mills

J. O. Dubblell,
H. W. Tomlinson

Motion carried.

Rate of tax levied on each one hundred dollars valuation in Holt county, Nebraska, for the year 1913.

State tax consolidated 7 1/2, county tax consolidated 14 1/2

TOWNSHIP LEVIES.

Township	General Mills	Bridge Mills	Road Mills	Total Mills
Atkinson.....	2	2	10	14
Chambers.....	2	2	8	12
Cleveland.....	1	1	4	6
Conley.....	2	2	10	14
Deloit.....	2	1	4	7
Dustin.....	1	0	2	3
Emmet.....	2	2	6	10
Ewing.....	2	2	6	10
Fairview.....	2	1	2	5
Frances.....	2	0	2	4
Grattan.....	2	1	4	7
Green Valley.....	2	1	5	8
Inman.....	2	0	3	5
Iowa.....	2	0	1	3
Lake.....	2	2	9	13
McClure.....	2	2	10	14
Paddock.....	1	0	7	8

Pleasant View.....	0	5	5
Rock Falls.....	1	2	4
Sand Creek.....	0	6	6
Saratoga.....	0	6	6
Scott.....	1	2	5
Shawnee.....	0	8	10
Sheridan.....	2	6	10
Shields.....	2	4	8
Steel Creek.....	2	3	5
Stuart.....	2	10	14
Swan.....	0	0	2
Verdigris.....	0	2	4
Willowdale.....	2	0	2
Wyoming.....	1	0	3

Grattan Railway bond..... 8 mills

Atkinson, general fund 10, water fund 10, sewer bond interest 2, sidewalk special 5, total 27.

Ewing, general 10, sidewalk special 5, total 15

O'Neill, sewer bond sinking 2, general 10, water works extension 5, sewer bond interest 6, R. R. bond interest 10, total 33.

Page, general 10, total 10.

Stuart, general 10, water works extension 10, total 20.

Inman, general 10, total 10.

Emmet, general 10, total 10.

Caught a Bad Cold.
"Last winter my son caught a very bad cold and the way he coughed was something dreadful," writes Mrs. Sarah E. Dunkan, of Tipton, Iowa. We thought sure he was going into consumption. We bought just one bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and that one bottle stopped his cough and cured his cold completely." For sale by all dealers. Adv.

Diarrhoea Quickly Cured.
"I was taken with diarrhoea and Mr. Yorks, the merchant here, persuaded me to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. After taking one dose of it I was cured. It also cured others that I gave it to," writes M. E. Gebhart, Oriole, Pa. That is not at all unusual. An ordinary attack of diarrhoea can almost invariably be cured by one or two doses of this remedy. For sale by all dealers. Adv.

Inman Items.
Elmer Rogers returned to school at Wayne last Sunday.

Carpenters began remodeling the M. E. parsonage last Thursday.

Miss Barbara Sovereignier is suffering from an attack of appendicitis.

Miss June Hancock left for Wayne last Monday where she will attend school.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Golden were down from O'Neill last Sunday on business.

Miss Blanche Bitner went to Wayne last Sunday to attend school at that place.

Charles Stark and Pop Booodle went to Boonsteel, S. D., last Thursday to register for land.

C. P. Hancock and little son, Charles, were down from O'Neill last Sunday visiting relatives.

Mrs. Charles Fowler and Mrs. James Coleman returned home from the hospital at Omaha, this week.

George Wilcox commenced teaching in the Willow Lake district last Monday and with a good attendance.

The Chambers Boosters were welcome visitors in Inman last Friday, boosting for their fair the 16, 17 and 18.

CURIOUS HERMIT CRABS.

They Keep Housemaids, and Also Use Sponges for Protection.

It has been said that crabs are as artful as "a barrow load of monkeys," and no one who has read Professor Edward Step's "Messmates; A Book of Strange Companionships in Nature," will deny that there is considerable truth in the remark. Amazing indeed are some of the revelations which the professor makes regarding crabs.

He relates, for instance, how the common hermit crab actually keeps a housemaid to clean out his house. When he first starts life this particular species of crab hunts for some large shellfish's shell in which he can live at ease, rent free. He usually chooses a large whelk shell and introduces a large seaworm, belonging to what is known as the "nerel's" family and which grows to a length of six or eight inches, to keep the interior of the shell clean. The crab feeds heartily on sea creatures that wander carelessly into the shell and throws the indigestible parts of them about the floor. The nerel's worm promptly consumes these remains and keeps the shell as clean as a new pin.

The artfulness of this crab, too, is strikingly illustrated by the ingenious manner in which he protects himself against the large fish which look upon him as an excellent article of food. Sometimes he induces a sponge to grow on his shell. Sponges in a living condition give out a strong odor, which is distinctly unpleasant to fish, and even a dogfish will not attack a crab protected in this manner.

LAIS

A Story Showing the Power of Beauty Without Conscience For Evil

By F. A. MITCHEL

Alexis Alexandrovich, a tall, slender youth of fifteen, while hunting rode up to a peasant's cottage on his father's estate in Russia to ask for a drink of water. A little girl, not more than seven years of age, stood in the door looking up at him with the mild blue eye indigenous to northern climates. Her hair, too, was of a light hue, but her cheeks were a pair of roses. As she looked at the young man her face broke into a smile, revealing white teeth, while a dimple appeared in each cheek. Alexis forgot about the drink of water, so enraptured was he in the beauty of the child.

"Lais!" he exclaimed.

The girl continued to look at him and, notwithstanding her few years, perceived that she was admired.

"Do you know," he asked, "why I call you Lais?"

"No."

"I will tell you. More than 400 years before our Saviour came upon earth an Athenian general captured a picturesque village on the island of Sicily. Among his prisoners was a little girl about your age, so bewitchingly beautiful that he carried her back with him to Athens, where a great artist painted her as a nymph at a fountain, and all the great men of the time were enraptured with her."

"Did they give her pretty presents?" asked the child.

Alas! Underneath all this beauty lurks the viper—the desire to use the charms to obtain "pretty presents." One day the child might not only secure the presents, but ruin those who gave them to her.

This was the first meeting between Alexis Alexandrovich, the son of Count Alexandrovich, a Russian nobleman, who dwelt, as his ancestors had dwelt before him, on his estate, a kind master to his serfs and a humble subject of the czar. The boy received a cup of water from the child, and as she handed it up to him he noticed the beautiful shape of the arm and hand that extended it. And as tender as were her years out of her eyes came a look to charm him. He laughed that one so young should show such a disposition and rode away, leaving the child gazing after him.

Alexis, who was studying at the time to enter the university, found when he returned to his books that the face and figure of the child kept thrusting themselves between his eyes and the page before him. As soon as his school hours were ended he went again to the peasant's cottage, making excuse this time that he wished to borrow from her father a gun with which to shoot birds. The man was intent on the matter of the gun, but his wife noticed that Alexis had not come for a gun, but to feast his eyes on her little daughter. After Alexis had gone she said to her husband:

"I foresee great things for our Katia. Such beauty must elevate her to a higher rank than ours. Did you notice the admiration in the eyes of the young count?"

"No."

"It was plain to me. He will come here at times to gaze at her, and if her beauty holds when she comes to womanhood he will marry her, and, instead of spending her days in this hut, she will live up on the hill and be a countess."

Many were the excuses Alexis made to see his Lais, as he called her. Now it was fishing tackle, now his horse needed a shoe—for the peasant was a smith—but whatever it was he wanted his eyes never left the child while he was at her father's place, and Lais knew that she had made her first captive. When Christmas came and brought with it a little ring from Alexis she gave the kiss he asked for, but after he went away her young brows knit, and her mother asking her if she was dissatisfied with her gift, she pouted and replied:

"Yes. There is no gem in it."

Alexis went to the university; but, though he left his father, his mother and his home behind him, he could not leave his Lais. Those innocent eyes, that delicately rounded face, those exquisitely curved lips that seemed formed only to be kissed, were present in his memory and in his thoughts during his absence, and each year when he returned she had grown a year older, and instead of losing her childish beauty there was added to it that of a budding womanhood.

And now the countess had learned the secret that her son was infatuated with a peasant's daughter. Realizing that such a passion could not be eradicated by argument, she said nothing to him, but arranged with her husband to send Alexis away as soon as he was graduated from the university. The count went to St. Petersburg and obtained a government position for his boy. But, alas, it came too late! The day the appointment arrived Alexis informed his parents that he had married the blacksmith's daughter.

There was nothing for it but to accept the situation. Alexis assured his father and mother that his wife's beauty would gain her an entrance into any society. An elaborate wardrobe was procured for her, and when her husband set out for the capital to enter

the office of the young countess at the capital. From the moment she appeared at court she created a sensation. The czar showed his admiration upon receiving her, and the men of the imperial family vied with each other for her favor. The first painter in St. Petersburg begged to paint her. Her husband, far from fearing that he would be ignored from having a peasant wife, began to dread the attention of men who were loading her with every attention. It was not long before a certain grand duke fell under the influence of the countess's beauty, and one evening when she was preparing to go to a ball at the Winter palace her husband saw her putting on a necklace of pearls so valuable that his father's whole estate would not have purchased it.

The trouble had begun. The countess admitted that the grand duke who was so attentive to her had given it to her, and since her husband could not give her such presents she would get them where she could.

Alexis did not go with his wife that night to the ball, and when she came home he was not there. Nor was he ever seen again at the capital. His wife continued to live there sumptuously, but whence she derived her income no one knew. The Grand Duke Ivan was devoted to her and wished to marry her, but could not do so as long as she had a husband living.

One day papers came from America stating that a man had jumped from the deck of a steamer in New York bay. His baggage on being examined had revealed the fact that he was a Russian named Alexis Alexandrovich.

Had this news come a year earlier the Grand Duke Ivan would have married the widow. Unfortunately when it reached St. Petersburg she had an illness that spoiled her beauty. So her lover settled 500,000 rubles upon her, thus purchasing an amicable separation between him and her.

But the countess had not been idle in the matter of drawing wealth into her net. Her gems alone were a fortune. She had been successful in the way she had planned. She was very rich, but she had no standing among her own sex. She left Russia and bought a villa on one of the Italian lakes, a chateau in an aristocratic quarter of Paris and several minor establishments elsewhere. But, while she lived in grandeur, she had not risen socially above the peasant she was born. She made several entrees into the social life of places where she was not known, but her story followed her, and she was dropped.

The countess had no conscience, but she had a dread. There were active as well as passive crimes to her debit, and she feared that some one of them would tear down the structure she had built up and leave her at the mercy of the law. She had no remorse for the young man whose life she had wrecked. She had been born without such sensibilities. She lived without either conscience or remorse, but the cloud that hung over her slowly deepened. At first it was no bigger than a man's hand. She had relied implicitly for immunity from punishment upon that pulsant beauty with which she felt sure she could bring any man to do her bidding. Then came the loss of her weapon, and for the first time in her life she felt defenseless.

One day the cloud which had now become as black as midnight sent forth a bolt. She was in her garden in her villa on the lake. A man whose hair was as white as snow and whose face was furrowed met her face to face as she turned a clump of trees.

"Who are you?" asked the countess.

"And what are you doing in my grounds?"

"I have come to warn you. As to who I am, I can prove my identity by a single word."

"Speak it!" she said.

"Lais!"

She shuddered, but made no reply. But presently she said:

"I thought you were dead."

"I preferred you should think me dead and arranged the evidence of my demise. But there is no time to lose. For that love I bore you when you were a child, and I but a youth I have come to save you. Go from here at once. The Italian police are coming this night to arrest you on the requisition of the czar of Russia. This I know; how I know it does not matter."

He turned and left the garden. The countess staggered to the house, and within half an hour, disguised as an old man, she was pulled in a boat across the lake, where she hired a post carriage and was drawn over the border into Switzerland.

Count Alexandrovich returned to Russia, intending to devote himself to his old father and mother, whom he had made to suffer for his ill-fated marriage. He found them both dead, having succumbed to the ruin of the son they loved so well. The count sold his estates and, returning to America under an assumed name, made a home for himself in the far west, where he endeavored to forget his past in the work of raising grain. Amid the tall corn and the waving wheat he gradually became again a man with a future, for he was still barely past middle age.

An old woman, Lais now lives on a hill looking down into one of the seacoast cities of South America. She is a veritable hag. She has no servants to do her bidding, for all her visible fortune was sequestered by the governments of the countries in which it lay, and her jewels she lost years ago at Monte Carlo. She has returned to the conditions under which she was born, except that her marvelous beauty has given place to hideous ugliness.

Since this was written her husband, having received the news of his wife's death, has married again.

GRIPPED BY A LION

Livingstone's Fearful Ordeal and His Narrow Escape.

A BATTLE WITH A MANEATER.

The Wounded and Maddened Monster, In a Paroxysm of Dying Rage, Caught the Explorer in His Jaws and Shook Him as a Terrier Would a Rat.

David Livingstone, the famous African explorer and missionary, once had a singular encounter with a wounded lion that almost put an end to the explorer's remarkable career before it had fairly begun. But the story must be unfamiliar to many persons who have never read Dr. Livingstone's books. The adventure occurred while he was living among the Bakatias, not far from the present town of Mafeking. This account is from his own narrative:

The people of Mabotsa were troubled by lions, which leaped into the cattle pens by night and destroyed their milk and draft animals. They even attacked the herds boldly by daylight, and although several expeditions against the wild beasts were planned the people had not the courage to carry them through successfully.

It is well known that if one in a troop of lions is killed the others leave that part of the country. I therefore went out with the people to help them destroy one of the marauders. We found the animals on a small hill covered with trees. The men formed round it in a circle and gradually closed up. Being below on the plain with a native schoolmaster named Mabalwe, I saw one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock. Mabalwe fired at him, and the ball hit the rock. The lion bit at the spot as a dog does at a stick or stone thrown at him, and then, leaping away, broke through the circle and escaped. The Bakatias ought to have speared him in his attempt to get out, but they were afraid.

When the circle was reformed we saw two other lions in it, but dared not fire lest we should shoot some of the people. The beasts burst through the line, and as it was evident the men could not face their foes we turned back toward the village.

In going round the end of the hill I saw a lion sitting on a piece of rock, about thirty yards off, with a little bush in front of him. I took good aim at him through the bush and fired both barrels.

The men called out, "He is shot, he is shot!" Others cried, "Let us go to him!"

I saw the lion's tail erect in anger and said, "Stop a little till I load again!" I was in the act of ramming down the bullets when I heard a shout, and, looking half round, I saw the lion in the act of springing at me.

He caught me by the shoulder, and we both came to the ground together. Growing horribly, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor like that felt by a mouse in the grip of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain or feeling of terror, although I was quite conscious of what was happening. This placidity is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora, and, if so, it is a merciful provision of the Creator for lessening the pain of death.

As he had one paw on the back of my head, I turned round to relieve myself of the weight and saw his eyes directed to Mabalwe, who was aiming at him from a distance of ten or fifteen yards. The gun missed fire in both barrels. The animal immediately left me to attack him and bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved after he had been tossed by a buffalo, tried to spear the lion, upon which he turned from Mabalwe, and seized this fresh foe by the shoulder.

At that moment the bullets the beast had received took effect, and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments and must have been his paroxysm of dying rage. In order to take out the charm from him the Bakatias on the following day made a huge bonfire over the carcass, which was declared to be the largest ever seen.

Besides crunching the bone into splinters, even of his teeth had penetrated the upper part of my arm. The bite of a lion resembles a gunshot wound. It is generally followed by a great deal of sloughing and discharge, and ever afterward pains are felt periodically in the part. I had on a tarta jacket, which I believe wiped off the virus from the teeth that pierced the flesh, for my two companions in the affray have both suffered from the usual pains, while I have escaped with only the inconvenience of a false joint in my limb.

Old China.
The beauty of old china is often destroyed by brown spots which appear on the surface. An effective way to remove these is to bury the dish in the earth, covering it completely. The darker spots require more time to remove them than the lighter ones. This method will not harm the most delicate china.—New York Telegram.

Universal.
"There is one thought which comes daily to every man."
"What's that?"
"That nothing is too good for him."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Either I will find a way or I will make one.—Sir Philip Sidney.