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Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

LEAGUE IS SURE THING

Arrangements Completed
for a new Nebraska
State League.

**HENRY SEIVERS IS
PRESIDENT AND SECRETARY**

**Hastings, Grand Island, Red Cloud
Superior, Seward and Fremont
Towns.**

HASTINGS, Feb. 15.—The Nebraska state baseball league, with six progressive towns in the circuit, was organized at a well attended and notably enthusiastic meeting in Eagles' hall last night. A seventh town—Kearney—applied for membership, and its admission was deferred two weeks and left conditional on its mustering another city to make up an eight-club contract. The schedule will be arranged as soon as it is known whether the league is to remain as it was formed last night or be enlarged to take in two more clubs.

The accepted towns are Hastings, Grand Island, Red Cloud, Superior, Seward and Fremont. Each of these places reported a fund of \$2,500 or more available with which to start preparations and assumed the obligations imposed in the by-laws relative to guarantee of attendance and forfeit for failure to complete the schedule. Kearney and Friend also sent representatives who gave satisfactory assurance that these requirements could be met by clubs in their towns but the delegates from the six towns that were included in the temporary organization at the Grand Island conference assumed that Friend was too small to properly maintain a team.

To get the league movement under way the promoters formed a temporary organization with Percy Renner of this city as chairman and Charles Ritzman, also of Hastings, as secretary. Then followed a discussion as to the best method of proceeding with the formation of the league. At the suggestion of Henry Sievers of Grand Island, the representatives of the six towns that figured in the Grand Island meeting—Hastings, Grand Island, Red Cloud, Superior, Seward and Fremont were authorized to retire and determine upon the number of clubs to be admitted. They were not long in making up their report, which rejected Friend and gave Kearney two weeks in which to find an eighth city. This report was adopted and the delegates then formally organized by electing Henry Sievers president-secretary-treasurer, combining the three offices

in the interest of economy. Mr. Sievers acknowledged the honor in an address that made an extremely favorable impression on everybody present. With words that carried conviction he declared that he would administer the affairs of the league with absolute impartiality. In relation to umpires, he said his appointees would be from towns outside the circuit. He discussed the business side of the project and encouraged his hearers in the belief that the league can be satisfactorily maintained.

"And because I live in Grand Island," Mr. Sievers reiterated, "I don't want you to get the idea that Grand Island is going to get the best of it in anything."

A. C. Felt of Superior, a baseball enthusiastic of excellent judgment, was named as vice-president. The directors elected are G. A. Palmer, Fremont; C. W. Jacobs, Hastings; J. C. Morgan, Seward. The president will preside at all meetings of the directors. The directors will fix the salary of their chief official.

The season will extend from about May 15 to about September 15, which will give time for a schedule of approximately 100 games. The schedule will be arranged by the president and the directors subsequent to March 1, as the teams have until that time to formally qualify for membership. As the organization now stands there are only two towns—Grand Island and Fremont—where Sunday games will be permitted.

HIS GOLF OUTFIT.

He Didn't Drink Tea, So His Wife Didn't Get a Caddie.

She was in the sporting goods department of a universal provider looking for her husband's birthday present. She had it vaguely in her mind to get him some golf clubs, although the man never had played the game or even expressed a desire to play. He needed more exercise, and she wanted a present that would lure him on to take it.

A young clerk sought her custom. "Something in tennis rackets, madam?" he asked.

"No; I want some golf clubs."

"Yes, madam. Right over here. For yourself?"

"No; for my husband. I don't want a whole set. He never has played before," she explained.

"Then you want a beginner's outfit—a driver, brassie, putter and either a mashie or a midiron will do to start," the young man went on, drawing from the stand a long handled club and flourishing it before the woman.

"Is that a driver?"

"Yes. You see, madam, first you make your tee."

"But he doesn't drink tea," she interrupted.

The clerk opened his eyes and would have laughed but for the thought of the sale he was about to make. Instead he explained tactfully what a tee was and seemed not to see the flush of chagrin that mounted to the rather pretty little woman's face.

"We haven't even a course," she explained, "but I thought he could bat the balls around the place to begin—to get a fancy for the game."

"Then it's a brassie, not a driver, that you want. Now, here is one with a good shaft—it's all in the shaft. I used to be a professional on."

"And what else do I need?" the woman interrupted.

"I would suggest a midiron. You won't need a putter if you have no greens. Here is a good one—\$2."

"All right. I'll take those two. And how about a caddie? I suppose if we have no tees we don't need a caddie—is that it? But at least I'd like to see what one looks like, so that for his birthday I can get a bag and a caddie and a couple more clubs to complete the outfit."—New York Press.

Wrestling Game a Gold Mine For Gotch.

Frank Gotch, the world's champion wrestler, drew down more box office money last year than Mr. Roosevelt received for his last year's labors as president of the United States. Gotch claims that he earned exactly \$52,000 in the many bouts and the theatrical engagements he had last season.

Most of this money was taken in while he was traveling about the western states. Particularly in the farming districts, where every man, woman and child is interested in wrestling, did Gotch do well. There is not a farmer lad but would rather "rastle" than do anything else.

One of the largest farm owners in the upper Mississippi valley is Gotch. He has hundreds of acres of farm land. It is his greatest ambition to become known as the farm king of the west, and he is now working on a scheme of great dimensions.

AN EXCITING GAME.

Buddy Taught It to His Grandma and Explained It to His Father.

There is a good old lady living not far from Woodward avenue and the boulevard who looks upon all games of cards as a menace to the soul of man. There is not a playing card in her daughter's home, where she resides, and the person convicted of indulging in solitaire, casino, euchre or any similar pastime forfeits that old lady's esteem and wins in its place her sincere and deep sympathy.

She has a grandson who is not quite as saintly. He is going to high school and has been known to win 28 cents in one afternoon at penny ante freeze out and can raffle a pack without spilling any on the floor. He and his grandmother are great pals, and the other evening his father, who left a great many things behind him when he married, was startled to hear his son exclaim: "I'll see you and raise you three, grandma!"

On the family sewing table grandma and the young man were playing an exciting game. They were using a pack of cards designed for a game known as our feathered friends and a dish of beans. On each card was the picture of a different kind of bird.

Presently grandma in an excited tone piped up:

"Now, Buddy, you forgot to ante again."

Father became interested. Grandma stayed up until 9 o'clock, half an hour past her bedtime, and when she reluctantly arose she said:

"Well, Buddy, I have nineteen more beans than you have, and I'll get all of yours away from you tomorrow night."

"My son," said father after grandma had left the room, "what's the game you were playing with grandma?"

"It's called beano," said his son. "You see, these cards are divided into four groups—birds of prey, song birds, game birds and domestic fowls. There are thirteen of each, and they are graded. The eagle, lark, grouse and turkey count the highest. The dealer gives each player five cards, and each one can lay aside as many as he wants and draw as many more. Everybody puts one bean in the middle of the table at the beginning."

"I—er—think I understand," said father. "Let you and I play a little game, so's you can teach me how."

There was a wickedly reminiscent smile on father's face as he pulled the last of Buddy's beans at 10:50.—Detroit News-Tribune.

Punctuation.

In the earliest Latin inscriptions and manuscripts no system of punctuation is followed. The full point (.) was gradually introduced, being placed on the level, middle or top of the letters. In the minuscule manuscripts of the eighth, ninth and following centuries the period, on the line or high, was first used; then the comma and semicolon and the inverted semicolon, whose power was rather stronger than that of the comma. Some say that the Caroline minuscules of the ninth century exhibit the note of interrogation, for which the inverted semicolon, which was gradually dropped, may have furnished the mark. The Greeks use the semicolon as an interrogation point. In English the colon is said to have been introduced about 1485, the comma about 1501 and the semicolon about 1570. In Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia" (1587) all the punctuation points appear, including the note of interrogation, asterisk and parentheses.

Helping the Minister.

A Scotch preacher had in his congregation an old woman who was deaf. In order to hear the sermon each Sunday this old lady would seat herself at the foot of the pulpit stairs. One day the sermon was about Jonah, and the preacher became very rhetorical.

"And when the sailors threw Jonah overboard," he said, "a big fish swallowed him up. Was it a shark that got 'im? Nay, my brethren, it was ne'er a shark. Was it a sword-fish that eat him? Nay!"

"It was a whale," whispered the old lady excitedly.

"Hush, Biddie," said the preacher indignantly. "Would ye tak' the word o' God out o' yer an' meenister's mouth?"—Success Magazine.

The Pleasure Was Mutual.

The friends of two American celebrities, one a stutterer and the other somewhat deaf, succeeded after much maneuvering in getting them to meet, and the event aroused considerable unholly glee.

Some time thereafter the stutterer was asked how the interview passed off.

"Oh, w-we g-g-got along f-f-fine-ly," he stammered. "I c-c-couldn't t-t-t-talk, and s-s-she c-c-couldn't h-h-hear me."—Lippincott's.

The Scrap Book

Blind Man's Buff.

At a fashionable European hotel four plausible rogues not long ago treated themselves to a capital dinner in a private room and had no intention of paying for it. Having called the waiter and asked for the bill, one thrust his hand into his pocket as if to draw out his purse. The second prevented him, declaring he would pay. The third did the same. The fourth forbade the waiter taking money from



THEY SLIPPED OUT OF THE HOUSE

either of them, but all three persisted. As none would yield, one said:

"The best way to decide is to blind-fold the waiter, and whoever he catches shall settle the bill, while the others shall tip the waiter."

This proposition was accepted, and while the waiter was groping his way about the room they slipped out of the house, one after another, and bolted.

Let Us Smile.

There is no room for sadness when we see a cheery smile.

It always has the same good look—it's never out of style. It nerves us on to try again when failure makes us blue.

The dimples of encouragement are good for me and you.

It pays a higher interest, for it is merely lent—

It's worth a million dollars and doesn't cost a cent.

According to Rule.

Oberlin was the first coeducational college in this country. In the early days it had a rule that in case there were but one man and one woman in a room at least one chair should be between them. One evening an instructor, passing one of the small sitting rooms, was horrified at beholding a young man and a young woman occupying the same chair.

"Sir," he demanded of the man student, "what is the meaning of this outrageous behavior? Do you not know the rules of the college?"

"Why—er—don't they say that if a man and a girl sit alone in a room they shall have one chair between them?"

It Didn't Work.

A man who lives far uptown in New York is not sure whether the joke is on him or on his wife. Here is how he tells it:

"One night last week I thought I heard some one prowling about the house, and as there have been a number of houses broken into lately I concluded that the noise was made by burglars. As I set up in bed listening I glanced to glance into the next room, the door of our bedroom being open, and there, sure enough, stood a burglar coolly examining our silver plate. With this startling discovery came the chilling thought that I hadn't such a thing as a firearm in the house. But I determined to see what bluff would do, so, turning to my wife, I said in a loud voice:

"Mary, where's my revolver?"

"John," she answered in a voice equally as loud, "there isn't such a thing in the house, and you know it."

"After that I closed and locked the door and blew a police whistle."

The Ruling Passion.

An old Irishwoman, in describing a "gone but not forgotten," said: "Mike was the fine man entirely, and he'd be living now if it wasn't for the drink. He had a dog, and sure that baste would bring him home from the saloon when he was so blind wid liquor he couldn't see a shtep before him. And when he died—'tis the truth I'm shpaking—his ghost walked at night, back and forth, betune the saloon and his house, and bedad 'twas so shdrunk his dog knew him!"

A Difference in Time.

A traveler in Ireland, riding a horse that had seen better days, stopped on a country road in Donegal and asked a peasant:

"How far is it to Letterkenny?"

Now, every true Irishman, gentle or simple, is a born sportsman and has a keen appreciation of the points of a good horse. So, after surveying the sorry steed with the eye of a connoisseur, the rustic replied slowly:

"That depends."

"How depends? Depends on what?" asked the traveler impatiently.

"Well," returned Pat in the same measured tones, "ye see, sor, wid a decent horse it's a matter av five mile or so; wid that quare baste av yours it's fully th. But"—with a sudden burst of energy—"if it was wan av Major Doyle's blood mares ye'd be there now!"

The Wall-Paper Season

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ANOTHER OLD PIONEER PASSES TO HIS REWARD

Edwin R. Todd a Resident of Cass County For Fifty-
Three Years is Dead.

A PROSPEROUS AND INFLUENTIAL
FARMER AND STOCK RAISER

Died Very Suddenly in Plattsmouth About One O'Clock
Wednesday Morning.

Edwin R. Todd, one of the Cass county pioneer settlers died in Plattsmouth very suddenly this morning at 1:30.

He had driven into Plattsmouth yesterday and was hitching his team in the shed south of Geese's saloon, when he was attacked by a paralytic stroke from which he died. Dr. Cook was summoned but Mr. Todd was beyond medical aid, and never recovered consciousness. He was removed to the Perkins house where he passed away. He had not complained of any ill feelings, until he got out of his buggy to tie his horses, when he remarked that he did not feel just right, and stopping over rubbed one of his lower limbs slightly fell forward and was unconscious when assistance reached him.

Mr. Todd was in his 78th year, having reached seventy-seven last November. He was born in Chautauque County, New York near the lake of the same name, near Jamestown, where he resided with his parents until about 1856, when his parents Rev. Thomas Jefferson Todd and wife removed to Nebraska. A year later the subject of this sketch came to Cass county, and entered the land in Plattsmouth precinct, which remained his homestead until the hour of his death. In 1861 on the 8th day of September, he was united in marriage to Miss Mary E. Thomas, at the home of her parents, probate Judge Clark officiating at the ceremony. To this union eight children were born, one daughter, who died at the age of two years, and seven sons, one of whom died about three years ago. The sons surviving are Alonzo E., Thomas E., Alvin and Russel all of near Plattsmouth, and Dr. George W. Of Omaha, and Dr. Timothy J. of Wahoo.

One sister and two brothers are still living, and one sister, Mrs. Sam Twis, of Louisville died some years ago. The sister and brothers surviving are Mrs. George Mayfield of Louisville, Ami B. Todd, of Denver and Fred Todd of Jamestown, New York. Both brothers were notified by telegram this morning of the sudden death of Mr. Todd.

E. R. Todd was one of the best known men in this part of the county. He was a stalwart republican, and always felt a lively interest in every enterprise which was for the betterment of conditions in his community. He was a warm friend, a kind and thoughtful husband and a fond parent. As a neighbor he was thoughtful and obliging, no one ever asked a favor of him and was refused, when it was in his power to grant it. He will be missed from the community, and mourned for by a large circle of friends.

Spend Social Evening.

All members and friends of the Methodist Church are cordially invited to spend a social evening at the home of the Pastor, Rev. W. L. Austin and family on Thursday February 17th. It is desired that all who can will take this opportunity to meet the Pastor and family, and enjoy an evening of sociability. A short program will be given, and light refreshments served. No admission. No charges. Committee.

The Superior Daily Journal is just simply tearing things loose. They are installing a new junior linotype and a new Cranston newspaper press. Both of these moves are evidence of prosperity and we congratulate the Journal on its success. Now let the not patrons, but ought to be, get busy and show Brother Huff that they appreciate his enterprise.