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applies paint  
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**DYNAMITE.**

Materials of Which This Terrible Explosive is Made.

The word "dynamite" is in constant use, but not one person in fifty has any idea as to the materials entering into the manufacture of this terrible explosive or how it is made. Giant, Hercules, Jupiter and Atlas powders are all in fact dynamite, differing principally in the percentage of nitroglycerin they contain and consequently the degree of danger incidental to their handling.

Nitroglycerin, discovered by an Italian chemist in 1845, is a compound of ordinary glycerin and nitric acid and is the ingredient which gives to dynamite its explosive strength. Nitroglycerin alone is extremely dangerous to handle and for this reason and for the sake of convenience is made into giant powder, 30 to 80 per cent of the deadly liquid being worked into a putty-like mass resembling brown sugar, the base being rottenstone, sawdust, earth, plaster of paris or black powder. Dynamite proper is prepared by kneading with the bare hands 25 per cent of infusorial earth and 75 per cent of nitroglycerin. Before mixing the earth is calcined in a furnace in order to burn out all organic matter, and it is also sifted to free it from large grains. While still moist the mass is squeezed into cartridges of parchment paper. The firing is done by fulminate of silver in copper capsules provided with patent exploders.

Nitroglycerin is made of nitric acid one part and sulphuric acid two parts, to which is added ordinary glycerin, the mixture being well washed with pure water. The infusion is composed of microscopic siliceous shells which have lost their living creatures. The cellular parts receive the nitroglycerin and hold it by capillary attraction. This earth is very light in weight.

Nitroglycerin has a sweet, aromatic, pungent taste and the peculiar property of causing a violent headache if a small quantity is placed on the tongue or wrist. It freezes at 40 degrees F., becoming a white, half-crystallized mass, which must be melted by the application of water at a temperature of 100 degrees F.—New York Times.

**How Coal Was First Named.**

Curiously, the word coal was in use long before as well as long after the commencement of the coal trade, with a meaning quite different from that which it now has. The term originally belonged to wood fuel and was applied in particular to wood which had been charred, or what is now called charcoal. When the trade in mineral coal began this was usually distinguished by the singular name of sea coal. It would seem that from having been gathered in early times on the seashore, more especially of Northumberland, along with seaweed and other wreckage cast up by the waves, this peculiar substance was supposed to be of marine origin. From this circumstance and its resemblance to wood coal in color and burning properties it obtained the name of sea coal, by which it was so long and so widely known. Then in the course of time, as the new fuel gained upon and superseded the old, the simple name of coal became universally transferred to it.

**A Royal Talisman.**

For 400 years the Hohenzollern family has possessed a peculiar talisman in the shape of a black stone set in a ring, each head of the house having passed the charm on to the next in succession for many generations. Frederick the Great is said to have found the ring sealed in a package with instructions as to its preservation and transmission written by Frederick I. Precisely what value or significance attaches to this carefully treasured bit of jewelry it would be difficult to say. Tradition says that a huge toad hopped into the royal presence centuries ago with the stone held in its mouth. As to whether the golden setting in which the stone is now preserved is due to the forethought of the intelligent toad or to the afterthought of the Hohenzollerns tradition fails to enlighten us.

**Forgetting His Own Picture.**

Reynolds once forgot the existence of one of his pictures. Burke once obtained a very early work and called on the great artist, submitting the work as that of a young student who sought advice from the master. Reynolds had a long look and then asked, "Is the painter a friend of yours?"

Burke replied in the affirmative. "Well," replied the great man, "I really don't feel able to give an opinion. It's a cleverish thing, but whether it is of sufficient promise to justify the young man in adopting art as a profession I cannot say." Sir Joshua had entirely forgotten his own work.—Chambers' Journal.

**— The —  
Scrap Book**

**The Condemned.**

The family had heard that bachelor Uncle Joe was going to get married, and there had been much caustic comment over the coming event, mingled with many expressions of sympathy for his fate at the hands of the delectable woman who had captured him all of which were overheard by the keen and open eared six-year-old boy of the family.

"Pa," said the youngster one day, "I hear Uncle Joe is going to be married next week."

"Yes," said the father, "Uncle Joe has only three days more."

The little boy sighed. "The last three days," he said, "they give them everything to eat that they ask for, don't they, pa?"

**Striving.**

If all the end of this continuous striving were simply to attain,  
How poor would seem the planning and contriving,  
The endless urging and the hurried dithering  
Of body, heart and brain!

But ever in the wake of true achieving  
There shines this glowing trail—  
Some other soul will be spurred on, conceiving  
New strength and hope, in its own power believing,  
Because thou didst not fail.

Not thine alone the glory nor the sorrow  
If thou dost miss the goal,  
Undreamed of lives in many a far tomorrow  
From thee their weakness or their force shall borrow.  
On, on, ambitious soul!  
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

**A Good Definition.**

In one of the New York schools several of the children in one class failed on the definition of the word bachelor. The teacher, to impress the meaning of the word on the minds of the pupils, told the class to look up the word that night and come prepared with a good definition the next day.

When the question was taken up at the next session the first little girl who was asked to define the word answered with a confident and smiling air. "A bachelor is a very happy man."

The teacher grew interested. "Are you sure that is correct?" she asked the little one.

"Oh yes," was the prompt reply. "Father told me so."

**Knew Who Used It.**

Charles H. Hoyt, New England's great playwright, once visited a small town in Pennsylvania where there is a hotel they say George Washington, the Father of His Country, used to stop at when he passed through. In it they have a room he is said to have occupied at times.

Hoyt came through there once with one of his attractions. He arrived at the hotel after all the members of the company had been assigned rooms.

One of the company was given the Washington room, and Hoyt received a poor room on the top floor, the proprietor not knowing who he was.

When he came downstairs later the gentleman who had got the good room said, "Mr. Hoyt, they have given me the room that they used to give George Washington when he came here."  
"Well," said Hoyt, "the one they have given me must be the one they gave Benedict Arnold when he came."

**A Stickler For Rules.**

Billy Grimes was a sailor, and he knew a sailor's duty and how to obey orders. Off a foreign port one night Billy Grimes leaned over the side. In answer to a hail.

"Ahoy!" he said.  
"Ahoy!" was the reply. "Lower down your ship's ladder, shipmate."  
"You can't come aboard here tonight," said Billy.  
"Lower away, you lubber," said the voice below impatiently. "I must come aboard. I'm the river pilot."  
"I don't care," said Billy. "If you're Punchy Pilot, I'll stick to the ship's rules."

**Too Eager For Work.**

Dr. John S. Bulist, the southern surgeon, said in one of his surgical lectures at a state college:

"It is always in rather bad taste for a physician to boast of being busy. Physicians, undertakers and gravediggers only cause discomfort when they allude to good times and prosperity.

There was an old man applied to the minister of the little village of Paint Rock for the post of gravedigger. His references were good, and the minister agreed to assign him to the church yard. He was to be paid so much a grave. The gravedigger haggled over the price, finally accepting it.  
"But will I get steady work?" he demanded.  
"Steady work?" said the minister. "Land's sake, man, with steady work you'd bury all Paint Rock in a week!"

**The Whole Law.**

When one mockingly asked Hittell if he would teach him the whole law while he stood on one foot the rabbi replied: "What you would not like done to yourself do not to thy neighbor. This is the whole law. All the rest is a commentary on it. Go learn this."

**Not What He Wanted.**

A Scotsman walked into a Montreal bookshop and, as the assistant thought, asked for Robert Burns. On being told this the proprietor of the shop himself got down three or four editions of the poet and took them to the waiting Scotsman. The customer, however, shook his head hopelessly and said, "It's nae Robert Burns I askit for, but rubber bands!"

**COMING SPORT EVENTS**

The Brighton Beach (New York) twenty-four hour automobile race will be run May 13 and 14.

The annual Oxford and Cambridge sports will take place at the Queen's club, London, March 19.

The two greatest classics of the English turf will be run as follows: The 2,600 guineas, April 27, and the English Derby, June 1.

The amateur championship of the Metropolitan Golf association will be held on the links of the Morris county (N. Y.) club May 25, 26, 27 and 28.

The Irish-American club of Toronto, Canada, will hold a fifteen mile try-out race March 17 and will send the three first men to the Boston Marathon in April.

**A Tale of a Hated Dish.**

There is a charming story told of the great French painter Corot. Being hospitable, he frequently assembled his friends to dinner, and a dish of haddock and potatoes, which everybody hated, invariably followed the soup. The friends, who thought Corot partial to the dish, always gave it when he dined with them. At last, in reply to the painter's query, they admitted that they detested the dish, but supposed he liked it.

Corot was grinning broadly. "My dear fellow, if you only knew how I hate the sight of it even. But Adele, my cook, simply adores haddock and potatoes. And it is no good—I dare not go against her wishes. It is as much as my place is worth. Not for worlds would my awe of Adele induce me to undecide her as regards the value I attach to this one particular article of diet."

And for the sake of Adele this little group of great painters had for thirty years been eating a dish they could none of them bear.

**The Shillalah.**

The shillalah is not a mere stick picked up for a few pence or cut casually out of the common hedge. Like the Arab mare, it grows to maturity under the fostering care of its owner.

The shillalah, like the poet, is born, not made. Like the poet, too, it is a choice plant, and its growth is slow. Among 10,000 blackthorn shoots perhaps not more than one is destined to become famous, but one of the 10,000 appears of singular fitness. As soon as discovered it is marked and dedicated for future service. Everything that might hinder its development is removed, and any offshoot of the main stem is skillfully cut off. With constant care it grows thick and strong upon a bulbous root that can be shaped into a handle.

**Asking Too Much.**

The country doctor had come to prescribe for Lucy, the colored cook's little daughter, who was suffering from the unfashionable ailment known as "chills."

The doctor opened his saddlebags and prepared several doses of the time honored remedy quinine in capsules.

Lucy sat up in bed, watching the proceedings with great interest, as the doctor filled each tiny capsule and capped it. But when she heard the instructions, "Give her one of these every two hours," she wailed in terror:

"Is you gwine to mek me swallow dem little glass bottles, stoppers an' all?"—Youth's Companion.

**FIX ROWING REGATTA DATES.**

Days Chosen Five Years Ahead For Poughkeepsie Events.

The stewards of the Intercollegiate Rowing association have announced the dates for the intercollegiate regatta at Poughkeepsie for the five years succeeding 1910. The days have been figured out on a tide basis, so that on each race day the varsity eight oared contest will be started at approximately the lowest point of the ebb tide. This will not be the case this year, however, as the lowest ebb tide does not occur on the day selected until 9 o'clock in the evening.

Two of the race days, not including this year's date, in the list given out by the stewards fall on Saturdays, Monday, Tuesday and Friday being the other days. The list, including the coming season, is as follows: 1910, Saturday, June 25; 1911, Tuesday, June 27; 1912, Saturday, June 29; 1913, Saturday, June 21; 1914, Friday, June 26; 1915, Monday, June 28.

To the invitations that have been sent out to Syracuse, Wisconsin and Georgetown no responses have yet been received, although it is pretty certain that all three will send crews to the regatta next June.

**Jockey Spencer to Ride Again.**

Jockey Henry Spencer, who for the past few seasons has been riding in Germany with excellent success, has decided to take out a license to ride in this country for the coming season. Spencer is still able to do 115 pounds and is a jockey whose experience in the saddle should afford him ample opportunity, as he proposes to ride free lance.

**Humor and  
Philosophy**

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

**THE SPRING FRESHET.**

**FRESH!**

That's just  
No name for it.  
When the waters  
Throw a fit  
And come climbing  
On the bank,  
And the village  
Is a tank,  
And do all  
Their funny biz-  
ness?  
I rather  
Think it is.  
When the icy  
Fetters break  
From the river  
And the lake  
And the snow  
Begins to thaw,  
Then, regardless  
Of the law,  
Comes the river  
Rushing down  
With a groan  
Against the town  
And endeavors  
In its wrath  
To give every one  
A bath.  
Then mankind  
The sight can see  
From the housetop  
Or a tree,  
Lucky there  
It is in dry  
While the pigs  
Go floating by  
And a lumber yard  
Or two  
Add a feature  
To the view.  
Oh, it's great  
And splendid stuff!  
But one soon  
May get enough.

**Johnnie's Explanation.**

"Oh, hello, Johnnie! You seem in an awful hurry."  
"Well, I ain't!"  
"Why are you running so frantically, then?"  
"You know me mudder?"  
"Yes."  
"That's why."  
"Don't understand."  
"Well, she is in an awful hurry, and she is mad."

**Not to Hurt.**

While investigations rumbled  
As the crowds for vengeance roared  
Notice how the prices tumbled—  
Sometimes half a cent or more.  
When the fury has been wasted  
And the hubbub is no more,  
Then the prices will be posted  
Up to where they were before.  
You may paste this in the shanty  
Where it later can be found  
That we'll always have to ante  
If we're going to stick around.

**Shrewd Girl.**

"They say she is very pretty."  
"Yes, and she is going to have a rich dad."  
"Rich dad? That sounds good. Going to have, did you say?"  
"Yes."  
"Her old man about to strike oil?"  
"No; she is going to marry Johnnie's dad."



**Fortunate.**

"I proposed to three girls."  
"And?"  
"They all declined."  
"How lucky! Just think, if they had all accepted!"

**Willie's Way.**

"You mustn't get angry, Willie."  
"Not get mad a bit?"  
"Not at all, Willie."  
"But, ma—"  
"What, my son?"  
"I can't fight worth a cent till I do get real mad."

**Described.**

"Do you know Miss De Style?"  
"Yes."  
"Is she pretty?"  
"Well, she is what you might call a near beauty."

**PERT PARAGRAPHS.**

The man who knows most about his business forgets it when an official investigation is going forward.

There are many people long on expectations who are most certain to be short on essentials.

Too many people who run well do most of their running when they are off the track.

People who are out looking for trouble should first obtain a photograph of it lest they get a sad shock of surprise.

Blessed are those who get little, for they won't have much to worry over.

Helping others is a fine thing, but it has its drawbacks, too, because if added to it others get the idea that you never need any yourself or have any desire to do anything save serve others.

If a favor is to be asked of a man with a grouch, get your enemy appointed on the committee to do the asking.

The man who frankly says he made a mistake did not make an irreparable one.

Don't die for anybody, because no one would be able to make use of you while in that condition.