

GOOD OLD SHERIDAN COUNTY.

Just because Sheridan county is away up yonder in the north-west part of the state, don't get the idea into your heads that it is a vast stretch of sand hills. Sand hills there are, to be sure, but not so obtrusive as they used to be. The sand hill region is growing smaller every year as the settler with his herds and flocks and plows comes along and does things. Time was when the pioneer looking for a homestead would have turned up his nose at Sheridan county—but that was because the early pioneer had his "picks." Today Sheridan county is right in the game when it comes to producing agricultural and live stock wealth.

You must bear in mind that Sheridan is comparatively new. Counties as far east as Merrick and York and Clay are looking old and sedate when Sheridan was yet a wild waste. And Sheridan county today is vastly better fixed than York or Clay or Merrick when those counties were Sheridan's age. Lest you get the mistaken idea in your head that Sheridan county is devoted almost wholly to grazing we stop the press long enough to remark that in 1910 that county produced \$1,500,000 of agricultural wealth. Corn, she produced 495,555 bushels! Wheat, she produced 291,000 bushels. Oats, she produced 223,000 bushels. Hay, she produced 27,000 tons of wild hay and 11,000 tons of alfalfa. She produced 336,000 bushels of potatoes. Bless you, Sheridan is going to be the greatest "spud" producing section of the great west. And cattle! Say, believe us, Sheridan county is some producer of the grass fattened steer. She is sending an average of 35,000 head of fat steers to market every year, to say nothing of hogs and sheep and horses and mules. And mind you, Sheridan county hasn't got a really good start yet. She has just begun the task of finding herself. She has just started out to tell folks about what she has and is and is yet to be. And when Sheridan county fairly gets into her stride she is going to make some of the eastern Nebraska counties go some to keep in sight.

THE BINDER TWINE SHORTAGE.

If there is really a shortage in the supply of binding twine in Nebraska, the fault is that of the dealers in twine. Will Maupin's Weekly has been telling them all along that the small grain crop was going to be a record breaker. While the pessimists were whining, and the so-called experts were telling you that the small grain crop was away below the average, Will Maupin's Weekly kept telling you that the yield would be up to the average and the acreage vastly increased. And you can always depend upon what Will Maupin's Weekly says about Nebraska and her crops and her resources. It hasn't any axes to grind. It is not engaged in either bulling or bearing the markets. It hasn't anything to sell except its subscription and advertising space. And when you want to know real facts and figures about Nebraska, unbiased by selfish motives, just ask this newspaper. Will Maupin's Weekly could have told the binder twine people what to do had they seen fit to ask.

NEBRASKA DIRT IS VALUABLE.

John Morbach recently purchased 80 acres of unimproved land near Bellwood, Butler county. He paid \$190 an acre for the 80-acre tract. That establishes a record for unimproved farm land in Nebraska—but it is a record that will be shattered to fragments inside of the next two or three years. Nearly two hundred dollars an acre for unimproved farm land right in the middle of what was pointed to as the Great American Desert less than fifty years ago. Wouldn't that jar you? The editor of Will Maupin's Weekly has been in Nebraska less than a quarter of a century, but he can remember the time when he could have bought the best farm in Butler county for \$50 an acre, improvements and all. Yet here comes a man who gladly parts with \$190 an acre for land that hasn't a building on it. It costs a lot more money to get land now than it did a quarter of a century ago, but there is just as much profit to be made on land deals during the next twenty-five years as there has been during the last twenty-five years.

THE EPWORTH ASSEMBLY.

One of the big assets of Lincoln is the Epworth assembly, soon to be opened. It annually brings thousands of people to Lincoln, which means a handsome increase in the volume of business. More than that, it affords our own people an opportunity for moral and intellectual uplift. With possibly one exception the Epworth assembly is the largest Chautauqua meeting in the United States.

Monday, July 8, two car loads of Nebraska cattle sold on the South Omaha market at \$9.50 per hundredweight—the highest price ever paid for cattle on that market, and higher than any price paid since the civil war. These steers were fattened by Ed Graham of Creston. We've about made up our mind that the days of cheap beef are over.

It looks a bit cloudy most of the time in Nebraska these days, but that is because so many steam threshers are pouring their smoke heavenward.

William Howard Taft seems content to sit tight while his former godfather and present detractor butts his head off against the stone wall.

Professor Woodrow Wilson, educator and publicist, is daily giving evidence of knowing a bit more than a thing or two about practical politics.

The "spud" crop in Nebraska will be something immense, but we greatly fear that the price per bushel is going to compel us to list them under the title of "dessert."

Merely to evidence our friendship for Omaha we desire to call attention to the fact that just now the metropolis is worrying about her water supply.

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David Harum "Out Harumed" in Chicago

CHICAGO.—When Samuel Baker, 1106 South Wood street, had to knock down part of his barn and rebuild it to get back on its feet a horse which he had recently purchased he decided that he had been swindled by one Harry Goldstein, 1024 South Robey street, and brought suit against him.

How David Harum was out-Harumed was shown at the hearing before Municipal Judge Dolan. The horse had been guaranteed to be able "to lie down and get up." According to Baker, the animal could lie down, all right, but getting it back on its feet again was like moving the Alps.

Baker testified that he had tried the horse for one day, but had neglected to test it on the "lying down" proposition. He said he returned the horse to Goldstein and, after some dickering, in which the purchase price was reduced from \$125 to \$80, the deal was closed.

When he placed the animal in his stable for the night, the horse lay down. It still was lying down when Baker went to the stable the next morning. Baker pulled and tugged and tugged and pulled at the halter, but in vain. Assistance was summoned, props were placed under the



prostrate animal and impromptu derricks were tried. It was of no use. Every time the horse was raised a few inches it fell back harder and was imbedded deeper in the straw. "I couldn't budge him," Baker told the court. "The horse lay there sort of helpless. Finally we had to knock out part of the barn and drag him out."

Baker said he then returned the horse to Goldstein and demanded his money back. Goldstein testified that he bought back the horse from Baker for \$20. This was denied by the complainant, who alleged that Goldstein sold the horse to another purchaser for \$55. Goldstein said that when the horse was returned it showed signs of ill treatment, and he offered to prove to Judge Dolan that it could both lie down and get up "as advertised." The court declined to witness the exhibition.

Sells Flies, Dodges Boxcar for a Bed



CLEVELAND, O.—The 10 cents a hundred that the city pays for dead flies enabled Harry Carmine, a Chicago tinner, to pay for a bed in a "flop house" the other night, instead of sleeping in a box car, as he had done the night before.

Carmine called at the municipal fly bureau at the city hall shortly before it closed and inquired if it were true that the city paid 10 cents a hundred for dead flies. Being assured that was the truth, he departed and returned in a short time.

"This isn't any kid, is it?" he inquired.

"We pay 10 cents a hundred for the bodies of flies," Miss Florence Durringer, in charge of the bureau, replied.

"Well, here is a bunch then," said

Carmine. "I'll be back tomorrow with a cigar box full."

"I got in here from Chicago Wednesday night in a box car. It was mighty cold, too."

"I came down town early and started out in hunt of work. There was nothing doing, and at noon I sat down to rest in one of the shelter houses on the square. I picked up a paper and read where they were paying 10 cents a hundred for dead flies."

"I said to myself, 'Here is where Harry sleeps between the sheets this evening.'"

"I went to a saloon and asked if they would allow me to catch flies in the front window. They told me to get out, and I tried a butcher shop with the same result."

"I then went to two or three of the market houses. Luck was better, and I had a whole handful of flies when I hunted up the city hall. It was hard work, though."

"I still thought it might be a joke, or that perhaps the offer was good only for children, so I decided to ask a few questions before I made a complete fool of myself."

The Largest Candle.

The making of an ordinary domestic wax or tallow candle is sufficiently wonderful to the lay mind to excite comment, but a candle has lately been lighted in Rome that is 11 feet 3 inches in height, and will burn for six years.

In various places of worship candles are used in their symbolic sense, candles of vast proportions, but the one in question is a giant of its clan. The first step in the making of this mammoth candle was to construct the wick, a wick that would burn clearly and cleanly, and need no snuffing.

Suspended by a derrick over a vat of boiling wax, the wick was dipped no fewer than 200 times, till the required quantity of wax adhered to it, and between each dip the wax picked up had to dry off.

Thought She Was Poisoned.

Eugene H. Garnett of Chicago was called upon at a banquet given by the Chicago Bar association recently.

He said: "A lady who lives on Greenwood avenue not more than a mile from the corner of Fifty-first street, gave a dinner recently. There were twelve at the table. One of the courses consisted of soft-shell crabs. A guest who was fond of this delicacy and who allowed his appetite to get the better of his breeding, asked for a second crab. Now it happened that the market man had delivered only thirteen crabs, and on the evening of the dinner there was a nurse in the house who was being served upstairs. The thirteenth crab had gone to her."

"The butler, though much astonished at the request of the guest for a second crab, walked apparently unperturbed out of the dining-room, then bolted up the back stairs to the room occupied by the nurse, gave a hasty glance at the tray, shouted, 'Thunderation, she has eaten the crab,' and rushed downstairs again. Not more than a minute later the frightened nurse burst into the dining-room, crying, 'What was the matter with it?'"

To Succeed Foraker.

Washington.—President Taft sent to the senate Tuesday the nomination of Secundino Romero to be United States marshal for New Mexico to succeed Creighton Foraker, a brother of former Senator Joseph B. Foraker of Ohio. Published reports have declared that Foraker resigned for political reasons.

Washington.—The house Wednesday passed the bill to create a department of labor, the secretary of which shall have a place in the cabinet. The measure long has been pressed by organized labor and now goes to the senate.



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Notice of Petition.

Estate No. 3091, of Emma Cloyd, deceased, in County Court of Lancaster County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, To all persons interested in said estate, take notice, that a petition has been filed for the appointment of Margaret L. Nelson as administratrix of said estate, which has been set for hearing herein, on July 22, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Dated June 25, 1912.
GEO. H. RISSER,
County Judge.
by ROBIN R. REID,
Clerk.

15-3 (Seal)

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