

Local News.

Alfalfa seed at Watkinson's.
Jas. Johansen is papering the post office.
Good work harness for \$14.00 at T. M. Reed's.
Mr. and Mrs. Sutton are visiting in Illinois.
Miss Kate Moon is visiting at Greeley Center this week.
Miss Nellie Ainger received a piano from Omaha Wednesday.
Foster Buehner, of Ravenna spent Sunday at the county seat.
T. L. Pilger has reduced the price of Kerosene Oil to 12 cents a gallon.
Garden seed; new stock just in at the old reliable Seed store, Watkinson.
Dr. Chase and wife of Custer county were visiting in Loup City this week.
Mrs. Ramey and sister returned from a visit to Grand Island Friday evening.
Photographs 75 cents per doz. at Leschinsky's gallery.
John Wall, attorney from Arcadia was in town yesterday afternoon on business.
J. T. Hale returned from Battle Creek Saturday where he has been on business.
T. L. Pilger is selling all goods for cash or produce only. Positively no credit.
Carpets a full line of samples carpet rugs, lace and chenille curtains at Watkinson.
S. Hancock and wife are relieving a visit from his daughter Mrs. Brooks of Denver.
Mrs. Stillmacher has moved her restaurant into the building recently vacated by G. H. Gibson.
Mr. Willits, of Pennsylvania and father of Mrs. E. S. Hayhurst arrived here last Saturday evening.
One of St. Paul's leading attorneys, J. N. Paul was doing business at the court house in this city yesterday.
West Pedler returned to Caro Monday morning after visiting over Sunday with his brother J. S. and family.
Mrs. Thrasher returned from Montana last Monday and, we understand will visit her mother for a few weeks.
Engineer Morris of Grand Island made the Saturday run for J. O'Bryan while the latter was doing business at Boelus.
Rev. Sutherland, of Grand Island occupied the pulpit at the Baptist church last Sunday morning and evening.
M. Leschinsky is materially improving his photograph gallery by putting in a glass front and re-arranging the interior.
Do you need a washing machine, clothes wringer, wash boiler, tinware, or anything in that line. If so call on T. M. Reed.
F. Eherman, the St. Elmo clerk has been on the sick list the past week but was able to make his usual run to the train yesterday.
E Holcomb and wife are rejoicing over the arrival of a 12 pound baby boy which came to make its home with them Thursday morning.
Quite a destructive wind storm prevailed last Tuesday, six miles west of Loup City. Several wind mill and out buildings were leveled to the ground.
All the different forms of skin troubles from chapped hands to eczema and indolent ulcers can be readily cured by De Witts Witch Hazel Salve, the great pile cure. Odendahl Bros.
J. B. O'Bryan has two excellent varieties of seed potatoes which he is selling reasonable. One variety in particular will make in sixty days after planting and is of a superior quality.
Jas. Gouley and daughter Minnie of Custer county drove over to Loup City last Saturday afternoon. Mr. Gouley returned home Sunday and Miss Minnie will attend the remaining eight weeks of the Loup City school.
The ladies of the Baptist church and Society will hold an Eastern Bazar on April 17th, in the building one door east of Odendahl Bros. drug store for the purpose of paying church indebtedness. There will be many useful articles and Eastern tokens offered for sale. Supper will be served at six p. m. and through the evening. The officials and business men of the city and friends in the country are cordially invited to attend and aid the ladies in this work.
The village election will be held next Tuesday. The official and sample ballot have been printed with only one set of nominees, and that by petition. The names of the candidates are W. T. Gibson, C. Hauck, E. S. Hayhurst, W. H. Morris and Geo. W. Hunter. A move was made to get two other tickets in the field, one by the prohibition people, who also tried to nominate by petition, but failed in getting enough signers. The other ticket was nominated at a regular and well represented citizens caucus. This last mentioned ticket was nominated to late, as the law requires the certificates of nomination to be filed with the village clerk fifteen days before election, if nominated by caucus. If nominated by petition only ten days. The caucus fellows discovered their error to late even to amend by petition.

UNCLE SAM'S AUCTION SALE.

Annual Disposal of the Accumulations of the Dead Letter Office.
One of the queerest "institutions" of the national capital is the annual clearance sale of the dead letter office, in which a vast accumulation of articles gone astray in the mails is sold to the highest bidder. The auction house where it is held is continually crowded with excited men, women and children, and beside it the bargain counters during the holidays are as havens of rest, for when Uncle Sam goes into the junk-shop business great things are expected. As in the church fair raffle, you pay a small amount of money and trust to luck to get back more than its value. The articles, previously listed in a wholesale sort of way, are tied up in bundles of from three to a half dozen and "auctioned" for what they will bring, the average bids ranging between 10 cents and a dollar.
Nobody is permitted to examine the goods before purchasing, and no money is refunded to the dissatisfied. Everybody hopes to pull a genuine plum from the pie in the shape of a diamond ring, a silk dress pattern or a silver teapot, and although comparative blanks are the rule, there is always the possibility of a prize. For example, the auctioneer holds up one of these odd shaped bundles, listed "pictures, underwear, music, cigars." Going—going—gone—for 80 cents to a dapper young gentleman who was caught by the word "cigar." He opens it on the spot—an unwise thing to do if one objects to good natured ridicule—and this is what he finds: Six cigars, broken into bits with so strong an odor that one wonders how a sledge hammer could have done it; underwear—a female 10 cent "jersey;" pictures—a collection of newspaper cuts designed for amusement of some small child. The lot would be dear at a quarter and is of no use to the buyer.
In the dead letter office proper—that charnel house which swallows nearly half a million missives every month—it is positively harrowing. More than 40 bushels of photographs have accumulated there, awaiting the annual cremation. There are tresses of hair enough to stuff a dozen mattresses, grandmothers' silver locks and babies' golden curls, many no doubt cut from dead brows, and small sums of money which poor workmen send home to feed their wives and little ones, and servant girls save from their scanty wages for needy parents—gone to Uncle Sam's rich purse, not because the United States wants it, but because the senders' writing or orthography was beyond mortal ken. It is hard to realize that in this land of schools, at the close of the nineteenth century, there are so many people so ignorant or so careless as to send several millions of letters a year without stamps or addresses or with addresses which no man can make out. People seem to be so intent on what goes into the letters that they forget all about the superscription. It is estimated that \$4,500,000 in drafts and \$80,000,000 in cash is received every year through dead letters.—Indianapolis Journal.

COST OF A TRAIN.

The Expense and Profits of Travel on English Railway Lines.
How many people who travel in trains ever think of the cost of running them? It will probably surprise most people who have traveled from London to Edinburgh to know that every mile of the journey costs the railway company over half a crown. The cost of the whole journey from the English to the Scotch capital is £50.
The average cost of running a train in England is 2s. 7d. per mile, so that, the fare being reckoned at 1d. per mile, a train with less than 31 passengers for each mile is run at a loss. There are few trains, however, that do not carry more than this number of passengers, and many of them carry the number doubled many times over. It is necessary frequently to run trains that do not pay—usually in thinly inhabited country districts—but for every train run at a loss probably 100 are run at an enormous profit.
Take, for instance, the journey from London to Edinburgh, which costs the railway company £50. The average number of "through" passengers in these trains is probably 60, in which case the total fares would be nearly £100—a clear gain of nearly £50. When it is remembered that these trains run several times a day, and every day in the year, it will be understood what an enormous revenue a single line yields in the course of 12 months. Supposing the average number of passengers to be 60, the midnight train from London to Edinburgh yields over £20,000 for dividend in a year!
The longest railway journey in the United Kingdom would probably be from Penzance, in Cornwall, to Thurso, in the north of Scotland, a distance of over 1,000 miles. A train running between these two places would exhaust an ordinary clerk's salary for a whole year, the cost being no less than £138.—London Tit-Bits.
To Grow Teeth.
A Moscow dentist has solved the problem of supplying the human mouth with false teeth which will grow into the gums as firmly as natural ones. Dr. Zamensky has performed several successful operations on dogs as well as human beings. The teeth are made of gutta percha, porcelain or metal, as the case may be.
At the root of the false tooth holes are made. Holes are also made upward into the jaw. The tooth is then placed in the cavity. In a short time a soft, granulated growth finds its way from the patient's jaw into the holes in the tooth. This growth gradually hardens and holds the tooth in position.
It is stated that it does not matter whether the cavity in which the tooth is to be placed is one from which a natural tooth has been recently drawn or whether it has been healed for some years.—Moscow Letter.

FACTS CONCERNING

THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF SHERMAN COUNTY.

Continued from last week.

A poem giving an account of the episode at the bridge was also published in the Sherman County Times. It was doubtless written by C. H. E. Heath although "Comical Cus" is credited with the production. The following is the poem with the preface as it then appeared:

AN OLD LAY RELIAD.

The following is a fragment from a manuscript found in an ancient Roman vault recently discovered by "Comical Cus" while excavating for a foundation on which to set his cabbage plants. It is supposed to refer to a contemplated raid of horse thieves on a place called Oppidum Lupi some 2500 years ago. The bad condition of the whole of the outside and a part of the inside pages of the manuscript renders the deciphering of a large portion of it impossible, but I forward the fragments to the editor, thinking they may possibly prove of interest. COMICAL CUS.

P. S.—Parts lost or unintelligible are denoted by asterisks.

Just then a scout came rushing
All pale with fright and fear.
To arms, to arms, Bill Benschoter.
The horse thieves they are near.

And new hath every building
Sent up its tale of men.
The click of arms is ringing.
Lavator led forth armed hosts
To test in deadly strife
Proud Britannia's right to quench
Both Liberty and Life.

Nox Vento came from Kearney.
Prince of the rules of law,
Lalkus too from Burlington
Amid the crowd one saw:
Judez Murus led the host.
With Falco at his side,
Erica leaves his paper
To mingle with the tide.
Oden Daulus from the vale
Where shines Oquawaka's towers,
Senax who so lately left
Iowa's leafy bowers.

They held a council, standing
Before the river gate,
No time there was, you well may guess
For musing or debate;
Out spoke the mayor roundly,
Upon his face a frown,
If once the thieves can cross the bridge,
Then naught can save the town.

Then out spoke Judez Murus
In the judges seat who sat,
To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late;
In you straight path a thousand
May well be stopped by thee,
Now who will stand at my right hand
And keep the bridge with me?

Then out spoke brave Nox Vento,
Erica out spoke he
We each will stand with Colt in hand
And guard the bridge with thee.
Then cross the creaking timbers
Out marched the gallant three.
One other follow in their path,
A man unknown to me.

Reclining upon a grassy bed
Now lie the gallant four;
Tobacco odor scents the air.
Of stories a full store
Seem piled in each one's memory
And, wondrous to relate
All seemed entirely to forget,
'Tis their's to save the gate.

"They come, they come," Nox Vento
Now cries with feeble cry,
And quick beneath the bridge's pites
The gallant four to fly.
Murus leaves his Colt's behind
Upon that grassy bed,
As that great host with measured tread,
Came slowly towards the bridges head,
A passage safe to find.

Now clearly and more clearly
Amid the gloom appears
Two tall and well proportioned mules,
Four perfect donkeys ears;
A lumber wagon crowds the rear,
With various sundries filled,
The spoils of many eastern stores,
To Lalk & Krelchbaum billed.

Then out spake Judez Murus,
A smile on his proud face,
I now will see, if chance it be,
This man has seen a trace
Of thievish wanderers who propose
This night to sack our place,
Then out beyond the piling
The gallant Murus sprang,
And soon the bridge's timbers
With sounding footsteps rang.

Then spoke he to the teamster,
The teamster nought heard he,
"What do you say," the teamster said,
And added, "yes it be
Lame very lame, 'tis far to drive
Within a single day,
Seen thieves not I, nor no one else,"
Then added, "What do you say?"

The pipes are once more lighted,
Two others join the four,
And if the horse thieves had been near
They would have thought that near
Than sixty and not six were there,
So pealed the laughter wild,
When each with eager lips would tell
Even a story mild.

Nox Vento gazed upon the sky,
And whispered the word rain,
Uprose the six and cut their sticks,
With all their might and main.

They gave them of the glory
To each so very dear,
Not e'en so much as would suffice
To get a glass of beer.
But in the night of winter
When the cold north winds blow,
You'll hear a blowing too within,
They'll tell you—so and so.
With sounds of joy and laughter
The story will be told,
How Judez Murus held the bridge
In the good old days of old.

NOTE.—We publish the above although we have a doubt as to "Comical Cus" having obtained it out of the cabbage bed. We imagine he thinks we are green enough to see his artifice. It appears to us that Nox Vento is Latin for Nightingale, Judez Murus is Judez Wall, Senax means Heisen or Waite, Erica converts into Heath, but we leave the deciphering of the mystery to our readers.—C. H. E. Heath in the Sherman County Times, Feb. 1879.

EARLY EXPERIENCE OF JOHN R. BAKER.

Perhaps the worst hardship of pioneer life, connected with the early settlement of Sherman county, was the experience of John R. Baker. Mr. Baker was among the first settlers to locate in Sherman county, hav-

ing selected his claim on Oak Creek in October, 1872. He is perhaps the oldest man of the early settlers now residing here, if not the oldest man in the county. A few weeks ago we received a letter from Mr. Baker, dated February 25th, 1897, from which we extract the following:
"I am eighty-five years old to-day and I have lived in Nebraska 26 years, and I propose to add another link to your chain of events in the Early History of Sherman County. I came to Sherman county in 1872 and picked out my homestead on Oak Creek. I first came from Illinois with my family and stopped at Omaha, Nebraska for some weeks. At Omaha a gentleman told me that he had a squad of men between the Middle and North Loup valleys surveying every alternate section for the B. & M. R. Co., and he was of the opinion that no better land could be found in Nebraska than on those streams. This gentleman invited me to go and stop with the surveyors for a few days and see the country, and learn from them the best location to secure a homestead that would suit my fancy. I wanted a farm with timber and a stream of spring water. After considering the matter I concluded to accept the gentleman's invitation, and so came on to Grand Island, which place, I was informed would be my stopping station. On my arrival at Grand Island I put up at the Franklin Hotel, of which Cyrus E. Rosseter was then proprietor. All the boarding houses in Grand Island were crowded with people, many of whom, like myself were looking for homes in the west. At the Franklin Hotel I met Martin Benschoter and told him that I intended to go up into the Loup country, and also about the party of surveyors. Mr. Benschoter also desired to see the Loup Country and so we made necessary arrangements for the trip. We hired a union soldier at \$4. per day to take us not to exceed one hundred miles the round trip. This was the last of October, and we went in pursuit of the Taylor outfit of surveyors. We found them on Davis Creek near the Sherman county line. They gave us a friendly welcome and treated us to venison and the best comforts their camp afforded. The next morning they moved to Oak Creek, where I have always lived since coming to Nebraska. We went from Oak Creek to the Middle Loup valley and then returned to Grand Island. Mr. Benschoter was favorably impressed with the Loup valley but did not fully decide where to locate. I had concluded to take my homestead on Oak Creek and at once set about to build a small house. As Mr. Benschoter was desirous of seeing more of the country so he proposed to build my house for me if he might be allowed to occupy it until I would need it for my family. I bought a heavy load of lumber in Grand Island, hired a livery team with Frank Hicks as driver and with Mr. Benschoter started again for Oak Creek. We had borrowed a set of carpenter tools from Mr. Rosseter and had with us a good supply of provisions and blankets. The weather was nice and warm when we started out but we experienced a very sudden change towards evening. When we got into the sand hills about ten miles out from Grand Island one of the horses balked and we sent Mr. Hicks back after another. It was nearly night when Mr. Hicks started back and he did not return until the next morning. During the night a fearful wind storm set in, and in two hours the mercury dropped 50 degrees, and to 10 below zero. Mr. Benschoter had taken the precaution to take a spade along. He commenced building what was afterwards called Fort Baker, a small pen about 4 x 6 feet in size and eighteen inches high. This was done for our protection. We turned the wagon box over the structure to serve as a roof. We entered the fort about an hour after sun down and laid on the prairie grass, side by side, with three double Indian blankets over us. We covered our heads to protect our eyes from the drifting sand. My feet began to get cold but soon got so benumbed that I perceived it not. My companion said that we had better get up and go to the house of Mr. Annons, a blacksmith who lived about three miles and a half miles to the northeast. I told him that I dare not attempt it as I was near sixty years old. Frank had left one horse tied to the wagon and it was constantly whinnying for its mate. The full moon was shining brightly, and we were afraid that the wolves, which could be heard not far away, would come and ham-string the horse; in fact I was afraid that they would attempt to ham-string us. Mr. Benschoter thought his feet would freeze if he remained there all night, so after carefully wrapping a blanket around my feet he started for the Annons place. The wind was high and the sand was flying in clouds. When he reached Annons at 1 o'clock in the morning he was completely exhausted. He said to me the next morning that he could not have walked forty rods farther to have saved his life. The timely arrival of Mr. Benschoter and Mr. Hicks the next morning saved me from being a helpless cripple for life. I went to Mr. Annons where I remained for two days when I returned to Grand Island. I paid Peter Keitges \$10. to haul my lumber from the sand hills on to Oak Creek and to Peter Detliefs house, a distance of some 20 miles.

Soon afterwards I had another load of lumber taken to Oak Creek, where on my arrival I expected to find Mr. Benschoter and Mr. Hicks but they had gone to the Middle Loup, and preferring that part of Sherman county, they afterwards located at what is now known as the county seat. At that time there were only three families living in the Middle Loup valley between the two towns now known as Loup City and Denneborg. These families were Stephens, Webster, and Johnson. Peter Detlieft and Ed Nelson were about the only settlers on Oak. They had just built their dug-out."

Mr. Baker has always been an active and enterprising citizen and has done much towards the development of Sherman county. He was elected county commissioner in 1874 and served the people in that capacity with perfect satisfaction. He and his aged wife still occupy the old homestead on Oak Creek. Some ten years ago, and on the 8th day of November, 1886, they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary to which an invitation was generally extended to all the old settlers. They are now living in their sixty-first year of married life.

Continued next week.

D. C. DOE, Vice-President.

A. P. CULLEY, Cashier.

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