



**My Desire**

I ask not wealth  
To pile in golden store.  
I ask but health  
That I may toil the more  
For those I love that I may give  
Them daily comfort while they live.

I ask not fame  
To blazon 'round the earth.  
I hope my name  
Will stand for honest worth  
So that my children proudly wear  
The humble name their parents bear.

I ask not place  
To wield official power.  
I ask for grace  
Upon me every hour  
So I may ample time employ  
To scatter smiles and hope and joy.

I ask not length  
Of idle days to live.  
I ask for strength  
To help me gladly give  
A helping hand to those downcast  
Beside my way as I walk past.

I ask not ease  
While others suffer loss  
I ask to seize  
And help them bear the cross  
So they, too, stand erect a while  
And look about with face illumined  
with smile.

I ask not days  
To spend in selfish gain.  
I ask but ways  
To banish grief and pain,  
So that at close of ev'ry day  
"He helped me on," some soul will  
say.

I ask no prize  
That earth may hold in store.  
I ask mine eyes  
May see you fairer shore;  
That I may hear at life's descending  
sun  
The final verdict passed: "Well  
done."

**Good Scheme**

"I suggest," remarked Uncle Ezra, "that Uncle Sam agree to issue some bonds on them canals in Mars providing somebody can prove they are there. That ought to make some of them financial kings loosen up and try to git th' proof."

**Sure**

"I say, Bill, we had a bully Thanksgiving dinner."  
"So did we, but we had a better one next day."  
"Why?"  
"Cause next day we had every-thing."  
"What?"  
"Hash."

**Primer Lessons in Finance**

For many years we had longed to be a financier, but our education was sadly neglected, hence we have always been compelled to work. But finally we decided to take some lessons.

"The first step to take," said our instructor, who is also a banker, "is to establish confidence."  
"Uh-huh!" we replied.  
"That means that you should deposit your money in the bank, trusting to the bank and the banker."  
"Uh-huh!" was our reply as we noted the fact down.  
"Then with the money you deposit we will purchase some United States

bonds, so you will have plenty of security for your deposit. See?"

"Uh-huh!"  
Then we will keep the money we paid for the bonds in our own vaults as a government deposit, putting up some collateral in the shape of stock in the X., Y. & Z. railroad and the Aurora & Borealis Steamship line. That will enable us to keep plenty of currency on hand to loan to our customers. See?"

"Uh-huh!"  
"Then, when we get the bonds we will deposit them with the government treasurer and get notes issued thereon, and then we can lend the notes out to good advantage to those who are seeking to enlarge their business enterprises. Note the beneficent results?"

We said "Uh-huh" again, and left to think it over. As soon as we get that first lesson properly digested we will go back after the second. We do not expect to go back until the note falls due, however.

**A Financial Fable**

John Smith was a carpenter, and wanted to own a home of his own. So he went to Richard Rose, a capitalist, and stated his wants.

"We can fix that," said Rose. "You want a home and I want a carpenter. I have the home you want and you have the work I want. Let's trade."

"All right," said Smith. "Now how will we do it?"

"Well, I'll pay you \$3 a day for your work. You can live on \$1 a day and I'll apply the other \$2 a day on the house, which will cost you \$1,400. Then you will owe me seven hundred days' work."

And thus it was agreed, conditioned on the market price for carpenters remaining the same.

At the end of the year Rose said: "Carpenters are no longer in demand, and I can get them for \$2 a day. You'll have to work for that."

Seeing no way out of it Smith consented. He had paid one-half the price of his home, owing still \$700. He drew \$1 cash each day, but he still owed seven hundred days' work on his home.

At the end of another year Rose said:

"Carpenters are so numerous and work so slack I can get them for \$1.50 a day, so you'll have to work for that."

Seeing no other way out of it Smith consented. He had to have \$1 a day to live on, and after working for two years he still owed seven hundred days' work on his home.

At the end of the year Rose said: "Smith, carpenters are more numerous than ever, so I'll have to—"  
But Smith shrieked and fled.

Today he is in a padded cell covering the walls with chalk marks that read "700," "700," "700," "700."

The title to the house still rests in the name of Richard Rose.

**Different**

"Look here, Bings! I think this proposed bond issue is all wrong. It is a needless act calculated to make heavier the burdens laid upon the shoulders of the people and is calculated to enrich a lot of financiers who have fastened their unholy hands upon the nation's finances and robbed the producers of the fruits of their toil. It is a plain case of conspiracy between the authorities at Washington and the gold clique in New York, and it—"  
"Look here, Squiggs! I won't let

you talk that way about our president. I want you to understand that this bond issue is made from purely patriotic motives, and it is little short of treason for you to use such language when our officials are doing their best to—"

"O, that's all right, Bings. I was merely reading from a letter you wrote to your favorite newspaper about thirteen or fourteen years ago. I found it in my scrap book last night."

**Answers to Correspondents**

"Numismatic"—Really we had forgotten that there was any such inscription on our coins.

"Dental"—We recently discovered a sure cure for toothache. Not only did it cure the toothache, but it is warranted to prevent a return of the trouble. But we've been living on milk toast ever since.

"Confidence"—Anything that goes with the grocer and butcher is legal tender with us.

"Ennu!"—My dear young friend, we are sorry that time drags so slowly with you. Suppose you sign a thirty day note. If that does not make the month fly fast your case is hopeless.

"Economy"—We can not help you. We do not know the make of the furnace in the house we occupy, but we call it "Cuckoo." It isn't ours, but we have to feed it.

**Brain Leaks**

The real friend never asks you to do wrong for his sake.

A little goes a long ways when fellowship walks at its side.

There isn't a room in the house too good to let the sunshine in upon. By the way, did you ever note any shortage in the circulation of gossip?

People who fear death should take it as a sign that they are not living right.

The man who is forever telling us what he is going to do never shows us anything he has done.

The small man usually swells up enough to make a tight fit when he is put in a large position.

A lot of people who ride in automobiles would give the autos if they could push baby carriages of their own.

People who waste hours are always complaining about not having time enough to accomplish something.

If we must lose the "In God We Trust" from our coins they might at least favor us by putting the word "Mizpah" on.

Perhaps we wouldn't need an elastic currency quite so much if a lot of eminent financiers possessed less elastic consciences.

We have learned to do a great many things that the ancients never learned to do, and if the ancients were alive they would doubtless be glad of it.

People are not worrying so much about the motto on the coins as they are about a chance to see the eagle on one side and the woman's head on the other.

"Do your Christmas shopping early!" is the advice of the reformers. We'll do no such thing. Half the fun of Christmas shopping is the rush and worry and press of the crowd.

We haven't any Looey Quinzey nor mission furniture in our house, but we are able to get a lot of comfort out of the fact that we can sit in any chair we want to—if the baby hasn't pre-empted it.

Every time we hear a rich man telling how happy he was when he was a poor, hardworking boy, we feel like throwing him down, taking his money away from him and putting him back in a position to be happy again.

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**Notice of Sale of Land.**  
Notice is hereby given that sealed bids will be received and filed in the office of the County Clerk of Greeley County, Nebraska, up to noon of the 14th day of December, 1907, for the purchase of the following described land now owned by Greeley County, Nebraska, viz: Section 23, in Township 18, Range 19, and Section 21, Township 19, Range 5, in Greeley County, Nebraska. Bids may be made for the entire tract or for any subdivision of the same. The Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids or portions of bids, and readvertise the above land if the bids submitted are disproportionate to the true value of the above described land. By order of the Board of County Commissioners of Greeley County, Nebraska.  
Witness my hand and the seal of said county at Greeley, Nebraska, this 26th day of November, A. D. 1907.  
**JAMES B. BERRY,**  
COUNTY CLERK.