

OUR PREMIUM WATCH

The Independent One Year

and the Watch for only \$2.50.

less than the regular price of

the watch alone.



THE WATCH FREE

TO ANYONE SENDING \$5.00 TO

PAY FOR FIVE YEARLY SUB-

SCRIPTIONS.



We wish to impress the fact that our Premium Watch is NOT a Clock Watch but has a regular jeweled escapement movement and the same fine time keeping results are obtained from the small size as from the larger size. These are decidedly the best cheap watches made greatly exceeding any other of either American or foreign manufacture. The nickel cases are made of solid metal, and not brass nickel plated. Your choice is the 12 (gentlemen's size) or the 6 (ladies size). When ordering please state size wanted.

FILL OUT COUPON

THE INDEPENDENT, Lincoln, Neb.

Find enclosed \$..... to pay for Premium watch, with One Year's Subscription to The Independent.

Name .....

City or Town .....

State .....

Size .....

H., suspected his colored servant of tampering with a certain brand of fine whisky in his wine cellar. The employer decided to adopt measures to verify his suspicions. He allowed the demijohn holding his private stock to become empty, and then, instead of refilling it, placed the remainder in bottles and labelled each one "poison."

One evening, on returning home unexpectedly, he found his servant with one of his bottles. Seizing the bottle from the darky's hand, he exclaimed, in a tone of terror:

"Great heaven, Sam! Do you know what you have been doing? This bottle is marked 'poison.'"

The negro took the bottle and surveyed it closely. Then he sniffed at it. A melancholy smile passed over his dusky countenance and he replied:

"Ise been fooled again."

"Fooled again!" repeated his master. "What do you mean?"

"Well, sah," continued the darky, in the same tone, "it am dis way: I knowed from de first, from de way you acted 'bout dat demijohn, dat you had yo' suspishuns ob me, and dat sho made me feel pretty blue. I got distressed an' didn't care. Why, sah, fo' most two weeks now ise been trying to commit suicide outer dat bottle."—Harper's Weekly.

Real Estate Boomer Cornered

An Oklahoma paper tells this one: Some few days ago two Oklahoma City real estate men had a German farmer in tow and carted him into the country to see a farm which has considerable lowland and where overflows are frequent. They passed a barn where the high water mark was about eight feet above the ground.

"And what is that?" inquired the farmer.

One of the real estate men, who is ever ready with an answer, looked up at the water mark and said:

"That's nothing. It's where the hogs have been brushing up against the barn."

They drove on in silence, when suddenly the farmer broke the atmosphere by saying:

"I do not want the farm, but will buy all the hogs like that you can possibly scrape up."

Philosophy of a Clown

The late Charles Bliss, the famous star of the Dan Rice circus—he was the original "human fly"—imputed his success to thoroughness.

"Don't attempt a new trick," he said one day in Madison, "till you are thorough master of it. The only way to succeed is to be so thorough in everything you undertake that failure is altogether an impossibility."

"If you are going, for instance, to be a stump speaker, if you are going to address a lot of farmers, don't talk farm unless you have studied it up.

"Don't be like a stump speaker I know who yelled at a crossroads meeting:

"He who puts his hand to the plow must not turn back."

"Wot's he to do, then, when he gets to the end o' the furrer?" shouted

a hired man in blue overalls."—Denver News.

Dog not Dogma

A Baltimore man tells of attending a church on one occasion when the minister delivered a sermon of but ten minutes' duration—a most unusual thing for him.

Upon the conclusion of his remarks the minister had added: "I regret to inform you, brethren, that my dog, who appears to be peculiarly fond of paper, this morning ate that portion of my sermon that I have not delivered!"

After the service the clergyman was met at the door by a man who, as a rule, attended divine service in another parish. Shaking the good man by the hand he said:

"Doctor, I should like to know whether that dog of yours has any pups. If so, I want to get one to give to my minister."—Harper's Weekly.

Saved by a Scratch

An orator who was equal to an emergency was the late George A. Sheridan, a noted "spellbinder," often engaged by the republican national committee. At a big meeting he was addressing in a town near New York he was introduced by a Mr. O'Brien, the chairman, in most flattering terms. In order to reciprocate, Mr. Sheridan paid a glowing tribute to the sterling qualities of the chairman and wound up the eulogy by asserting that no man could say Mr. O'Brien owed him a cent.

"He owes me \$3!" came a keen Celtic voice from the rear of the audience.

It was almost a solar plexus blow for the orator, and the audience started to laugh and jeer. Rallying, the speaker said: "I will answer that man presently." His assertion was to gain time, and, if possible, have the audience forget the incident, but again that penetrating voice cried out:

"He owes me \$3 cold cash."

Advancing to the edge of the platform, General Sheridan, in a confidential tone, said: "Yes, I know all about the \$3, for my friend, Mr. O'Brien, has given me the inside facts. Ladies and gentlemen, the truth is simply this, and it reveals a peculiar character: This man who has interrupted me met Mr. O'Brien recently and asked him for the loan of \$10. 'I haven't got \$10,' said generous Mr. O'Brien, 'but here is \$7,' handing the money to him. Now, this man is going around saying my friend, the honorable chairman, owes his \$3, when \$16 was requested."

A roar of laughter filled the hall and the indignant man tried to answer the orator. He was howled down. The chairman whispered in Sheridan's ear: "You have saved me—you are a genius."—Leslie's Weekly.

A clergyman recently returned from the west, brought this story:

He was the guest of one of the pillars of the church in a rural community. Beefsteak was the piece de resistance, and the guest sawed at it with such energy that its toughness was perfectly obvious.

Finally the host thought it necessary

to do something to save his reputation for hospitality.

"It's fine meat," he remarked; "nice and tender, but, you see, we have to keep the knives very dull on account of the children."—Springfield Republican.

Bossing the Job

A new Mark Twain story is going the rounds. The humorist takes long rides in the country in his auto, and one day the mud was so deep that the machine stuck in it. On a railroad nearby an Irishman was seen bossing a gang of Italians. "I called to him," said Mark, "and he brought the whole bunch over to lift the machine out. We clashed right away. The Irishman insisted on bossing the job and I wouldn't stand for it. 'All right,' said the Irishman and he took his men back to the railroad. There was nothing for me to do but give in. I sat in the car for about an hour and then called for the Irishman to come back. 'Am I to be boss?' he asked. 'You are,' I said. And he was."

Couldn't See It

A village doctor whose most troublesome patient was an elderly woman, practically on the free list, received a sound rating from her one day for not coming when summoned the night before.

"You can go to see your other patients at night," said she, "why can't you come when I send for you? Ain't my money as good as other people's?"

"I don't know, madam," was the reply. "I never saw any of it."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Shelves and woodwork, where insects are found, should be washed with a weak solution of carbolic acid. Care should be taken to neglect no cracks or joinings. Shake all clothing thoroughly and saturate with naphtha. Furniture that has become infested should be taken outside, beaten well and naphtha poured over it until the liquid has penetrated every part. Care must be taken to have no fire or artificial light in the room, as naphtha is very inflammable.

NOTICE OF EXECUTOR'S SALE

In the district court of Lancaster County, Nebraska. In the mat' r of the estate of Peter S. Schamp, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a license of Hon. Lincoln Frost, Judge of the District Court of Lancaster County, Nebraska, made and issued on the 28th day of November A. D., 1906, for the sale of the real estate described as north eighty-two feet of lots one (1), two (2) and three (3), and all of lot four (4) in block four (4) of the village of Malcolm, Lancaster County, Nebraska, the undersigned, executor of the will of Peter S. Schamp will sell at the east door of the court house in Lincoln, Lancaster County, Nebraska, on the 14th day of January, 1907, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day at public vendue the real estate above described, such sale to be on the following terms, the highest bidder for cash, subject to all liens and incumbrances.

Said sale will remain open for one hour.

Dated December 19, 1906.

ASA P. SCHAMP, Executor of the will of Peter Schamp, deceased.

... work on the cause of the dia... today. The cause of the explosion... such a mystery as ever.