

POYNTER IS GIVEN A RECEPTION.

His Neighbors, Regardless of Politics, Testify to His Moral Worth and Ability.

No Candidate Ever Received a More Hearty and Cordial Greeting at His Coming Than Did the Fusion Candidate For Governor.

The people of Albion and vicinity put on their good clothes Saturday and turned out in numbers to fill our large court room, until all seats were taken and many sat in the windows and stood around the sides. The occasion was one of peculiar rejoicing to Boone county people. It is not the most common thing in the world for a county to elect a new governor, but this time Boone county has the distinction to furnish that man in the person of Hon. W. A. Poynter.

It was truly a season of good fellowship and rejoicing. Old neighbors and friends, regardless of political faith, turned out to congratulate him on his success and to rejoice over the distinction he has brought to Boone county. All politics were laid aside for the time and the thought of citizenship, neighborhood, friendship and Boone county's honor reigned supreme. The band played together hurriedly and enlivened the occasion, just before the meeting, by playing a few pieces. M. B. Thompson, president of the Albion National bank, presided with pleasant dignity over the meeting. Attorney C. E. Spear testified from the standpoint of the county by Hon. Loran Clark, when he was the nominee for state treasurer. Also of Hon. John Peters when he outgrew the state and got a presidential commission to collect internal revenue.

And now, lastly, as the longest pole knocks, so Mr. Poynter's success brings honor to Boone county by bringing home the highest nomination in the gift of the people of the state.

Mr. Poynter was then called out and, amid a round of hearty applause, came forth to meet his old neighbors and friends and acknowledged his appreciation of their hearty good wishes in a demonstration. "I am not so vain," he said, "as to imagine for a moment that this demonstration is of any political significance. I see in it simply neighborly consideration and friendship; citizen with citizen, friend with friend, rejoicing in the success of a fellow citizen. He then recounted briefly the history of Boone county during the last twenty years, showing how by mutual effort she had been placed in the front rank among the counties in the great state of Nebraska. The fact of furnishing the nominee for governor for three consecutive years, he did not think would detract materially from her glory.

At the conclusion all with one accord pressed forward to congratulate Mr. Poynter and his good wife on their honorable distinction. Many were heard to say they claimed some of the glory by being a part of Boone county. Thus the demonstration closed, with the best of neighborly good feeling prevailing.

MR. SPEAR'S ADDRESS.

MR. PRESIDENT, Ladies and Gentlemen: In common with the progressive citizens and citizens who are proud of Boone county, we can but feel gratified that at the spirited political contest held at our state capital this week our county received proper recognition. When we consider that the honor conferred upon us and the honor of our citizens, is one of the highest in the gift of any political party in the state, and was one that was sought after, solicited and demanded by eager aspirants from all quarters of our commonwealth to come to us with greater pride and gratification. It should not be forgotten, and it will not, upon this occasion, that the honor, reputation and stability of any county or community are only the reflection of the honor, reputation and stability of its citizens. So, while we say that we are gratified that Boone county has received proper recognition, we mean we are gratified that proper recognition has been accorded to one of her honored citizens. While we meet here this afternoon, in a social gathering stripped of all political significance, we welcome back to our midst he who returns with fresh laurels for himself, and fresh honors for the county. We congratulate him on the success he has achieved, on the distinction he has secured for the county, and for the high esteem that has been placed upon him by the representative men of his party. While we feel grateful to that convention which has named one of our number as their chief standard bearer, for the campaign of 1908, we assure them, in doing so, they have but bestowed honor where honor belongs.

DR. BARNES' ADDRESS.

Brother Poynter, when one day this week our citizens received their mail at the postoffice and learned that the delegates of two parties assembled in state convention had honored you by making you their preferred candidate for the highest office in the gift of the people of this glorious state, they were pleased. When the third party constituting the trio of parties called the fusion party of Nebraska also selected you, we all felt that a great honor had been conferred not only upon you, but on us by the selection of one of our number for the honorable position of candidate for governor of Nebraska. In addressing you as "brother," I do so because we are all brethren of the great family known as the "common people." We are common people because we are all laborers, whether on farms, as mechanics, as tradesmen or in the professions, we welcome back to our midst he who returns with fresh laurels for himself, and fresh honors for the county. We congratulate him on the success he has achieved, on the distinction he has secured for the county, and for the high esteem that has been placed upon him by the representative men of his party. While we feel grateful to that convention which has named one of our number as their chief standard bearer, for the campaign of 1908, we assure them, in doing so, they have but bestowed honor where honor belongs.

Looking at the matter in this way, it seems proper that we should meet here today for congratulations. Not as Democrats, not as Republicans, not as Populists, but as friends who rejoice that one of our respected associates has been honored. While we congratulate you and congratulate ourselves, let us congratulate ourselves also that we live in a country where the will of the people is supreme and that it is not only possible, but probable, that our rulers will be chosen from the class of people who labor, and the silver-tongued senator from Omaha to stand shoulder to shoulder contending for the cause of human liberty and espousing the cause of the oppressed Cubans; that which mingling the stirring strains of Yankee Doodle

and Dixie and sends the marching columns of the white and the gray to the front at the country's call. We are first Americans, the Nebraska Americans, and finally Boone county Nebraska Americans.

Twenty years! Neighbors that is a long time and what wonderful changes they have wrought. Where twenty years ago the broad plains stretched away as far as the eye could reach, with scarcely a tree in view, beautified only by the nodding prairie flowers, now wave the limitless corn fields, and the shocks of ripened grain stand a silent witness to a bounteous harvest. Green groves and arches beautify the landscape while neat cottages and substantial farm buildings attest the industry and success of our people. The struggling little village with scarcely a dozen houses has given place to the thriving city which the pioneer days. To many of these still engaged in the business we are indebted for our material advancement.

When I came here I found a young physician whose patients were few and widely scattered. In all these years his tender sympathy has endeared him to our people and today the name of Dr. Lewis is a household word in hundreds of homes. Father Time has freely used his silver pencil on him, but Boone county citizens trust he may have many more years of usefulness yet in store for him. In those early days came to our midst a fair haired man, who may say with a soul full of music and a heart full of hope, and cast his lot and his printing outfit with you. Today the News printing house testifies his success. Another paper was here when the News was founded. Its many fortunes have been in many hands. I remember Abe Smith became a great family and religious and agricultural journal under the management of our versatile Dr. Barnes. The good Doctor, however, has repented—eschewed pills, politics and papers and today resides in the quietude of his home. I remember Abe Smith was a heavy freight conductor when N. C. Kilborn ran the mail and express. The motive power of their respective trains was the festive broncho and their own energy and push furnished the necessary motive power. Today twelve daily trains on those lines of road haul our people and attend to the transportation of the traffic of our county.

Our first court house was certainly conducive to honesty in the management of the county affairs, the officials being arranged in a circle, each other all in one room. Here in this corner sat good Father Bolman, who so many years ago received for the taxes. There our present postmaster, John Peters, kept the records of the county. Over the building in which we meet today—Boone county's court house, of which we are all so proud. The prominence of our county has been reached by the splendid support our people have always given to the agricultural society. Year ago Billy Mears, whose language was always forceful if not exactly eloquent, with sundry embellishments, declared Boone county must have an agricultural society. He called the people to meet for its formation. He met with liberal response. The society was organized without a dollar or a foot of land, founded upon unlimited faith in the patriotism of Boone county citizens. That faith was not misplaced. Our people have ever given the society most loyal support, and through its efforts the great Trans-Mississippi exposition at Omaha. The advancement in our dairy interests has been phenomenal. Prizes to three of our creameries attest the superiority of our dairy product.

Boone county has a great future in store for her; a united people can accomplish much. The same union of effort in the future as displayed by our people in the past will insure success. No brighter skies or fairer landscape, no more loyal people exist anywhere than in this our home. The great future may have in store for me, allow me to assure you nothing will be more highly prized than the memory of this kindly greeting by you, my friends and neighbors.

On hearing the news of Hon. W. A. Poynter's nomination for governor of Nebraska, there seemed to rise up spontaneously a sentiment among the citizens, regardless of politics, that we ought to meet Mr. Poynter and show our appreciation of the honor he has brought to Boone county. The complexity of the committee that organized the meeting will show the sentiment that by nobody necessary. The chairman of the committee, the republican and democratic parties were in H. M. B. Thompson and C. M. Thompson, men who have not the smell of suspicion on their garments as being inducted in the slightest degree with populism, or any other ism but republicanism, were also in it. A. W. Ladd, editor of the Albion News, sat alongside the editor of the Argus. It is needless to remark that, politically, the News and Argus are as bad as the Jews and Samaritans of bible fame—they simply have no truck with each other. But in the matter of common interest, politics were laid aside. To make the matter clear, Senator McGan and Circuit Clerk W. A. Hosford co-laboring with Messrs. Needham and Thompson.

Not one for a moment considers this exhibition of friendship as any index to the vote to be cast in November. It is simply the way the citizens have of showing their appreciation of the services of a citizen, and the respect and neighborly consideration they entertain for him. We will print the speeches of those who participated, so that what we have said may be fully substantiated.

MR. POYNTER'S RESPONSE.

Friends and Neighbors: I wish to most sincerely thank you for this splendid reception, and mark of your esteem for a fellow citizen. As I look into your kindly faces this afternoon my heart is full, not that I would for a moment be so vain as to credit this demonstration wholly to my own personality, but I am more than pleased that my home county and my neighbors recognize the honor done to Boone county. I should feel that I had lived in vain if after nearly twenty years' residence in your midst you could not for a little while forget partisan politics and rejoice together for an honor to our home county. And this rejoicing together is right, too. It is a demonstration of patriotism. Though in less degree, it is the same spirit that marshals armies at the call of the country; the same spirit which causes our big senator from our neighboring state and the silver-tongued senator from Omaha to stand shoulder to shoulder contending for the cause of human liberty and espousing the cause of the oppressed Cubans; that which mingling the stirring strains of Yankee Doodle

REGAIN DAY FOR MEN, TOO

The Mania Among Them Quite as Acute as Among Women.

A great many time-honored jokes about woman's frailties have in recent days become too badly worn to pass current and the signs indicate that the bargain counter mania as a subject for humor will soon drop out of circulation. Probably there are men who will cling to the old bargain counter jokes as pocket pieces. Men are always loath to abandon any of their established theories about women. They find the facts of femininity so puzzling that they hold fast to traditions—which, having been invented by men, are suited to their minds, says the New York Sun.

The fact is that the bargain counter habit is not feminine. It is universal, and the salesmen in the large stores, albeit prejudiced witnesses, are obliged to confess that the mania among men, if not so prevalent, is quite as acute as among women. An advertised sale of light-weight underwear or golf stockings for men will draw a crowd equalled only by the mob around a shirt waist counter; and as men are proverbially impatient and haven't learned, through long experience in department stores, to wait serenely for a condescending recognition from a salesman, the excitement usually runs high around the men's bargain counter.

A woman reporter strolled into a store one day last week in search of an umbrella to replace the last one she lent, but forgot all about the umbrella in her excitement over what seemed to be a football rush in the center aisle. From the center of the bunch came frantic cries of "Cash!" and an alert floor walker stood near, evidently acting as referee. The reporter edged up toward the fray. She didn't feel herself justified in distracting the attention of the referee, so she controlled her curiosity until another floor walker hove in sight. Then she asked breathlessly: "What's the matter?" He looked puzzled. "What are they scrambling for?" The floor walker grinned expansively. "Sale of bicycle trousers marked from \$20 to \$4.99."

The woman gasped. "Do men do that sort of thing?" she asked in a dazed way. The floor walker smiled again. "Bliss you, I should say they did. The women aren't the only ones. The men have been ten deep in front of that counter all day, and I will say it for the women they don't lose their temper the way men do. Maybe it's because they're more used to the scramble. It's kind of a recent thing, this bargain counter business for men, but it isn't because the men don't like it just as well as the women do. It's just because there weren't any bargain counters for them. We advertised a sale of light-weight underwear at very low figures last Friday, and things were so lively that I thought it would be wise for me to vacate and put a policeman in my place. We had to put two men out because they got mad and swore like pirates. Now the women don't do that."

The smile on the floor walker's face suddenly broke bounds and became a laugh. "Funny thing about the sale, though," he chuckled. "We were selling the suits here at 50 cents, and I never thought of buying any. I'm too big to wear any of those cheap duds—can't get them to fit. Well, I went home that night, and my wife says: 'John, I've got a surprise for you.' 'I always feel dubious when she comes at me that way; but I followed her upstairs, and there on the bed were six suits of the identical underwear I'd been wrestling over all day. 'I saw them at Smith's for 65 cents a suit, and they were such a bargain I just thought I oughtn't to miss the chance of getting them for you,' she said. 'It pretty nearly killed her when I told her we were selling them at 50 cents, and that I couldn't wear them at any price; but it won't keep her from buying me the next thing she sees that seems cheap to her. That's one thing men haven't got around to yet—they don't buy bargains for their wives.' 'That's not because they are wise but because they are too careless to think about it,' said the reporter.

"Oh, I don't know; I guess it's because they don't know one flubdub from another. It would be better if women would let these bargains for men alone. Whenever I see a woman shoving up into a crowd like that, and buying men's togery, I always know there's going to be trouble and tears in one family. A woman never does know what a man will like."

Just then a man, with his hat on one side and his necktie festooned along the top of his collar, detached himself from the crowd that was struggling for bicycle trousers. He looked hot and bad tempered, and the way he thumped himself down upon a stool suggested a string of blanks and exclamation points.

"Well, that's enough to drive a man to drink," he groaned to the floor walker. "Do you run this sort of a lunatic asylum right along?" "Only on Fridays."

"Hump! Always heard it was a hoodoo day. My wife let me in for this. She read the paper this morning and said it was the chance of a lifetime if I wanted bicycle trousers, and I was fool enough to take her advice."

Then he pulled himself together and went off grumbling; and if there's anything wrong about those bicycle trousers there's one woman who will wish she had never been born. "The woman tempted me" seems to be an excuse adapted to all emergencies in a man's life, and is as handy at a bargain counter as in paradise.

A NEW JERSEY HERMIT.

Just Discovers That This Country Is at War with Spain.

Hullitt Anderson has just learned that the United States and Spain are at war. He came to Trenton from his hermit's retreat among the Sourland mountains, where he has isolated himself for the last forty years. During that time, Anderson says, he has not read a newspaper nor discussed passing events with any person.

Away back in the fifties he war a staunch republican, and when Buchanan ran for the presidency of the United States he made a vow that if he was elected he would shut himself out from the world until his death. He owned a small tract of land in the Sourland mountains, which traverse the northwest corner of Mercer county, and there he built himself a home, and since that time has taken no further interest in worldly affairs.

He has lived off the product of his garden and the game that he has been able to trap among the hills. He cultivated the land that he owned until it became very rich, and paid great attention to the development of the trees upon it, until it became a sort of rural paradise. About a year ago some wealthy gentlemen came from Trenton and made a proposition to Anderson to purchase his property. They said that, they wanted to make a game preserve of it. He wouldn't sell. He declared that he never wanted to mix with the world again, and if he sold himself out of house and home he would have to seek new quarters and that he didn't want to do that.

OLD HORSE CARS, \$2 EACH.

Great Bargains For People Who Can Use Them.

In one of the side streets near the North river is a curious collection of relics, says the New York Sun. They are for sale, although it is doubtful if the number of buyers who find their way thither is very large. Relics of other kinds are liable to attract purchasers, and they need not be valuable to accomplish that. Two great storehouses in another part of the city cover nearly a block, and are filled with household, hotel, and barroom appliances, ranging from a mantel to a set of beer spigots and a cash register. These places manage to find purchasers for their second-hand wares, and the demand for the woodwork out of the old fashioned hotels down town is enough to bring good prices nearly always. The old fashioned mahogany doors and the mantels are most in demand. But the case is otherwise with the objects stored in the west side lumber yard. They find few purchasers, and the prices for them are low.

The four fences of this plot inclose a collection of street cars which have ceased their labors and have been retired. They have been gathered from nearly every street car line that formerly existed in the city, and one can read in their inscriptions the history of a period in this city which seems remote enough today, although measured by years it is comparatively recent. There are even specimens of the despised bobtail genus among these derelicts which are ending long and honorable careers in an oblivion so complete that persons can scarcely be persuaded to buy them at any price. The price which they have reached is the humiliatingly low one of \$2. For the price of forty rides one can become the owner of a street car in fair preservation.

"It's hard to get rid of them in any way," said the man who watches them, "and the price gets less the longer they stay here. Practically the only persons who ever do buy them are farmers. They want them for use on their farms. One man who raised chickens took three of them, and said they made better chicken houses than any that could be built for the purpose. They are also bought for outhouses in which to store crops temporarily, some of them were sent down south to be used as cabins for negroes, but the cost of carriage makes that use rare. Plenty of southern towns have cars of their own for sale and they are to be had just as cheap. There used to be a time when other cities bought the street cars that had been discarded in New York. But this city turned out to be one of the last that adopted the cable and trolley systems. Other towns had sold all of their old cars before New York was ready to. So the country was full of them when New York began to put hers on the market."

"One man came here last summer and said he wanted to buy one of the cars for a house boat. He said that some of his friends would come to get more of them for the same purpose if his was a success. I guess it was not, as he never came back. Some of the cars have been sent to railroads and used as stations, where alterations are being made. But most of them are lying about here today in just the place they were put in when they arrived first."

Some of these cars have long been absent from the streets and bear the names of streets through which no cars run today. Others bear evidences of the gradual decline through which they passed before reaching their final harbor. But completely obliterated is the name of a fashionable street. Painted faintly over this are the names of streets of a different character. Both inscriptions are fading out under the stress of weather. Towering among the cars is one old fashioned stage that seems to stand guard over the rest. But they are really in danger from nothing, save the elements.

The pressure in Great Britain in the direction of the adoption of the metric system is increasing daily, and Russia is also agitating the question. In Europe, Asia and America the metric system is used by over 400,000,000 people, and if the Russian empire was added it would bring this number up to 500,000,000. It is probable that before the lapse of many years the metric will be "the universal language of quantity."

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The earth has a shadow, but few ever see it, except in eclipse of the moon, or else few recognize it when they see it. Nevertheless many have noticed that on fine cloudless evenings in summer shortly before sunset a rosy or pink arc on the horizon opposite the sun, with a bluish gray segment under it. As the sun sinks the arc rises until it attains the zenith and even passes it. This is the shadow of the earth.