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NO 46



Bear me in mind when you want a good watch for the least money.
 Bear me in mind when the wife asks for a clock in the home.
 Bear me in mind when you want watch, clock or jewelry repairing.
 Bear me in mind that my experience in this business enables me to sell the very best goods, to do the very best work. I charge for the goods and work only, nothing for the experience.



Graduate of the Chicago Ophthalmic College.

WALL PAPER

Are you thinking about what shade and pattern would look best—the price—and the other Papering Problems?

We've solved a good many let us help you to decide.

We have a lot of Paints and Oils that are worth talking about.

J.S. & J.F. Baisch
 DRUGGISTS.

Through the Sunny South.

Glimpses from a Car Window by G. R. Russom on a Trip from Kansas City to Brownsville, Texas.

Continued from Last Week

Just passed a pumping station with several large oil tanks, but no questions asked. This must be a first class brick country, judging by the color of the soil, wouldn't have to burn them to make them red. Farming here among the trees and stumps. This makes me feel sad when I remember how many times I have had my ribs punched with the plow handles until I would almost lose my breakfast and make such awful wry faces when an old stump root would fly back and whack me on the shins. I can almost see the blue spots yet, and then dear old mother would say, "son, be patient, and don't have evil thoughts." God bless her dear old soul, there never was, and never will be, any one in this world as good to a wayward boy as our dear loving mothers.

We are now passing through another small town. I see from my window a machine baling corn shucks. Something new again. That is a lesson in farm economy, and may be of great benefit to a Nebraska man.

We are now passing one of the silent cities of the dead, telling us that death brings his conquering hand in all nations and climes wherever mankind is found.

"Kate," an other small town. This country here looks much better to me. We will soon be in the great state of Texas, which we have known of, lo, these many years, and have heard so much about, but have never seen. We have just passed the last town before we cross into Texas. Everything looks all right here and moving in good order. Plowing and planting one minute, and into the hills and timber the next.

We have just arrived in Denison, Texas. It is a city of 15,000 inhabitants. A division station with a monthly pay roll of \$40,000. It is a great railroad city with lots of business enterprise. Here we took supper and changed cars. The car, "Cora," the private diner and sleeping car, run by the Allison, Kichey Land Co., was to go a different route from what our ticket called for, as we got our ticket on the same routing the rest of the Custer county fellows did.

As we were pacing the platform, grips in hand, pondering in our mind where we would sleep, L. F. Frary and J. M. Turner, the managers of the diner and sleeping car, "Lura," seeing us in this dilemma, gave us a special invitation to make our home with them and their jolly good natured crowd, of whom we will have much to say in the succeeding pages of this story. This we did instantly and were soon domiciled among the many strangers unknown and unacquainted with any one of them on the car, "Lura." It is 6:30 p. m. and night will soon be here. Everything looks like summer. Trees are green and everything looks fine. This is an old settled country. Soil looks good and wheat looks immense. Corn being planted, the season is two months ahead of Nebraska.

What a great, beautiful sight to see the wild fruit trees of the woods in full bloom. The inspiration is so bewitching I almost wish I was a boy again, roaming the woods, climbing the trees and the many pranks of boyhood life.

Last stop before dark, Whitesborough. A fine town in a fine country. I'm sorry night is here, but we must rest our eyes as well as the body, and take up the sketch of the trip in the morning. This, our first days travel, and this sketch of our trip, has all been caught on the fly, as we have come, and if this part of my story does not interest the reader, I have the pleasant satisfaction to know that I have done the best I could while flying through space at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and this I do know, I have been kept busy, no idle moments

to waste. And, as the evening twilight brings a welcome kiss to greet the close of the dying day, and the silent shades of night fall and hover around me, as I look at the twilights' fading glimmer and see the twinkling orbs of Heavenly beauty kissing away the shadow and gloom of night, 'tis then I lay me down and sleep and dream of home, sweet home. Good night.

March 19, 1908.

After a good nights' sleep and rest, we take up the work of the second day of our trip. Of course at the rate of speed we were going an all night ride we passed over all the northern part of Texas in the night, and this part of Texas we had to sketch on our return trip, and we will give the readers a short chapter at the close of my story.

My first night on the diner and sleeping car, "Lura," was very comfortably spent, considering the rapidity with which this car was hurled through space with that "Katy Flyer" engine, but being of a bashful disposition and unacquainted with the passengers of this car, we were inclined to keep still and listen until we would get our bearings. We soon had the pleasure of knowing that there was with this car a fine lot of the jolliest, and all-around best lot of fellows to be found from any state, unless it would be from Nebraska, and best of all, we had a number of the finest ladies from the old sunflower state, and the chief lady cook, Mrs. S. E. Barringer, was an exceptionally fine lady, and one of the best cooks too, which statement every member of the party will bear testimony. The two lady waiters were also fine, pleasant, accomodating ladies, and were ever ready to assist in the help and comfort of all. Here we first met Mr. S. M. Scott and his estimable family. They were on their way to San Antonio, where their home now is, for the present. And last, but not least, Mr. J. M. Turner and L. W. Frary, superintendent and manager. These two gentlemen are men of the American type, and know how to take care of their people, and if you don't believe this, try one trip with them, and I assure you that you will get value received, and the best all around good time of your life with such a lot of good, jolly people, with those from Custer county, Mr. Hipsley, Mr. Blake-man, and two of Litchfield's good citizens.

How could we be lonesome in such a good natured company, and it did not take your humble servant long to wake up to the fact that there was no respecter of person, and we had all things in common, and every fellow was every other fellows companion and friend, and this union of friendship and good will from all to all, made this trip one of the most delightful ones we ever had anywhere at any time in our lives, and will live in our memory as long as we are permitted to enjoy this God given faculty of memory.

We now wake up in Austin, Texas, the capitol of the great state of Texas. I only caught a few meager glimpses of this beautiful capitol city from my car window, as we passed through on my onward trip, but I will give this beautiful city a brief mention, with a little history, in my closing chapter of this narrative.

It is just delightful to see the beautiful trees and the lovely wild flowers by the roadside. This is another grand picture for the artist to paint. The woods look like a big park everywhere. What a contrast in 24 hours ride. From bleak, brown hills and valleys to the life, vigor and beauty of the woodland with trees of many varieties and miles of sweet smelling wild flowers of various beautiful colors. What an object, and what a picture lesson if we only had the power and the ability to sketch this picture in its wonderful beauty as we see it in its natural state as planted by the hand of Almighty God!

We here see corn up and cultivated, the first time. This looks a little premature to a man from Nebraska, especially in the month of March.

Just passed through a small town its name I can't give. The soil here looks very black and

rich. More corn up and looking fine. Great fields of listed corn. We are nearing another small town. The country here is a little rough, but we are soon out of it into a most beautiful country, looks just like eastern Nebraska. A short stop and I am on the ground in a small patch of wild flowers. Do you wonder why I am so elated over these myriads of beautiful flowers? How could it be otherwise on the 19th day of March, and I from where the flowers bloom not until June. Well, here we go, for the car conductor says all aboard. Well, I didn't take a board, I took a bunch of flowers.

The gong has sounded and breakfast is ready. Four at each table, size 2x4 feet. Little crowded for some of us fat people, but, nevertheless, we get there just the same, stay there just as sure and leave perfectly satisfied, contented and happy. First course, cream of wheat; second course, pork chops, potatoes, toasted bread and butter, tea and coffee. This is enough, haven't time for any more, getting behind now.

Here we are in a fine country, but lots of small houses or shacks. Thought I had seen enough of these in Oklahoma, but, oh my, here are whole villages of them. All they need these houses for, I suppose, is to go in out of the rain.

We are now entering a beautiful valley where fine gardens abound on either side of the railroad for miles. Onions, cabbage and other garden truck by the hundreds of acres. I am told that much of this land has been bought for \$250 per acre. Lots of it is irrigated. I see alfalfa ready to bloom. This makes me think of old Nebraska in June. I tell you it looks good to see alfalfa growing anywhere, and the country that can and does grow alfalfa is alright No. 1, almost No. 2.

We are now in San Marcos, a beautiful city of about 5,000 people. The finest Normal school building I have seen yet. I am

told there is being erected one of the finest Baptist colleges here in the west. We are now leaving this city, and are looking for something better farther on. To the west are shacks, rocks, gravel and moss covered trees in abundance. The scene is fine. The fields are full of workmen with cultivators, planters and all kinds of implements. Some plowing corn, some planting, and this is Texas life. How grand these beautiful trees I now see! How I would like to lie down in the shade of some of them trees and sleep and dream of old Nebraska in the good old summer time! Now into a deep cut but soon out into a fine country. Trees on one side, and fine farms on the other.

Continued on Last Page.

NECESSARY IN THE SPRING

Disinfectants cost little and do much to prevent the many illnesses which owe their origin to germs. Regularly disinfect sinks, basins, drains, toilets, garbage cans, musty cupboards and other suspicious spots around the house.

"Housecleaning Time" should witness the liberal use of a good disinfectant for spring lets loose countless germs which cold weather has kept in subjection. Ed. McComas offers you these

Good Disinfectants

Chloride of Lime, Chloro Naphtholeum, Carbolic Acid, Crude Carbolic Acid, Formaldehyde, Sulphur Candles.

Ed. McComas

Druggist

BROKEN - - BOW

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J. C. BOWEN,

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A Gang Plow with tongue, that we sold before the drop for \$58.50, you can now purchase at \$52.85

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\$57.00 Gang Plow.....	now	\$51.30
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45.00 Climax Lister.....	now	40.50
45.00 Tribell Lister.....	now	40.50
35.00 Corn Planter.....	now	31.50
42.00 Corn Planter.....	now	37.60
15.00 Lister Disc Cultivator.....	now	13.50
17.00 New Western Cultivator.....	now	15.30
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29.00 14x16 Disc Harrow.....	now	26.10
31.00 16x16 Disc Harrow.....	now	27.90
16.50 Three-Section Pipe Harrow.....	now	14.85

I have many other farm tools that I am giving the same discount as on the above, which will make them a great bargain. All of the above discount prices must be spot cash.

G. W. Apple

Broken Bow - - Nebraska.