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NO. 4

WAITING FOR A REPORT



Waiting for the report from you regarding that watch you need. You've thought about it and talked about it. Guess work will no longer do in this day of enterprise and American push. The man who has never carried a reliable time-piece has missed half the joys of life. I know watches from the factory to case. In buying here you get my experience and best judgment—worth something, but costs nothing.



A Seasonable Suggestion . . .

SODA WATER IS ALWAYS "IN SEASON," whether taken Hot or Cold it is a wholesome beverage, unless rendered deleterious to health by being loaded with impure artificial flavorings and glucose syrups.

Cold Soda drawn from Our Artic Fountain, Lacks nothing that could be Desired by the most Sensitive Palate. We use Only pure juices made Direct from fresh fruits And can give any flavor.

Our "Cold Soda" is Always Cold.

J.S. & J.F. Baisch
DRUGGISTS.
The Quality Store

We're Coming Home.

G. R. Russom Saw San Antonio and Graphically Describes it and the Journey Home.

10 P. M., March 25.
Our car ride from Victoria to San Antonio, Texas, on the return trip has been pleasantly spent with our traveling associates, for this has been about the only daytime we have had on this trip that we could call our own in social visit and not be completely absorbed in taking glimpses and gathering sketches for our little story. And we surely have enjoyed this little rest and tried to do our part in making the homecoming of our trip to San Antonio both agreeable and pleasant to one and all. As we look out of our car window we see the great electric lights glimmering in the distance, telling us we will soon be again in the beautiful city of San Antonio, where we must say farewell to these dear friends—our traveling associates—who have been such agreeable companions in friendly fellowship, that it brings a feeling of sadness to our very being as we realize that the consequences of life are such that perhaps we will never meet again under the canopy of a southern sky, the same little company that we are tonight, and these thoughts come to us:

Some may cross the western mountains,
Some may seek the sunny dell,
Some may lie beside the fountains
E're we shall meet to say farewell.
The kindness we will not forget
From each and all we did receive;
And still, dear friends, I'm glad we met,
But to part so soon makes me grieve.

The whistle has blown and our good, faithful engineer, with his throbbing, pulsating, wonderful piece of mechanism, is now delivering us safely into the shade and shadow of the fine depot of the M. P. R. R., where we had been one week before, and behold, here stands that same lightning Katy Flyer ready and waiting to take the car Lura back to its round trip destination, viz: Parsons, Kansas, in the shortest possible time, and we are compelled hurriedly to say goodbye to these dear friends and the car Lura and grab one satchel to take with us, sending the rest of our treasured mementoes and possessions on with the car in care of Mr. J. M. Turner and Mrs. S. E. Baringer, to be gathered up when we return a few days later. And I must say I never did receive a more warm friendly handshake at parting than I did from these good people I have been telling and talking so much about.

And now I must leave them and go into this large, historical city alone, among strangers, to gather, if possible, some history and items of interest that will give to others and myself in after years, in life's reflective moments, when listening ears will catch some whispering thought from this little message I have written, that will tell to the world that the writer has a broader and deeper and a more profound respect for his fellow man since having made this trip to the lovely southland country, a more abiding reverence and sense of duty and consciousness of a deeper gratitude of love to the great Father of life and Ruler of heaven and earth, for His noble works made visible to us, as seen in the great book of nature. And with solemn meditation and deep reverential awe we lift our thoughts in praise and gratitude to the Great Heavenly Father for having been permitted to behold, in the ripening years of life's journey, some of the magnificent grandeur and wonderful beauty in the mighty realm of the universe and this earthly sanctuary where His created beings are building structures that must stand the test of time and give a clean, untarnished record when the Great Loving Father shall come to make up His jewels for the beautiful home of the soul.

We have said farewell to these good people; have watched the engineer on that mighty engine of the Katy Flyer give the parting signal; seen those monster wheels respond to the magic touch of the skilled hand on the throttle as directed by the great moving power of the brain of this

man; have heard the hissing steam escape when that invisible force was pushing its mighty power against the head of the great propeller—the piston; have seen this train of cars with its load of precious human lives pass on and out of sight, and I now leave this scene that I have been trying to tell, which I never can forget, and make my way to a hotel nearby the M. P. depot that was recommended by Mr. Walter Scott as being a nice place, which we found was true in every respect.

And here we are sitting in the room assigned for us to occupy for the balance of the night or as much longer as we cared too. And in the silence and loneliness of being alone and entirely among strangers in this great city of 93,035 population, do you wonder when I tell you in the silence and solitude of this room I feel just a little homesick for a little peep through the vale of distance to the shining light as reflected from the window of our own home, and view again for a little while the sun-kissed hills of good old Custer county that surrounds our home. But we must be reconciled to this state of affairs as we have made it possible from choice our own selves.

And now we close this day and evening, with its many scenes and events that have been made visible to our eyes and conscious to our mind, placing away in the archives of memory the unwritten thoughts of this day to be called up at will. And others have been placed in symbols of the written language to be read, criticized or commented on by those who care to steal the time from the fleeting moments of life to read this little message of scattering thoughts I have gathered from this trip to the southland.

I now lie down in peaceful slumber, having a consciousness in my soul I am at peace with God and my fellow man, and to each and all, I bid you a loving good night.

March 26, 1908.

The shades of another night have gone forever, and the beautiful sunlight of another day has come kissing away the darkness and gloom of night, giving to this city, with its beautiful plazas, lovely parks, magnificent residences and myriads of sweet scented flowers that carry their odor and sweet fragrance to hovel and mansion alike, and give to a passing stranger the undisputed evidence an assurance of scenes pleasing to the eye, delightful to the mind and uplifting to the soul.

We now take up the work of this day, satisfying our morning appetite in a restaurant on the ground floor of the hotel. We now start for uptown choosing to walk rather than ride in the street car, believing the exercise will be of benefit to us. We stopped, on our way, in a barber shop and gave 15 cents in exchange for a shave, after which we resumed our uptown walk and being alone, having no Katy Flyer with us this time to rush things, we abided our own time and would not suffer to be rushed in the least. And it was not long until we were near the business center of the city walking along tending to our own business as best we knew how. As two gentlemen were passing by we overheard them talking about River Side Park addition and we walked along still listening until the opportune time came, and we then made some inquiry of one of these gentlemen about this River Side Park addition, as we had read something about it in Nebraska before we left home. One gentleman, Mr. D. S. Miller, I soon found out was fully able to give me all the information I needed, as he was a real estate man and was agent for lots in this very addition. He invited me to his office, volunteered his services to take me out and show me the lots in River Side Park addition. And by the kindness and courtesy of Mr. Miller I was most grandly entertained the rest of the day, feasting me at noon with a good dinner. After dinner Mr. Miller rustled a team and buggy and give to us his time the entire afternoon, driving and showing us the city. We visited first some of the old mission churches built in the early part of the 17th century. These old

Continued on last page.

AT THE Broken Bow Chautauqua JULY 25--AUGUST 2



THE ROYAL HUNGARIAN ORCHESTRA

There are eight players, every one an artist who has played in the best cities of this country and Europe. The concerts given by this orchestra will alone be worth the cost of a season ticket.

Seeds is an Irishman, who moved from the city to a farm which at that time had been so run down that it had not been farmed for seven years. He farmed it scientifically and now he sells to the U. S. government the soil at \$1.50 per bushel, and was secured by Uncle Sam to go to Farmers' Institutes and tell how he did it. Then he began to lecture and became famous almost at once. Today he is a national character. While he is one of the funniest men on the platform he is a mighty good and philosophical speaker as well. He is an optimist all over, and the way he drives the frowns from weary faces is worth the price of a season ticket to this Chautauqua.



Season Tickets, if purchased now ONLY TWO DOLLARS

THE HOUSE OF LEADERS.

- Vigor Breakfast Food, 10c package for05
- Blue Belle Pears, nicer than fresh ones15
- Fancy Evaporated Peaches, worth 20c15
- Buffalo Chop, special Jap Tea, worth 50c 1/2 lb.35
- 1/2 lb. can Fine Cut Tobacco, worth 25c15
- Eldorado Caster Machine Oil, per gallon40
- Dandelion Killer, guaranteed50
- Pure Olive Oil, per bottle, 65c and35
- Liquid Smoke for Meats—its great—per bottle75
- Peanut Butter, fine for sandwiches, 25c and15
- Pure New York Maple Sugar, 1908 make, per lb.20

Electric Wall Paper Cleaner, makes your walls look as good as new. Costs about 25 cents a room. Try it.
Lipton Teas and Chase & Sanborn Teas and Coffees.

J. C. BOWEN,

Pure Healthy Food Products.

PHONE No. 5. NORTH SIDE, BROKEN BOW, NEBR.

TRADE MARK
Pure Old Cider Vinegar

THE SCIENTIFIC

Hydraulic Tire Setter

At Dorris' Blacksmith Shop.

Will set your buggy or wagon tires just right, the dish being regulated by The Scientific Steel Cone Dish. Come in and see the machine.

S. M. DORRIS, Blacksmith.
Southeast of the square.



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10 per cent DISCOUNT ON ALL Farm Machinery

Just stop and consider what this means to you.

For Instance

A

- \$42.00 Swede 2-row Cultivator price cut to 37.50
- 15.00 4-shovel Juker Cultivator price cut to 13.50
- 17.00 4-shovel No Name Cultivator price cut to 15.30
- 18.00 4-shovel New Western Cultivator price cut to 16.20
- 29.00 4-shovel Pivotal Dandy Cultivator price cut to 26.10
- 29.00 4-shovel Dutch Uncle Cultivator price cut to 26.10
- 25.00 14x16 Disc Harrow price cut to 22.50
- 16.50 Three-Section Pipe Harrow price cut to 14.85
- 10.00 14-inch Cricket Breaking Plow price cut to 9.00
- 13.00 16-inch Kansas Breaking Plow price cut to 11.70
- 14.00 18-inch Kansas Breaking Plow price cut to 12.60

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.

We Carry in Stock

Deering Mowers, Deering Swing Stacker, Deering, Jr. Overshoot Stacker, Deering 4 wheel Push Sweep, Deering 3 wheel Pull Sweep, Deering 2 wheel Pull Sweep.

G. W. Apple

Broken Bow - - - Nebraska.