

THE PURE OLD CIDER VINEGAR FACTS

Approved by Uncle Sam For Purity and Strength

Our PURE OLD CIDER VINEGAR has a reputation of its own. It is made from the apple known as the cider apple, and all apples put into this well known brand of vinegar are thoroughly washed and well sorted. The vinegar is thoroughly sterilized and aged before putting it on the market for consumption. We guarantee every gallon for its purity and its good table and cooking qualities.

Our price per gallon, 40c. In quantities, 38c
Every house wife should have our vinegar.

Fourth of July

Fireworks, fire-crackers, flags, guns, horns, nigger chasers, torpedoes, etc., Low prices, good goods.

In making ice cream you want pure extracts—buy them from us—
all flavors. Quality-guaranteed pure.

Axle Grease Machine Oils
Separator Oils.
5 Gallons of gasoline for 90 cents.

J. C. BOWEN

Pure Food Center. Phone 5 North Side
Trade—PURE OLD CIDER VINEGAR—Mark

THE THIRD ROUND

BY CAROLINE LOCKHART

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It was not quite time for Moxie Shoeshine to struggle with the other boys in the basement delivery-room of the Gazette building for his bundle of afternoon papers, so he sat on the curb and watched the girl who was taking stock quotations from the ticker in the composing-room, the window being open. He hoped she might again nod smilingly at him, in which event, possibly, he might get up courage to ask her.

"She ain't goin' to come, though," he thought, despondently.

So he got up slowly and was one of the last to get his papers, which was not Moxie's habit. As usual, it was late at night when he crept into the dirty court where he lived rather peaceably just now, his mother having been somewhat subdued by a recent term in the House of Correction his sister being "up" as an "habitual," and his brothers and sisters having come under the fostering care of "The Cruelty."

He crept out cautiously at an early morning hour that he might spend the more time sitting on the curb and watching the Girl, who in smiling at him had fed a hungry little heart without realizing her bounty.

That morning he was again impressed with the whiteness of her collar, the beauty of her eyes, and the glory of her hair, his intimate knowledge of hair and eyes and gowns being gathered from the incessant red of his mother's eyes, her matted hair, and her greasy Mother Hubbard. But he resolutely refrained from thinking of his mother when he was near this girl, lest it be sacrilegious to the Girl. He frankly hated his mother and wished she was dead.



"I'm Goin' to Put on De Mits wid Greeny Ike."

When he looked at the Girl, Moxie realized vaguely that he, himself, was not quite worthy to gaze at her. He knew that he swore, lied, stole, smoked cigarettes, and got drunk readily enough when the chance offered; and he admitted to himself that these things could not be easily excused in a boy who was fully eleven years old.

This morning the Girl, looking idly out the window, saw once more a sandy-haired, ugly little gamin, with the face of an old man, and she smiled frankly at him, not realizing how much it meant to him, but being just happy herself. At that Moxie came across the street and called up to her through the open window:

"Say, dey's goin' to be a good scrap down in de basement when us fellers go fer papes dis mornin'," he said, earnestly. "I'm goin' to put on de mits wid Greeny Ike, and fight him tree rounds fer de eighty-pound championship. We pulls off de fight at ten, before de first edition is out. Would youse like to come down and see de scrap? De under feller's bigger'n me, but maybe I kin lick him."

"All right," the Girl called back, laughingly, "I'll come down."

The ring was roped off by tying stout packing-cord from post to post, and Moxie was already in his corner when the Girl came in, to be given a seat of honor by the young man who wrote the bulletins. Moxie was promptly seized with stage-fright at the sight of her so near him. Greeny Ike in the other corner looked as big as a house, but Moxie walked bravely over to shake hands with him at the order of the referee. He backed into his corner again, not daring to turn around for fear he might catch her eye.

"Time!" yelled the referee.

Moxie desperately shot out his thin arm and landed a smart blow on Greeny's eye. There was no particular science about it, Greeny valiantly accepting the blow so as not to delay getting in a smash himself. The crowd yelled impartially as the blows fell.

"Punch him, Greeny!" yelled a partisan.

"Swing your right, Moxie!" advised a Moxie supporter.

"Jolt him in the jaw!" suggested another eagerly.

Moxie ducked and danced, feinted and led, but his opponent did all these harder. When time was called at the end of the three minutes, Moxie

felt he had made a very bad showing indeed before her eyes, and his spirits fell. The second round was worse, Moxie being punished unmercifully. "Ah, ye'r no good, Moxie," said the crowd frankly. "Put him out, Greeny!" All thumbs were down. Panting and grasping, Moxie sought his corner, to find that his seconds had deserted him, their loyalty being borne down by the weight of adverse public opinion.

"Third round! Time!" yelled the referee.

Moxie walked slowly from his corner, and Greeny promptly knocked him down. The crowd yelled in derision. Slowly he got to his feet. For the first time he glanced towards the Girl. She was standing by her chair, now, and her eyes were blazing with excitement. As she caught Moxie's despairing glance she called to him.

"Don't let him beat you, Moxie!" she cried in a shrill voice, very feminine amid the shouts of the crowd.

What happened to Moxie can only be guessed at, but all know just what happened to Greeny. Moxie became a tiger whelp in an instant. He sprang at Greeny and smothered him with blows that came too hard and with too great a recklessness to be either parried or returned. Moxie's face was white to the lips, and his eyes had the glint of steel. Greeny fought back in desperate astonishment, but Moxie never felt any blows when they did land. Yell after yell went up from the frenzied crowd around the ropes. A sudden panic came over Greeny. Bewildered, helpless to stop this sudden, mad rage of an opponent he had counted beaten, blinded by the ceaseless blows, he threw his arms over his face, turned, and ran to his corner, the referee following hastily to pull Moxie off from him. The referee led Moxie to the middle of the ring.

"De eighty-pound champion, gents," said the referee, waving his hand at Moxie.

Everybody howled and cheered, but Moxie heard, loudest of all to him, a glad little "Hurrah!" from the place where the Girl had sat. Moxie pushed his way in that direction through the boys that swarmed around him, pulling off his gloves as he went. She was standing there yet, holding out a soft white hand.

"First edition, boys!" called the delivery clerk, but Moxie went by himself to the seclusion of a packing-box, that he might realize fully how happy he was.

STILLING WATERS WITH OIL.

Not Poured from Barrel into Ocean as Supposed, But Placed in Bags at Ship's Sides.

When the captain of a wave-beaten ship pours oil upon the waters he does not empty a barrel of kerosene over the side. He stiches up three or four cotton bags, which he fills with oakum and then with oil, usually equal parts of fish oil and kerosene. The bags are then tied tightly at the tops and pricked all over with a sail needle to permit the oil to exude, and are hung from the boat davits and weather chains to drop their mollifying contents on the raging billows. The bags must not be allowed to get empty, but must be refilled every two hours. For six bags ten gallons of oil are used in thirty hours. Sometimes, if it is very cold, the oil congeals and will not run out through the holes fast enough, and the mouth of the bag is then loosened to let it escape in that way. Its effect is magical on a rough sea. A huge comb will rise threateningly to bury the laboring vessel under tons of water, but will strike a patch of oil no larger than a common dining table and subside in an instant into a smooth, round swell, which the ship rides like a cork.

The use of oil is also a valuable aid in wearing ship in a gale and high sea. A few gallons of paint oil over the lee quarter enables the vessel to perform the maneuver in perfect safety without taking a drop of water on board. When a boat ships so much water that it is impossible to get the oil bags slung into position without running the risk of being swept overboard, an ordinary bed sheet saturated with paint oil, tied to a rope and allowed to float, will soon calm the seas sufficiently to permit men to move about the decks safely. Paint oil is agreed to be the best to use, rape-seed oil and porpoise rank next, but kerosene is not satisfactory.

The Secret of Old Age.

A novel method of attaining longevity was practiced by Mrs. Yetta Schulman, who died recently in New York at the advanced age of 105 years. Mrs. Schulman paid no particular attention to points of diet, exercise, sleep, etc., which usually figure largely in rules laid down for those growing old. She believed that the lives of aged persons could be prolonged if they associated constantly, or nearly so, with young people; and she apparently verified her theory, for she spent the greater part of her time in company with children, even taking part in their sports with lively interest.—Leslie's Weekly.

Woman in Important Position.

Miss Edna L. Foley has just resigned her place in the Boston consumptive hospital to become the head of the Chicago tuberculosis institute. She is a graduate of Smith college, class of 1901. The Chicago institute has seven dispensaries in different parts of the city and employs nine trained nurses to assist in treating the patients. Miss Foley will have the entire charge of the dispensaries and nurses.

Only an ad-reader can wisely manage

HOUSEHOLD FINANCES

The Ads make "management" of "money matters" in the home POSSIBLE. The wife who always studies the ads is working in business partnership with the husband—who, supposedly, has to "know things" in order to EARN the money. On her part, the wife comes to know values, and prices, and where and when and how to buy—and such knowledge, such education comes chiefly through reading and answering ads.

"Household prosperity" is assured if the wife makes ad-reading a part of her daily routine.

MILLER & KENNEDY
General Hardware

If you want the best in the hardware line that money can buy, we can fix you out.

We give you good goods and guaranteed you lowest prices.

MILLER & KENNEDY
General HardwareThe City Livery
And Feed Barn

Feeds your horses no poor grain and will supply you with good

Horses and Rigs

at reasonable prices.
Come and see me.

W. A. Tooley

NOTICE.

We have purchased Con Cannon's restaurant and will be pleased to meet all old customers and many new ones.

Gleim & Noble

When you think of buying a watch, think of Saunders' drug store, jewelry department.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF CUSTER COUNTY, NEBRASKA.

Albert G. Moyer, Plaintiff,

vs. James W. Maxson et al, Defendants.

To James W. Maxson, Martha A. Maxson,

Francis J. Wilcox, The Standard Printing Co., The Hamilton Loan & Trust Co., W. F. R. Mills, Receiver, William Clark and the Union Trust Co., of New York,

trustees non-resident defendants:

You and each of you will take notice that on the 23d day of July, 1909, Albert G. Moyer, the plaintiff above named, filed his petition in the district court of Custer County, Nebraska, against you and each of you the object and prayer of which said petition are:

To quiet the title in the said plaintiff to the southeast (se $\frac{1}{4}$) quarter of section twenty-six (26) in township sixteen (16) range twenty-five (25) in Custer County, Nebraska, as against a certain mortgage securing the payment of \$105.00, which mortgage is dated October 10th, 1887, and appears of record in book 16 of mortgage of page 122 of the Mortgage Records of Custer County, Nebraska, for the reason that said mortgage has become barred by the statutes of limitation and is not a lien upon said land; and also to quiet the title to said land as against any right, title or interest that you or any of you may have in and to said real estate for the reason that said plaintiff and his grantors have been in the open, notorious, exclusive and adverse possession of said land, claiming title and ownership thereto as against you and each and all of you and all persons for more than ten years past.

You and each of you are required to answer said petition on or before Monday the 30th day of August, 1909.

JULY 1909. ALBERT G. MOYER,

J-22-A-12 41

Real Estate Transfers.

A B Wood to A Isaacson, 160 acres in 3 14

25.....\$5000 00

W E Smith et al to J J Kelley, 39 and 80-100

acres in 1 14 17..... 350 00

John Matz to W J Williams, 11 acres in 31 14

21.....4000 00

Francis Calton widower to W E Rama, 160 acres in 21 15 19.....1000 00

B C Empfield to C L Barrett, 160 acres in 22 19

24.....1200 00

J H May to Geo Howell, lts 13 14 15 16 17 and 18 in blk 48 rr add to Callaway.....4000 00

J Schmidt to J M Sennett, 160 acres in 8 14 17.....4000 00

A C Dickey to W E Forrest, 160 acres in 1 19

20.....1300 00

D F Mortimore to A Swanson, 31 93-100 acres in 4 20 20..... 400 00

J M Fodge to Eliza Duby, parcel in blk 27

J P Gandy's add B B. 20 00

Laura E Lundy and husband to Village of Sargent, parcel in 3 19 18

S A Robinson to W C Pierce, lts 13 and 14 in blk 8 in Ocnnto.....1200 00

W A George to Ethel H Mauler, lt 2 in blk 2 Lincoln's add to Ansley.....1500 00

S Fox to Belle Hansbarger, lts 6 and 7 in blk 22 in Oconto..... 80 00

Alpha Morgan to K I Dukes, lt 11 blk 3 J P Gandy's add B B..... 200 00

K I Dukes to E C House, lt 11 in blk 3 J P Gandy's add B B..... 350 00

J L Vallier to Jonas Maline, 160 acres in 8 13

24.....3350 00

E B George to W B Curtis, 160 acres in 7 20 25 500 00

Lavina L Allen and husband to Ivy M Samuelson, lt 4 in blk 4 in Arnold..... 75 00

Eyes tested and glasses fitted.

j-10-tf DR. BARTHOLOMEW.

TYPE THAT HAS PASSED AWAY.

Country Schoolmaster of the Early Days of America.

Apropos of the country schoolmaster of the early days of America, an old manuscript in the New Jersey Historical society contains the following characteristic anecdote:

"A traveling person coming into a country neighborhood where was a vacant schoolhouse offered himself as a teacher. The neighbors convened to examine into his abilities. He was asked what branches he could teach. 'Almost any,' was the answer. He could instruct children how to read without first learning to spell, to write without first making marks, and it was indifferent to him in what rule they first commenced arithmetic. 'Are you acquainted with mathematics, sir?' was the next question. Supposing some great literary character was meant, the fellow assumed an air of great importance and quickly replied: 'Matthew Mattocks, sir? No, sir, I am not acquainted with Matthew, but I know his brother, Tom, very well!'"

Secret of Elaborate Wardrobes.

"You've heard of the little boy that had to stay in bed when his brother had to wear their one dress-up suit of clothes," remarked an exclusive dressmaker. "Well, that plan of trading clothes isn't confined just to little boys or to people in poor circumstances. I know of three sisters out in the East End who have all kinds of money and whose wardrobes are interchangeable.

"The only objection to their plan is that some of their neighbors have been observant enough to notice their exchanges.

"Aside from these sisters I know a number of prominent Cleveland women who think nothing of borrowing a gown apiece from three or four of their friends when they are going away on a visit of a week or two."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Where Woman Excels.

"Woman's sense of color is better than man's. Where one in 30 women are slightly color-blind, one in five men are so."

The speaker, a physician, continued his experiments with the tintometer, or testing machine.

"You," he said, "can't tell green from blue, and are therefore defective, sir. But you are not absolutely color-blind. Absolutely color-blind persons are very, very rare. I have met but one. He couldn't tell red from yellow, or yellow from blue.

"Why are men's eyes less reliable than woman's as regards color? Some say it is the tobacco smoke that dulls and weakens them. This may very well be, for I have noticed that non-smokers have a somewhat sharper vision."

Horse with a Speaking Tube.

Perhaps the only horse in the world provided with a "speaking" tube direct from its stall to its owner's living apartments is Birthday, a hunter, owned by Mrs. Walter Wadham-Petre, of London. Hearing it neigh at night, she concluded to have an arrangement constructed so that she could speak to it from her rooms. "Now," said she to a visitor recently, lifting up a trapdoor six inches square, which was hidden beneath a Turkish rug, "when I say, 'Hello, boy!' you will hear Birthday respond with a cheerful whinney." According to a writer in a London paper, no sooner had Mrs. Wadham-Petre spoken than the horse set up a series of whinnies.