

ica" come together as one mighty throng on the days set apart and recognized by the States and Nation as Memorial and Decoration days, to celebrate and commemorate with due respect and Holy Reverence our nation's sacred dead, and pay a tribute of respect and loving devotion to the dear old Soldier Boys who are still with us, having not yet heard the summons to cross the river and answer the last roll call.

We, as a free and happy people, can never repay fully by word, act, deed, or otherwise the great debt we owe these grand old soldiers for the great and manifold blessings we, as a free people and a Christian Nation, now enjoy, by their noble sacrifices, their struggling hardships, and their deeds of valor and unflinching bravery, made manifest a thousand times on a field of battle, in forced marches, in all kinds of weather, the scorching heat and biting cold, distressed with pinching hunger and parching thirst, but ever loyal to the grand old flag, never allowing its sacred folds to kiss the dust of earth nor its flagstaff to cumber the ground, though many, many times bruised and broken by shot and shell, and the Stars and Stripes pierced and torn by the deadly shots from the enemies' guns.

The many brave Color Bearers fell in its defence in the din and roar of battle. Others, no less brave, would rush to the rescue and carry safely through the smoke of battle and roar of musketry and cannon blast and plant in safely on the crowning hill top to be seen and known as the Conqueror, the protector and perpetuator of the Union of States, of American liberty, and the blessings vouch safe to us as a free and United Republic.

And now after the many long years have come and gone since that glad day when a message sweet was transmitted on the wings of thought and delivered to listening ears, watching eyes, and waiting hearts, telling fathers and mothers, wives and children, brothers and sisters, and last but not least, her whose bright eyes, blushing face and blooming cheeks, had with others patiently waited and trustfully hoped to see on some glad day Him to whom she had promised to be loyal, faithful and true to the end when, after years of waiting, she could welcome his return and some sweet day they could have the happy realization by the sacred ties and bonds of Holy Matrimony, and be made as one in the union of Hearts and lives and feel and know with other anxious hearts of kith and kin the cruel war was over and hearts and lives would again be reunited in thousands of sacred homes of earth.

But how sad to know and how terrible to realize the countless number of noble lives that were blotted out on the field of battle in the twinkling of an eye and their bodies have been lying in unknown and unkept graves to these many years, but in memory not forgotten, no, never! And many thousands of other brave boys gave up their lives in hospitals and in cruel prison pens far away from the sweet influence of a mother's tender caressing and helping hand and her sweet loving and soothing voice, amid heart rending and soul pitying surroundings at the mercy of strangers who many times showed no mercy and suffered no sympathy in strange lands far away from helping hands and loving hearts of the dear old home. But now after nearly a half century has come and gone and is numbered with the great eternity of the past; since the great Civil War had its ending and History now gives to us from the printed page a message of those heart rending years of suffering, bloodshed and death, and will hold in symbols of the written language on the

pages of history the story of that mighty struggle of a divided nation, a divided people, of equal intelligence and equal bravery, the one fighting for the rights of mankind and the preservation of the Union, the other fighting, as many conscientiously believed, for the rights and privileges of the Southern States. These were defeated and their lost cause forever buried. The others were victors and crowned with glory and honor for the saved Union. This will be told on the pages of History. The beginning and the ending of those dark days and years that must and will stand on the pages of American History as a blot and stain upon our American civilization, for the reason that more than a million noble lives were sacrificed on the field of battle, in deadly prison pens, and elsewhere, to emancipate, liberate and make free from the cruel yoke of bondage and slavery a race of human beings that the Great Creator never intended should serve the white man as a beast of burden and be regarded by their oppressors as being no better than the brute creation. But thanks to the brave boys who responded to the nation's call, giving their lives on the Altar of Service to help wipe out forever this great national sin, and by their noble sacrifices, they have given a message to the world of mankind though it was written with blood on the altar of will sacrifice on the many bloody battle fields, that the United States of America is now, henceforth and forevermore will be a nation that will give to its subjects of every race and color all the privileges and rights of a free American Citizen, subject to the laws of our several states and the Constitution of the United States.

How thankful we, as a great Nation, a free and happy people, should be, viewing ourselves by the world's great searchlight of today, when we realize out of the wreck and ruin, the struggles and hardships of the great Civil War of the United States of America has arisen from that turbulent chaotic period of wreckage and death, a higher, a broader, a purer, a deeper, and a more noble civilization that is far reaching in its power and influence for good, recognized by the nations of the earth as a mighty world power for the bettering of the human race, giving to the world and its people the warm hand of friendship and brotherly love, in peaceful Christian co-operation world wide in scope and purpose for all that is great and good for all nations and to all people.

As American citizens sharing in the great blessings and privileges of this, the Twentieth Century, we should not forget to pay homage and give due respect to the grand old soldiers that are now living, also the nation's sacred dead, for the great part they have done in giving to us and our children the rich inheritance of this day and generation.

We are glad to know our memories are awakened and our duties and obligations made manifest at least once each year when we meet on Memorial and Decoration days with hearts made tender when memory calls up and pictures to our vision the life and character of so many of the noble boys with whom we have walked and talked during their earthly journey in life's sweet day, and to the living we offer tender love and kind sympathy and extend to these aged ones, heroes of bygone years, the warm hand of friendship, brotherly love and faithful devotion, giving to these aged veterans the assurance that our hearts warm in loving sympathy toward them.

The writer was permitted to view on October 14, 1908 a remnant of 334 of the old soldier boys of General Lee's army of the Southern Confederacy. As we stood on the streets of Greens-

boro, North Carolina, the place of my childhood home in that far away southland, on that great never to be forgotten occasion, "The Centennial Home Coming" in that beautiful Southern City on that memorable day, "Old Soldiers' Day," and as I viewed that mighty throng of spectators fifty thousand or more viewing the grand parade on that special day with eager eyes and bated breath, from sidewalks, street and alley, from porches, windows and housetops and every conceivable place that eyes could view, hands could signal; or voices respond with enthusiasm and approval of the recognition, respect and devotion the Southern people have for the old soldiers of the South, and as I looked on this wonderful scene in the midst of that mighty throng and beheld these grand old veterans of the South, so few in number compared with other days and other years when the beautiful cemeteries of the lovely Southland did not picture to the eye of the visitor and mourner so many of the swelling mounds as are now thickly dotted here and there in all the cemeteries of the Southland. Viewing this scene from an elevation in front of the large McAdoo Hotel, I will remember in the bygone years of the mighty past a little over forty-four years before this eventful day of which I speak I stood on the streets of this same Southern City, a little boy of ten summers, and looked in the faces of many of these who passed before me on this occasion, though they were then in the strength and vigor of young manhood and on this day as they passed before my eyes I looked on them not as young men but as aged ones, gray of hair, stooped of form, and many, on this occasion, bearing a staff to assist and support their feeble bodies and tottering footsteps as they passed amid that mighty throng of people, and as I viewed them as they passed by two and two marching to the strains of the beautiful music, my soul bowed in reverence and my heart was tenderly touched in loving sympathy for these dear old soldiers of the Southland, the home of my childhood, the place of my boyhood dreams, where in the tender years of life's wonderful beginning I first spoke the sweet and loving word "Mother." Can you, my reader friends, deny me of this great privilege and wonder why I still remember and love my childhood home where I first gathered the beautiful flowers of woodland and dell, and with little hands that knew not the stain of sin, would gather these lovely flowers of many kinds and colors and place into little bouquets of which some must always be the beautiful roses to give sweet fragrance and fine decoration to these little tokens of a boy's love who presented to that dearest and best friend, a loved and a loving mother. No! No! the answer cometh. No one that loves his fellow man will take from the sweet memory of any man or woman any boy or girl if they could, the joy, the satisfaction, the happy recollection that must and will come to each one many, many times during the journey through this eventful life of the happy days of childhood and the sweet memory of our childhood and boyhood home, and of her whom to you and me has been and ever will be our truest and best friend, our own Darling Mothers. I confess and am not ashamed of, I love and respect the grand old veterans of the Civil War, whether they were robed in blue or clad in gray. They were all brave boys, and brothers of our blood, and the world owes them homage respect, tender and loving sympathy, and they should give them a warm welcome to the bosom of our affections for what they have borne of those of their day and generation and this and future generations that follow, and we offer the following poem

—FOR SALE—
For Sites for Homes, two 4 blocks, 6 full blocks well out. A 7-room house, fine brick-up cave, shade and fruit, a beautiful site on a 1/2 block, price \$2500.
A modern 8-room house, nice barn, a carriage house, close in, price right and time on half of it.
Two new 4-room Cottages, cheap, and conveniently located, these are cheap enough for any one.
I want to show you my properties free so come in and let me.
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est, give me a chance, FIRE and TOR-
NADO, Old Line Companies.
Yours for Square Dealing.
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in behalf of what we have written and offer it in memory of the the old soldier boys of the Blue and the Gray.

Dedicated to the Memory of the Blue and the Gray.

The brave boys of the blue and brave boys of the gray,
Only a remnant left of that once mighty throng,
Life's fading sunset has closed its wonderful day
With a melody of love, their sweet evening song.
They are fading and falling like the Autumn leaf
After summer, when frosts have touched the paling blight
The blooming rose, to droop and fade in silent grief,
But whispering love at evening time it shall be light.

Old soldiers of the Blue, old soldiers of the Gray,
Thy faltering footsteps we soon shall hear no more.
The hand of time knocking will soon call thee away
To the grand reunion on life's evergreen shore.
We send thee a message of sympathy and love
And hope in the ripening years that life's evening star
Will guide all in safety to that Sweet Home above
And meet loved ones at the beautiful gates ajar.

Old comrades of the Blue, old comrades of the Gray,
The years are passing by the day is drawing near
When those that love you best will soon be called to say
Farewell at the river when the boatman's voice you hear
But just as long as hearts that love, and tongues can tell,
And flowers grow and bloom and sweet fragrance give,
Thy name and fame in hearts and homes will dwell
Forever and ever as long as those of earth shall live.

Grand veterans of the Blue, grand veterans of the Gray,
Long has been thy labor, but soon will come sweet rest
Look to the golden hilltops in the far away
And see in radiant beauty the home of the blest.
Farewell! farewell! comrades of the Blue and the Gray,
Soon will come a message sweet from the bright beyond,
And in the evening twilight on some sweet day
We shall meet each other there and hear the welcome song.

May 23rd, 1910.
G. R. RUSSOM.

EVER WATCHFUL

A Little Care Will Save Many Broken Bow Readers Future Trouble.

Watch the kidney secretions.
See that they have the amber hue of health;
The discharges not excessive or infrequent;
Contain no "brick-dust like" sediment.

Doan's Kidney Pills will do this for you.
They watch the kidneys and cure them when they're sick.

C. S. Boots, of Broken Bow, Nebr., says: "I have taken Doan's Kidney Pills with success and other members of my family have received great benefit from their use. About three years ago I was troubled by pains in my back and kidneys and in the morning when I got up, I was very lame and sore. Sometimes the kidney secretions passed too frequently, then again there was a distressing retention and the passages were accompanied by a burning sensation. Doan's Kidney Pills acted promptly and thoroughly and they effected has been permanent. My experience with this remedy as well as that of other members of my family leads me to give this public statement."

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Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

An intelligent person can earn \$100 monthly corresponding for newspapers. No canvassing. Send for particulars. Press Syndicate, B4683, Lockport, N. Y. 45-tf

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\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Halls Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Halls Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Sent by mail.
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Take Halls Family Pills for constipation.

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FEED
For Sale. Both Wholesale and Retail. Highest Market Price for All Kinds of Grain
West Elevator
F. J. BAHR, Prop. Phone 62

ESTIMATE OF EXPENSES FOR THE CITY OF BROKEN BOW FOR THE FISCAL YEAR 1910.

Be it resolved that the following estimate of expenses be made by the Mayor and City Council for the City of Broken Bow, Nebraska for the fiscal year of 1910.
For streets and alleys and bridges \$ 3000
For lighting purposes..... 1500
For officers salaries..... 1900
For water-works expenses..... 15000
For general purposes including expense of litigation..... 1800
For payment on city property..... 800
For building purposes..... 15000
For electric lighting..... 2000
Unforeseen expenses, rents, repairs, and such other expense that of necessity may be and should be incurred..... 500
For improvements of public parks..... 1200
For purchase of property both personal and real..... 1000
Dated May 11, 1910.
R. D. PICKETT, Clerk. D. R. ROCKWELL, Mayor.

LEGAL NOTICE.

To George Wilson, defendant:
You will take notice that on the 10th day of May, 1910, Harry Durham, plaintiff herein filed his petition in the district court of Custer County, Nebraska, against said defendant, the object and prayer of which are to quiet the title in plaintiff to the north half of the southeast quarter of section six, and the north half of the south west quarter of section five all in township eighteen north of range seventeen west of the 6th P. M. in Custer County, Nebraska, from a cloud arising by reason of the record of a certain mortgage on said land, said mortgage having been made by Alexander Durham and wife to the said George Wilson, for the sum of \$800.00 dated May 15, 1888, and being recorded in mortgage record 22 at page 278 of the records of the county clerk of said Custer County and not released of record.
You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, the 4th day of July 1910. Dated this 10th day of May, 1910.
HARRY DURHAM, Plaintiff
By T. T. Bell, his Atty.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF CUSTER COUNTY, NEBRASKA.

In the matter of the estate of John B. Mohat, Order to show cause.
This cause came on for hearing upon the petition of Joseph R. Mohat, guardian of the estate of John B. Mohat, an insane person, praying for license to sell the NE 1/4 of section 22, T. 18, N. of R. 20 W. 6th P. M. or a sufficient amount thereof to pay the indebtedness of said estate in the sum of \$500.00 allowed against said estate, and the costs of guardianship of said insane person and this action, there being no personal property to pay said debts and expenses.
It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in said estate appear before me at Broken Bow, in Custer County, Nebraska, at ten o'clock, A. M. on the 6th day of June, 1910, to show cause why a license should not be granted to said guardian to sell the above described real estate of said insane person or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay said debts and expenses of guardianship.
Dated this 30th day of April, 1910.
BRUNO O. HOSTETLER, Judge of the District Court.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF CUSTER COUNTY, NEBRASKA.

In the matter of the estate of George Adams, Deceased, Notice of probate of foreign will.
To all persons interested in said estate take notice: That a petition and duly certified copy of the will of George Adams, deceased, together with the probate proceeding thereon in the Circuit Court of Cook County, in the State of Illinois, has been filed in the County Court of Custer County, Nebraska, by I. A. Benceau, agent, praying that said will be admitted to probate as a foreign will under the laws of the state of Nebraska, and that said cause has been set for hearing before the court at the office of the county judge of Custer County, Nebraska, on the 20th day of May, 1910, at which time all persons interested in said cause may appear and show cause if any why said will may not be admitted to probate as a foreign will of said deceased as prayed for by said petitioner.
In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of the county court of Custer County, Nebraska, at Broken Bow in said county, this 27th day of April, 1910.
[Seal] C. H. HOLCOMB, County Judge.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY REFERENCE.

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of an order of the District Court of Sherman County, Nebraska, duly made and entered on the 12th day of April, 1910, in cause wherein James M. Lowry and Hattie A. Lowry are plaintiffs, and George W. Lowry, Annie S. Nave, an incompetent person, Hattie A. Lowry, guardian of the estate of the said Annie S. Nave, Mary E. Welch, Sidney Welch, Susie M. Lowry, widow of Henry Lewis Lowry, deceased, Earl Lowry and Mae Lowry, minor heirs of Henry Lewis Lowry deceased, Susie M. Lowry, guardian of the estates of the said Earl Lowry and Mae Lowry, Leander Lowry and Annie Lowry are defendants, and which said order of the court directed the undersigned, Robert P. Starr, as sole referee, duly appointed by the court to make partition of the land hereinafter described to sell said premises to the highest bidder for cash in the manner provided by law: now, therefore, pursuant to said order and by virtue of the authority vested in me by law as such referee, I will, on Monday, the 13th day of June, 1910, at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the Nebraska, where the last term of the district court of said Custer County was held, offer for sale and sell to the highest bidder for cash the following described real estate, situate in Custer County Nebraska, to-wit: the south half of the south east quarter of section one of the north half of the north east quarter of section twelve, all in township fifteen north of range seventeen, west of sixth principal meridian.
Given under my hand this second day of May, 1910.
ROBERT P. STARR, Sole Referee.

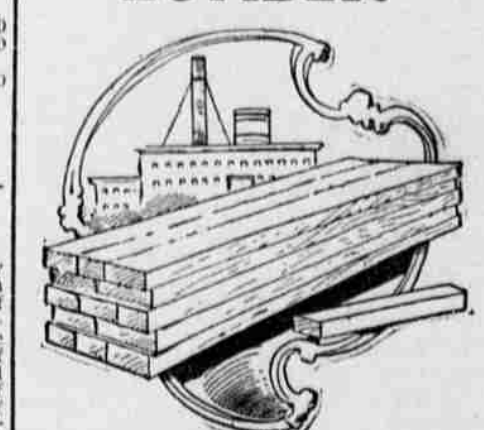
The Custer County Abstract Company books and business for sale.—Willis Cadwell 46-tf

Dr. Bass, dentist, old location, over Souder's drug store.

WANTED 1050 acres of land, broke, in the vicinity of Anselmo —Willis Cadwell, Broken Bow, Nebr. 47-tf

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