

# WITHOUT THE



## BOW (RING)

It is easy to steal or ring watches from the pocket. The thief gets the watch in one hand, the chain in the other and gives a short, quick jerk—the ring slips off the watch stem, and away goes the watch, leaving the victim only the chain.

This idea stopped that little game:

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**Keystone Watch Case Co., PHILADELPHIA.**

# The Human Electrical Forces!

## How They Control the Organs of the Body.

The electrical force of the human body, as the nerve fluid may be termed, is an especially attractive department of science, as it exerts so marked an influence on the health of the organs of the body. Nerve force is produced by the brain and conveyed by means of the nerves to the various organs of the body, thus supplying the latter with the vitality necessary to insure their health. The pneumogastric nerve, as shown here, may be said to be the most important of the entire nerve system, as it supplies the heart, lungs, stomach, bowels, etc., with the nerve force necessary to keep them active and healthy. As will be seen by the cut the long nerve descending from the base of the brain and terminating in the bowels is the pneumogastric, while the numerous little branches supply the heart, lungs and stomach with necessary vitality. When the brain becomes in any way disordered by fatigue or exhaustion, the nerve force which it supplies is lessened, and the organs receiving the diminished supply are consequently weakened.



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Restorative Nervine cures sleeplessness, nervous prostration, dizziness, hysteria, sexual debility, St. Vitus dance, epilepsy, etc. It is free from opiates or dangerous drugs. It is sold on a positive guarantee by all druggists, or sent direct by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5, express prepaid.

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The cures which are being effected by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa., in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuritis, Bronchitis, Rheumatism, and all chronic diseases by their compound Oxygen Treatment is indeed marvelous.

If you are a sufferer from any disease which your physician has failed to cure, write for information about this treatment, and their book of two hundred pages, giving a history of Compound Oxygen, its nature and effects with numerous testimonials from patients, to whom you may refer for still further information, will be promptly sent, without charge.

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# GEMS IN VERSE.

## An Old Maid.

Serene she sits, her knitting in her hand, While round her clusters a childish band, And she weaves romances to suit each mind Of dreadful giants or fairies kind.

Though her hair is gray, her heart is still young And happy always the children among, And the world may pass when she gets a book—She's quite content in her little nook.

But she's ready to work when need comes by, With her eyes on earth, her thoughts on high; Slow with her anger, in sympathy quick To help the weary, wretched or sick.

Has she missed her life, this woman alone? If so, she knows not, utters no moan. She thinks not of missions, of rights or power, But tries with duty to fill each hour.

Her work for others takes a husband's place. Home lies in many a loving face. And for children, whenever shines the sun Her heart goes out to them, every one.

## Consolation.

There's another land and better, We are told, Where the slave shakes off his fetter, And where worth is never debtor Unto gold.

Thither often are we turning, Weary eyes, And our heavy hearts are yearning, Night and day are throbbing, burning, For its skies.

There that foolish superstition, Pride of birth, Finds its sudden demolition, And our being's final mission Is of worth.

There the insolence of power Falls away, And the proudest soul must cower, For the spirit takes no power From the clay.

Common lives have wondrous splendor In that light, For the spirit meek and tender Puts to shame the king's defender Shorn of might.

Natures touched with fires seraphic Shed their care, And on peace girt islands Sapphic, Far from fretful toil and traffic, Dream and dare.

Laws through years of wrong descended There are changed; Customs with injustice blended, Creeds for centuries defended, Rearranged.

Heaven has solace without measure— You and I Should not dream of earthly pleasure, But should think about our treasure In the sky.

## A Battle Royal.

Love challenged me, so I, proud in my strength Of worldly armor, to the battle gave consent. We were to strive until a year's short length Had run—and thus a pleasure new to life was lent.

Love brought his magic arts in play, and I, On the defensive, fought alone, but neither gained.

And so the springtime of the year passed by, While Love still fought undaunted, nor was I enchained.

The summer fled; the leaves burned with frost's flame, I still regarded Love and all his arts with scorn.

Until across my path Neera came, Then feared I that the year too quickly would be gone.

I threw my sword aside, took on Love's chain And sought to win her at whatever cost Of worldly pride, and now my only pain Is this: What world life have been worth if Love had lost?

## Like a Book.

Man is something like a book— Gilt embossed to gaudy look, Bound in calf or bound in cloth, Shod perhaps with some of both.

Named or titled to appear Very grand as well as dear. Such as care for outward show Wear rich garments as they go. But to others little matters Happings loose and cloth in tatters.

Still with men as 'tis with books— Tidy covers help their looks. Much a man is like a book— Glanced at, read, then shelved or shook. What a course! Once throne in state, Now dethroned and out of date; Shabby now what once was grand, Battered, bent and second-hand!

Man and book alike are strange Till within the reader's range; Till are pierced the binding boards, Ne'er are shown the secret hoards; Shown, we take or let alone; Thus it is our choice is known.

Smirched perhaps and all unclean, Pages of the heart are seen; Or perhaps they're clean and pure, Filled with "David's mercies sure." If my heart be like a book— Only print that's pure I'll brook.

## Sound In Silence.

Walking where all the ways seem wondrous still, I suddenly was aware it was not so. The silence was a web of sound, below, Above, that did the earth and heavens fill. The wood-hid thrush, the field sparrow's sliding trill.

The dominant insistence of the crow, The shrill of crickets and the voiceful flow Where curve the river currents down the hill. The wind amid the pines, the faroff call Of boys at play, the hayers at their task, With creaking carts, the lowing cows—they all

Were present, like the face behind the mask. The silence swarmed with noises—nay, was blent With many musics for my solacement.

## Beginnings.

O mighty, mighty river, flowing down so deep and calm, With the mills upon thy fingers and the ships upon thy palm! Tell me why thou never faltest, never growest weak and small, But with ever swelling current bringest down thy wealth to all?

Quickly then the river answered: "Praise the little mountain spring, Ever sparkling, ever gushing, for the precious gifts I bring. Far away among the forests, where the moss lies deep and cool, There the mill hums in a crevice and the ship swims in a pool!"

## When I Am Old.

Grant me, kind fate, when I am full of years, If 'tis decreed that I should here remain To reap the full fruition of life's span, But respite from its fevered hopes and fears, From joys too keen and all too poignant pains, From vain, unstill ambition glad success;

This boon I ask—let life which erst began In lurid turmoil end in tranquil peace. I would not crave to dwell in high estate Nor vie with others here in pomp or show; Contented I will be if I may rest Far, far removed from men renowned and great.

With those I've cherished here below In blessed intercourse of trust and love— Thus would my declining days be blest With foretastes of the love I crave above.

## Endle Pickhardt.

# A TRUE INCIDENT.

The lesson hour was nearly past When I asked of my scholars seven, "Now, tell me each one, please, in turn, 'What sort of a place is heaven?'"

"Oh, meadows, flowers and lovely trees!" Cried poor little North street Kitty. While Dorothy, fresh from country lanes, Was sure 'twas "a great, big city."

Bessy, it seemed had never thought Of the home beyond the river. She simply took each perfect gift And trusted the loving Giver.

Then up spoke Edith, tall and fair; Her voice was clear and ringing And led the Easter anthem choir, "In heaven they're always singing."

To Esther, clad in richest furs, "Twas a place for 'outdoor playing,' But Bridget drew her thin shawl close— For 'warmth and food' she was praying.

The deak bell rang. But one child left— My sober, thoughtful Florry: "Why, heaven just seems to me a place— A place where you're never sorry."

W. B. Allen in Sunday School Times.

# A BURGLARY.

I once knew two industrious mechanics named Pierre and Baptiste. They dwelt in a ramshackle tenement at Sault aux Belouil, where each had a dozen children to support besides their wives, who, it is grievous to relate, were drones. They were only nominally acquainted with that goodly art commonly associated with charwomen.

Pierre and Baptiste were hard workers. They worked far into the night and occasionally the thin mists of dawn had begun to break on the narrow city pavements before their labors would cease. No one could truthfully say that theirs was not a hard earned pillow. Sometimes they did not toil in vain. It depended largely upon the police.

It was early one November that this horny handed pair planned the burglary of a certain safe located in a whole-sale establishment in St. Mark street. On the particular evening that Pierre and Baptiste hit upon for the deed the head bookkeeper had been having a wrangle with his accounts.

"I can't make head or tail of this!" he declared to his employer, the senior member of the firm, "yet I am convinced everything must be right. An error of several hundred dollars has been carried over from each daily footing, but where the error begins or ends I'm blessed if I can find out."

The fact was that the monthly sales had been unusually heavy, and a page of the balance had been mislaid. The head bookkeeper spent upward of an hour in casting up both the entries of himself and his subordinates after the establishment had closed its doors for the day.

Then he went home to supper determined to return and locate the deficit if he didn't get a wink of sleep until morning.

Bookkeepers, it must be borne in mind, have highly sensitive organisms, which are susceptible to the smallest atom reflecting upon their probity or skill. At 8:30 the bookkeeper returned and commenced anew his critical calculations. He worked precisely three hours and a half, at the end of which period he suddenly clasped his hand to his forehead and exclaimed:

"Idiot! Why haven't you looked in the safe for a missing sheet? Ten chances to one they have been improperly numbered!"

He turned over the pages of the balance on his desk, and, sure enough, the usual numerical mark or designation in the upper left hand corner which should follow 11 was missing. Page 13 in all likelihood had slipped into some remote corner of the safe.

The safe was a large one, partially receding into the wall and containing all the papers, documents and several day receipts in cash and drafts of the firm.

The head bookkeeper in his efforts at unearthing the lost page of the cash balance was obliged to intrude his entire person into the safe. Fearful lest the candle he held should attract attention from the street, showing out as it did against the black recesses of the safe, upon entering it he drew the door slightly ajar.

As he stepped in the tail of his coat caught on an angle of the huge riveted lock, the massive gate swung to as if it weighed no more than a pound, and the bookkeeper was a prisoner.

He heard the resonant click—that was all. His candle went out.

The bookkeeper at the outset lost his presence of mind. He fought like a caged animal. He first exerted almost superhuman strength against the four sides of the iron tomb. Then his body collapsed, and not for an instant losing consciousness he found himself sitting in a partially upright position unable to so much as stir a muscle.

It was almost at the same moment, although hours seemed to have passed, that the drum of his ear, now abnormally sensitive, was almost split into fragments. A frightful, monotonous clangor rent the interior of the safe.

The bookkeeper used to observe afterward that a single second's deviation of characteristic thought and he would have gone mad. Stronger minds in a parallel situation would have indeed collapsed. But a weaker man can never confront the inevitable, but clings more stubbornly to hope. They are only weak individuals who in the act of drowning catch at straws.

As the bookkeeper felt himself gradually growing faint for want of air to breathe his revived hope led him to deliberately crash his fist into the wood-work with which the interior of the safe was fitted, in secretaire fashion, one drawer being built above another. This gave him a few additional cubic feet of air.

As may have been conjectured, the noise which smote the bookkeeper's ear was that of a drill. Although acutely discerned within, the sound was practically smothered on the outside of the vault.

At one end of the drill was a cavity, rapidly growing larger, in one of the steel panels. At its other end was a heavy, warty fist, part of the anatomy of Baptiste, the industrious mechanic.

Baptiste held the drill while his comrade, Pierre, pounded it in. Soon the two burglars became aware that some sort of animal commotion was going on within the safe. It nearly drove them into convulsions of astonishment. Baptiste was so startled that he dropped the drill.

"It is a ghost," he said. Baptiste was for throwing up the job uncompromisingly on the spot, but this proposal met with obstacles. His fellow workman, who was of stiffer courage, rejected it with scorn, as savoring too much of the superstitious. Pierre had a large family to support, he argued. He spoke frankly. They could not afford to throw away the opportunities of providence. To his friend and collaborer the burden of his remarks was:

"Lache! Go home! You make me tired wif yer ghosts an' tings. Let's not have no beast foglin'—see? De job is commence. Allons!"

The upshot of this was that Pierre and Baptiste went back to work. At the third crack of the drill Pierre crossed himself and said:

"Baptiste, dere's a man in dat safe!" Both men grew pale as death at the very suggestion. Baptiste, for instance, was so frightened he couldn't utter a syllable. His tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. However, Pierre, as usual, was the first to recover. He applied his ear first to the lock and then to the drill hole.

"Hey, in dere!" he cried, yet not so loud as to be heard on the sidewalk. To this there came a faint response—a very faint shout indeed. It sounded as if it were a mile away:

"For God's sake, give me air! I am locked in here. Try and burst open the safe!"

The two burglars did not stop to talk, but went at once to work as if their own lives depended on the result instead of the life of the mysterious occupant of the vault. In less than four minutes they had a hole somewhat smaller than the business end of a collar button knocked into the panel of the vault.

Then Pierre and Baptiste paused to wipe the sweat from their brows. The man inside breathed.

It was now that the pair began to muse on the demerit. Could this be a member of the firm or an employee? This hypothesis jeopardized the success of the night's adventure unless when they had permitted the prisoner to emerge they bound and gagged him into silence.

On the other hand, this course would have an ugly look. If he resisted, it might mean murder in the end; whereas, if they did not let him out at all, they would stand no chance of profiting by the pecuniary contents of the safe. Besides, as the man could scarcely live thus till morning, they would be responsible for his taking off. Thus reasoned Pierre and Baptiste. These were not comforting reflections, but there was still another and a better in reserve. What if, after all, the man were himself a felon? Might he not be a companion crackerack? In that case they would merely have to divide the spoils.

"Hey, in dere," cried Pierre, suddenly struck with an idea. "What is de combination hof de safe?"

"Fifteen—three—seventy-three!" came back in sepulchral tones.

It was evidently growing harder and harder to draw breath through the tiny aperture.

Thus it transpired that at the expiration of 15 seconds the lock of the vault gave back the same resonant click it had rendered eight minutes previously. Thanks to the timely advent of Pierre and Baptiste, it opened as lightly, as airily and as decisively as it had closed 480 seconds before on the unhappy accountant.

The head bookkeeper gasped once or twice, but without any assistance stepped out into the free air. He was very pale, and his dress was much rent and disordered when his feet touched the floor. But this pallor quickly made way for a red flush at perceiving the two burglars with the implements of their profession strewed around them.

Meanwhile Pierre and Baptiste themselves stood transfixed by the sheer novelty of the situation.

Without any kind of speech or warning or without making any attempt at bravado, the bookkeeper walked deliberately to his desk and rang an electric call for the police. Simultaneously, it seemed, for so rapid and quiet was the action, he opened a drawer, took out a small revolver and covered both burglars with a fatal precision. As he did so he uttered these remarkable words:

"Gentlemen, I would indeed be the basest of men if I did not feel profoundly grateful for the service you have just rendered me. I shall always regard you as any right minded man should regard those who have saved his life with imminent peril to themselves or, which is just the same, to their liberty. Any demand in reason you make of me I shall make an effort to perform. But my duty to my employers I regard as paramount. I have accumulated a little money, and with it I propose to engage the best counsel in your defense, which is certainly marked by mitigating circumstances. If, on the other hand, you are convicted—"

Here the officers of justice entered, having broken open the door with a crash.—Strand Magazine.

## The Action of Fruit on the Teeth.

There is no surer way to destroy the teeth than by the want of brushing or rinsing after eating fruit. In California, where fruit of all kinds is so cheap for 10 months in the year as to be within the reach of almost the poorest, beautiful teeth are rarely found, while it is a very common thing to see even young women with false teeth. Excess in the use of fruit sometimes produces undue acidity of the stomach, which also reacts on the teeth.—Philadelphia Times.

## A New Wire For Telephoning.

A new kind of wire for telephone use, having an aluminium bronze core with a copper bronze envelope, is being experimented with in Germany. It is said to have a low resistance and great tensile strength.—Philadelphia Ledger.

# COMMISSIONER'S PROCEEDINGS.

INDIANOLA, July 3d, 1893. Board met pursuant to adjournment, present Samuel Young and C. J. Ryan, commissioners, and George W. Roper, county clerk. Minutes of previous meeting read and approved. County treasurer directed to transfer the various funds levied for the year 1892, to the same funds for the year 1893.

The following claims audited and allowed: Sidney Dodge, salary Co. Atty. 3 mos. \$200 00 C. F. Babcock, fee State vs. Mundell. 40 25 J. C. Oakley, board E. G. Smith. 8 00 E. H. Banks, board prisoners etc. 75 10 Mathias Stadler, hauling bridge lumber. 17 50 Adjourned to meet July 6th, 1893.

Indianola, July 6th, 1893. Full board present and commenced making semi-annual settlement with George Roper, county clerk. Adjourned to meet July 7, 1893.

Indianola July 7, 1893. Full board present and the following precinct officers appointed to fill vacancy, viz: John S. Modrell, overseer dist. No. 7. V. J. Gathercole, overseer dist. No. 17.

The following claim audited and allowed: W. C. Bullard & Co., bridge lumber. \$242 56 Continued examination of clerk's accounts during the day and adjourned to meet July 8, 1893.

Indianola, July 8, 1893. Full board present, the board having made a careful examination of the accounts of Geo. W. Roper, county clerk, find the following statement to be a true and correct account of all fees received and disbursed by him from January 1st, 1893, to June 30th, 1893, both inclusive, viz:

Total amount of fees received. \$1,806 71 Paid clerks, deputy and assist's salary 1,400 00 Balance on hand. 406 71 Board commenced making semi-annual settlement with W. T. Henton, county treasurer. Board adjourned to meet July 10, 1893.

Indianola, Neb., July 10th and 11th, 1893. Full board present each day, and continued settlement with county treasurer.

Indianola, July 12, 1893. Full board present and the following claims allowed: J. T. Armstrong, cl'th'g for C. McCroskey. \$14 05 C. W. Beck, ju'd's fee State vs. Williams. 3 55 Webster Dowler, constable fee State vs. Williams. 4 50 E. E. DeVoe, justice fee State vs. Cunningham. 7 85 John Reeves, constable fee State vs. Cunningham. 11 10

J. H. Bayston, salary supt. inst. fund etc. 305 95 G. S. Bishop, use room for jury. 6 00 C. W. Beck, postage. 3 40 Drs. Davis & Gage, medical attendance. 138 00 Peter Schultz. 80 00 J. C. Beck, cleaning court room. 1 00 C. W. Lindsay, pubg. com. proceedings. 6 46 W. T. Henton, postage three months. 32 65 George W. Roper, postage 3 months. 22 12 State Journal Co., stationery for county. 25 00 C. W. Barnes, stationery for county. 7 00 William Smith, stationery for county. 17 00 E. J. Mitchell, stationery for county. 1 80 E. M. Rodgers, work on bridges. 2 25 Bert Foote, work on bridges. 1 50 Barnett Lumber Co., bridge material. 125 71 George Younger, work on bridge. 15 00 Charles Bentley, hauling lumber. 3 00

The following claims examined and rejected: P. Peterson, board Donald McViver. 80 00 A. Wenger, house rent Mrs. Best. 24 00 Davis & Jones, mdel. attc. O. A. Brown. 20 00 Davis & Jones, mdel. attc. Mrs. Myer. 12 00 Davis & Jones, mdel. attc. Mrs. Myer. 1 50 B. B. Davis, mdel. attc. Mrs. Mocho. 13 50 B. B. Davis, mdel. attc. Ben Stoddard. 36 00 Resignation of E. E. DeVoe, justice, Lebanon, accepted.

Board made settlement with Charles W. Beck, county judge, and find that he has received in fees from January 1st, 1893, to June 30th, 1893, \$334.45.

Board adjourned to meet July 13, 1893. Indianola, July 13, 1893. Full board present and the following claims allowed:

S. S. Graham, services as commissioner and freight paid. \$41 50 Samuel Young, services as commissioner and freight paid. 76 29 C. J. Ryan, services as commissioner and freight paid. 55 53

Petition of W. H. Gartside, Elba Graves et al, asking for a public road read on and motion rejected. Mr. Young voting in favor of location of road.

The board having made a careful examination of the records and accounts of W. T. Henton, county treasurer, find the following statement to be a true and correct statement of his accounts showing amount on hand at last settlement, amount collected, amount disbursed and the amount on hand July 1st, 1893.

On motion board adjourned to meet August 14th, 1893. S. S. GRAHAM, GEO. W. ROPER, Co. Clerk. CHAIRMAN.

# County Treasurer's Semi-Annual Statement. January 1st to June 30th 1893.

## Tax Collections from January 1 to June 30, 1893, Both Inclusive.

	Balance on hand last Set.	Receipts Since last Settlement.	Total Receipts from all sources	Disbursements from all source	Bal. on hand
State General Fund.	2579.33	4338 12	6917 45	6917 45	
" Sinking "	107.75	292 29	314 04	314 04	
" School "	513.69	863 79	1377 48	1377 48	
" University "	193.33	318 13	511 46	511 46	
" Capital "	6.19	8 66	14 85	14 85	
" Reform school "	12.19	6 35	18 54	18 54	
" Relief "	55.63	102 61	158 24	158 24	
" Insane "	102 82	174 97	277 79	277 72	67
" Ind feeble mind "	64 44	108 34	172 78	172 78	
" Live sk. Indem. "	2 07	2 72	4 79	4 79	
" School land lease "	1418 53	781 52	2200 05	2202 05	
" Principal fund "	811 33	375 00	1186 33	1186 33	
" Interest "	1181 84	1663 67	2845 51	2847 51	
" Premium "	711 60		711 60	711 60	
County General Fund	1920 15	7752 95	9682 10	7154 93	2528 17
" Bridge "	2758 28	3281 70	6141 98	4267 87	1877 11
" Road "	816 30	409 57	1225 87	984 03	241 84
" Bond Inst "	887 74	1631 59	2519 32	275 00	2194 32
" Sinking "	9 36	2 15	7 51		7 51
" School "	0 44	3070 95	3070 99	3047 85	23 14
" Dist school "	5644 48	19883 79	25528 27	17618 81	7829 46
" " " bond "	714 63	7684 69	14787 22	2291 12	12520 60
Dist Road	580 67	1066 60	1587 27	678 75	908 52
Recept road		174 92	174 92	174 92	
Poll receipts		1176 00	1176 00	1176 00	
Soldier's relief	382 22	217 87	630 09	390 00	239 09
Advertising		69 50	69 50		69 50
Interest		802 55	802 55	173 57	718 98
Redemption tax sale	2448 08	6268 96	8655 04	7098 47	1556 57
McCook city tax	882 51	391 86	4984 47	3029 50	1973 97
Indianola "	94 82	443 68	538 50	387 69	151 44
Barley	9 26	158 21	167 47	146 30	21 17
Barley village bond	40 61	491 68	534 32	160 60	374 72
Willow Grove precinct	620 16	2353 29	2973 45	284 15	2689 30
North Valley	1602 22	872 91	2475 13	35 60	2439 53
East "	328 93	125 55	414 48	414 48	
Indianola "	721 15	191 96	1057 11	55 60	1022 67
McCook city special	7 50	46 80	51 30		54 38
Indianola -		132 92	132 92		132 99
	\$35,295.88	\$75,021 51	\$105,815 33	\$95,726.10	\$39,090.74