

THIS IN NEBRASKA

EVENTS OF INTEREST OF MORE OR LESS IMPORTANCE.

Biennial Report of the Deputy of Insurance—Total Receipts and Expenditures From All Sources.

Nebraska Insurance Matters.
LINCOLN—The biennial report by John L. Pierce, insurance deputy, shows that 327 insurance companies are doing business in Nebraska at this time. The total premiums received in Nebraska by all classes of companies in 1904 was \$9,030,559 and in 1905 \$9,866,332. The total losses paid by all classes of companies in 1904 was \$3,808,958 and in 1905 \$4,535,229.

RISKS WRITTEN.

	1904.	1905.
Fire—Nebraska stock companies	\$ 35,490,455	\$ 40,591,717
other states	135,018,368	156,600,352
Mutual companies	44,640,723	57,528,467
Totals	\$215,149,546	\$254,720,536
Life and Accident—Nebraska legal reserve life companies	\$ 6,710,455	\$ 6,453,062
Legal reserve life companies other states	14,951,953	12,540,494
Mutual benefit life assns.	2,093,800	3,621,650
Mutual accident companies	18,301,240	21,670,120
Fraternal beneficiary societies	26,103,695	27,006,300
Totals	\$ 68,161,143	\$ 71,291,626

PREMIUMS RECEIVED.

	1904.	1905.
Fire—Nebraska stock companies	\$ 523,027	\$ 536,426
Stock companies other states	1,824,331	2,069,770
Mutual companies	644,828	782,130
Totals	\$ 2,992,186	\$ 3,388,326
Life and Accident—Nebraska legal reserve life companies	\$ 597,268	\$ 704,988
Legal reserve life companies other states	2,603,164	2,593,393
Mutual benefit life assns.	221,530	285,841
Mutual accident companies	154,709	184,266
Fraternal beneficiary societies	2,078,669	2,251,201
Totals	\$ 5,655,340	\$ 6,019,339
Miscellaneous—Mutual hall and plate glass companies	\$ 52,453	\$ 62,515
Fidelity, casualty and surety companies	329,581	396,202
Totals	\$ 382,034	\$ 458,897
Total premiums received by all companies	\$ 9,030,559	\$ 9,866,332

Railroad Gives Away Elevator.

Mr. Vincent, who represents the Farmers' Grain company on the Omaha Grain exchange, relates the following incident that fell under his observation recently. He was invited to assist in a farmers' jubilee in an Iowa village on the anniversary of the opening of their elevator. Parties were present from Lohrville, Ia., where there is also a railroad junction or crossing of two lines. On the first line of road was located an elevator worth probably \$2,500, and it was the property of the railroad company. The farmers organized a grain company and began looking for a site. Of course the new line wanted the company to build on its property. The old line, realizing that the bulk of the shipments would go over the line patronized by the farmer's company, offered the farmers the above mentioned elevator on its switch. The offer was accepted and the deed made out for a nominal sum. The move was a sagacious one. There will probably be no less than 100 cars of grain shipped each year and the freight will be about \$75 a car, or \$7,500 annually, that the road would have lost if it had permitted the farmers to build on the rival road. That railroad man, he said to have "invested" \$2,500 in "farmers." The income from hauling two cars will pay interest at 6 per cent on the "investment" and the rest of the \$7,500 will contain a large element of "profit."

Mr. Vincent, in speaking of the incident, stated that he desired to call attention to the fact that an elevator is only a storage place for grain till cars can be obtained to ship in, and since the railroads are required to house all loather freight offered, it was his opinion that they should be required to furnish the elevator to assist in handling and loading the grain. He remarked that the proposition appeared reasonable and the only argument against it would seem to be that the other system has been used so long that it has grown familiar.—Journal-Stockman, South Omaha.

Child Burned to Death.

UTICA—Near this city a death resulted from the use of kerosene oil by trying to start a fire. The 6-year-old girl of Will Blazing, living nine miles northwest of the city, started to light a fire in the kitchen stove by placing a candle in the can. As she took the cob out of the can she dropped some oil on her clothing and as soon as she had applied the match it immediately set her clothing on fire. She was fatally burned.

Taken Fatally Ill on Train.

LEXINGTON—A man named O. S. Nolan of Creston, Neb., who was ill with kidney and bladder trouble en route over the Union Pacific railroad for Denver, was taken worse on the train this morning and removed to the Commercial hotel of this city where he died.

Struck Wife While Drunk.

KEARNEY—Dr. Mansford Mott, a veterinary surgeon, was fined \$100 and costs in police court this afternoon for striking his wife.

NEBRASKA BRIEFS.

Farmers' institute will be held at Falls City December 15-19.

Len Collins escaped prosecution on charge of "bootlegging" at Tekamah.

The state will move fish from Gibson's to Cut-Off lake at Nebraska City.

Roy Patterson was thrown from a horse and broke his arm at Plattsmouth.

Gordon M. Moore, brakeman, pleaded guilty to stealing from a car at Sidney.

Fremont Hill of New York is in Norfolk "booming" the Yankton & Gulf railroad.

The initiative and referendum proposition was defeated in special election at Blair.

Falling from a baby buggy, the infant son of M. Rogers of Utica broke his collar bone.

The state board of public lands and buildings let a contract for the renovation of the legislative halls for \$400.

The identity of the supposed suicide at Alliance, has been proven. He was C. Curtis, whose mother lives in Tucson, Ariz.

The county commissioners have called an election in three of the precincts of Polk county to vote bonds for an electric railroad.

The four elevators at Eustis are making extensive preparations to handle the enormous corn crop which will be moving in a few days.

George N. Erickson, a fifteen-year-old boy, broke through the ice while skating on a mill pond at Dannebrog, and was drowned. He was alone at the time.

William S. Noyes, a former railroad man and restaurant and hotel proprietor, well-known throughout the state fell dead in the Bostwick barber shop at Hastings.

Word has been received at Beatrice from Casey, Ia., that J. F. Burns, who formerly conducted a wholesale grocery house in that city, had lost his large general store by fire.

Many acres of beets are still unharvested in the vicinity of Sutherland and the ground in places is frozen too hard to admit of digging. Some of the growers are fearful lest they encounter serious losses as a result.

Ninety per cent of the corn crop of Cumming county is now safely cribbed. The weather for the last month has been highly favorable for gathering corn and every advantage has been taken of that fact by the farmers.

Rev. Joseph Presson, commandant at the Soldiers' Home at Millard, in his forthcoming report will advise the erection of a cottage for the use of the commandant and his family and single men employed at the home.

About a year ago Frank Pentress, of Polk county, sold out all he had and pulled up stakes for Washington. One year was enough for Frank and he has moved back like hundreds of others, and will hereafter stand up for Nebraska.

Henry Habig was shot and instantly killed while hunting along the Platte river, in Hall county. A gun in the hands of his son-in-law, Arnold Fehenkamp, having accidentally discharged. Habig had time only to say: "Arnold, you've killed me."

Miss Charlotte Templeton, secretary of the Nebraska library commission, has just returned from assisting in the organization of the new libraries in Nebraska. One is located at Nelson, where George Lyons offered a building free of rent for a year and the city council authorized a levy for the benefit of the library. The other is at Geneva, where a large library has been given to the public and the free rent of a building offered.

The law enacted by the last legislature to regulate veterinary surgeons is unconstitutional, according to a decision rendered by County Judge Leslie of Omaha, in the case of the state against Dr. D. D. Turner. The case was filed by Dr. Ramacciotti as a test of the law. The decision will be of interest because several other prosecutions hinged on the outcome of this case. It is said it may be carried to the supreme court for a final test.

W. H. Holloway, residing some miles from Grand Island, had a strange experience the other night while making his way home from that city. When about half way between that city and Doniphan a man jumped out from the side of the road, told him to halt, making the command good by pointing a revolver at Holloway, and mounted the wagon. Looking at Holloway closely, the man said: "You are not the man I was looking for," dismounted and told Holloway to drive on.

The second distressing accident during the past week, says a Shelton dispatch, happened when a horse ran away with Mr. Mese Kithcart and threw him out and broke one of his legs between the ankle and knee. The other accident was that of Marshall George, who was just leaving his home to move to Hampton, Neb. When going down an incline near the mill race he fell from his loaded wagon and the team ran away, the wagon running over one of his legs and badly fracturing it above the knee.

F. F. Foster, one of the trainmen on the Union Pacific between Loup City and St. Paul, narrowly escaped death near the fair grounds, by being struck with an engine.

Nebraska will be represented and have its share at international stock shows. At the stock show at Chicago next month, in the exhibit of steers in the Aberdeen-Angus class, Nebraska University has entered six. Christian & Lang Co., of York, who won premiums at Nebraska State fair, expect to exhibit Angus cattle at the next international.

SERIAL STORY

MARCH OF THE WHITE GUARD

By
SIR GILBERT PARKER

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CHAPTER I.—Continued.

The men grouped themselves about the fire, Late Carscallen getting the coldest corner. Each man drew his tobacco from his pocket, and, cutting it, waited for Sub-factor Hume to speak. His eyes were debating as they rested on the four. Then he took out Rose Lepage's letter and, with the group looking at him now, he read it aloud. When it was finished Cloud-in-the-Sky gave a guttural assent, and Gaspé Toujours, looking at Jeff Hyde, said, "It is cold in the Barren Grounds. We shall need much tobacco." These men could read without difficulty. Jaspas Hume's reason for summoning them. To Gaspé Toujours' remark Jeff Hyde nodded affirmatively, and then all looked at Late Carscallen. He opened his heavy jaws once or twice with an animal-like sound, and then he said, in a general kind of way:

"To the Barren Grounds. But who leads?"

Jaspas Hume was writing on a slip of paper, and he did not reply. The faces of three of them showed just a shade of anxiety. They had their own opinions, but they were not sure. Cloud-in-the-Sky, however, grunted at them, and raised the bowl of his pipe toward the Sub-factor. The anxiety then seemed to be dispelled.

For ten minutes more they sat so, all silent. Then Jaspas Hume rose, handed the slip of paper to Sergeant Gosse, and said, "Attend to that at once, Gosse. Examine the food and blankets closely."

The five were left alone.

Then Jaspas Hume spoke: "Jeff Hyde, Gaspé Toujours, Late Carscallen, and Cloud-in-the-Sky, this man, alive or dead, is between here and the Barren Grounds. He must be found—for his wife's sake." He handed Jeff Hyde her letter. Jeff Hyde rubbed his fingers before he touched the delicate and perfumed missive. Its delicacy seemed to bewilder him. He said in a rough but kindly way, "Hope to die if I don't," and passed it on to Gaspé Toujours, who did not find it necessary to speak. His comrade had answered for him. Late Carscallen held it inquisitively for a moment, and then his jaws opened and shut as if he were about to speak. But before he did so the Sub-factor said, "It is a long journey and a hard one. Those who go may never come back. But this man was working for his country, and he has got a wife—a good wife!" He held up the letter. "Late Carscallen wants to know who will lead you. Can't you trust me? I will give you a leader that you will follow to the Barren Grounds. To-morrow you will know who he is. Men, are you satisfied? Will you do it?"

The four rose, and Cloud-in-the-Sky nodded approvingly many times. The Sub-factor held out his hand. Each man shook it, Jeff Hyde first; and he said, "Close up ranks for the H. B. C.!" (H. B. C. meaning of course Hudson Bay Company.)

Once more Jaspas Hume spoke: "Go to Gosse and get your outfits at nine to-morrow morning. Cloud-in-the-Sky, have your sleds at the store at eight o'clock, to be loaded. Then all meet me at 10:15 at the office of the Chief Factor. Good night."

Left alone the Sub-factor sat down to the pine table at one end of the room and after a short hesitation began to write. For hours he sat there, rising only to put wood on the fire. The result was three letters; the largest addressed to a famous society in London, one to a solicitor in Montreal, and one to Mr. Field, the Chief Factor. They were all sealed carefully. Then Jaspas Hume rose, took out his knife and went over to the box as if to break the red seal. He paused, however, sighed, and put the knife back again. As he did so he felt something touch his leg. It was the dog. Jaspas Hume drew in a sharp breath and said, "It was all ready, Jacques; and in another three months I should have been in London with it. But it will go whether I go or not—Whether I go or not, Jacques." The dog sprang up and put his head against his master's breast.

"Good dog! good dog! it's all right, Jacques; however it goes, it's all right!"

Then the dog lay down and watched the man until he drew the blankets over a fighting but masterly snout.

CHAPTER II.

At ten o'clock next morning Jaspas Hume presented himself at the Chief Factor's office. He bore with him the letters he had written the night before.

The Factor said: "Well, Hume, I am glad to see you. That woman's letter was on my mind all night."

"Have you anything to propose? I suppose not," he added, despairingly, as he looked closely into the face of the other.

"Yes, Mr. Field, I propose this: that the expedition shall start at noon to-day."

"Shall—start—at noon—to-day?"

"In two hours."

"But, who are the party?"

"Jeff Hyde, Gaspé Toujours, Late Carscallen and Cloud-in-the-Sky."

"And who leads them, Hume? Who leads?"

"With your permission, sir, I do."

"You, Hume! You! But, man, consider the danger! And then there is—there is your invention!"

"I have considered all. Here are three letters. If we do not come back in three months, you will please send this one, with the box in my room, to the address on the envelope; this is for a solicitor in Montreal, which you will also forward as soon as possible; this last one is for yourself; but you will not open it until the three months have passed. Have I your permission to lead these men? They would not go without me."

"I know that, I know that, Hume. I hate to have you go, but I can't say no. Go, and good luck go with you."

Here the manly old Factor turned away his head. He knew that Jaspas Hume had done right. He knew the possible sacrifice this man was making of all his hopes, of his very life; and his sound Scotch heart appreciated the act to the full. But he did not know all. He did not know that Jaspas Hume was starting to look for the man who had robbed him of youth and hope and genius and home.

"Here is a letter that the wife has written to her husband in the hope that he is alive. You will take it with you, Hume. And the other she wrote to me; shall I keep it?"

stood in front of the store on which the British flag was hoisted with another beneath it bearing the magic letters, H. B. C.; magic, because they have opened to the world regions that seemed destined never to know the touch of civilization. The few inhabitants of the Fort had gathered; the dogs and loaded sleds were at the door. The White Guard were there too—all but their leader. It wanted but two minutes to twelve when Jaspas Hume came from his house, dressed also in the white blanket costume, and followed by his dog, Jacques. In a moment more he had placed Jacques at the head of the first team of dogs. They were to have their leader too; and they testified to the fact by a bark of approval. Punctually at noon, Jaspas Hume shook hands with the Factor, said a quick good-bye to the rest, called out a friendly "How!" to the Indians standing near, and to the sound of a hearty cheer, heartier perhaps because none had a confident hope that the five would come back, the March of the White Guard began.

CHAPTER III.

It is 18 days after. In the shadow of a little island of pines, that lies in a shivering waste of ice and snow, the White Guard camp. They are able to do this night what they have not done for days—dig a great grave of snow, and building a fire of pine wood at each end of this strange house, get protection and something like comfort. They sit close to the fires. Jaspas Hume is writing with his numbed fingers. The extract that follows is taken from his diary. It tells that day's life, and so gives an idea of harder, sterner days that they have spent and will spend, on this weary journey.

"December 25th.—This is Christmas Day and Camp 27. We have marched only five miles to-day. We



"We'll Drink to the Day When We See Them Again."

"No, sir, I will keep it, if you will allow me. It is my commission, you know." And the shadow of a smile hovered about Jaspas Hume's lips.

The Factor smiled kindly as he replied: "Ah, yes, your commission—Capt. Jaspas Hume of—of what, Hume?"

Just then the door opened, and there entered the four men whom we saw sat around the Sub-factor's fire the night before. They were dressed in white blanket costumes from head to foot, white woolen capotes covering the gray fur caps they wore. Jaspas Hume ran his eye over them and then answered the Factor's question: "Of the White Guard, sir."

"Good," was the reply. "Men, you are going on a relief expedition—one in which there is danger. You need a good leader. You have one in Jaspas Hume."

Jeff Hyde shook his head at the others with a pleased I-told-you-so expression; Cloud-in-the-Sky grunted his deep approval; and Late Carscallen smacked his lips in a satisfied manner and rubbed his leg with a school-boy sense of enjoyment. The factor continued: "In the name of the Hudson Bay company I will say that if you come back, having done your duty faithfully, you shall be well rewarded. And I believe you will come back, if it is in human power to do so."

Here Jeff Hyde said, "It isn't for reward we're doin' it, Mr. Field, but because Capt. Hume wished it; and for the best fellow's wife. We wouldn't have said we'd do it, if it wasn't for him that's just called us the White Guard."

Under the bronze of the Sub-factor's face there spread a glow more red than brown, and he said simply, "Thank you, men—for they had all nodded assent to Jeff Hyde's words—'Come with me to the store. We will start at noon.'"

And at noon the White Guard

VIRTUES OF OLIVE OIL.

One of the Most Valuable of All Toilet Adjuncts.

The uses and virtues of olive oil are many—not only from a culinary point of view, but as a medicine and an adjunct to the toilet.

For internal use olive oil is extremely valuable, in many cases being as good if not better than cod liver oil, and far more palatable, while as a beauty specific it is of more value than many high-priced cosmetics and skin foods, both of which last virtues are united in itself.

With respect to skin food and cosmetics no animal fat, or any cream having such a base, should ever be used for the face, as it has a tendency to encourage that most fatal foe to woman's beauty—superfluous hairs. Olive oil, however, being a vegetable product, has no such injurious effect and can be used with safety by almost anyone, except, perhaps, those with greasy skins.

But particularly those who have arrived—or are arriving—at the much talked-of and dreaded "uncertain age," should not neglect the regular use of olive oil: it helps in a wonderful way to preserve the soft nothings of chin and throat.

Some people advocate pure glycerin, but this sticky stuff is absolutely ruinous to the skin and should never be used alone; olive oil, on the other hand, is most beneficial.

As to the method of its employment, simply wash the face well and then gently rub the oil in with finger tips, using an upward motion for the cheeks, till the skin has absorbed as much as it can, then wipe off with clean wadding, lint or a piece of old linen.

SOME USES FOR SODA.

Material Practically Indispensable for the Housewife.

A weak solution of soda will revive the color in a dusty carpet. Keep flowers fresh by putting a pinch of soda in the water. Add a little soda to the water when boiling out enameled saucepans and it will help to cleanse them. A spoonful of soda added to water in which dishcloths are washed will keep them a good color and sweeten them. One large teaspoonful of soda will bleach a kettleful of clothes. Hair brushes need a weekly cleansing; for this purpose add one tablespoonful of soda to a quart of hot water, dip the bristles—not the back—into this and shake well, until perfectly clean; rinse and stand on edge to dry.

When the waste pipe is clogged with grease, pour down a gallon of boiling water in which has been dissolved a cupful of soda. Repeat this until all the impurities are removed. In cooking gooseberries add a pinch of soda, size of a pea to each quart of fruit and less sugar will be required to sweeten it. Add a spoonful of soda to the water in which you wash silver. Before using glass fruit jars the second time wash with soda water and rinse in order to sweeten them. Dampen soda and apply when bitten by any poisonous insect.—The Housekeeper.

Steak Bernaise.

As the delicious French sauce requires close attention in its making, it is safer to have butter creamed and the egg beaten before commencing to broil the steak. The rest of the process can be attended to while the meat is cooking. Rub in a small bowl four rounded tablespoonfuls of butter until creamy, adding a sifting of paprika and half a teaspoonful salt. Beat the yolks of four eggs in a small saucepan and set one side. In another saucepan put four tablespoonfuls each hot water and tarragon vinegar with a slice of onion and cook until reduced one-half. Strain out the onion, add the hot vinegar to the beaten egg yolks, little by little, set the pan over the fire in a hot water bath and stir rapidly as the egg thickens. As soon as creamy and thick take from the fire, add a portion of the creamed butter, incorporate thoroughly, add more of the butter, and so on until all is in and well blended. Then pour at once over a hot broiled sirloin or tenderloin steak. When fresh tarragon cannot be obtained a little of the fine minced herb is added just before serving. Minced parsley or chives are also sometimes used and garlic may be substituted for the onion.

Empress Cake.

Have ready six ounces of butter and the same of caster sugar, three eggs, nine ounces of flour, half teaspoonful of baking powder, grated rind of lemon and four ounces of glace cherries cut into halves.

Line a cake tin with buttered paper. Cream together the butter and sugar. Well whisk the eggs. Sieve together the flour and baking powder, and add the lemon rind to it.

Next add alternately some flour and egg to the butter and sugar till all are mixed in. Pour half of the mixture into the tin, then sprinkle in a layer of the cherries, cut in halves.

Next add the rest of the mixture. Bake first in a quick oven, then in a cooler one for about three-quarters of an hour.

Hemstitched Guimpe.

An easy and very quick way to make quite an elaborate guimpe is to draw the thread sufficiently to form 15 of an inch wide stripes at inch and a half distances. Hemstitch both edges and embroider some pretty simple vine, or else feather-stitch vine effect on the parts between. The brown lines can end at graduated distances to form the yoke as exactly as possible the size to show above the dress edge, and thus avoid any extra or wasted work.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)