

No Alum

**Fifty Years
the Standard**

**Dr. PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING POWDER**

**A Guarantee of Light, Sweet,
Pure, Wholesome Food**

**No Lime
Phosphate**

MARION.

County Attorney Sidney Dodge was over from McCook on business, last mid-week.

A Mr. Clark of Red Willow was a business visitor in town recently. James Gregory of Bartley was a business visitor here, one day last week.

J. W. Rollins of Indianola came over, last mid-week, and took charge of E. G. Caine & Co.'s lumber yard.

Mrs. Cassius Dodge and son of McCook visited at the parental Dodge home, one night last week.

About three-fourths of an inch of rain fell here, Friday night.

Ernest Dodge was a county capital visitor, one day last week.

The base ball boys had an ice cream social at the school house, last Friday night.

James Ward and wife of Fairview arrived in town, Saturday, from Minneapolis, Minnesota, where Mrs. Ward was operated on for gall stones and which was a success.

Barney Williams from near Cedar Bluffs, Kansas, and A. L. Macy of Fairview shipped out four cars of hogs, Saturday night.

Work on the new Enterprise office is being pushed as rapidly as the weather will permit.

A Mr. Gordon of Omaha is here installing the machinery in the new alfalfa mill.

J. H. Neitzel is the new elevator man, formerly of the mill force.

Mrs. Ella Mack of Chicago visited her brother, S. G. Stillebough, and family, last week.

A. J. Green left, last mid-week, for a business-pleasure trip in the western part of the state. F. M. Yeater accompanied him.

What Everybody Wants

Everybody desires good health which is impossible unless the kidneys are sound and healthy. Foley's Kidney Remedy should be taken at the first indication of any irregularity, and a serious illness may be averted. Foley's Kidney Remedy will restore your kidneys and bladder to their normal state and activity. A. McMillen.

BOX ELDER.

W. B. Sexson is home again. Raymond Sexson is working for Maxwell Wolfe.

Roy Lytle is doing some plowing for T. M. Campbell.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Clark and Mrs. Hickman attended services at the church, last Sunday morning.

Rev. F. C. Tyler will preach the memorial sermon for the old soldiers, next Sunday evening.

One week from Sunday morning, Rev. Tyler will preach to the old folks, and there will be special music by the Steltzer brothers. Everybody invited.

The young people of the Epworth league will meet, this (Wednesday) evening, with Mrs. G. A. Shields to practice for the social to be held at the church, Friday evening.

The following Sunday school officers were elected, last Sunday morning: Mrs. Dora Doyle, superintendent; T. M. Campbell, assistant superintendent; Miss Bessie Doyle, secretary; Mrs. S. H. Burchett, organist; Miss Ida Gordon, assistant organist.

RED WILLOW.

The comet seems to be a disappointment. To us who remember the splendor of Donati's, this is a small affair.

Owens Longnecker still lingers very low. The trained nurse has certainly done her duty. Owens' heart stopped beating twice, and she revived him by hypodermic remedies.

Mrs. Elmer is staying some days with her daughter Nellie.

On Wednesday of last week, twenty-five neighbors with one hundred horses, twenty lists, three plows and two discs, put in Owens Longnecker's corn and kaffir corn, and prepared ground for millet and cane. Then, as Louis was with Owens so constantly he could not work, they finished putting in his corn. It was such a sight the photographer from Indianola was called to take a photograph as they were lined up.

Owens wanted to have them speak to him, so they filed past his window with hats off and spoke. One hundred thirteen acres were worked.

Mrs. Smith has been sick, but is better.

The comet and eclipse of the moon made the heavens quite attractive, Monday evening.

Jacob Longnecker returned to his home in Colorado, Sunday night, while Holton remains to assist the nurse attending Owens.

Day and night auto livery. Wilson's Livery Barn. Phone 34.

DANBURY.

Next Sunday, the memorial services will be held in the hall.

Prof. Morris moved, Thursday, from Atwood, Kansas. He is living in the house vacated by C. W. Powell.

The Jones Bros. gave a week's entertainment in the hall with their moving pictures.

Lizzie Elbert of Marion was down, this week, and took the examinations with this school.

A large crowd was out to the dinner, Friday, the last day of school.

A number of people from Lebanon were up to the lodge, Wednesday.

C. C. Hendricks has taken the agency for the Buick autos.

Mrs. Wm. Thiesson of Pawnee City arrived, Thursday, to be present at her father's sale, next Saturday.

A number of young people from here went to Orleans on a fishing trip, Sunday last.

Jas. Pontius of Indianola was over, Tuesday last, getting advertisements in the premium book for the fair.

S. E. Ralston of Lebanon was up, Thursday, on telephone business.

A. Barnett of McCook was over, Wednesday evening, on a business trip.

S. S. Graham's new barn is nearly completed and it is the nicest in town.

Miss Lottie Watkins left for her home at McCook, Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Rea Oman were McCook visitors, Sunday last.

Wayne Hethcote went to McCook, Saturday, after Griff and Hal DeMay. Clieth and Wilma Green and Lennie Thompson are on the sick list.

The Danbury basket ball girls are getting anxious to play ball with some other teams soon.

Rolko DeMay went to Beaver City, Thursday, to play ball.

NORTH OF MCCOOK.

Mr. Jake Zimmer's entertained company, last Sunday.

Farmers in this vicinity are about done planting corn.

Geo. Scott is breaking sod on the school section which he purchased recently.

Mr. Hunter has a fine driving horse which he purchased from Mr. Askey of South McCook.

Miss Grace Hammell visited Miss Augusta Droll, last Sunday.

The scribe has taken a drive up at the big flats. The crops looked very flattering, especially Mr. Squire's wheat.

Mrs. August Droll and family entertained Messrs. Scott and Hunter and families.

R. F. D. No. 3.

Small grain looks good; rye is all headed out; some fields of corn are up and look good.

Mr. C. M. Soften has gone to Austin on a trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Sigwin's baby died, last week.

Alex Ellis was up to Lincoln, last week.

John Burtless is plowing his potatoes; he has a fine field of them.

Some one shot two holes in Alex Ellis' mail box.

R. F. D. No. 4.

Small grain looks fine, but the west end of the route needs rain. Some of the corn is up.

J. H. Hesterworth is breaking sod. Geo. Mallen, W. E. McAnich, Ed. Jaques and P. M. Hill have painted their mail boxes. Come, farmers paint all of them, it makes them look good.

Foley's Kidney Pills contain in concentrated form ingredients of established therapeutic value for the relief and cure of all kidney and bladder ailments. A. McMillen.

The Daily Problem.

"Are you interested in what is in table rapping?" "No; I am more interested in what goes on it."—Baltimore American.

Do You Want to Help Boom This Town?



If you do, you'll assist the editors in advertising the place.

If you do, you'll patronize home industries, including the printer.

If you do, you'll subscribe for this paper regularly and advertise in it.

But—

If you don't, you'll sneer at our efforts for town improvement.

If you don't, you'll order your job printing from some outsider.

If you don't, you'll borrow your neighbor's copy of the paper to read.

DO YOU OR DON'T YOU?



The highest ideal of the platform is found in this man. He is "different." You will do yourself an injustice not to hear Dixon at the Chautauque.

THE LITTLE BRIDGE BURNER.

A Civil War Story.

By F. A. MITCHEL.

(Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.)

"HELLO! You boy, there!"

A boy about twelve years old, hoeing in a field dropped his hoe and came to the rail fence that divided the field from the road.

A company of cavalry with one piece of artillery was waiting for him, at the head their captain. It was he who had called the boy. The little fellow climbed the fence, sitting on the top rail with a leg on each side of it. His trousers were rolled above the knees, his brown legs were covered with Georgia clay, his forehead protruded from a rent in a dingy straw hat, no coat covered his galluses, and there was not much shirt. One thing contrasted with the rest—an intelligent countenance and a pair of earnest, restless eyes.

"Seen any Confederates around here today?" asked the officer.

"I? Seen any rebels? No."

"Why do you call them rebels?"

"Dunno, unless that's what pop calls 'em."

"Your pop's Union?"

"Yes; so 'm I."

It was a summer afternoon. A mild breeze was blowing over the plantation, not yet disturbed by war.

The officer, unmindful of the peaceful scene, sat on his horse thinking of some matter evidently of great importance to him.

"How far is it to the bridge?" he asked the boy.

"'Bout five mile."

"Straight road?"

"Waal, to go thar from hyer you uns 'll have to foller this road that a-way"—pointing—"fo' a matter o' ten minutes, then cross the branch by the ford to the left and through a smart stretch o' timber. Then you"—

"Come along and show us the way. Get up here behind me."

The officer lifted the boy to a seat behind him and gave the order, "Forward!"

"Haven't heard of any soldiers being at the bridge, have you?"

"No."

"How long since you have heard from it?"

"Pap must 'a' come across it yistiday on his way from the postoffice. He didn't say nothin' about sogers thar."

These bluecoats were the tip of the right flank of Sherman's foremost advance. They had been ordered to destroy a bridge provided the Confederates had not guarded it. If they were there the captain had orders to drive them away to effect his purpose.

"Can we see the bridge," he asked the boy, "before we get to it?"

"Yes; from the top of a hill a couple of miles this side."

When they reached the crest indicated there beneath them in the distance was a wooden bridge. The captain brought his fieldglasses to bear and saw that it was not guarded.

But scattered about on the undulating ground between him and it were clusters of white tents. He uttered an exclamation of disappointment.

"They would eat up our little force," he said to one of his lieutenants.

"I see no artillery, and we've got a gun," replied the other.

"The gun will only hinder us. If we attack we'll have to make a dash."

"What y' want to do?" asked the boy.

The captain made no reply. He was absorbed in thinking of some way to carry out his object even if he lost every man in his command. The lieutenant told the boy that they wished to burn the bridge.

"I wonder," said the little fellow thoughtfully, "if I could do it."

The captain turned sharply to the proposer of this remarkable plan. A boy to do what armed troops dare not try to do!

How the urchin succeeded in winning consent to his plan the captain himself, who tells the story, cannot give a satisfactory account. Combustibles had been brought along, and the most fiery and compact of these were concealed about the boy's person. A bundle of pitch pine was also given him, which in itself would not attract attention in a region where pine is plenty. The captain took his little emissary as far as he dared, then set him down to proceed without attracting attention, gave him a hug and bade him goodbye with a fervent "God bless you, my boy!" Then the officer returned to the hilltop and watched

an hour later a light smoke cloud rose from the bridge.

"By Jingo," he exclaimed, "the little rascal has started it anyway."

"You mean the little hero," said the lieutenant. "All now depends upon their not discovering the fire till it is too late."

A tongue of flame flashed up and was followed by another. Then there was a hurrying in one of the camps, and in a few minutes a dozen men mounted and rode to the bridge. Meanwhile a volume of smoke mingled with flame rose from the bridge and floated slowly away. Then figures, minute from a distance, were seen trying to quench the fire. But they had nothing to work with. The bridge burned on broke in the middle and fell into the stream.

The work accomplished, the captain sent his force back under command

of the lieutenant to report the fact to his superior. He remained with a view of getting tidings from the little bridge burner.

Darkness was setting in when a spot appeared down the road. It moved but slowly. Suddenly the captain started to meet it.

The boy bridge burner staggered toward him and fell into his arms. Then he noticed that the little fellow's

clothing was covered with blood. A Confederate had shot him, not knowing that he was a child, just as he was disappearing in some bushes after accomplishing his work.

The little bridge burner recovered. He was too young to enter the Union army, but the government educated him to command men in its next war.

FELL INTO HIS ARMS.

THE LITTLE RASCAL HAS STARTED IT.

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ACT QUICKLY.

Delay Has Been Dangerous in McCook.

Do the right thing at the right time.

Act quickly in time of danger.

Backache is kidney danger.

Doan's Kidney Pills act quickly.

Cure all distressing, dangerous kidney ills.

Plenty of evidence to prove this.

Mrs. B. Hurley, of 204 E. 24th st., Kearney, Neb., says: "Last winter I caught a heavy cold which settled on my kidneys and made me miserable. I was rarely free from a dull aching in the small of my back, and the kidney secretions passed so frequently as to annoy me greatly. I drank large quantities, as I was always thirsty, and a doctor whom I consulted told me I was in the grasp of diabetes. He treated me for the trouble, but I became no better, and was suffering intensely when Doan's Kidney Pills came to my attention. I used this remedy and the first box brought me such relief that I continued with it until completely cured. I sincerely hope that my statement will be the means of benefiting other persons afflicted as I was."

Plenty more proof like this from McCook people. Call at McConnell's drug store and ask what customers report.

For sale by all dealers. Price 50c.

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

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

Famous Speakers.

The program for the state Sunday school convention, to be held at Beatrice, June 7-8-9, is especially strong in having upon it two workers of international reputation, as well as several known the country over. Mr. William A. Brown is the missionary superintendent of the international association, has been on the missionary field, also a pastor in this country, and until recently was the assistant secretary of the Young Men's Missionary Movement. He will be present for the entire meeting, appearing on the program each day.

Mrs. Mary Foster Bryner, elementary superintendent of the international association, was formerly one of the international field workers, in which capacity she has done most excellent work and gained a wide experience. She has toured Mexico in the interests of Sunday school work, and is one of the strongest speakers on the platform today. Her "Studies of the Child," delivered on Wednesday and Thursday will be worth going a long distance to hear.

A reception will be given for her on Monday evening.

In addition to these speakers may be noted Mr. W. D. Stem, speaker for the adult section of the program, known all over the country for his success in the work of men's classes; Rev. J. M. Kersey, D. D., of Omaha, and Edw. F. Dennison, Boy's Work Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., at Omaha. These names also speak for the exceptional strength of the program and its educational value.

An Explanation.

After a great deal of worry and study, we have at last figured out how so many country editors get rich. Here is the secret of their success: There is a child born in the neighborhood, the attending physician gets \$10, the editor gives the loud-lunged youngster a great send-off and gets \$9. It is christened and the minister gets \$5 and the editor gets \$90. It grows and marries; the editor publishes another long-winded flowery article and tells a dozen lies about the "beautiful and accomplished bride." The minister gets \$10 and a piece of cake, the editor gets \$900 and a request to carry the groom's subscription account another year. In the course of time she dies, the doctor gets from \$5 to \$100, the minister gets another \$5, the undertaker gets from \$50 to \$100, the editor publishes a notice of death and obituary two columns long, lodge resolutions, a lot of poetry and a card of thanks, and gets \$9000. No wonder so many country editors get rich.—Ex.

The High Cost of Living.

Increases the price of many necessities without improving the quality. Foley's Honey and Tar maintains its high standard of excellence and its great curative qualities without any increase in cost. It is the best remedy for coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough and all ailments of the throat, chest and lungs. The genuine is in a yellow package. Refuse substitutes. A. McMillen.

Iron.

Pure iron is only a laboratory preparation. Cast iron, the most generally useful variety, contains about five per cent. of impurities, and the curious thing is that it owes its special value to the presence of these. Pure iron can be shaved with a pocket knife; impure iron can be made almost as hard as steel.