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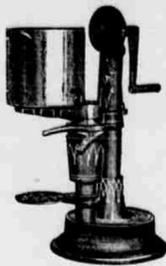
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**ANNOUNCEMENT**

Having secured the exclusive agency in Falls City for Sycamore Springs Mineral Water, we are prepared to furnish customers with the same. Price 60 cents per five gallon cask. Call phone 189 or phone 39.

**FRANK GIST C. F. REAVIS Jr.**

**Look After Your Seed Corn.**

Notwithstanding the reputed large crops of corn that have been grown the last year, it still brings a price that is exceedingly profitable to the grower who has good, strong land, well prepared and planted with a variety of seed corn adapted to the soil and climate.

Assuming that the reader has secured his seed corn, whether of his own growing or from a neighbor or from a dealer, the thing to do during these February days is to test it; in other words, to ascertain what per cent of it will grow vigorously. We assume that if he has purchased it, it has been in the ear. No matter how carefully he has selected it from his own corn, or how good the sample may be, or how good the general average, in case he has purchased it from a dealer he will find on close examination quite a number of the ears are not good enough to plant.

The first thing for him to do now that he has plenty of time is to put these ears of corn out in a row on a board or bench and select from them a typical ear. It need not be said to our readers that this should be of medium length, say from nine to ten inches long (depending on the location), should not be too tapering, should have a medium sized cob, neither too large nor too small, should be cylindrical and reasonably well filled both at butt and tip. Taking this as a model, he can then go through and push out of the row any ears that do not come up to the standard. These he should lay aside to be used only in case of absolute necessity.

The next thing to do is to take about three grains from each side of the ear, one near the butt, one in the middle, and the other about half way between the middle and tip, and submit them to the germinating test.

The best way to do this is to take a box, the size of which will depend on the number of ears he wishes to test, and put in the bottom of it some earth or sawdust. Then cut a piece of paper the size of the box and rule it off in squares of about an inch or an inch and a half, numbering these as you would the sections of a township. Wet the earth or sawdust and lay this paper on it. Commence with the first ear in the row; take six grains from it and lay them on square No. 1, and so on until you have filled all the squares in the box. Then lay over this paper a piece of cloth or paper, put on more earth, and moisten it. Then set the box in the living room, or in a cellar in which there is a furnace.

In three or four days, depending on the temperature, carefully lift up the cloth and notice the squares on which there is a vigorous germinating. It will be found that notwithstanding all the care that has been taken, grains from some ears have not been vigorous. In some the grains from one side of the ear will sprout, from the other side not. In some there will be a plumule, or sprout, that is intended to develop into the stalk, which is vigorous, and the other deficient. Throw out all the ears in which the germination has been defective. This can very easily be done by one person calling out the numbers of the squares that have imperfect germination, and another simply pushing the ears out of the row. No man should plant corn that has less than 95 or 90 per cent satisfactory germination at the lowest.

This may seem like taking a good deal of time and trouble, but inasmuch as it takes only about ten thousand grains, or from ten to twelve ears, to the acre, the farmer can very well afford to take the time necessary to make this test. In fact, there is nothing that he can do on the farm that will pay him larger wages, or contribute more

to his education as a farmer, than the operation which we now advise.

The next thing to do is to grade this corn according to the size of the grains, some broad, some long, some medium. He desires above all things else a full stand. In some localities three stalks to a hill on a three-foot eight-inch planter is about right. On still others two on a three-foot six-inch planter will be enough, while in the extreme western part of our territory, where moisture is liable to be deficient, this last would be too thick planting. The farmer himself must be the judge of the stand he desires.

We presume that he has selected his planter, and the thing now to be determined is the size of planter plate that will drop the desired number of grains. This can be determined only by experiment. Before testing his planter he should shell off the butts and tips. It is not worth while to test these for germination. They will germinate quite as well as the grains in the middle of the ear. The trouble is that on account of the shape of the grains it is impossible for him to get an even stand, whether he uses an edge-drop or ordinary planter.

Having selected his planter and ascertained by actual test on the barn floor that it will plant the number of grains he desires, he should shell his corn into different sacks, marking them one, two, and three, to correspond with the planter plate. This may seem a good deal of trouble, but it is the only method that we know of to be absolutely sure of getting an even stand of corn, except the old method of planting by hand, which, under western conditions, is entirely impracticable.

This may not be new to many of our readers, especially to those who have attended short courses and corn judging schools in different states, or who have heard the instructions given from the corn specials. It may, however be new to many of our new subscribers, and we urge them not to allow February and March to pass by without first securing the seed corn they intend to plant this year, then selecting from this the very best, testing it for germination, and then testing the planter, so that they know for a certainty that when they plant their corn this year they will get the stand they desire, and of the type they desire.

The western states should be ashamed to continue growing from year to year less than forty bushels of corn. It is possible on the best land to grow sixty, seventy, eighty bushels in an ordinary season, and under exceedingly favorable circumstances one hundred. There is money in this at present prices, plenty of it, and we know of no better way to reach these yields and get the full benefit of the land and the season than the way we advise in the above. It is the work of only a day or two, and the educational value alone will far more than pay for the work.—Wallace's Farmer.

**A Favorite Remedy for Babies.**

Its pleasant taste and prompt cures have made Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a favorite with mothers of small children. It quickly cures their coughs and colds and prevents any danger of pneumonia or other serious consequence. It not only cures croup, but when given as soon as the croupy cough appears will prevent the attack. For sale at Kerr's Drug Store.

The new year is nearly two months old. What have you done for your fellow man during 1906?

All the world loves a lover and by the same token all the world knocks a knocker.

Isn't it about time for that editorial on "noxious weeds?"

Bread baking from Victor flour has taken the premium at the Farmer's institute for two years. L. C. Mauger sole agent. Give it a trial. 11-2t

**A Cripple Boy and Dog.**

Because one juror out of the twelve which is hearing the damage suit brought by Roy Sawyer against Anthony Welch was absent this morning the other eleven, with the respective attorneys and the judge, had to wait until he arrived, and to while away the time gathered in an ante-room, discussing everything under the sun except the case they are hearing.

The dreary weather outside seemed to have affected their spirits, for they yawned and shivered and loafed, longing for something to arouse their interest.

Then appeared "Shep." As a dog he was very valuable. His coat was unkempt, he was covered with snow and dirt, and he looked as if he had just gone through half a dozen fights. He was also lame. In some way he had worked his way into the court house and then nosing around for a warm corner walked into the ante-room where the jurors were gathered. He was a big fellow, and as he stepped into the doorway he looked around at the faces and then yawned portentously. Then, being a polite dog, he shook the snow off him and proceeded to make friends.

"SHEP" CATCHES THE CROWD. "Hi! Doggie," said the first man, catching "Shep" by the nose and whirling him around. The dog responded to the treatment by thumping a big tail on the floor and trotted up to the next. Here also he received kind treatment, and it was the same all over the room.

The dullness at once vanished. Here was something ready to play, and the play went on. Suddenly someone discovered that "Shep" could shake hands and then everybody was clamoring to see his other tricks. It developed that he would "be dead" at opportune times, and sit up and howl with proper coaching.

"Here," said a juror, "whose dog is he?"

No one knew. "I think I'll take him. He'd make a good farm dog and the kids would have more fun—" The juror looked around the room to see if any contradicted.

**ALL WANTED THE DOG.**

"I've a kid too," said a second juror, "just one kid, and he plays by himself most of the time. He's been wanting a dog too. Guess I'll surprise him."

"Well," laughed a third, a big farmer with a twinkling eye and ready smile, "we all have kids, gentlemen, I'll bet an' that dog would suit us all. Ho! you old beggar, want to bite my hand, do you?"

They all wanted him. Never did a dog make much a hit, and while they discussed him Shep sat in the middle of the room keeping time to the arguments by thumping his tail on the floor, apparently unconcerned as to his future.

**CRIPPLED CHILD APPEARS.**

From the corridor came the steady tap-tap of crutches and the jurors nodded their heads in sympathy. It was little Myer Tarashonsky, the child whose leg was cut off by an Illinois Central engine and who is suing the company for \$2,000 damages. The case is being heard in a room apart from the one in which the jurors present were listening to their case, but all of them had noticed the pale face and the small form of the boy as he sat day after day in the heated court room.

The door leading to the corridor was open and soon the child appeared, the stump of his maimed leg swathed in bandages, his thin face smiling oddly. The court, in his case, was taking a recess and the child was wandering around the court house investigating, as children will.

"SHEP" EXPRESSES SYMPATHY. "Shep" had cocked his ears

at the tap of the crutches and gravely limped to the child as soon as he appeared in the doorway. The little fellow gave a gasp of delight at seeing the dog and held out two thin hands toward him, his eyes shining with excitement. "Shep dragged himself over to the child and sniffed at the stump of the leg. He then looked up and if ever a dog said "I am so sorry for you," that dog did with his eyes.

In an instant the child had slipped away from his crutches and was sitting on the floor with his two arms around the shaggy neck of the dog. Suddenly he noticed the dog was lame.

"YOU'RE LIKE ME, DOGGIE!" "Why, doggie," said he, "youse like me, poor doggie."

A juror shuffled his feet loudly and another coughed behind his hand and sympathy for the two unfortunates was seen on every face. It was an awkward moment.

"Ju-ry, Al-l the ju-ry," came the stentorian voice of the court bailiff and the men rose to their feet. The absent juror had arrived and could be seen telling the judge a confused tale of delayed trains.

"I'll take that dog," said the big farmer with the twinkling eyes which were now sober; but when the court had its first recess and the juryman went to look for the dog, Shep was missing. The child was again in his seat in the big courtroom smiling at his father and any who looked at him. There was no dog, however. Shep had departed as mysteriously as he had come. —Sioux City Tribune

**How Sabetha was Named.**

Sabetha, Nemaha county, Kansas, bears the distinction of being the only town in the world of that name. The incident of Sabetha's naming is interesting and amusing. Early in the 50's a tall, slim, wrinkled man of middle age, a bachelor, came to this vicinity on his way to California. The bachelor had had a dream of a wonderful gold mine in California and was trying to make the trip to find it, alone. He had an elaborate map showing the location of the gold and topography of the country surrounding.

When he had traveled with his ox team from St. Joseph to near the present site of Sabetha, the traveler met with misfortune. One of his oxen died. This fateful incident led to the naming of Sabetha. The man was a Greek scholar and well versed in mythical lore; also a student of the Bible. His oxen were named Hercules and Peleus. Peleus passed away on Sunday, and the bachelor was obliged to remain here. He pitched his tent and dug a well. The well he named Sabetha, the Greek word for Sabbath, in honor of the day.

The traveler had two gallons of whisky, which he peddled to the few settlers and passers by. When the whiskey was gone he went to St. Joseph and procured more, becoming a full fledged bartender. People came to drink at the Sabetha well as well as the learned traveler's bar. The well water was exceptionally fine and the Sabetha well became known from St. Joseph to California, as it was on the direct route of travelers to the Golden state.

The traveler having partly realized on his dream of wealth through his liquor trade returned to his home in the east. Captain Williams came afterwards and located on the present townsite of Sabetha. The same waters are now the Sycamore Springs, widely known for their medicinal value. Capt. Williams is said to have closed the original well and started a well on his own property five miles southwest, calling it Sabetha.

**Read The Tribune**

The Newspaper with the big circulation. Enough said.

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