

The County in General

The "Doings" of Our Country Friends and Neighbors.

OHIO

Mrs. Bucholz is visiting with Mrs. Elshire.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Rev. Schultze, a boy one day last week.

The little twins of H. Meinhel and wife were christened Sunday.

Vera Shaffer visited in Falls City with her sister, Edna, Sunday.

H. Beechy and wife were guests of Guy Lichty and wife Sunday night and Monday.

Guy Lichty and wife were guests of Earl Shaffer and wife Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. H. J. Pritchard and Mrs. E. M. Kimmel were guests of Mrs. H. Heimbert last Thursday.

Mrs. Ross Wills and children were guests of Mrs. F. M. Shaffer last Friday.

John Mears and family were the guests of Mrs. N. Peck and family Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Joe Nedrow of Stella is visiting with Wes Nedrow and family at this writing.

John Murphy of near Preston was the guest of Will Guinn and family Sunday.

Mrs. Zubrick and daughter were guests of Mrs. H. Meinhel one day last week.

Mrs. Eph Peck spent a portion of last week with her daughter, Mrs. W. K. Knight.

Daisy Peck has returned home after visiting in Morrill, Kans., with relatives.

Wes Nedrow and family and Mrs. Joe Nedrow were guests of H. Beechy and wife Monday afternoon.

SHUBERT

Prof. Weber was a visitor at Peru on Saturday.

Miss Ahern is now visiting with friends at Falls City.

Ora Ross of Salem visited this place last Sunday.

D. T. Smiley visited his relatives at Nemaha Monday.

Henry Woodring of Falls City is visiting relatives near town.

Grand M. Lewis who has been ill for the past week is now much better.

Wm. Shelling was a business visitor at Falls City one day quite recently.

Mrs. J. M. Evans is now the guest of relatives and friends at Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Miss Crete and Ho Wiles were the guests of relatives at Salem over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. August Egner accompanied by Lena Weik visited relatives near Falls City the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilard Shubert are now enjoying a visit with Lincoln friends. They expect to be gone for a couple of months.

Herman Voltmer and family are now making preparations to move to Filley, where Mr. Voltmer will engage in the hardware business.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Surman took possession of their new restaurant on Monday, which they purchased recently from Mr. Branin. We wish them good success in their new line of business.

The pupils of our school will give a basket supper and program at the opera house Saturday evening, Feb. 11. Everybody come and bring a basket and let's encourage the school.

Mrs. David Jones passed away last Saturday, from the effect of her broken limb which we mentioned last week, which superinduced pneumonia. She was laid to rest in the Prairie Union cemetery on Monday. She leaves to mourn her loss, two step-daughters and five step-grand daughters, besides many friends and neighbors.

VERDON

Little Hazel Otto is quite sick.

Miss Mable Nussbaum returned to Lincoln, Texas Wednesday.

Earl Fuller is still very ill with pneumonia.

Frank Veach returned home from Houston, Texas Wednesday.

Ed Kiker was a passenger to Falls City Thursday.

G. D. Knapp is still seriously ill with pneumonia.

Sheriff Fenton was up from Falls City Saturday on business.

Joe Mark of Creighton, Neb., visits relatives here a few days last week.

Mrs. Simmons of Denver, Col., was the guest of B. F. Veach one day last week.

Al Martin was down from Council Bluffs for a short stay with relatives.

Graham Jones and wife, Mrs. Evan Owens and Maggie Steese were county seat visitors Tuesday.

Clarence Nussbaum has returned to Omaha after a short stay here with his parents.

Miss Amelia Nussbaum returned last week to her school duties at Cretna, Neb.

Elmer Rumbaugh left this week for

Omaha, where he visited friends a few days.

A. T. Parsons returned the latter part of the week from an extended trip to various parts of Wyoming.

Mrs. Pryor departed Friday morning for her home at Nemaha City after a brief visit here with her father, Joe Smith.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Halterman is suffering from an abscess on his neck, which is causing him great pain.

John Conover returned the latter part of the week from York, where he had been attending school.

WHEAT IS FAVORABLE, PEACHES SAID TO BE FROZEN

The Wheat Prospect.

There has been a great deal of comment recently in the papers about the prospects of the wheat crop.

Various farmers and men experienced in these matters have made for us a thorough investigation of the conditions in this vicinity and claim that the crop has stood the open winter and sudden changes remarkably well, being only slightly damaged.

Wheat sown prior to Sept. 20 seems to have suffered more than that sown later. In some places the wheat sown early is quite brown but taking the crop through and through there is little damage done and wheat looks fine.

In driving through the country it seems strange to see farmers driving posts in February. There is not a bit of frost in the ground and many are busy making fences, feed racks, hay sheds and even new corn cribs and are several months ahead on this kind of work owing to the mild weather.



Ladies' Suede and Velvet Shoes

H. M. Jenne Shoe Store

Public Sale.

I will sell at my farm 1-2 mile east of Falls City, Thursday, February 2nd 1911, beginning at 1 o'clock P. M. 20 Poland China bred sows. My entire herd of tried brood sows and some gilts, pedigrees furnished. 7 head of horses, from 1 to 4 years old 2 are by Col Weaver, the rest are by Imported Perchen horse.

Medicines that aid nature are always most effectual. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy acts on this plan. It allays the cough, relieves the lungs, opens the secretions and aids nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition. Thousands have testified to its superior excellence. Sold by all dealers.

Do you know that fully nine out of every ten cases of rheumatism are simply rheumatism of the muscles due to cold or damp, or chronic rheumatism, and require no internal treatment whatever? Apply Chamberlain's Liniment freely and see how quickly it gives relief. For sale by all dealers.

LAND SALE.

Notice is hereby given that I, Alexander Hilgenfeld, by virtue of the power to me given, by the last will and testament of Ludwig Hilgenfeld, deceased, I will on the 28th day of January 1911, at 2 o'clock P. M. at the west front door of the court house in Falls City, Neb., offer for sale and sell to the highest bidder the following described real estate, to-wit: The north half of the south-west quarter of Section 32, Twp. 2, Range 17, and Lot 21, 22, 23, and 24 in Block 22, and the eight room, two story dwelling, these all in Steele's addition to the city of Falls City, Neb., all of said real estate being in Richardson county, State of Nebraska. Terms of sale, cash on delivery of deed.

Alexander Hilgenfeld, Executor.

The Japanese Umbrella

A Chinese Episode and Its Horrible Effect

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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A whole year passed after Nelson's return from Asia before he found himself again treading an oriental street and rubbing elbows with slant eyed, blue bloused Chinese. His present position in the custom house made it necessary that he should visit a well known silk importer, whose place of business lay in the heart of San Francisco's reconstructed Chinatown.

Jay Nelson had been glad enough to eliminate all memory of his last year in China. There had been one horrible incident from which he had fled, but whose shadow had lurked in the background of his daily life since his return to America. In broad daylight he had laughed at the fears that pursued his first sleepless, fear haunted nights. After awhile the fear gave place to a sense of security fostered by the practical workaday happenings of his busy life.

Today, however, as he passed along Dupont street and turned into a narrower thoroughfare there burst upon him the significant fact that this part of a great city was but a fragment of the old eastern world after all.

He had to pause once or twice and inquire his way, for the house of the importer was set in the heart of the web of streets and alleys. Then when his goal lay but a few yards ahead there sprang into sudden view, bobbing along in the crowd before him, a certain green and gold paper parasol, the meaning of which was all too clear to Jay Nelson. He had a vague realization that this emblem of an old horror might have been evolved from his own morbid fancy.

He pressed forward, eager to stretch forth his hand and prove that the Japanese umbrella was a thing of air, was an optical illusion. But always it danced before him like a will-o'-the-wisp, now showing a glint of gold and green and then melting into a dozen illusive tints.

Where it went there he too must follow until he could prove by actual contact with its surface that it was a creation of his fancy and not the dreaded emblem of the White Brotherhood.

It drew him on down into the very bowels of the earth.

The paper umbrella collapsed and was cast aside, while the bearer turned to confront Nelson. Then the latter awoke from his trance-like state and stared first at the strange face that confronted him, then about the small dungeon-like room, empty of furniture and reeking with foul odors and lighted by a single swinging oil lamp. Nelson's gaze came back to the face of the Chinese, and he shivered slightly, for the face was that of a member of the dreaded order—the sign was written on the man's brow.

Instantly Nelson whipped off his coat, holding it before him as a shield and backed to the stairway leading upward.

"Hold a moment," said the Chinese in the Cantonese dialect; "I am not alone."

"Who else?" demanded Nelson sharply in the same tongue.

"The brotherhood—at each stair head they await your coming if you contemplate flight," returned the Chinese imperturbably.

"What do you want with me?" "Command of the big brother that you be brought before him for trial."

"He came on from Hongkong to seek me?"

The Chinese cackled shrilly. Then he spat contemptuously. "The brotherhood is everywhere. Captain Leeson—wherever there are offenders there also will be found a tribunal of the brotherhood."

"Why do you call me by Captain Leeson's name?" questioned Nelson warily.

"Because you are he." "Suppose I am not?" "You are!" asserted the man roughly. "The brotherhood does not make mistakes."

"You blunder this time. I am Nelson."

The other laughed derisively. "I was told you would claim that name. Nelson died that night."

"Ah," cried Nelson suddenly, "you are the big brother! This is the tribunal. You are alone; you thought to fool me; see you later, Tai Laao!" He started to leap up the stairs and then stopped short.

Tai Laao made no move to arrest his flight. He merely folded his long clay tipped fingers into either capacious sleeve and smiled wilyly.

It was this smile that halted Nelson's departure, the smile and a certain hissing whisper that sang down the stairway and bore warning on its breath.

Again he turned to the Chinese. "Have it over with—this court of yours! Be quick, for I have business to attend to—matters of importance."

"Very good, Captain Leeson," commented the man called Tai Laao. "Follow me."

He led the way to a shadowy corner and pushed open a door into another dimly lighted room. At a long table sat seven men, three on either side and one at the end. At the farther end of the table there stood a wide armed empty chair. Except for a low

swung lamp above the table the room was devoid of other furnishing.

"Captain Leeson," he announced in a low voice, "on trial for betraying secrets of the White Brothers."

"Captain Leeson died, as you all know," said Nelson sternly. "I saw him die, killed by your orders. He died in the street of—"

"Silence!" menaced the leader. "He claims to be Nelson, the one who died that night."

The seven nodded in unison, but did not remove their gaze from Nelson's angry face.

He kept silence now, briefly reviewing the strange events that had snatched him from the busy streets of the city into as dismal a den of murderers as one might hope to find along the water front of any Chinese city.

Before his eyes there flashed a picture of his last year in China. Then he had been in the diplomatic service of his country. Leeson, his friend, an Englishman in the British employ at Hongkong—inspector of health or something of that sort—had interested Nelson in his establishment of a leper colony down in Anam.

It was Leeson's ambition to clean out the lepers hidden in the city, to root them out from their places of concealment and transport them to the colony where preparations had been made for their segregation, where their cases should be studied and modern methods be employed.

It happened that the afflicted ones looked on the idea of banishment with distaste. They cared little to be herded together in a foreign province far from friends and familiar scenes. They cared nothing whatever for the benefits that might accrue to posterity through their segregation.

Leeson's efforts met with little success, and he brought the law to his aid. Thus he gained permission to capture the afflicted ones, and so his colony prospered for awhile. Then there was formed against him the society of the White Brothers, created to protect the lepers scattered throughout the city from Leeson's agents. Each one bore some mark of the disease, and they had some other emblem by which they might be known to each other if the mark of the disease was not plain enough. And this emblem was the green and gold paper umbrella.

With its snaky twisting golden dragon coiling in and out of the green painted bamboo shoots. Nelson remembered the first time he had seen them—that night of Leeson's carefully planned expedition into a suspected quarter. It was at night, and red lanterns had lighted the street down its crooked length. Suddenly there had burst upon them and the three agents who accompanied Leeson a hideous babel of cracked voices; a horrible spectacle of ghastly faces; a leprosy mob that leered and jeered at them; that drove them point by point toward the end of the street of lepers; a yelling crowd that received the bullets from their revolvers and died noisily; a filthy crew that tried to touch them, that longed to render them as loathsome as itself.

Leeson had been killed, and Nelson tried to forget the sight as the rest of them got away. The next day he led a party back to the street, but it was deserted. Even poor Leeson's body had disappeared. After this outbreak the matter went under the supervision of a large medical corps, and the colony at Anam was augmented by several hundred cases. Nelson resigned from the service and went home, sickened of the whole dubious web of oriental life, thankful that he had escaped contact—that he was clean.

Now they had found him out! They would take their revenge for his betrayal of their outbreak. It pleased them to call him by Leeson's name. As Leeson he would probably die in this hole in the ground under San Francisco.

Nelson determined to force some immediate action from the men who had sprung up in this faraway city to call him to account for his setting the hounds of law upon their trail. All his hideous dreams of the past year seemed to have been realized in the strange events of this day that would undoubtedly be his last on earth.

It had been a strange day, and even now, face to face with death—for the presence of those White Brothers meant nothing less—he seemed to be moving in a dream more frightful than anything his sleeping mind had conceived.

"Fire ahead," he said recklessly; "I'm not afraid of you. Come on, every devil's Imp of you!" He flashed out the revolver he always carried just as they arose in a body and came at him, a ghastly company with stretching, clawing fingers and fiendish eyes.

Then Jay Nelson awoke. He sat up in bed, his brow dripping with sweat and his heart pounding with excitement, for once more he had dreamed of the Japanese umbrella and the horrible band whose emblem it was. This was the worst dream of all, and he murmured devout thanks that it had been a dream.

Sitting there with the morning sunshine streaming into the room and a fresh breeze from the bay ruffling his hair, Nelson saw the early newspaper slid under his door. Eager to be in touch with the commonplace of everyday life, he fetched it and read the headlines. After awhile, in a corner of the sheet, he read that the Hongkong authorities were satisfied that they had rid that city of its lepers. The White Brotherhood had been broken up, and most of its members were in Anam colony. The leader, Tai Laao, was dead. Captain Leeson's death had been avenged.

Jay Nelson went forth that morning a care free man to interview the silk importer in Chinatown. At last he was emancipated from fear. He would dream no more.

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VINOL is the greatest health creator and body builder we know of for old people, as it supplies the very elements needed to rebuild wasting tissue and replace weakness with strength.

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