

YEAR'S WORK IS WOUND UP

COMMISSIONERS OF COUNTY APPROVE VARIOUS BONDS.

VOTE TO PLACE STEEL BRIDGES

A Number of Bills Were Allowed. Bonds of the Road Overseers, Banks and Other Institutions Were Approved—Finishes Preliminary Work.

Madison, Neb., Jan. 30.—Board met at 1 o'clock p. m. pursuant to the call of the chairman. Present Harding, Malone and Taft.

The following appointments were made: Ebert Olsen, road overseer, district No. 28; Frank Neldig, sr., road overseer, district No. 24; Wm. Rockefeller, road overseer, district No. 12; Carl Polenski, road overseer, district No. 31.

On motion the following bonds were approved:

Citizens National bank, depository bond; Elkhorn Valley bank, depository bond; Meadow Grove State bank, depository bond; Battle Creek Valley bank, depository bond; John Brown, road overseer, district No. 3; Mike Novotny, road overseer, district No. 22; John Wade, road overseer, district No. 8; Ebert Olsen, road overseer, district No. 28; Carl Polenski, road overseer, district No. 31.

Application was made for a tomb stone for Joseph Cloyd, private, Co. D, Eighty-fifth Indiana volunteer infantry.

Taxes for 1902, 1903, 1904 and 1905 on block 1 of Mary A. Hewitt's addition to Madison, Neb., property of St. Leonard church, exempt, were ordered stricken from the tax lists.

On motion the county clerk was ordered to reduce the personal assessment of Paul Renner in Fairview precinct for 1905 to the amount of the value of 800 bushels of corn, he having been assessed for said corn in Schoolcraft precinct.

On motion the following bills were allowed:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes Dr. F. A. Long, A. H. Bryant, A. L. Stewart, C. G. Rynearson, S. M. Julson, H. Kilbourn, E. F. Ringer, B. H. Mills, Julius Hulff, S. C. Blackman, Jacob Henderson, Chr. Schavland, School district No. 13, State treasurer, Gus Kaul, Nebraska institute, Nebraska account Thomas Shelley, Nebraska institute, Wood, John Landgraf, John Kreifel, Geo. E. Richardson, F. M. Martin, John E. Douglas, Fred H. Davis.

On motion the board granted the petition of O. S. Christian and others and ordered the opening of a road commencing at the southeast corner of the northeast quarter section 4, township 21 N., range 1, and running thence north on section line between sections 3 and 4 in township 21, range 1, and sections 33 and 34, township 22, range 1, and terminating at the northeast corner of the northeast quarter of section 33, township 22 N., range 1 west 6th P. M. one and one-half miles.

Damages and expenses on account of opening above road were allowed as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes Cornelia A. Barnes, Geo. R. Wycoff, Carl Schilling, John Landgraf, John Kreifel, Geo. E. Richardson, F. M. Martin, John E. Douglas, Fred H. Davis.

former action letting contract for the construction of wooden bridges and repair work and readvertise for such bridges, John Malone and John H. Harding voted "yes" and Burr Taft "no." Carried.

On motion the board then adjourned to February 7, 1906, at 1 o'clock p. m. Geo. E. Richardson, County Clerk.

SHY AT RED HEADED GIRLS

Newspaper Men, After a Bull's-Head Breakfast in California.

The eastern newspaper men who made the initial trip on the Los Angeles Limited train to Southern California were given a bull's head breakfast and the affair was wittily written up by Dick Little, the war correspondent who may visit Norfolk, as follows in the Los Angeles Examiner:

The very fact that I have been asked to write about something in Los Angeles from the standpoint of the "effete east" makes me believe more than ever that Chicago is most admirably situated from a geographical standpoint.

While in New York a month or two ago I was requested to handle a Manhattan function from the standpoint of the "wild and woolly west."

Kipling is wrong. East and west meet in Chicago.

When I go east from Chicago I wear a sombrero and call everybody "partner."

When I go west from Chicago I wear a Newmarket coat and white spats and call everybody "old chap."

I am a westerner in New York and an easterner in California. Great place, Chicago.

We easterners now in Los Angeles, including Cowles from Des Moines, which is in Iowa, and Steele from Kansas City, besides some thirty other citizens of Manhattan living not more than 2,000 miles outside of the borough of the Bronx enjoy Los Angeles exceedingly.

We approve of bull head breakfasts. It was given out in a sylvan grove with hand-painted oranges on the trees and a pile of leaves covered with cotton and labeled Chicago to make the tourists feel perfectly at home.

But it wasn't natural. That snow should have been painted a battleship gray and then daubed with tar. That's the way the beautiful snow looks in Chicago.

They had the bull heads down in a pit, where the cook said they had been cooking for three weeks.

I believe him. I believe everything they tell me in Los Angeles. But that cook ought not to be wasting his time cooking bull heads.

He belongs in a nice little tent away out on the desert, where there are nice little white sticks driven all around like the score board in a penultimate game, and a sign over the tent, "Baldydale on the Hill; these choice city lots in this new subdivision for sale, cheap."

The pit in which the bull heads were cooked was all covered over with earth, like a new made grave.

The cook acted as principal grave digger and when it was decided to hold the autopsy on the bull heads he shoveled off the earth and the bull heads came forth. They were good eating, but, somehow, when my plate was piled high with scrambled bull head I lost my appetite.

That's how I came to swallow a nose ring and get a horn stuck in my throat.

While the eating progressed, Spanish songs were sung. The committee said it was bad form to eat bull head unless accompanied with Spanish songs and chili con carne, whatever that is.

I like bull head breakfasts. I wish we could have them in Chicago. We do something in the meat industry in Chicago and I couldn't see why we shouldn't have bull's head breakfasts.

But the cook said it had to be a California bull. No other kind would do. He said the bull had to be fed on oranges and prunes for six months before being killed and if the sun failed to shine on him two days in succession then the animal was unfit to be the star performer at a bull's head breakfast.

So that knocks out a scheme I had for supplanting pink teas on the Lake Shore drive.

A most genial feeling came over me after that bull head breakfast, except I felt a wild impulse to dash madly at a red flag that hung on a tree.

Everybody seemed similarly affected and the man that owned the flag hurried to take it down.

Finally they brought us back to the hotel. I was glad to get back without getting into trouble.

I came near hooking a very sweet little girl in the street. She was an awful nice little girl but she had red hair.

And when I got almost to the hotel there was almost a greater catastrophe.

It was a red automobile. We all saw it at once and made for it with fierce bellows. But the chauffeur gave a yell and turned on three hundred volts. I think he's still going.

Bull head breakfasts are fine. But no one is ever going to get me inside a packing house again.

If you want to buy land in South Dakota it will pay you to call on F. G. Coryell, Norfolk, Neb.

FIND BABE ON DOORSTEP

TWO-MONTHS OLD GIRL AT CONDUCTOR ADAMS' HOME.

MAN IN FUR COAT LEFT IT

At About 8 O'Clock Last Night a Little Wee Bundle of Femininity Was Found All Cuddled up on the Front Step of Mr. Adams' House.

A queer little bundle containing a babe of two months was mysteriously left at the doorstep of Conductor Ed Adams last night. It is a little baby girl, with pretty dark blue eyes, soft, clear cheeks, a good natured gurgle of a laugh and pretty features withal.

Though it is not known by whom the child was left, yet it is known that a man in a fur overcoat drove up to the house at 8 o'clock last evening, walked to the door, knocked and then hurried back to his buggy, which he drove away rapidly. A bay team hauled the buggy.

Mrs. Adams was not at home at the time and when she returned a little later she went to the back door. She sent her two little boys around to the front door and there, all cuddled up in a teeny-weeny bundle was this perfectly tiny package of pretty and dainty femininity. They took the little visitor inside and warmed her little pink toes near the stove.

Will Probably Keep the Child, Mrs. Adams says that, since she has no little girl of her own and since she dearly loves the little girl that was left, she is willing to keep the babe and give it a home if Mr. Adams, who is now out of town on his run, is willing.

Mrs. Adams has no clue to the identity of the child nor its parents, nor any way of knowing who was the man who brought the bundle, and little effort is being made to find out, as she is not particular about knowing.

It was rumored about town this morning that the child had been left by a passenger who arrived on train No. 5 last night and who then returned to the train, leaving the child here, but this is believed to be untrue, in view of the known visit to the front door of the man with the fur overcoat.

JOHNNY DUMPER'S COUSIN.

Ev. From Chicago Has Exciting Experience on the Farm.

Editor News: My cuzin Ev. from Shegago has cum to visit us. Evelyne or Evelynd or sumthing is her hole name, but I call her Ev. becaws I can't spell it all. Her pa an' mine's bruthers an' her pa's rich. Pa he won't let on but what he's just as well off as his bruther, who started with less'n he did, so he got another hired girl (had to pay her fere a week) an' told me to keep on my Sunday close all the time Ev. was here, an' not to do nothin' but entertain her. I tho't I's goin' to have a pieknick. The nite she cum, me an' ma an' pa druv down to the deopce in the surry. Ev. is a slim pritty girl goin' on seventeen. Me an' her road hoam on the back seat an' she put her arm round me an' told me she wanted me to be her little bruther, an' she'd be my big sis. She sed she's allus wanted a little bruther. I set still an' cudn't say nor think of nuthin' except even an' angles and odder of roses, or whatever it waz she had on her peckerchief. She sed the stars an' the stillness an' everything was grand an' ennervat'n an' made her think she waz close to heven. I started to say sumthing but all I sed waz "me too."

Ev. had bin to boarding school in Nue York an' had got sickly, an' the doc. had perscribed fresh air an' recreation. That waz why she cum. Ev. wanted to no what street an' number our hoas waz an' I sed it waz R. D. F. No. 2. She sed that waz a pritty name for a street, Arefidee. She sed she tho't it must be an Injun name. She ast if there waz meny Injuns in Nebraska, an' I sed there waz lots of 'em. She looked skeered an' ast if there waz eny danger of us bein' attacked before we got hoam. I told her there wazn't much danger so close to town. Ev. waz lookin' for a sweller place than she found. Pa had bin to Shegago onct visitin' his bruther an' he had told them sum big yarns about his ranch you know, an' Ev. tho't we'd have nice ponies to ride an' an' auto-mowbel an' everything, an' when she found we didn't have nothin' but farm hosses, an' I tuck her out ridin' in our buggy behind old Jack an' Dolly she waz dissapinted. She got hoam-sick the next day an' sed this waz an' awful slow place. She sed she didn't no we waz old hay-seeds or she wudn't cum. I sed I'd ruther be a country hay-seed than a sity slach-bug. She sed we didn't show good taste havin' our hired girl an' hired man eat at same tabel as we did. She sed she wazn't user eatin' with servants. I told her she'd hafta get us ter in Nebraska or she sed she had eny to get us ter. She sed pa et with his wife too an' she just cudn't bare it, an' that we all folded our napkins after dinner like we waz hangin' out a washin'. She sed I'd be all right an' she'd like me furst rate if 'twasn't for my surroundin's. Then I begun ter git hot an' I told her my surroundin's sooted me all rite an' if she didn't like 'em she needn't keep herself surrounded by 'em. She sed she'd haf to bare 'em sins she waz out here for fresh air an' recreation, but she did wish sumthing excitin' wud happen. That same evening sumthing did happen that made her think the country wazn't so slow an' that there waz more to be got here than just

fresh air an' recreation. I found a skunk in the hen-hous, asleep in one of the nests. Pa shot one three last week that had et too chickens, an' this waz another one. I didn't say nuthin', just went in the hoas an' got a basket an' started out for the eggs. Ev. seen me an' sed she wanted to go gather eggs to. I ast her if she didn't want to go in the barn while I went in the hen-hous. She sed no, she waz fraid to go by the hosses an' I eud go in the barn while she went in the hen-hous. So she went in an' I started for the barn. But before I got thro' I herd her say, "O, Johnny, cum an see this pritty black an' white cat." I went back an' stopped outside an' you'd a busted lafn. She sez "pritty pussy, sound asleep, let me stroke on, nice kitty." Then I herd the awful racket I ever herd a girl make, an' "Ev. cum flyin' out of the hen-coop a hollerin' "Johnny, take it away, take the nasty thing away!" an' she went rarin' to the hoas an' ma herd her hollerin' an' cum to the door, an' Ev. run up the steps screechin' "I'm goin' rite hoam, I wost stay on this nasty old farm another minnit." Ma smelt what waz up an' she sez "Deer me child, you'll change your close before you go, won't you?" (My, wudn't she bin a surcuis if she'd got on the trane that way?) Ma finally got her soothed down an' into the bath-tub an' called down-stares for the hired girl to bring up the sapollo. An' ma opened an up-stares window an' threw out all Ev.'s close an' called the hired man an' told him to take an' berry them. Ev. changed her mind about goin' hoam after ma talked to her a while. I ast Ev. next mornin' if she still tho't there wazn't nothin' doin' in the country except fresh air an' recreation an' she sez "you horrid boy!" But when I told her I'd shot the black an' white cat with my twenty-too she waz all rite an' sed she'd be my sis agen. An' I tho't I'd rite about it so's sum eastern girl that thinks the country's slow an' hasn't nothin' but fresh air an' recreation will no different an' want to cum west too.

Yours, Johnny Dumper.

NATURE'S BILLIARD TABLE.

How the Death Valley Desert Saves a Day in the Life of Man.

The following exceedingly clever little story was written by E. Strauss, city editor of the Times-Star, Cincinnati, Ohio. Mr. Strauss was one of the party of newspaper men who made the initial trip on the Los Angeles Limited train:

What was it for? What for—what for, what for, what for, wh—

Birds high in heaven utter a cry that seems echoed by the click of the wheels of the bird beneath.

Ages ago and what for? The pioneer buffalo, unsheltered by the wintry wind, may have looked the dumb question—What for?

His aborigine successor, gazing on the hopeless unfertile distance probably looked aware of eye on the scene and asked the question that civilization has answered.

This is what for . . . Imagine a succession of bewildering scenes and of bewildering weather, of altering altitudes and of widest vistas. Imagine within these strange panoramas almost no sign of human life, save here and there a stretch of fence that seems unlimited, suggesting that man must have placed it there and surrounded himself, his all, his homestead, therewith. In addition maybe also there is now and then a ditch for irrigating and now and then a—yes, a station with a human being looking out as if he owed apology for being there. Imagine a flat land without a relief that does not emphasize this condition, and this is nature's billiard table—the great American desert.

Imagine a day added to one's life. Can it be done by human means? It is not sufficient answer to say that it can—it has been done.

Not by human means alone, but by man with the agency that seemed rejected of very fate itself, the great desert.

Across this flat land there is hurled every day the land comet—The Los Angeles Limited.

It uses the unusable, the desert, the great time-saver, transformed by the mind of today into one of the most useful parts of the land, the desert no longer, the time-saver hereafter, that makes possible the shortening of the time across the continent, the bed of the road that adds a day to every traveler's life.

FACTS ABOUT RAILROAD RATES

Title of a Pamphlet Being Distributed in Norfolk.

The first direct evidence of the much talked of campaign of publicity of the railroads has struck Norfolk in the form of a little booklet which has been quite generally distributed among the downtown offices. It is called "The Facts About Railroad Rates," and is a digest of conditions, speeches and statistics covering about 200 pages. It is written from the railroad viewpoint and says so quite frankly in the preface.

If you want to buy O'Norfolk property see F. G. Coryell.

INSPECTS TOLL LINE.

Foreman Butler Leaves For a Drive to Creighton.

Foreman Butler of the Nebraska Telephone company started overland for Creighton Friday. He will inspect the toll line between Norfolk and there and put it in shape for the rest of the winter.

WILL RAISE SUGAR BEETS

NORTHWEST NEBRASKA FARMERS WILL SUPPORT PLANT.

INTEREST HAS BEEN CREATED

C. M. Thompson, President of the Rock County Bank at Newport, Has Talked With a Number of Farmers in That Territory and Hopes for Plant.

That sugar beets would be raised by the farmers of northwest Nebraska for another sugar factory in Norfolk, is assured. The following letter from C. M. Thompson, president of the Rock County State bank at Newport, pledges the hearty support of farmers in that section for a factory here. Mr. Thompson says:

Newport, Neb., Feb. 2.—Mr. W. N. Huse, Norfolk, Neb.—Dear Sir: I noted recently an item in your paper relative to the reopening of the sugar factory at Norfolk. I have given this matter a good deal of thought and have, during the last year or two, talked with a number of our farmers in this vicinity about raising beets. There will be no difficulty in creating a large interest in raising beets to be shipped to the Norfolk factory.

I trust that you and others may succeed in awakening sufficient interest in the enterprise to reopen the factory in Norfolk. You may rely upon us to do our part in helping to produce the beets.

Very truly yours, C. M. Thompson.

GAME WAS PLENTIFUL.

"Uncle John" Tells of the Deer and Elk That Roamed This Country.

"Game when you first came to the country, Uncle John."

"Yes, that's so, it was quite plenty," began Uncle John, as he lighted a fresh pipeful of tobacco and settled back in his arm chair. "Along about '70 the deer and antelope hadn't been shot at much and you'd been surprised to see how tame they was. I've looked out many a mornin' from the door of my old log house you see there, and seen as high as fifteen or twenty antelope or deer coming down from the hills across the meadow yander to drink at the river. Sometimes a bunch of elk would come in sight but they was more scary. In the winter when the Elkhorn was frozen, the poor animals had a hard job getting water at times. If there was snow on the ground they would eat that but when the ground was bare they would wander along the river bank hunting an air-hole. Once I found an elk in the river where he had broken through the ice and it was too deep for him to get out. He had gone out to where the antelope had been drinking and being so heavy had broke through. I went home, got my team, pulled him out, brought him up to the house and tied him up, and, as he was too thin to make good eating I fed him up for a month or so and then butchered him. I want to tell you he made about the finest steak I ever et.

"The winter of '59 and '70 the river froze up so solid the antelope couldn't find any place to drink except the water hole where I had cut the ice for my cows and hosses to drink. There would be some of them standing there every morning, while the cold weather lasted, waiting for me to come down and chop the ice out." Uncle John paused and took a long pull at his corn-cob pipe which had nearly gone out.

"I suppose you killed lots of antelope for meat in those days."

"Yes, killed all we wanted," resumed Uncle John. "In the fall of the year the deer and antelope used to come into my corn-field and eat stalks with my cows and calves. Sometimes one would come home at night with my cattle and go in the yard. I built a yard with a high tight rail fence along side my cow yard, and whenever I'd see a deer or an antelope in with my cows I'd drive him and a cow or two into the tight yard, turn the cows out, and leave the deer or antelope in. I'd leave 'em in there till I got three or four collected and then, along about the holidays, I'd have a big butchering day, invite two or three of my nearest neighbors over, just like we do nowadays when we butcher a heifer and two or three hogs. But in them days we didn't need to butcher no hogs or cattle only when we wanted a change from venison."

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy Absolutely Harmless.

Every mother should know that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is perfectly safe for children to take, as it contains nothing harmful. For sale by all druggists.

HARRY BEEMER RELEASED.

It is Found in Court That He Fought Only in Self Defense.

Harry Beemer was released from the charge of fighting in police court Friday morning. The trouble occurred on December 1 and trial was first set for December 15. At that time Beemer was out of the city so the trial was delayed until his return. Several witnesses were examined and it was shown that Beemer was not the aggressor and probably fought only in self defense, which was his plea.

Farmers bring in your repair work for spring. I will save you 20% as I have the time and am prepared to do the work.

Paul Nordwig.

BEGAN CUTTING ICE TODAY

George Stalcoop Has Force of Twenty-Five Men—One Week Enough.

Norfolk will be supplied with ice next summer if the cold snap will continue for another week. Today a gang of twenty-five men started cutting ice on the bayou near the sugar factory and some ice was hauled into town in the afternoon. George Stalcoop, who is harvesting the ice on the bayou, supplies icehouses in the city that have a combined capacity of over 2,000 tons and which supply almost half the ice used. There will all be filled by Saturday night unless a very warm spell of weather sets in within a day or two. The ice on the bayou is of a good quality and varies from 10 to 12 inches in thickness.

Those who cut their ice on the river will have to wait for a few more days of cold weather before they can begin. The ice only averages about five inches on the running water and it will not thicken sufficiently to cut without some severe weather.

If you don't believe in a thing hard enough to do it—in the matter of want advertising, for example—you stand, practically, with those who don't believe in it at all.

Farmers bring in your repair work for spring. I will save you 20% as I have the time and am prepared to do the work.

Paul Nordwig.

You Must Not Forget

We are constantly improving in the art of making Fine Photos.

Newest Styles in Cards and Finish.

We also carry a Fine Line of Mouldings.

I. M. MACY.

FARM LOANS

Lowest Rates. W. J. GOW & BRO. NORFOLK, NEBRASKA. Money on Hand.

FARM LOANS

She Has Cured Thousands DR. CALDWELL OF CHICAGO

Practicing Aleopathy, Homeopathy, Electric and General Medicine.

Will, by request, visit professionally NORFOLK NEBRASKA, OXNARD HOTEL, THURSDAY, FEB. 8. ONE DAY ONLY.



returning every four weeks. Consult her while the opportunity is at hand. DR. CALDWELL limits her practice to the special treatment of diseases of the eye, ear, nose, throat, lungs, female diseases, diseases of children and all chronic, nervous and surgical diseases of a curable nature. Early consumption, bronchitis, disease of the liver and chronic catarrh, headache, constipation, stomach and bowel troubles, rheumatism, neuritis, sciatica, kidney diseases, Bright's disease, diseases of the liver and bladder, dizziness, nervousness, indigestion, obesity, interrupted nutrition, slow growth in children, and all wasting diseases in adults, deformities, club feet, curvature of the spine, diseases of the brain, paralysis, heart disease, dropsy, swelling of the limbs, structure, open sores, pain in the bones, granular enlargements and all long standing diseases properly treated.

Blood and Skin Diseases. Pimples, blotches, eruptions, liver spots, falling of the hair, bad complexion, eczema, throat ulcers, bone pains, bladder troubles, weak back, burning urine, passing stones, too often. The effects of constitutional sickness or the taking of too much injurious medicine receives searching treatment, prompt relief and a cure for life.

Diseases of women, irregular menstruation, falling of the womb, bearing down pains, female displacements, loss of sexual tone, leucorrhoea, sterility or barrenness, consult Dr. Caldwell and she will show them the cause of their trouble and the way to become cured.

Cancers, Gout, Fistula, Piles, and enlarged glands treated with the subcutaneous injection method, absolutely without pain and without the loss of a drop of blood, is one of her own discoveries and is really the most scientific method of this advanced age.

Dr. Caldwell has practiced her profession in some of the largest hospitals throughout the country. She has no superior in the treating and diagnosis of diseases, deformities, etc. She has late opened an office in Omaha, Nebraska, where she will spend a portion of each week treating her many patients. No incurable cases accepted for treatment. Consultation, examination and advice, one dollar to those interested.

DR. ORA CALDWELL & CO. Chicago, Ill. Address all mail to Bee Building, Omaha, Neb.