## NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS NOTES.

BELLWOOD.

From the Gazette:

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Henry and little daughter of Cambridge, Neb., visited at Bellwood and at Columbus this week with relatives.

Miss Mary Zinnecker came over to Bellwood from Columbus Wednesday for a few days visit with her brother, Rev. Zinnecker and family.

Wedding invitations are out announcing the marriage of Mr. Frank Loder and Miss Jessie Meyer at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Meyer, formerly of Bellwood: but now of Hendly, Neb., on Wednesday June 12, 1967.

M. J. Holland was in Bellwood Wednesday settling up with the pinched depositors of the Gould bank. All holding certificates of deposit at the time the bank went under, were paid fifteen per cent of the money they lost. Five per cent was paid some time ago, which is better than nothing.

HUMPHREY

From the Democrat.

Miss Blanche Cookingham has accepted the position of book keeper in Diers Bros. & Co's store and entered upon her new duties the first of the week.

John Gilsdorf has purchased the Cornlea drug store and is moving over this week. If John receives the patronage he merits he will do a good business at Cornlea. The Democrat wishes him success.

Pat McDonald left last Saturday for Hot Springs, S. D., to try the medicinal qualities of the springs of this popular place for her health. The Democrat hopes that he will return with his former good health completely restored.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Wemhof went down to Columbus Wednesday to attend the funeral of Mrs. Browne, the mother of the two children which Mr. and Mrs. Wemhof adopted some timt ago. The deceased had been a patient in the Columbus hospital for several months.

25 years ago last week Valtin Gehr and his sister, Mrs. Edmund Alber, came to the United States from Germany, and in order to celebrate the event a number of invited friends and neighbors gathard at the home of Mr. and Mrs Alber on the Geo. Bender place east of town and spent the day in a most fitting manner. Those present report a very enjoyable time. A number of town people were in attendence at the celebration.

It is the opinion of the editor of this paper that the exchange of pencils between pupils in our public schools is one of the worst possible ways of spreading disease. In many schools it is the practice to have a box of pencils which are passed among the pupils and returned to the box after use. In this way a disease may be rapidly spread through a school. The practice is as bad as it can be and should be discontinued in every school in the land. The chances for the spread of disease are great enough in our schools without aiding the spread in this manner.

Persistent rumor that P. E. McKillip had sold his residence and banking interests in Humphrey and contemplated moving elsewhere led the editor of the Democrat to interview Mr. McKillip. When asked point blank as to the truth of the rumors, he smiled and said: "No I have not sold my residence in Humphreg and it is not for sale. I anticipate that it will be my home for some years come. As to the banking interest I am acquiring more instead of less. The McKillip-Ewing Co. has been traded to the Steffs Bros. for land, and I have been bending my energies to get my interests so concentrated that I can take life easy. Outside of that there is nothing to the rumors."

The following from the Omaha News may be of interest to a few of the Democrat readers, in as much as Dr. Allison has visited Humphrey on different occasions: "Mrs. Carrie Dimmick, mother of Luther Rich, a minor, claims $15,000 of Dr. C. C. Allison, as the price of one of her son's lungs. The suit was filed today in the district court. Young Rich who is 17, suffered from an abcess in the chest. It was necessary to operate upon him. At the suggestion of Dr. Allison, it is alleged in the petition, the boy was taken to the hospital and the operation performed. He was discharged as convalescent. Later it was found that a second abcess had performed in the same locality. In another examination it is declared, a small glass tube about 2 inches in length, with a shorter tube of rubber, was imbedded in the boy's left lung. This was due to the physician's carelessness, the mother alleges.

MONROE.

From the Republican.

Miss Mary Gibbon left last Friday for Charles City, Ia., where she will make an extended visit with her grand-mother.

Miss Inez Nash, who has been teaching in the Columbus schools the last year, returned home this week to enjoy her vacation.

A delegation from Mystic lodge, I. O. O. F. went to St. Edward Thursday to attend a district convention of that order which is being held there.

Clarence Buckley came up from Lincoln last week for a short visit at the home of his wife's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Head, returning Monday.

Miss Jenette Burris arrived Wednesday from Pleasent Hill, Mo., for a visit with her brother, J. H. Burris. She expects to remain here during the summer.

R. E. Clayburn has resigned his position in H. A. Mansfield & Co.'s store, and after taking a few weeks, vacation at home expects to attend business college.

Mr. and Mrs William Webster took their little daughter Alice to Omaha this week to be operated on for throat trouble. They expect to return the latter part of the week.

H. C. Carlson, who has been Union Pacific agent since W. W. Ladd went to North Bend, was relieved Thursday by a Mr. Buskirk from Madison, who will probably remain here permanently.

The Platte County Sunday school association held its annual convention at the Congregational church at O'Kay June 1, at 8 p. m., and Sunday; June 2, at 10:30 a. m. and 3 p. m. Prof. Steidley and Miss Mamie Hines, state Sunday school workers, were present and delivered exceptionally interesting and instructive addresses along the line of Sunday school work. Sunday morning Miss Hines taught the lesson, of "Moses called to be a leader" in a most impressive way with illustrating on the black board. Seven Sunday schools were represented by delegates in the convention and at the close of its session the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President A. G. Rolfe of Palestine; vice president, Anton Alfords of O'Kay; secretary-treasurer, Paul Greig of West Hill; and the following delegates were elected to attend the State School convention at Hastings June 18, 19 and 20, as delegates from this county: Mrs. A. A. Dye of Palestine, Paul Greig of West Hill and Miss Gertie Fellers of O'Kay, and each school in the county was instructed to send a special delegate.

SILVER CREEK.

From the Sand.

Elmer Maurer visited Columbus Wednesday.

Mrs. J. T. Cotton and Mrs. Conklin were in Columbus Monday.

Mrs. D. F. Davis and Miss Alma Sprague visited Columbus Monday last.

S. E. Knower came up from Columbus Saturday on a bmsiness visit to his old home.

Mrs. Eck Stitt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Lunday came up from Oklahoma Tuesday for a visit with her parents and others.

Tuesday a surveyor was here and pulled up the two sets of takes set for the two new proposed locations for the Union Pacific water tank, and it now looks as though it would remain where it is. This looks like a reasonable proposition.

The Peter Johnson farm west of town known to older settlers as the Cole Homestead, was sold this week through the the land agency of Sol C. Towslee, the consideration being about $8,000. The farm was owned by Peter Johnson of Richland and was sold to Edward W. Worley of Illinois.

John McLean, a former resident of Clarks and a brother of Robert McLean of this place, now of Greeley, Colo., was recently accused of having attempted to kill a neighbor named James Metcalf, a fued having exhisted between the two men for some time. McLean was tried for the offense and it took the jury 26 minutes to say that he was not guilty

Alex MacQueen returned Friday last from a trip over eastern central Nebraska which took in about ten counties. He says that wheat never before looked as well and he predicts a banner year for Nebraska in the line of crop products. Mr. MacQueen is an observant man and good judge of agricultural conditions and we hope late weather conditions will not change the outlook.

Last Saturday evening Sheriff E. E. Sherman of Elk Paint, S. D. arrived in Silver Creek having in charge Leck McCormick of Polk county. McCormick, who has had mental lapses previously, was in a terrible condition, apparently in the very worst stages of insanity. He was placed in the village jail where he was guarded until Monday when Sheriff Ehlers of Polk county came over and took him to Osceola. The following day the poor unfortunate was removed to the Hastings asylum.

We frequently hear people say that in a town the size of Silver Creek there should be but one church instead of 4 or 5, and all the people should unite and hire one good preacher at a good salary and every body go to church. How lovely! Also, how foolish! Why bless your soul there are not enough churches to suit every body. Some of them could be divided by at least 3 and yet not make any too many for there would be bosses and posses selholier than though Christians. One the other hand one small church in such towns would generally hold all the real Christains. It makes us feel bad to see so little of the spirit of brotherly love manifested by professing Christains, but really, we can't help it, although we do our part by preaching the true gospel, which is, "Love ye one another."



## FAILED TO WIN VOTES.

### Great Speeches Have Not Always Had Effect Desired.

In eloquence and point no other speech in the whig convention in Baltimore in 1852 even remotely approached the one which Rufus Choate made for Webster, but Webster was never a serious factor in the balloting. In every one of the 53 ballots Fillmore and Scott had several times as many votes as Webster, and Scott carried off the candidacy. Robert G. Ingersoll's "Plumed Knight" speech, in which he said, "Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American congress and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen forehead of every defamer of his country and maligner of its honor," in the Cincinnati convention of 1876, gave Blaine a sobriquet which he carried to the end of his life, and it made Ingersoll famous.

But Hayes and not Blaine won the nomination. Conkling's Appomatox speech in the Chicago convention of 1880 in favor of Grant captivated the country at the moment and "swept the convention off its feet" (except the delegates). Garfield's in favor of Sherman in the same convention was scarcely inferior to Conkling's in point and power. Neither Grant nor Sherman received the nomination.

Garfield's speech for Sherman helped Garfield to get the nomination himself in the deadlock, although neither he nor anybody else at the opening of the convention had thought of him as a possibility. When Bryan made his "cross of gold" speech, which stampeded the Chicago convention of 1896, he was not, ostensibly, talking for himself, nor did anybody in the convention think of him in connection with the candidacy at the time he got up there to speak. He entered that convention as a member of a contesting delegation and was unknown to the country at the time, though he had the presidential bee in his bonnet and was working for his own nomination all the time that he was in the convention.—Leslie's Weekly.

### Japan Developing China.

South China is being covered with Japanese educational appliances specially adapted for Chinese use—schoolbooks, maps, globes, anatomical and other charts—all helping to rescue the people from their ignorance. Every school teaches physical and military drill. In every town of any size, and often in villages, there are now schools with foreign fittings for teaching western learning. Large numbers of temples, often every temple except the city temple and the Confucian temple, are being converted into schools and colleges, while scholars in their semi-foreign dress are counted by thousands, says the London Times. English songs are sung to the music of a Japanese harmonium.



## THE CAD

By Elizabeth W. Corritson

It seemed a direct repudiation of the long line of honorable ancestors traceable back to the days of the Mayflower, but nevertheless it was a fact—Preston was a sneak, a cad. A man with less egotism in his makeup would have accepted the pointed remarks and general coolness of his campmates and the girls at the hotel as evidence conclusive and emulated the Arab traditionally spoken of as adept at folding tents and effecting noiseless departures. Not so with Preston; he stayed.

He had never been a warm favorite with the "crowd," and since the time when, smarting from jealousy, envy and all the other mean feelings in the category, he had followed and spied upon Marjory Dalton and Blanchard in their love making and then babbled a description of the tenderest scene to the embarrassment and confusion of the young lady, tolerance had given way to aversion.

"Preston, you contemptible cad," Blanchard had said after good-nights had been spoken and the men were back in camp, "I've more than half a mind to punch your head."

"Why don't you?" Preston had asked mockingly, and his hand had closed involuntarily upon his pocketknife, just as in boyhood it had reached for a stone when battle seemed imminent.

Blanchard had curbed his anger and turned on his heel; but all of the fellows and most of the girls had agreed in their indignation to call Preston "The Cad."

Thinking he best showed his contempt for the censure of the others by a repetition of his despicable performance, he was again engaged in spying upon the same couple from behind a patch of barberry. They were sitting in lover-like attitude upon a high bank that overhung a treacherous bit of the lake, Devil's pool, said to be bottomless for its depth had never been sounded.

As Preston watched, grinding his teeth in rage and longing to wreak upon the man a vengeance his very cowardice prevented him from attempting, he saw something flash in the sunlight. A cautious investigation revealed a long hunting knife clasped in a powerful hand protruding from the shrubbery a little to his left. Beside the knife was the evil, rage-distorted face of Gaspard, the half-breed whom Blanchard had detected in thieving and unceremoniously kicked from the camp.

The thing was plainly evident to Preston. The half-breed, probably crazed by drink, was going to murder Blanchard. He was not taking into account the fact that the opportunity was a poor one—that some dark night when Blanchard was alone would better insure his chances of escape. He knew only that his enemy was before him and his rage urged him to kill.

As the half-breed crept forward Preston realized the awful horror of it all. Something of good within him, probably a fine strain handed down to him by his gentlemanly ancestors, revealed to him the possibilities of the situation. Of heroism and valor he hitherto had known nothing. Now, impelled by this new feeling that tingled his nerves like a tonic, his one thought was to serve his love—to save her lover for her. The cost he did not count. He sprang from his hiding place and dashed toward the half-breed, intercepting him and grasping the hand that held the knife just as it was raised above Blanchard, who, back to, was unconscious of his danger. With a snarl the half-breed closed with his assailant. Around they whirled in a fierce battle for supremacy, their struggles bringing them close to the edge of the bank. Preston's strength had never been great and the seasoned muscles of the half-breed soon wore him down. The hand that held the knife wrenched free, poised a moment in the air, then flashed downward. Preston uttered a scream of agony, but did not relax his hold. There was a sound of crumbling soil and the rattle of stones; the turf beneath the combatants sagged, then gave way entirely and the pair plunged downward to the waters of Devil's pool.

Some of the "crowd," attracted by the noise, came running up, and with Marjory and Blanchard peered from a safe place into the waters below. The half-breed, without any evidence of injury or fatigue, was swimming rapidly toward the opposite shore. At the foot of the bank, where the ripples were widening, the water was tinged to a deeper hue. The cad was seen no more by man.

"Who is it?" someone asked in awed tones.

Blanchard straightened himself with an effort.

"The Ca—" he began, then stopped, flushing with shame. "Harry Preston," he amended, his voice vibrating with feeling, "as white a man as ever lived."

Marjory held out her hands to him in silent appreciation of the eulogy. Her eyes were misty and shone with a light that baffled interception. Deep down in the inner sanctuary of her heart she was enshrining the memory of "The Cad."

### A Slow Chump.

Miss Koy—"Mr. Slowman declared he was going to kiss me last night, but he didn't." Miss Ascum—"Of course you indignantly repelled his advances." Miss Koy—"Oh, of course, but what difference should that make?"

### Yellowstone Park.

The reservation known as the Yellowstone National park, set apart for public uses by an act of congress passed in 1872, covers a tract of about 65 miles in length from north to south, and about 55 miles in width from east to west, lying chiefly in northwestern Wyoming and overlapping to a small extent the boundaries of Montana on the north and Idaho on the west. This gives an area of 3,312 square miles, a tract that is nearly the area of the states of Rhode Island and Delaware combined, and nearly half as large as the state of Massachusetts.



## ONE MAN NOT PLEASED.

### Orator's Compliment to Town Called Forth Warm Protest.

Two interesting stories are told of the late Gen. W. H. L. Barnes, of California. One concerns a campaign speech that the general made in Redding. Being a diplomat as well as an orator, Barnes, who had not been in Redding for a decade or more, sought to say something flattering about the town's growth. When he reached the filling in stage of his speech, he said: "I want to congratulate the citizens of Redding on the wonderful progress of their beautiful city. When I was last here, not many years ago, I had to put up at a ramshackle hotel, with poor accommodations and badly cooked food. What do I find to-day? A magnificent caravansary with a cuisine worthy of a metropolis." The compliment won applause, and after the meeting was over many of the auditors crowded to the platform to shake hands with the speaker. One old fellow, with a pioneer beard, waited patiently for his turn. When he reached the general he calmly put his hands behind him, shook his head angrily and blurted out: "All I want to say is that you're a white-headed old falsifier. I kept that hotel."

The other story deals with the special session of the legislature called to fill the vacancy caused by the failure of the solons of 1899 to elect a United States senator. Barnes wanted the honor, but the compromisers passed him by and picked out Thomas R. Bard, of Ventura. The night of Bards' election Gov. Gage was roused from his bed by a caller who refused to wait until morning. Gage opened the door and there stood Gen. Barnes. "Governor," said the general solemnly, "you called this session to fill a vacancy. Instead of filling a vacancy you have created one." And then without another word the general stalked away.

### Timber Fast Disappearing.

An idea of the rapidity with which the timber is disappearing from some sections of Pennsylvania can be obtained from the following figures, which refer to the timber cutting on the Hicks Run tract in Clearfield county: Original size of tract 9,000 acres; timber cut the first two years, 3,000 acres; still standing, 6,000 acres; amount of timber cut, 50,000,000 feet; amount standing, 200,000,000 feet; daily capacity of sawmill, 200,000 feet; daily shipments, 15 carloads; amount of timber in Hicks Run yard, 6,000,000 feet; time of operation, two years; estimated time to cut standing timber, four years; number of men employed, 800.

### He Was Out of Sight.

Recently I photographed a large factory group, and a few days later brought the proofs to show the group and take orders. Quite a crowd gathered around me to see the picture. Suddenly I felt someone pushing his way through the crowd toward me. Up came a funny looking humpback and wanted to look at the proofs. There being about 120 in the group, it was taking some time for this individual to find himself. He looked so disappointed that I asked him where he sat when it was taken. He answered: "I was in the engine-room sweeping."—Judge's Library.

### A Man's Notions.

If we go into a feminine crowd, not a miscellaneous, outdoor crowd, but an intensely feminine indoor crowd, we see at once that women have become more uniformly beautiful. Only the appallingly hideous women are really ugly, the others are genuinely attractive.

Among the women who "go into business" at the present day the most successful are those who seriously enter the business of being beautiful.—Exchange.