Can you write a good business hand? Can you keep a set of double entry books? Can you write shorthand and operate a typowriter? Can you add o column of figures rapidly and correctly? Can you draw up correctly checks, drafts and other forms of commercial paper? If yok cannot do these things you will be forced to

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Rural Free Deliuery Number....

Our Polk County Friends.

The filings in Polk county for office amounts to the nice sum of \$145.00, while treasurer, Doctor H. J. McBeth manain Platte county they amount to about ger, and E. R. Ware leader, we heard \$200.00. "What fools we mortals be." Not all the sports of Osceola attended

the races, for Dr. Shaw and Snider and a whole lot of Osceola gentlema took a vacation and went from Occeola down to the Platte, fished, hunted, put themselves to soak in the river and had a fine in the Osceola High schools for a number

bell, Miss Leard of Shelby, Mable Hamilton and Miss Alma Hanson also camped with the Chantanqua for the full term.

Miss Minnie Anderson of Occeols was a contestent for the Gold Medal as an orator at Lincoln, there were ten con- their own especially one; we know of a testants and the little Osceola lady knocked the spots off of them all. The might mention right from Occools, but next contest is for the Diamond Medal time and space forbids. and the Opceola friends of Miss Anderson say the little lady is bound to win

While County Judge H. H. Campbell the trains that run into Stromeburg has been sweltering in his office issuing Shelby and Osceola to keep track of the marriage licenses and performing the goer and comers; of course found that coremony that made two into one. The the large majority were on the way to weigh his adversaries with care, it was right hand kept hidden beneath the good lady of the house and the little attend the Columbus races they went Camels are camping down by the raging east from Osceola to David City and strangers, and Hampton smiled softly Platte and they say they will stay for two or three weeks, if they do what will through Stromsburg and then to Conpoor Henry do, poor thing. Mrs. Ger- tral City, where specials were in waiting trude Dearborn is the chaperone for the to carry the sporting fraternity to campers and they are having a glorious Columbus, and then besides others drove

A fellow at our elbow makes the re- burg to Clarks, and parties that went mark "that among the laws passed by ear that the roads were fairly black with the demented legislature, the greatest teams on the way to the races, some of tom-fool law is the primary, the idea of the days it was reported there were compelling one to put up five dollars or over three thousand that persod not be a candidate for anything, for in through the gates, and Columbus with the filing at the county clerk's office Homer Robinson as president and Gus there was just twenty-nine of all parties Spicco as secretary-treasurer has se that blow in their little fiver, when all tablished the fact that as good races can the chance they have is to get their name | be held their as any other places west of before the people and be thrown over Chicago.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas columns the illness of Doctor E. D. Olark are end to hear that Mrs. Clark Buckner of Occols, all that loving hands died at their Olympia, Washington, could do to stay the great destroyer, was home on August 5th, their son-in-law, was done. The loctor died last Monday Judge F. H. Ball receiving the sad news. and his funeral was held at the home on Mr. Clark and family were old settlers Wednesday, Rev. D. M. Grigsby the in Valley precinct, Polk county, in the paster of the Methodist church officintearly coventies. The family had lived ing. The body was taken to Lincoln in their present home for the past seven for interment. The world was made years. Mrs. Clark was 75 years old, and better by the life of Doctor Buckner. enjoyed the friendship of every one that He was a good and true man, he served

giving the names of all the good sports member of J. F. Roynolds Post No. 26 that went from Polk county to the racco G. A. R. and always took a great inat Columbus last week, but there was a terest in building up the post and great many and it is presumed that they served in all the offices in the gift of the would not like to see their names in Post. He was president of the state print. They all say they enjoyed the Humane society, and the author of the sport-will come again, and besides the book "The Immortality of Animale" hefemale brethren from Polk county was lieving in the Immortality of Animals just as much pleased as the male breth- he had the courage of his convictions ren, and are going to lay themselves out and wrote and talked about it. The to attend again next year. Grand Army was the only fraternal

They have a new band at Osceola, call- society to which he belonged. ed the Occeols Cornet Band, they have about thirty members. Their officers

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are Frank Anderson president, J. Lindlie Herald secretary, Ralph Dearborn every blessed one of them "Blow", and if they make as good music as they can blow. Occools can rest assured that

their will be tooting good and plenty.

Success to the Osceols Cornet Bank.

Miss Georgia Anderson who has taught of years was again engaged for Quite a number of Osceola people at-Quite a number of Occeola people attended the David City Chautauqua, and among them were Hon. E. L. King and Colorado College, and will then become conclude to teach a school of-one scholar. It has been kind of dangerous for Osceola teachers to go west, for they are so sweet and attractive that they give up teaching soon have a family of number of casses like that, that we

> The pencil pusher-editors and reporters of Polk county were kept mighty busy the past week, in catching from Occaola to Silver Orack, Stroma-

We had beretofore mentioned in these his country as a gallant soldier of the We will have to be pardoned for not 133nd Indiana Vols. He was also a

tended the horse sale in Columbus last

Mrs. John Bhuber of Benson, Nehr

visited last Saturday and Sunday at the home of Frank Thomas. J. H. and Herbert Hahn were setting

posts around the Hahn school house for fence and hitching posts this week.

A. Guiles of Monroe township visited over Sunday with his daughter, Mrs. M.

Miss Emma Lambertus is a guest this week at the home of her grand perents. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sissle.

Miss Jennie Appar returned to he home in Genoa last Friday after a few days stay with her sister. Mrs. R. E.

Friday evening about thirty-five young of Joe Liebig, jr.

About thirty young people on the route surprised Miss Mary Milach last Thursday evening, the occasion being the twenty-second againerary of her birth.

Thomas Maher, one of the old residente of the county, died Monday, August 12. The funeral was held Wednesday from St. Joseph's church, Platte Couter, and the barial was in St. Joseph's cometery.

> Route No. 3. Dan Echois was a Shell Creek visitor

Saturday and Sunday.

C. J. Carrig and Otto House were

ading three or four weeks visiting at the home of D. Brunken.

Miss Mary Lang returned home Tues day from Columbus, where she had been receiving medical treatment.

Otto Durkop and Miss Krouger were pleasantly entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Asche Sanday after nore and evening.

John Hoeffin of Columbus is helping the Behlen's thresh. He was formerly of Chicago where he was in the grocery basiness and is spending his vacation in this locality.

The Shell Creek Buttermilks, who have held the championship since the season opened, were defeated on their own grounds last Sunday by the Shell Creek Athletes, the score being 2 to 0

Last Thursday, while the Standard Bridge company were moving their outfit the northern part of the county, two of their horses were overcome with the best while near the German Baptist | Columbus, Nebraska church and died from the effects of it.



13th Street

DY BUNDALL PARRISH AUTHOR OF 2 "INTER INCOMPRESSIONS AND "MY LARDY OF THE MORTH COMMENT LIST BY REMETLING S CO

Continued from Page Four

glances evidencing nothing either of success or failure. Hampton played with extreme caution for some time. his eyes studying keenly the others about the table, seeking some deeper understanding of the nature of his opponents, their strong and weak points, and whether or not there existed any prior arrangement between them. He was there for a purpose, a clearly defined purpose, and he felt no inclination to accept unnecessary chances with the fickle Goddess of Fortune. To not extremely difficult to class the two on observing the size of the rolls

rather ostentatiously exhibited by them. His satisfaction was in noways lessened by the sound of their voices. when incautiously raised in anger over some unfortunate play. He immediately recognized them as the identical individuals who had loudly and vainly protested over his occupancy of the best rooms at the hotel. He chuckled grimly.

But what bothered him particularly was Slavin. The cool, gray eyes, glane ing with such apparent negligence across the cards in his hands, noted every slight movement of the redbearded gambler, in expectation of detecting some sign of trickery, or some evidence that he had been selected by this precious trio for the purpose of easy plucking. Knavery was Slavin's seeking to outwit one of Hampton's

enviable reputation. It was, unquestionably, a fairly fought four-handed battle, and at last. thoroughly convinced of this. Hampplay out his game. The stakes grew steadily larger. Several times drinks himself with a gulp of water, always feel like it, laugh!" apparent recklessness, never hesitating over a card, his eye as watchful as straight line. that of a hawk, his betting quick, confident, audacious. The contagion of his spirit seemed to affect the others. to force them into desperate wagers. The perspiration was beading Slavin's forehead, and now and then an oath burst unrestrained from his hairy lips. Hawes and Willis sat white-faced, bent forward anxiously over the table, their Sugers shaking as they handled the fateful cards, but Hampton played without perceptible tremor, his utterances few and monosyllabic, his calm face betraving not the faintest emo-

And he was steadily winning. Occasionally some other hand drew in the growing stock of gold and bank notes, but not often enough to offset those continued gains that began to heap up in such an alluring pile upon his portion of the table. The lookers-on who had come in began to observe this, and gathered more closely about his chair, tascinated by the luck with which the success. Suddenly he forced the fight a fack-pot which Hawes had opened. sand. Then Hampton's turn came. Without drawing, his cards yet lying downward before him on the board, his eyes cold, impassive. Hawes threw down his hand, wiping his streaming face with his handkerchief; Willis counted his remaining roll, hesievery cent he had, and added his pro- ready beginning to exhibit signs of fane demand for a chance at the Weariness. A fortune rested on the table, a for-

tune the ewpership of which was to be decided in a single moment, and by the movement of a hand. Willis was Miss Martha Jaghmann of Chicago is

Saturday and Sunday.

Showin was watching Hampton's hands point some little junction place back as a cat does a mouse, his thick lips in Vermont, although she proudly

naried his fingers twitching nervously. The latter smiled grimly, his motion deliberate, his eyes never wavering. Slowly, one by one, he turned up his cards, never even deigning to glance downward, his entire manner that of unstudied indifference. One-twothree. Willis uttered a snarl like a stricken wild beastt, and sank back in his chair, his eyes closed, his cheeks shastly. Four. Slavin brought down his great clenched first with a crash on the table, a string of oaths bursting unrestrained from his lips. Five. one trained in the calm observation of | Hampton, never stirring a muscle, sat small things, and long accustomed to there like a statue, watching. His table, with his left he quietly drew in the stack of bills and coin, pushing the stuff heedlessly into the side pocket of his coat, his gase never once wandering from those stricken faces fronting him. Then he softly pushed back his chair and stood erect. Willis never moved, but Slavin rose unsteadily to

> with both hands. "Gentlemen," said Hampton, gravely, his clear voice sounding like the sudden peal of a bell, "I can only thank you for your courtesy in this matter, and bid you all good-night. However, before I go it may be of some interest for me to say that I have played my

his feet, gripping the table flercely

last game." Somebody laughed sarcastically, a harsh, hateful laugh. The speaker whirled, took one step forward; there was the flash of an extended arm, a dull crunch, and Red Slavin went crashing backward against the wall. As he gazed up, dazed and bewildered, ising clearly, behind his impassive from the floor, the lights glimmered mask of a face, the utter futility of along a blue-steel barrel.

"Not a move, you red brute," and Hampton spurged him contemptuously with his heel. "This is no variety show, and your laughter was in poor taste. However, if you feel particuton settled quietly down, prepared to larly hilarious to-night I'll give you another chance. I said this was my last game: I'll repeat it—this was my were served, but Hampton contented last game! Now, damn you! if you

gripping an unlighted cigar between He swept the circle of excited faces his teeth. He was playing now with this eyes glowing like two diamonds. his thin lips compressed into a single

> "Mr. Slavin appears to have lost his previous sense of humor," he remarked, calmly. "I will now make my statement for the third time—this was gentlemen also may discover this to

> The heavy, strained breathing of the motionless crowd was his only answer, and a half smile of bitter contempt curled Hampton's lips, as he swept over them a last deflant glance.

> "Not quite so humorous as it seemed to be at first, I reckon," he commented, dryly. "Slavin," and he prodded the red glant once more with his foot. "I'm going out: if you make any attempt to leave this room within the next five minutes I'll kill you in your tracks, as I would a mad dog. You stacked cards twice to-night, but the last time I beat you fairly at your own

He held aside the heavy curtains with his left hand and backed slowly cards came Scating into his hands, the out facing them, the deadly revolver coel judgment of his critical plays, the shining ominously in the other. Not reckless abandon with which he forced a man moved Slavin glowered at him a man moved Slavin glowered at him from the foor, an impotent curse upon

to a finish. The opportunity came in his lips. Then the red drapery fell. While the shadows of the long night The betting began with a coal thou- still hung over the valley, Naida, toesing restlessly upon her strange bed within the humble yellow house at the fork of the trails, was aroused to is calm features as immovable as the Wakefulness by the nounding of a Sphinx, he quietly pushed his whole accumulated pile to the center, named the sum, and leaned back in his chair, the curtain and looked out, shading poor glass. All she perceived was a somewhat deeper smudge when the rider swept rapidly past, horse and tated, looked again at the faces of his | man a shapelees shadow. Three hours cards, flung aside two, drawing to fill, later she awoke again, this time to the ing into the lady's fair face, apparand called loudly for a show-down, his full glare of day, and to the rememeyes protruding. Slavin, cursing brance that she was now facing a new Sercely under his red beard, having life. As she lay there thinking, her drawn one card, his perplexed face in- eyes troubled but tearless, far away stantly brightening as he glanced at on the sun-kissed uplands Hampton it, went back into his hip pocket for was spurring forward his horse, al-

CHAPTER X.

The Arrival of Miss Spencer. Miss Phoebe Spencer, the piones school teacher of Giencaid, came di-

ence visited in that metropolis for mind was nutured upon castern conthe frontier, and her bright eyes perceived the vivid coloring of remanes in each prosaic object west of the tawny Missouri. All appeared so dif-ferent from that established life to which she had grown accustomed.the people, the country, the picturesque language,-while her brain so teemed with lurid pictures of border experiences and heroes as to reveal romantic possibilities everywhere. As her eager eyes traced the serrated peaks of a snow-clad mountain range. ber heart throbbed with anticipation of wonders yet to come. Hon ness was a thing undreamed of; her active brain responded to each new She sat comfortably ensounced

the back seat of the old, battered red



coach, surrounded by cushions for protection from continual bouncing, as the John in charge urged his restive mules down the desolate valley of the Bear Water. Her cheeks were flushed. her wide-open eyes filled with questioning, her pale fluffy hair frelicking with the breeze, as pretty a picture of roung womanhood as any one could wish to see. Nor was she unaware of this fact. During the final stage of her journey she had found two comgenial souls, sufficiently picturesque to harmonize with her ideas of wild

These two men were lolling in the 'ess comfortable seat opposite, secretv longing for a quiet smoke outside et neither willing to desert this east orn divinity to his rival. The big felow, his arm run carelessly through he leather sling, his bare head proecting half out of the open window, vas Jack Moffat, half-owner of the Golden Rule," and enjoying a wellearned reputation as the most ornate and artistic liar in the territory. For two hours he had been exercising his talent to the full, and merely paused now in search of some fresh inspira-tion, holding in supreme and silent contempt the rather feeble imitations of his less-gifted companion.

The fly in the cintment of this long day's ride the third party, whose unknowledge of Mr. Moffat's past career rather seriously interfered with the latter's flights of imagination, was William McNeil, foreman of the "Bar V" ranch over on Sinstniwa creek. Me-Neil was not much of a talker, having an impediment in his speech, and being a trifle bashful in the presence of a lady. But he caught the eye,—a slenderly built, reckless fellow, smoothly shaven, with a strong chin and bright laughing eyes,-and as he lolled carelessly back in his bearskin "chaps" and wide-brimmed sombrero, occasionally throwing in some cool, insinuating comment regarding Moffat's recitals, the latter experienced a strong inclination to heave him overboard. The slight hardening of Mo-Neil's eyes at such moments had thus far served, however, as sufficient restraint, while the unobservant Miss Spencer, unaware of the silent duel thus being conducted in her very presence, divided her undisguised admiration, playing havor with the suscentible heart of each, and all uncons my last game. Perhaps some of you ly laying the foundations for future

"Why, how truly remarkable!" she exclaimed, her cheeks glowing. "It's all so different from the east; heroism seems to be in the very air of this country, and your adventure was so very unusual. Don't you think so, Mr.

McNell?" The silent foreman hitched himself suddenly upright, his face unusually solemn. "Why oh yes, miss you might—ch—say that. He," with a file of his hand toward the other, "ch-reminds me of ch an old friend." "Indeed? How extremely interesting!" eagerly scenting a new story.

'Please tell me who it was, Mr. Mc-"Ob-ch-knew him when I was a boy-eh-Munchausen."

Mr. Moffat drew in his head violently, with an exclamation nearly profane, yet before he could speak Miss Spencer intervened. "Munchausen! Why, Mr. McNell,

von surely do not intend to question the truth of Mr. Moffat's parrative?" The foreman's eyes twinkled humorously, but the lines of his face remained calmly impassive. "My-chreference," he explained, gravely, "was -ch-entirely to the -ch-local color, the eh expert touches."

"Yes, miss. It's ch-bad taste out here to-ch-doubt anybody's wordeh-publicly."

Moffat stirred uneasily, his hand fung behind him, but McNeil was gasently unconscious of any other pres

vored me with any of your own adventures, Mr. McNeil. I am very sure you must have had hundreds out these wide plains." The somewhat emberraced for shook his head discouragingly.

"Oh, but I just know you have, on ing—surely that reveals a story. it osweed by an Indian arrow?"

- McNell ground his last, and wiped

foreman straightened up quickly, the amoned girl joined happily in, and his own face instantly exhibited the con-

on a ranch," he said, doubtfully, "except dodgin' steers, and eh bustin'

the window cace more, in an apparent determination to ignore all further frivolous remarks. Suddenly he pointed directly ahead. "There's Glencald now, Miss Spen-

cer." he said, cheerfully. "That's the spire of the new Presbyterian church sticking up above the ridge." "Oh, indeed! How glad I am

bore safe at last!" "How ch did you happen to ch -recognize the church?" asked Mr. uttering a word. McNeil with evident admiration. "You oh can't see it from the se-

furching stage relied rapidly down the valley, the males now lashed into a wild gallop to the noisy accompani-ment of the driver's whip.

The boof's clattered across the nar row bridge, and, with a sudden swing, all came to a sharp stand, amid a cloud of dust before a naked yellow her journey. Suddenly the elder wom-

announced the Jehu, leaning down from his seat to peer within. "This yere is the Herndon shebang." The gentlemen inside assisted Miss

Spencer to descend in safety to the weed-bordered walk, where she stood shaking her ruffled plumage into shape, and giving directions regarding her luggage. Then the two gentlemen emerged, Moffat bearing a gripcase, a handbox, and a basket, while McNeil supported a shawl-strap and a small trunk. Thus decorated they meekly followed her lead up the narrow path toward the front door. The latter opened suddenly, and Mrs. Hernden bounced forth with vociferous welcome.

"Why. Phoebe Spencer, and have you really come! I didn't expect you'd set along before next week. Oh, this seems too nice to see you again; almost as good as going home to Vermont. You must be completely tired

"Dear Aunt Lydia; of course I'm glad to be here. But I'm not in the derful. You just don't fix yourself up least tired. I've had such a delightful | right; Aunt Lydia never did have any upon her perspiring cavallers. out those things down, gentlemenanywhere there on the grass; they can be carried in later. It was so kind of you both."

"Hey, there!" sang out the driver, growing impatient, "If you two gents are aimin' to go down town with this outfit, you'd better be pilin' in lively, fer I can't stay here all day."

Moffat glanced furtively aside at McNeil, only to discover that individual quietly seated on the trunk He promptly dropped his own grip. "Drive on with your butcher's cart," he called out spitefully. "I reckon it's

so special honor to ride to town." The pleasantly smiling young woman glanced from one to the other, her eyes fairly dancing, as the lumbering coach disappeared through the red

"How very nice of you to remain," she exclaimed. "Aunt Lydiz, I am so anxious for you to meet my friends, Mr. Moffat and Mr. McNeil. They have been so thoughtful and entertaining all the way up the Bear Water, and they explained so many things that I did not understand."

She swept impulsively down toward them, both hands extended, the bright glances of her eyes bestowed impar-

"I cannot invite you to come into the house now," she exclaimed, sweetly, "for I am almost like a stranger here myself, but I do hope you will both of you call. I shall be so very lonely at first, and you are my earliest acquaintances. You will promise.

won't you?" McNell bowed, painfully clearing his throat, but Moffat succeeded in expressing his pleasure with a wellrounded sentence.

"I felt sure you would. But now must really say good-by for this time and go in with Aunt Lydia. I know I must be getting horribly burned out

stock, and the very best outs of all other meats to call at our market on Eleventh street. We also handle poultry and fish and

S.E. MARTY & CO.

here in this hot sun. I shall always be so grateful to you both." And the two radiant knights walked together toward the road, neither

CHAPTER XI

Deceming Acquainted.
Once within the cool shadows of the living-room, Mrs. Herndon again be-thought herself to kiss her niece in a fresh glow of welcome, while the latter sank into a convenient rocker and began enthusiastically expressing her unbounded enjoyment of the west and of the impressions gathered during an glanced about and exclaimed, laughingly, "Why, I had completely forgotten. You have not yet met your room-mate. Come out here, Naida;

this is my niece, Phoebe Spencer." The girl thus addressed advanced, a slender, graceful figure dressed in white, and extended her hand shyly.

Miss Spencer clasped it warmly, her eyes upon the flushed, winsome face. "And is this Naida Gillis!" she cried. "I am so delighted that you are still here, and that we are to be together. Aunt Lydia has written so much about you that I feel as if we must have known each other for years. Why, how pretty you are!"

Naida's cheeks were burning, and her eyes fell, but she had never yet succeeded in conquering the blunt independence of her speech. "Nobody else ever says so," she said, uneasily. "Perhaps it's the light."

Miss Spencer turned her about so as to face the window. "Well, you are," she announced, decisively, "1 guess I know; you've got magnificent hair, and your eyes are perfectly wonmilingly taste in such things, but I'll make a I'm simply dying to see our room, and get some of my dresses unpacked. They must look perfect frights by this

They came down perhaps an hour later, hand in hand, and chattering like old friends. The shades of early evening were already falling across the valley. Herndon had returned home from his day's work, and had brought with him Rev. Howard Wynkoop for supper. Miss Spencer viewed the young man with approval, and immediately became more than usually vivacious in recounting the incidents of her long journey, together with her early impressions of the western country. Mr. Wynkoop responded with an interest far from being assumed.

"I have found it all so strange, so mique, Mr. Wynkoop," she explained "The country is like a new world to me, and the people do not seem at all like those of the east. They lead such a wild, untrammeled life. Everything about seems to exhale the spirit of romance: don't you find it so?"

He smiled at her enthusiasm, his glance of undisguised admiration on her face. "I certainly recall some such earlier conception," he admitted. Those just arriving from the environment of an older civilization perceive merely the picturesque elements; but my later experiences have been de cidedly prosale."

"Why, Mr. Wynkoop! how could they be? Your work is heroic. It is perfectly grand! Why, the very men met seem to yield me a broader con ception of life and duty; they are so brave, so modest, so active. Is-is Mr. Moffat a member of your church?" The minister cleared his throat, his cheeks reddening. "Mr. Moffat? no; not exactly. Do you mean the mine-owner, Jack Moffat?"

To be Continued.



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