

PUBLIC SALE!

WOLF CREEK SHORT HORNS

To be held at Bert Hall's Barn
David City, Butler County, Nebraska
Tuesday, Feb. 11, 1908

Sale to begin at one o'clock sharp.

On October 31 last we advertised a Dispersion Sale of Shorthorns at Tecumseh. The money stringency and temporary lack of confidence at that time made it look impossible to hold this sale and we withdrew twenty-five head, the top of our herd, from the offering.

Wm. Ernst & Son.

Proprietors Wolf Creek Stock Farm, Graf, Neb.
Col. L. W. Leonard, Asst.
Write for catalog or any information to Wm. Ernst, Tecumseh, Neb.

THE DAMSEL IN DISTRESS

By Horace Zeffers

I had been reading stories in the weeklies about blue club men going forth in the streets and the parks of great cities looking for strange adventures. In all these stories, even in the most commonplace parts of the city, adventure and romance invariably jumped out and greeted these modern knights errant.

After reading several of these tales of adventure I became convinced that the unexpected awaited on every corner and in every ten-cent luncheon of the city. All that was needful was to keep one's eyes open.

All of these fiction heroes were rich, blue clubmen, possessing good looks, "immaculate clothes," and time to burn if they wished to dispose of it in that way. My position in life is different, in fact my position is that of clerk at the shirt counter of a department store. But I am called a "swell dresser" by the girls of my acquaintance, although I have not acquired the distinction of being "immaculately garbed." On Sunday night I am as miserably as the idiot of the idle rich, and I have invested in a cane, or rather, a walking stick. I would afford even a monocle if I were not afraid that I might run across some of my friends.

One Sunday night, therefore, I sallied out in search of adventure. In the most approved knight errant style I wandered aimlessly until about ten o'clock before a chance presented itself for daring deeds or gallant rescues. I was beginning to think that perhaps I had on the wrong colored tie or maybe I did not look sufficiently bored, when I spied a lonely maiden. She was little and she had an appealing and pathetic look as she darted hasty glances up and down the street.

Catching sight of me, she hurried toward me with a relieved expression. "Oh, please, won't you walk with me a little way?" she said. "I am frightened. I forgot my purse and had to walk home and that big colored man across the street has been following me. I think he's a robber. I'm terribly frightened. I stopped under the light here, for I was afraid to go on into the dark streets."

Now in setting out in search of adventure I did not have a definite idea of the ways and means of making a gallant rescue of a distressed damsel. I had a vague idea that I would say: "Back, you cur. Take that and that"—that being a right swing to the point of the jaw. Whereupon the low-bred scoundrel would "slink away dis-

comfited and muttering curses." I looked across the street at the big negro, and, lo, there was the villain of the piece all right. He looked the part, but he did not look as if he would "back" or "take that and that" without generously returning the present. I thought perhaps discretion was the better part of valor, and that duty bade me remain by the side of the maiden in order to allay her fears.

I told her that I would wait with her on the corner until the car came, and then would see that she got home safely.

Finally when a taxi car drove in sight the girl told me that it was not her right one, but I would have taken a hazy wagon to get away from there, for during the wait the burly negro had stood watching us, probably plotting how best he could overcome me. Explaining to the girl that I had nothing to defend myself with except my light walking stick, I suggested that we take this car until we had left the negro behind, when we could get off and wait for the proper one. This we did, although by so doing I had to pay an extra fare.

When the girl was free from the fear of the negro I noticed how attractive and interesting she became. In fact I was looking forward to a future acquaintance based on the service I had that night rendered and was thinking that my search for adventure was a great success; but when we reached her home there was a greater fall than that of Hamlet's dumpty.

"Won't you come in?" she said. "I want to have my husband thank you and pay you back the carriage." Both of which he did, thanking me in an honorous tone and handing me a nickel with great grace and impressiveness. And that was the end of the adventure.

But I have figured out since then that in unnecessary car rides to and from his house and in changing cars I had spent 25 cents; and he gave me a nickel.

A Real Luther Coin.
The collection of coins of a St. Petersburg scholar, says the Berliner Tageblatt, was recently overhauled and a unique Luther coin was discovered. It came originally from Novgorod, where it was found in an old house which was being reconstructed. On one side is the head of Luther, which is also shown when the coin is reversed, but with a fool's cap upon his head. On the reverse side there is a likeness of the pope, which also appears when the coin is reversed, but the head is ornamented on the reverse side with devil horns. The Latin inscription explains that Luther becomes a fool and the pope a devil by reversing the piece. It is believed that there is no similar coin in existence.

THEY WERE BLIND

"Take one last look at baby's beautiful eyes, Chester," said young Mrs. Herrick, as they waited on the station platform for the train. "It's cruel to think that you will not see her again for a whole week, but we must remember all the friends down to Bixby who have never seen her even once."

"That's a fact," Herrick agreed, generously. "You write me every word they say about her, Beattie—especially Uncle Doctor. I bet he'll be astonished to see such a fine, angelic baby."

"I know he will. The truth is, one reason I'm so eager to take the baby down there is that she's never had any real appreciation outside of ours. It's no wonder, in a big, selfish city like Chicago, where every one is absorbed in his own affairs. Why, even the grocer's boy acts as if he were doing me a favor when I tell him he may look at her asleep in her basket! I'm just going to reveal in seeing father and mother and all the Bixby friends go wild over the little darling. There's the train."

The next morning, arrived at the home of her girlhood, Mrs. Herrick waited in a flutter of anticipation, while her own mother cuddled the wonderful baby.

"You haven't once said how pretty she is, mother," she complained at last.

The grandmother smiled. "You see, my babies all had dark hair and a great deal of it right from the start," was her apologetic reply. "She's a nice, healthy little girl, though, dear. Don't you mind?"

"Hello, there!" broke in a boyish voice as Mrs. Herrick's young brother bounced in at the door. "How do you do? Where's that kid? Gee, but isn't he funny! This is your Uncle Dan, sir."

"What are you thinking of, Dan? Your little niece is a girl."

"Oh, it's a girl, I know," sheepishly replied. "The pile, you will note, is like closest velvet. Only bachelor sealings have such a pile. The bachelor seal, he went on, 'has a rather sad life. The big ball seals in the seal islands have each a household of 15 or 20 wives, but the young bachelors must herd by themselves. Let one of them attempt to marry, and straightway a bull slays him. Not till he is big enough to fight and conquer a bull—not till he is 14 or 15 years old—can he know the delight of settling down in a home of his own.' He is not like the human bachelor, the favorite of the chorus girls, the reveler in all sorts of club luxuries; but he leads a hard, ascetic, celibate life, only in the end, as like as not, to make a lady a very fine coat. All the very fine coats, I repeat, are made from the unhappy bachelor seals."

SMALL BOY OBEYED ORDERS.

But Perhaps His Methods of Play Were Too Strenuous.

He is a very small boy, but he has a very much smaller sister, a wee baby, who arrived only a few weeks ago. The small boy was delighted. Never had he seen anything so little or so interesting.

Could the baby see, could she hear, could she eat, did she have teeth, and why didn't she talk and walk? Those were a few of the questions he asked. Answers not being altogether satisfactory, he began a personal investigation. He opened the baby's eyes when she was asleep to see where her eyes had gone to, anyway; he opened her mouth in search of teeth, and it was here that the family came to the rescue, and the small boy was told that he could never visit his baby sister without clasping his hands closely behind him.

"He loves the baby so that he stands by the half hour just looking at her," said the proud mother of both youngsters to a visitor. "And he is so honorable that he never thinks of taking his hands from behind his back. Just come and see him now." But as the two entered the nursery mamma gave a wild scream as she rushed for her baby.

There was the small boy, his hands clasped tightly behind his back, to be sure, but the baby not having responded to his challenge to play, he had taken her silence for consent, and was bumping heads with her.

HARD LIFE OF BACHELOR SEAL.

Has Nothing Like So Good a Time as Human Counterpart.

"This skin," said the furrier, "came from a young seal bachelor, a youth ignorant of love and of life."

"How do you know?" the lady asked. "By its fineness, its perfection," he replied. "The pile, you will note, is like closest velvet. Only bachelor sealings have such a pile."

"The bachelor seal," he went on, "has a rather sad life. The big ball seals in the seal islands have each a household of 15 or 20 wives, but the young bachelors must herd by themselves. Let one of them attempt to marry, and straightway a bull slays him. Not till he is big enough to fight and conquer a bull—not till he is 14 or 15 years old—can he know the delight of settling down in a home of his own."

"He is not like the human bachelor, the favorite of the chorus girls, the reveler in all sorts of club luxuries; but he leads a hard, ascetic, celibate life, only in the end, as like as not, to make a lady a very fine coat. All the very fine coats, I repeat, are made from the unhappy bachelor seals."

Why Snow Is White.
The reason that snow is white is that all the elementary colors are blended together in the radiance that is thrown off from the surface of the crystals, which may be examined in such a way as to detect these colors before they are mingled together to give the eye the impression of whiteness.

The whiteness of the snow is also in some degree referable to the quantity of air which is left among the frozen particles. Considerably more than a thousand distinct forms of snow crystals have been enumerated. These minute crystals and prisms reflect all the compound rays of which white light consists.—Chicago Tribune.

Sartorial Wisdom.
A Manhattan magazine announces upon the authority of the leading writer on men's fashions that "double-breasted trousers" will be the vogue next spring. The same authority is contented as declaring that "it is now considered good form to line the buttonholes with silk straight to the edge." This oracle has a competitor who also periodically ventilates the ludicrous combined with the incongruous. In an article treating of the approved period of mourning, the rival of the "double-breasted trousers" dictator, prescribed weeds as follows: "Husband for widow—nine months."

Disappointed Men of Genius.
There is an unpleasant side light thrown on the days of W. E. Henley and his youthful followers, by Mr. Edgar Jepson, the novelist. He defends in the London Academy the memory of the late Ernest Dowson, who, sinking under consumption, found liquor both anodyne and stimulant. "Unfortunately, too," adds Mr. Jepson, "whisky was a literary fashion, set by Henley. It was an appalling fashion, which some of the younger men of letters followed with a kind of foolish schoolboy bravado. I have seen three of the finest minds I have known drown in whisky."

Getting His Own Back.
An ironworker, having had the worst of an argument with a friend, decided to get even with him. Waiting, therefore, until his enemy had retired to rest one night, he approached his street door, and knocked loudly in order to wake him. Opening the bedroom window, the other hurriedly inquired what the noise was all about.

"Why," replied the outside one, "one of your windows is wide open."

"Which one?"

"Why, the one you have your head through," chuckled the other, as he went away satisfied with the success of his plot.—Illustrated Bits.

Skating or Swimming.
Some one once asked "Tim" Sullivan of New York for information as to the prospects of a politician who was popularly supposed to be "on the ragged edge."

"Well," said Sullivan, "he seems to think he's getting on all right; but there are other who entertain a different opinion. The situation reminds me of the story of the old woman up in Maine. Being asked as to the whereabouts of her husband, she replied: 'If the ice is as thick as Jim thinks it is, he is floating; if it is as thick as I think it is, he is swimming.'"—Sunday Magazine.

HIS LAST AEROGRAM

By H. M. Hudson

The din accompanying the storage of freight and baggage gradually ceased. The ropes were cast off, and the ocean liner slowly headed to sea. Her passengers were happy. They watched the passing steamers. The city was soon left behind.

The waves began to show their strength. The number of boats entering the harbor grew less, and a greater distance separated them. The call to supper was responded to by the merry passengers.

The operator of the "wireless" stood near the rail. He was yet off duty. They were headed down the coast. Lights beamed from the windows of cottages. They were passing some of the most famous summer resorts in the world. The clear moon now made a pathway of silver leading in another direction.

The rhythmic throbbing of the engines and the monotonous swash of the waves indicated good speed. Piano music and the applause of the merrymakers added pleasure to the occasion.

The operator was happy. He was proud of his work. He had been a specialist in his line, having worked for some of the best railroads and mercantile houses before taking up his present position. The change had improved. He was no longer confined to an office. Furthermore, he was perfecting a patent which would make him more valuable to his company.

His meditation was interrupted. "Are you the wireless operator?" queried a passenger. "Yes," was the reply.

"I wonder if you know a friend of mine," said the passenger. "He is one of the vessels plying along the coast. He is also an operator like yourself. His name is Jack Spark. We were chums."

"I know your friend," replied the operator. "I keep in touch with him at times. We will send him a 'jolly' after awhile. Are you enjoying the trip?"

"It's a little tame," was the reply. "I wish it would storm. I have never been in a storm at sea."

"One experience would be enough," replied the operator.

The two young men entered the operator's room. The dynamo was started. The leyden jars were soon charged. The operator touched the key. A flash followed like the report of a pistol. The loud snapping and crackling of the discharges, accompanied by blinding flashes, soon flooded the room with the odor of ozone. One outgoing message followed another in rapid succession.

The operator finally removed his headpiece and handed it to his visitor. The passenger placed it snugly to his ears and listened. He finally removed it with the remark that he could hear the faint electrical sounds at times; but that there was another impression which sounded like that produced by drawing a diamond over a plate of glass.

"Lightning," muttered the operator, as he took the headpiece. "There is a terrific storm somewhere. I will try to communicate with your friend Jack. I have not heard from him for several days. He is somewhere down the coast. I will get in tune with him." The operator moved a little pointer along a graduated scale to the notch numbered 13.

Flashes and instantaneous reports followed the manipulation of the key for the outgoing message—then silence. The operator was all attention. He grasped a pencil. The visitor watched its movement. The pencil wrote: "Around; heavy sea; driven from course; going to pieces; good-by!"

The operator's fingers trembled. For some time the two sat breathlessly waiting. The operator finally removed the headpiece and beckoned the visitor to adjust it. He did so; and as he listened all that could be heard was the scratching sound of a diamond cutting glass.

The passenger went on deck. The serene moon still shone from a starlit sky. The water splashed harmlessly along the sides of the liner. Sweet music came from within. Two ships had signaled in the night; but there were hundreds of miles apart. There was something terrible in the lagoonity that rendered it possible.

Thought He Could Buy Cheap.
Elderly German (of the Weber and Field type, as he calls at a lodging house door)—Glad lady, I saw, yes, your advertisement in der evening paper dat you have a pair of pajamas to sell, yes?

Boarding House Mistress (Indignantly)—Pajamas! You old fool, do you think this is a department store? Where is the advertisement?

The German (producing the advertisement and reading it aloud)—For sale, von almost new bedroom suit, cheap. Gall and see it.—The Bohemian.

FRISCHHOLZ BROS.

SHOES CLOTHING Gents' Furnishing Goods

RELIABLE GOODS AT RIGHT PRICES.

FRISCHHOLZ BROS.

405 11th Street, Columbus.

GENTLE VOICE A GREAT CHARM.

One of the Most Powerful Attractions in a Woman.

Very few women realize what an effect a sweet voice has on a man. A woman may be very pretty to look upon, may be faultlessly and bewitchingly attired and attractive in every way, and yet directly she opens her mouth and speaks the spell is broken, the charm is gone. And this need never be.

Very few voices are so naturally bad that they will not succumb to training, and the voice can be trained to be just as sweet and gentle as one pleases to make it.

A woman should speak in a low voice. She should not allow her voice to raise itself to a high pitch. A shrill-voiced woman is terrible. She should not shout her orders to the servants down the stairs, nor call to any one who may be in another part of the house. This shouting and raising of the voice spoils the tone and quality of the voice and tends to make it harsh. A pretty voice is a powerful attraction in a woman and she who would add to her charms a wondrous fascination should cultivate a voice "ever soft, gentle and low."

MOTHER INSTINCT WAS STRONG.

Old Lady Ready to Aid Any One She Thought Needed It.

A woman who looked as if she had a computer's ticket in her handbag kept a long line of customers waiting in a New York bank one morning recently. She was writing something and was in no hurry. She was not one of the fashionable "no hips" creatures, but was of such generous proportions that she could not be circumnavigated. There was nothing to do but wait and wonder what her business was. The cashier himself was in doubt, but waited politely to see.

"There, young man," she announced triumphantly to the cashier after putting her pencil in her mouth for the fiftieth time, "there is a prescription that has been in our family for 50 years. It will knock that cold of yours endwise. Hustle right out and get it filled and be sure and soak your feet in hot mustard water to-night. Don't let your cold run on."

The smiles that went round were kindly ones, it seemed so good to meet a universal mother ready to coddle any human being that she thought needed her ministrations.

Take Colonial Bridgroom.

At Los Angeles, Cal., the other day a rich Chinese merchant was married to a colored woman, and almost the entire colored population turned out to witness the marriage. The ceremony was performed in one of the colored churches by Rev. C. H. Anderson, for which he received a fee of \$50. The chairman, whose name is Kees Schoeck, was dressed in American clothing of the latest fashion, and his bride, Miss Anna Laura James, was dressed in a manner that would have been envied by many a white belle. The bridal gown was of the finest white satin trimmed with real lace, and on her head was a hat covered with white ostrich plumes and satin plumes to match. After the ceremony the people retired at once to their own home, a \$7,000 mansion on a popular street, which had been previously decided as a wedding present to the bride.

Queer Ad.

"An Italian with a piano organ was turning the handle of his machine rapidly, but not a note was to be heard. I stopped at once. What on earth could be the matter?"

The speaker, an advertising agent, smiled.

"Finally," he said, "I went up close to the man.

"A breakdown? I asked.

"He pointed to a small placard on the organ's front, and I read: 'The interior of the instrument has been removed. The relief that in consequence you experience is as nothing compared with that which immediately follows a dose of Sarsacure Cough Mixture.'

"It was an original ad.," the expert ended, "and I followed it up. From what the Sarsacure people told me, I found that the same ingenuity and money put in legitimate newspaper advertising would have brought 50 per cent. more returns."—Exchange.

Umbrella an Elephant.

"There's no luck in finding an umbrella," remarked the nervous-looking man. "You can't carry it when you do find one. At least I can't. I found this one the other day, and ever since then when I'm on the car I imagine that every one on the car is looking at me and getting ready to ask me about my umbrella. If I ever find another one I'll hire some boy to lose it again for me."

CURES FOR VARIOUS AILMENTS.

Home Remedies in Use Among Pennsylvania Dutch.

"In Bucks county, among the Pennsylvania Dutch, there are," said a doctor, "innumerable home cures. Some of them are pretty good, too. One is, for toothache, a lump of alum laid in the mouth for two or three days. This is warranted not only to stop a toothache, but to keep it from ever coming back. In the fall and winter, they wrap their chests in brown paper up there in Bucks county, saying that this prevents colds. Every housewife keeps on the kitchen dresser, and every husband on his dressing table, a small box of cologne. There is nothing better than cologne for a cut, especially for a razor cut acquired in shaving—it stops the bleeding instantly. They soak ivy leaves in hot water in Bucks county, and after the water gets cold they squeeze in lemon juice. This palatable drink is given to consumptives, whom it is said to cure. Stewed onions eaten and snuff sniffed they find good influenza specifics. For insomnias they make hot pillows, and for bruises they keep on hand dried puffballs, the powdery insides of which they sprinkle on the hurt."

In the Cottonian library in England is an old manuscript copy of a part of the Bible in Latin. This was used at the coronation of English sovereigns 300 years before the "stone of destiny" was brought from Scone to Westminster by Edward I. In other words the use of this Bible for the purpose in question dated back to the year 1069. The Bible is a quarto of 211 leaves, containing the four Gospels, and seems, from the style of the writing and illuminations, which are very beautiful, to have been made about the end of the ninth century. The Testament escaped destruction in the fire at Ashburnham House in 1731, of which it bears evidence on its crumpled leaves and ruined margins. There is some evidence that the son of Edward the Elder, Athelstan the Glorious, who was King of the West Saxons from 925 to 940, owned this Bible and presented it to the church of Dover.

BIBLE MANY CENTURIES OLD.

Valuable Manuscript Treasured in the Cottonian Library.

Take Colonial Bridgroom. At Los Angeles, Cal., the other day a rich Chinese merchant was married to a colored woman, and almost the entire colored population turned out to witness the marriage. The ceremony was performed in one of the colored churches by Rev. C. H. Anderson, for which he received a fee of \$50. The chairman, whose name is Kees Schoeck, was dressed in American clothing of the latest fashion, and his bride, Miss Anna Laura James, was dressed in a manner that would have been envied by many a white belle. The bridal gown was of the finest white satin trimmed with real lace, and on her head was a hat covered with white ostrich plumes and satin plumes to match. After the ceremony the people retired at once to their own home, a \$7,000 mansion on a popular street, which had been previously decided as a wedding present to the bride.

Queer Ad. "An Italian with a piano organ was turning the handle of his machine rapidly, but not a note was to be heard. I stopped at once. What on earth could be the matter?"

The speaker, an advertising agent, smiled.

"Finally," he said, "I went up close to the man.

"A breakdown? I asked.

"He pointed to a small placard on the organ's front, and I read: 'The interior of the instrument has been removed. The relief that in consequence you experience is as nothing compared with that which immediately follows a dose of Sarsacure Cough Mixture.'

"It was an original ad.," the expert ended, "and I followed it up. From what the Sarsacure people told me, I found that the same ingenuity and money put in legitimate newspaper advertising would have brought 50 per cent. more returns."—Exchange.

Umbrella an Elephant.

"There's no luck in finding an umbrella," remarked the nervous-looking man. "You can't carry it when you do find one. At least I can't. I found this one the other day, and ever since then when I'm on the car I imagine that every one on the car is looking at me and getting ready to ask me about my umbrella. If I ever find another one I'll hire some boy to lose it again for me."

EVERY FIRST AND THIRD TUESDAY

of each month during 1908 these low round-trip tickets will be on sale

via the Union Pacific

For pamphlets and information in regard to rates, inquire of E. G. BROWN, Agt.

ENGLAND SAYS NO ALUM IN FOOD

and strictly prohibits the sale of alum baking powder—

So does France So does Germany

The sale of alum foods has been made illegal in Washington and the District of Columbia, and alum baking powders are everywhere recognized as injurious.

To protect yourself against alum, when ordering baking powder,

Say plainly—

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

and be very sure you get Royal. Royal is the only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar. It adds to the digestibility and wholesomeness of the food.

