

Kimballton-Elkhorn

Sale Bills.

It pays you to put your sale bills in the paper that is read. We print them and run them in the Journal. Let us run them if we don't print them. It will pay. Phone No. 34.

Hans Madsen was in Harlan Monday attending to business.

Joe James expects to move soon to his new home as it is now almost completed.

Jens M. Jensen and family spent Sunday at the home of H. C. Madsen, in Kimballton.

Willie Christensen of Harlan was visiting friends in the vicinity of Elkhorn for some time past.

Joe James of Elkhorn was over to Harlan one day to get his wife who has been in Nebraska visiting her sister.

Harlan Baird, east of Poplar, is reported to have the smallpox and is under quarantine so the disease cannot spread.

We failed last week to mention the splendid time had at the home of N. L. Beck east of Elkhorn, the 29th, of last month.

Miss Carrie Jensen who has been working at the home of Rev. Jersild has gone to her home and will rest for a time.

Miss Anna Thompson a dressmaker in Elkhorn, moved last week into her new residence in the north part of the town.

Chris Peterson who has been a resident of Elkhorn has moved to a farm and will try that line of work the coming season.

Chris Arenkiel purchased a fine new cutter last week, so when future snows come he will be prepared to take advantage of it.

Mr. and Mrs. Nels B. Christensen from near Exira were in Kimballton Monday visiting M. N. Esbeck and family and other friends in town.

Walter Potts, president of the Merne & Elkhorn telephone company expected to go to Exira Monday evening to transact business with the town council.

Hans Petersen, secretary of the Highland and Elkhorn Fire Insurance, has been very busy since last November and only now begins to see through his work to take things a little easier.

Miss Solvig Thompson of Nebraska opened a Danish school on the ridge last week and last Sunday was in Kimballton visiting at the home of Hans Madsen.

Joe James went to Blair, Neb. Monday to attend a meeting of the board of directors of the Publishing house of which he is a member and will help to formulate plans for the furthering of the business.

Walter Olsen, of Elkhorn, has engaged to work for C. C. Nelson of Kimballton and help to conduct his well digging, windmill and lightning rod outfit. Walter is a good worker and will do well his work.

John Clemmensen, son of Jens Clemmensen near Elkhorn, arrived from Davenport last week and has rented the farm of S. C. Petersen east of Elkhorn and will farm it during the coming season.

Peter Peterson, the blacksmith in Elkhorn, moved last week to the property formerly occupied by Hans Johnson, of the firm of Peterson & Johnson, and Hans moved to the house vacated by Anna Thompson.

Hans E. Hansen, living one mile north and one west of Elkhorn, received his mother, a corpse last week, shipped to him from Nebraska, and Saturday tenderly laid it away in the cemetery in Elkhorn, doing all a loyal and loving son can do to her memory.

Rev. C. L. A. Christensen, of the Oakfield church, and family are in Cedar Falls at present. Rev. Christensen is assisting in a series of meetings there, after which it is thought he, accompanied by the pastor of that church will return and hold meetings at Oakfield.

FOR SALE—My lunch counter, Leonard cleanable refrigerator, cigar show case, nickel plated coffee urn that cost \$25 and will sell for \$10 also a wall shelf case and milk shake machine. There is a bargain in everyone of them.

OLE OLSEN.

Ole Jacobsen, of near Kimballton, has at his place an 1800 pound Belgian horse that he, with a company, purchased at St. Paul, Neb. from Frank Iams, an importer and dealer in horses. This is a magnificent young animal, well blooded and with a pedigree that warrants him to be one of the finest ever brought to this country.

There was a big mask dance at the hall in Poplar last Saturday night and so many were present that they hardly had room to dance or get about. All had a good time. Prizes were given as follows: To the ladies, Mary Madsen, first; Mary Petersen, second; Lena Johnson, third and Mary Rosenbeck, fourth; among the men, Charley Mortensen, first; Hans Johnson, second and we did not learn the names of the other two.

The members of the M. W. A. gave a box social in their hall last Thursday night and had a crowded house. C. W. Hansen received first prize for what the boys jokingly said was the laziest man in town but which was in reality the most popular. Miss Edna Petersen received the prize for the most popular young lady. Mary Madsen's supper brought the highest amount and Esta Larson's the second. Twenty-two boxes were sold and the net proceeds were over thirty-three dollars.

Relief in One Minute.

One Minute Cough Cure gives relief in one minute, because it kills the microbe which tickles the mucous membrane, causing the cough, and at the same time clears the phlegm, draws out the inflammation and heals and soothes the affected parts. One Minute Cough Cure strengthens the lungs, wards off pneumonia and is a harmless and never failing cure in all curable cases of Coughs, Colds and Croup. One Minute Cough Cure is pleasant to take, harmless and good alike for young and old. Sold by Nick Doffing & Co., Exira, and C. L. Bism, Brayton.

A Great Old Man.

One Henry Jenkins died in England Dec. 6, 1870, at the alleged age of 163 years. He is said to have been a fisherman for 140 years. Though he could neither read nor write, his reach of memory was such that he would calmly give evidence in court in matters on which his memory went back 120 and 140 years. As a boy he is said to have taken a horse load of arrows to Northallerton to be forwarded north in time for the battle of Flodden. At the age of 100 years he used to swim a wide stream in Yorkshire with ease. He lived until four years after the great fire of London, was poor all his life, but subsisted cheerfully by thatching and salmon fishing.

Sandy's Reasoning.

A lady meeting her gardener in the grounds said to him: "Sandy, I am surprised that you do not marry. You have got a free house, coals and gas, also a weekly wage of 30 shillings, so I think all you want to complete your happiness is a wife." And to lend weight to her argument she added, "Adam, who was the first gardener, was given a wife." "True for ye, ma'am," replied Sandy, "but he hadn't her long till he lost his job."—London Tit-Bits.

An Early Riser

A strong, healthy, active constitution depends largely on the condition of the liver. The famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers not only cleanse the system but they strengthen the action of the liver and rebuild the tissues supporting that organ. Little Early Risers are easy to act, they never gripe and yet they are absolutely certain to produce results that are satisfactory in all cases. Sold by Nick Doffing & Co., Exira, and C. L. Bism, Brayton.

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A nice line of fine shoes at \$3.00

A lot of new plow shoes that will exactly suit you. Come and see my goods.

Alt Vintertoy seelges til nedsat Pris...

Peter Jensen, Elk Horn, Iowa.

HER FIRST PROPOSAL

By KEITH GORDON

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It was the softest of spring days, and Mowbray and Miss Farrar strolled through the greenery of the park with the languid abstraction born of the first warm weather and a friendship of several years' standing. Though their eyes drank in the beauty of the scene about them—the great stretches of greensward, the trees and bushes that were bursting into the tender green of the season as into a sort of silent song—neither of them was thinking of it.

Miss Farrar, indeed, was living over other days inevitably brought back by the warm breeze and the smell of growing things—other springtimes when life meant only the beautiful possibility of love. And Mowbray was thinking of her and wondering if by any chance it would be worth while to tell her, for in spite of her unquestionable attractiveness he could not help feeling that he would find it hard to look into those calm, clear eyes and talk of love. Yet he was neither cowardly nor inexperienced. He simply had a natural shrinking from being regarded with suppressed amusement by the woman he loved. And in her apparent immunity from such emotions that was what he feared. She would in all probability only laugh her light, frank laugh and say, "Nonsense, Clark; don't be silly!"

He sent a speculative glance toward her as she walked beside him looking off into the distance with the preoccupied air of a woman whose whole mind was given to some engrossing and persistent thought.

"Let us sit for awhile," she proposed as they reached the top of a knoll where, under a solitary tree, a bench invited relaxation. Suiting the action to the word, she seated herself comfortably with her elbows placed defiantly on the back of the bench, an attitude peculiar to her aggressive moods and one which Mowbray had learned to recognize as preliminary of an intention to talk things out to a finish. He wondered what it would be this time, for he had long since dropped into his role of mentor.

He waited patiently with eyes that roved carelessly over the mansions on the far side of Fifth avenue, which in turn sent back a well bred stare, knowing that her feelings would soon reach the point of overflow. At last she broke the silence.

"Do I look to you like a person selected by fate to be distinguished among women—disagreeably distinguished, I mean?" she demanded, turning toward him with a directness which challenged a truthful answer. He regarded her in a manner intended to convey that he was making an expert examination.

"No," he admitted, "I can't say that you do—that is"—He stopped rather vaguely.

"Oh, now don't try to soften the truth," she interrupted quickly. "I'm after facts, and I am not going to lay anything you may say up against you."

"I haven't the least idea what it is about, but I am glad that there is going to be no animosity," Mowbray observed politely. Then he settled himself to listen. It was one of his virtues that he never missed his cue.

Her next words came out rather abruptly.

"I'm not especially plain, do you think?" Her tone was deprecating, but she turned her face toward him in a manner as impersonal as if she were calling his attention to the landscape. Then she continued impartially:

"That is, I suppose I would be classed as 'fair to middling.'"

He nodded assent with a gleam of mischief in his eye.

panish swallowed his mirth and prepared to face the situation with her.

"Is it because you haven't wanted any one to ask you?" he inquired diplomatically.

"No, indeed!"

"And no man has ever told you that he loved you?" he murmured in a thoughtful tone. "Strange!"

"Well—now—I didn't say just that, you know!"

There was a faint suspicion of a blush on Miss Farrar's smooth cheeks, but her glance met Mowbray's with its usual unswerving honesty.

"Men have told me that they loved me—several of them! But that's not a proposal, you know, any more than it's a purchase when I say that I adore a string of pearls at Tiffany's!"

"A-a-h!"

The ejaculation was full of enlightenment. Mowbray was beginning at last to understand things that had always puzzled him, as his next question showed.

"Would it be impertinent to ask how you have received these declarations?"

"Why, I just listened! You see, it's embarrassing. It makes one feel so terribly conscious."

"What about the man?" Mowbray asked quietly. "Doesn't it occur to you that perhaps he might need a little encouragement—that perhaps he might be a trifle conscious too?"

For a moment there was silence between them. The point of view was utterly new to Miss Farrar, and she was obviously impressed by it.

"I never thought of that," she admitted slowly. "I thought that sort of thing was so in a man's line—his metier." She laughed a bit ruefully.

A squirrel darted swiftly across the grass and, turning its head jauntily to one side, fixed a bright, inquiring eye upon them. Then, with a saucy wave of its tail, it scurried away.

"I have it," said Mowbray. "I have it! Learn from the squirrel! Lightness, airiness, coquettishness! Don't you see what I mean?" And he looked at her teasingly.

But she was not to be diverted. "I am serious," she assured him. "There's always a reason for everything, and there must be a reason for this. There's Alice Nixon. She's not so awfully pretty. I heard her say that she had had nineteen proposals!" Miss Farrar's voice was touched with awe.

Then a skeptical thought seized her. "Still—she's from the south!" she added, and her tone implied that an allowance should be made for the fact.

Mowbray bit his lip.

"Then there's her sister—just an ordinarily nice girl—follows with fifteen. Marion Pierce owns up to a dozen, and Beth Garrett—dear, homely Beth—acknowledges six! I asked her because I specially wanted to find out. Perhaps you can imagine how queer it makes me feel."

"What do you say upon such occasions?" demanded Mowbray, watching the squirrel that was again eyeing them from a distance.

There was a palpable pause before Miss Farrar replied. But at last her straightforwardness prevailed.

"Sometimes I shake my head and

look rather shocked. Then they think that I disapprove of such conversations—think I'm noble, you know! At other times I laugh and say, 'I have never had one!' in a tone which implies just the reverse."

She finished this confession and looked at Mowbray out of the corner of her eyes in a way that drove the last vestige of fear out of his mind. This naive woman, the person whose dignity and coldness he had stood aloof from in absolute embarrassment for so long! He could have laughed at the absurdity of it. Why had she never shown him her real self before?

"I think I shall propose to you," he remarked deliberately.

For a second she looked surprised, and then her eyes danced.

"Let it be in your best style," she pleaded. "Remember, it's my first, and I fear it may be my last too!"

He leaned toward her and looked straight into her eyes.

"It will be your last, undoubtedly!" His voice was low and tense. For a long moment he looked at her—looked in a way that first made her small ears burn and then troubled her clear gaze, which wavered and fell.

"I love you, dear," he said simply, "and I think you know the rest. Tell me that you do."

Her cheeks were hot and her lips trembled. A strong hand reached out and took hers in a masterful way, and she suddenly knew that something which she had never even dreamed—was true.

"But I asked you!" she moaned when at last she recovered something of her wonted serenity. "I positively asked you!"

"You encouraged me," he corrected, "and that's what they usually do, or your method was brutally direct."

It was when she began to flush again that he added, "I shall always be something to tease you about, dear."

And the squirrel, which had been watching them in the lingering light that they might possibly have brought him nuts, like sensible people, gave in disgust and scurried away.

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