

Preliminary Talk

"It certainly is going to be a beautiful day," murmured Dalbeck, when the sun, shining in his face, awakened him Sunday morning.

"Why don't you go on out to the golf club, then?" inquired Mrs. Dalbeck.

"Oh, no—I don't want to do that!" "Why not?"

"Do you want me to go?" inquired Dalbeck, in accents of deep reproach. "When Sunday is the only day of the week that I can spend with my family, it is pretty hard lines to find you trying to get rid of me!"

"Now, James!" said Mrs. Dalbeck, protestingly. "The idea that you should think such a thing for a minute! You know I'd rather have you at home than anywhere else on earth!"

"Then of course I won't go," Dalbeck said with a skillfully revealed sigh. "Not if you don't want me to. I believe it's a man's duty to do as his wife wants, even at the cost of his personal inclinations, and of course I'd rather stay at home with you—"

"Why, it would spoil my whole day!" interrupted Mrs. Dalbeck. "If you gave up a beautiful time in the country just because you thought I was selfish enough to make you stay at home! I want you to go!"

"Henrietta," said Dalbeck, "do you suppose for one instant that you can deceive me? I know perfectly well that you are holding your disappointment at the idea of a lonely day and are urging me to go merely out of the selfishness of your nature. I'm not going to take advantage of it. Anyhow, I really don't care about playing golf today. I hadn't even thought of it until you spoke, and you see I didn't jump at the idea then. I'd like to rather stay at home."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Dalbeck. "If you stayed at home this beautiful day my conscience would reproach me, James. We may not have any more nice Sundays this fall, and it will do you good to get outdoors. I am perfectly willing for you to go, because I know you need the exercise. A man of your age doesn't exercise nearly enough, and—"

"Oh, so you are dissatisfied with my figure, are you?" inquired her husband in tones of deepest reproach. "I know I'm not an Apollo, but I didn't think—"

"James!" cried Mrs. Dalbeck. "You are perfectly stupid. I was just trying to make excuses for you to go—"

"Ah!" said her husband. "Your words plainly show that you honestly don't feel that I should go! Your real opinion is that a man is a dud who doesn't pass Sunday with his family, and I agree with you. Where should we find more happiness and pleasure than by the family hearthstone, anyhow. I'd like to stay—"

"I know you would," said his wife, "but you must consider your health, James. It is your duty to do so. Please oblige me by doing as I ask and going out to the club!"

"I haven't the least desire to go," protested Dalbeck. "Somehow I don't feel up to it. It may rain, anyhow—"

"The sun never shows brighter," interrupted Mrs. Dalbeck. "Please, James!"

Dalbeck looked harassed and then resigned. "I don't see why you make such a fuss about it," he murmured. "And there isn't time to catch the golf special now, anyhow, if I did want to go!"

"Yes there is," insisted his wife. "Here are all your clothes ready to jump into, and I'll bring you up some coffee while you are dressing. That clock is five minutes fast, and if you hurry—here are your shoes and—"

"You don't give a fellow time to think," Dalbeck grumbled. "You are rushing me off at such a rate that I don't get a chance to say a word. It doesn't seem to make any difference to you whether I want to go or not, just so you get your own way. I—"

"Here's your cap," said Mrs. Dalbeck, as she opened the inside door, "and if you hurry you can just make the train!"

She watched Dalbeck leap and vanish around the corner, and then she smiled to herself. "I suppose he has to go through all that formula every time to ease his conscience," she said.

"Hello," Dalbeck was saying on the station platform to three other men in golf attire. "I came near missing the train this morning, I tell you—I got so interested making my objections to going as artistic as possible. But they worked beautifully."

Very Convenient.
An enterprising builder was one day in conversation with several friends, when he was accused of using inferior materials in the construction of houses which he had recently built.

A hot argument ensued, in the midst of which a gentleman arrived who lived in one of the jerry-built cottages, and the matter was referred to him.

"Well, sirs," said he, "I can assure ye they are the malst convenient houses I ever abode in."

"But," said one of the listeners, "why convenient dae ye say?"

"Oh, haud yer wheest till I explain. When first I cam to bide in Mr. Jerry's house I had to rise i' the middle o' the night an' open the door to let out the cat; but the cat can gang out an' come in noo thro' the cracks, an' I'm saved a lot o' bother."—*Tit-Bits.*

GOT HIS NOTES MIXED UP

Absent-Minded Man Has Some Difficulty at the Book Store and the Grocers'.

As the little man walked absent-mindedly along the sidewalk he suddenly stopped in front of a bookstore. It recalled to him the meaning of that piece of string on his finger, and with a brightened face he entered.

"Just a minute," he said to the clerk. "My wife wanted me to get a book for her—a certain novel she's heard a good deal about. I must find the memorandum she gave me. She wrote the name on a slip of paper, and I put it in my pocket."

After considerable fumbling he produced a small bit of paper, and laying it on the counter, took out his spectacles and adjusted them on his nose.

"Here's the name—Cobb's Cornatine. Yes, that's it."

"I'm afraid I don't know the book, sir," said the clerk apologetically, "but I'll look through the list of new ones." And he ran his eye over the list on the wall. "No, I'm sorry to say I can't find it here. You are sure of the name?"

"Yes, it's right here on this piece of paper."

"Well, I'm afraid we haven't got it then."

"But—but I don't dare to go home to my wife without it. I promised to get it for her."

The clerk called to another in the back of the store, who came forward. To the other he said: "Say, Bill, do you know of a book called Cornatine, by a fellow named Cobb?"

"What's that?" he asked in surprise.

The old gentleman broke in: "Cobb's Cornatine. Here, see for yourself."

"I'm afraid you've made a mistake," said the new arrival with a twinkle. "Cobb's Cornatine is a new breakfast food."

"Ah, now I see why the grocer didn't understand me when I asked him for a package of Queed," remarked the customer in manifest relief. —G. Kaemmerling in Puck.

OLDEST TREE IS ON COS

It Measures 30 Feet in Circumference and Is More Than 2,000 Years Old.

The tallest trees in the world are the Australian eucalypti, which attain an altitude of 480 feet. The biggest are the mammoth trees of California, some of which are 276 to 373 feet in height, and 108 feet in circumference at the base. From measurements of the rings it is believed that certain of these trees are from 2,000 to 2,500 years old. The oldest tree in the world is said to exist on the island of Cos off the coast of Asia Minor. It is several thousand years old, but just how many no one has dared to say. The tree is carefully preserved by a wall of masonry around it, and the trunk is thirty feet in circumference.

But there are parts of trees in the form of useful timber which are even older, probably, than any on the stump. Beams in old buildings are preserved today, which are known to be over a thousand years old. Piles driven by the Romans prior to the Christian era are perfectly sound today, and it is known that they have been immersed in water for upward of two thousand years.

Some woods have remarkably durable properties when immersed in water. They decay rapidly on the stump, many rotting in from five to ten years, but when immersed in water they last longer than iron or steel. An effort has been made by our government to preserve woods indefinitely by treating them with oils and tar products. Already telegraph poles and railway ties have had their average life extended from five to ten years by this process.—Harper's.

When the Worm Turned.

"No power on earth shall make me do it!" he declared, firmly. She approached close to his side. Her eyes blazed into his and her lips sneered.

"You shall do it! However you dread it, it must be done! You hear me?"

"I refuse utterly! Such a thing is unworthy for a man of pride and honor to undertake!" he repeated, drawing back from her as from a whip-lash.

Quickly she was at his side again, gripping his arm with fingers slim, but hard as steel.

She slipped a small knife into his hand—a thin, sharp-pointed piece of steel. "There!" she said. His obstinacy was momentarily driving her to desperation.

Her voice broke with passion, and she cried, in a loud, angry tone: "William Tomkins, if you don't do what I say and go peel those potatoes at once, you'll go to bed without any dinner!"—Puck.

Proper Things to Say,

To a young woman who has forsaken school teaching for matrimony and housekeeping: "Don't you feel lost without anything to do?"

To a motorman: "Don't you sometimes get tired of stopping for people?"

To a doctor: "I should think your irregular hours would almost kill you."

To a newspaper man: "But of course, I never believe more than half that I read in the papers."

To a postman: "Don't your feet ache by night?"

To a librarian: "You must enjoy reading the new novels ahead of everybody else in town."—*Newark News.*

Managing Willie

"I was over at Mrs. Kershaw's the other day," said the woman with the little boy who was calling on her next door neighbor, "and I must say that she has changed of late years! Why, when I knew her as a girl she had such ability and was such a manager—and you ought to see the way that house is run and the perfectly dreadful way she has with her children!"

"I don't believe in the old-fashioned way of frightening children to pieces and making them obey you because they are afraid. I never have the least trouble with my Willie, because I treat him like a human being. Darling, don't handle the fern, for Mrs. James may not like it. Everybody isn't like mother, who understands how interested little boys are in nature. Stop bending the leaf, dearest—oh, now, see! You've broken the whole stalk off! There, Willie, you see what happens when you don't obey mother!"

"It's perfectly wonderful, Mrs. James, the reasoning power displayed by that child! You wouldn't think it, but he understands cause and effect perfectly. He bent the leaf—and it broke—an act and a result, you see. Willie, why did you break all those other leaves, too? Oh, so the plant would be even all around! Now, did you ever hear anything cleverer than that, Mrs. James? Willie has such an eye for form. I am sure he is going to be something wonderful, aren't you? I always believe in encouraging a child when he shows any signs of developing a particular faculty."

"There! Willie is investigating your cuckoo clock now. He has a passion for finding out the reason for things. Willie, darling, you mustn't swing on the weights of the clock, you really mustn't."

"There! What did mother tell you? You swung on the weights and now you've pulled the whole clock down off the wall! You are likely to give people headaches when you make a big noise like that. Every one hasn't the perfect control of her nerves that mother has."

"There's everything in control, don't you think so, Mrs. James? I never allow any external fact to upset me. Oh, is the clock broken? Well, I don't believe it is a very bad break and a clever clock man can easily—oh, you say you brought it from Switzerland and it has a complicated foreign mechanism? Well, it does seem to me that Americans ought to be able to find enough goods manufactured in this country without encouraging anarchists and paupers abroad. I've often heard my husband talk about political affairs, so I suppose I am better informed than most women."

"The way Mrs. Kershaw lets her children run over her is perfectly dreadful. She didn't seem to have the least control of them at all. I—"

"Willie, you mustn't scratch the piano with that pin. Mother means what she says, darling, and I expect you to obey. Not another scratch after that one you are making! I've no doubt if your furniture polish is the right kind, Mrs. James, it will rub the scratches out perfectly and, anyhow, they are such delicate ones. Willie has such a dainty touch with everything that sometimes I think he is going to be an artist."

"Why, Willie—e-e-e! Didn't you hear me say not another scratch? And you've made at least six more! Now, I simply will not be disobeyed that way and you may go sit in the green velvet chair. Climb back and sit there! You see, Mrs. James, I always punish promptly when Willie doesn't mind me."

"If you had children yourself you'd understand how it warms a mother's heart to feel the little things depending on one and taking one's word as gospel law. Why, Willie would no sooner think of going contrary to my wishes than he would think of flying, would you, dear?"

"My goodness, where is Willie? He isn't in the green velvet chair. You haven't a cellar door or anything open, have you, Mrs. James, that he might fall down? I can't understand—oh, you say he is on the other side of the piano scratching it with another pin?"

"Willie, come here—at once! Don't you know you grieve mother terribly when she finds that she can't trust you? Oh, you say you wanted to see if a black pin would make the same kind of a scratch as a white one! Did you ever—that investigating mind again! It makes me feel terribly responsible, Mrs. James, to think that it rests with me whether that shall all be mistakenly crushed out or encouraged."

"I've so enjoyed this little visit with you—it rests one to get a change from one's usual thoughts, you know. Come over soon—it will brighten you up and interest you to be where there is a child, and Willie is such a lovable little fellow."

"Kiss Mrs. James, darling. Why, what are you sticking out your tongue for? You say because you hate her? Oh, Willie, it is wrong to hate any one! Hasn't he a cunning, pink little tongue, Mrs. James?"

"Some day when I'm going out I'll let you take him and keep him for a whole afternoon!"

TESTING HIS STRONG WILL

Concocted Club Man Caught In Attempt to Prove Superiority of His Mental Powers.

At one of the clubs the other day two members were arguing about will power. The concocted man, who was in the habit of boring all present with his pointless tales, said that his will was stronger than his friend's.

"You are wrong there," said the quiet man, "and I will prove it in this way. You go and stand in that corner, and I will will you to come out of it. You will against me, and I bet you that I will have you from that corner before I have commanded you a second time."

The smart one took the bet, and put himself in the corner. The quiet man said, in a commanding voice:—

"Come out of that corner!"

The other grinned and shook his head. The quiet man sat down and looked at him steadily. Five minutes passed, and then the man of will said, with a sneer:—

"Haven't you better give it up? I don't feel any influence at all, and I can't stand here all the evening."

"There is no hurry," said the quiet man, "and I have a very comfortable seat. There is no time limit except that you are to come out before I ask you twice, and as I don't intend to ask you again until this day week, I think you will feel the influence before then."

The smart one came out.

SWALLOWS ARE VERY BOLD

One Builds Nest in a House and Another Establishes Home on Electric Light Lamp.

A very curious instance of boldness in swallows was recorded in 1886 from Ceylon. In this case the birds built over a lamp in the dining room; what made their choice of site more remarkable was the fact that the lamp could be raised or lowered by counter weights and the connecting chains actually passed through the mud walls of the nest.

Occasionally the bird selects a nesting site which invites comparison with the boldness of the robin. In July last a pair of swallows took advantage of the open window of an unoccupied bedroom in a house at Felmersham in Bedfordshire to begin building their nest on the curtain rod of the bed.

The return of the owner of the house and his occupation of the bed did not in the least disturb or alarm the birds, which completed the nest and brought off three nestlings within seven weeks of the house owner's return. They took no notice of the occupant of the bed when flying in and out of the window feeding their young; but the hen bird would fly off the nest if any one entered the room during the daytime.

Three years ago a pair of swallows built their nest on top of the shade of an electric lamp which hangs outside the asylum at Narborough, near Leicester.—Bally's Magazine.

Relics of Past Grace.

Nothing is too queer to happen in some corner of New York, says the press of that city. The other day a business woman took a room at what appeared to be an ordinary, small, quiet family hotel on West Forty-fourth street. The morning after her arrival she noticed a little old man sitting in the long hall which ran by the double parlors. Another man came downstairs and the little old chap jumped up and joined him, and together they went into the back parlor.

Strolling down the hall, she happened to glance through the open door of the back parlor. There she saw the two men on their knees at a couch, fervently praying aloud. The business woman passed her hand across her brow. "Have I got 'em?" she murmured, "or have I got into the foolish house?"

Later she discovered that the hotel had in former years been a "home" connected with a church, and that although it long since passed under secular management some of the old-time brethren still haunt it.

Divorced by Candle.

If the marriage yoke rests uncomfortably upon a Burmese couple, a divorce may be quickly and inexpensively obtained, with a bit of excitement thrown in gratis. Husband and wife agreeing that life apart would present greater charms, the wife goes out and purchases two small candles, made especially for such occasions. These candles are exactly the same size, but each has some distinguishing mark, one being intended to represent the man, the other the woman. At exactly the same moment the candles are lighted, and the unhappy couple anxiously watches them burn. When one candle goes out the divorce is complete, but with one condition—the owner of the candle which has gone out must at once leave the house with nothing but the clothes worn at the moment. The other party remains in possession of the house and all therein.

His Connections.

The office boy for one of the largest financial houses in New York recently found a package of valuable papers.

He promptly returned the property to its owner and was told he would be sent a suitable reward.

"And, by the way," said the grateful owner, "shall I send it to you, care of —?" mentioning the name of the firm.

"Now," said the boy, "send it care of the Darling Dozen Social Club, No. — East Fourteenth street."

Standard Hog Regulator—That's It! Exira Drug Co

"We Lead."

PUBLIC SALES

The undersigned will sell at public sale at his place 3 miles west of Exira, 6 miles east of Elk Horn, on

Tuesday, February 13th

Commencing at 11 o'clock, the following property:

49 Head of Live Stock
4 Head of Horses: 1 gray horse 5 years old weighs 1450, 1 black mare with foal weighs 1450, 1 team sorrel horse and mare 10 and 11 years old weigh each 1000.

10 Head of Cattle: 3 good milch cows 1 fresh soon and others fresh in spring, 2 year-old heifers in calf, 1 yearling bull well bred, 4 calves—3 steers and 1 heifer.

35 Head of Hogs—Stockers.
Farm Machinery: 6 dozen chickens, 600 bushels corn, 75 bushels oats, some clover hay in barn, 1 lumber wagon, 1 2-seated spring wagon, 1 buggy, 1 sleigh, 1 set farm harness, 13-section harrow, 1 disc, 1 mower, 1 corn planter and 120 rods wire, 2 cultivators.

Free Lunch at 11:30. Usual Terms
C. C. Nelson, Auct.
A. W. Harvey, Clerk.

The undersigned having rented his farm will sell at public sale at his place 2 miles due south of Oakfield and ½ mile east. Farm is off the road.

Tuesday, February 13th

Commencing at 10 o'clock the following property:

34 Head of Live Stock
11 Head of Horses: 1 bay mare 12 years old weighs 1600, 1 black gelding 8 years old weighs 1600, 2 bay horses 6 years old weighs 1600 each, 1 bay single driver 11 years old weighs 1600, 1 black mare 8 yrs old weighs 1150, 1 sorrel mare 8 years old weighs 850, 1 black mare 18 yrs old, 1 bay gelding colt weighs 900, 2 sucking colts.

23 Head of Cattle: 10 milch cows 1 fresh and balance fresh soon, 1 High Grade Hereford heifer 2 years old, 1 High Grade Hereford yearling bull, 2 yearling heifers, 9 calves—5 steers and 4 heifers.

Poultry: 10 dozen chickens, 1 coop of guineas, 6 geese.

Farm Machinery: 115-horse gas engine, 1 six roll McCormick shredder, 1 4-hole Keystone sheller, 1 McCormick corn binder, 1 Milwaukee binder nearly new, 1 Milwaukee mower, 1 P. & O. corn planter and 80 rods of wire, 1 Hoosier 11 foot seeder, 3 cultivators, 1 Goodenough Sulky plow, 1 13-inch plow, 2 hay rakes, 1 harrow, 1 16-inch 7 foot disc, 1 hand corn sheller, 1 buzz saw, 1 No. 12 DeLaval cream separator, 1 4-inch Great Western wagon, 1 moline wagon, 1 truck wagon, 1 bobsled, 1 cutter, 2 spring wagons, 3 buggies, 2 hay racks, 1 new grindstone, 2 sets heavy work harness, 1 set driving harness, 1 set light harness, 2 sets single harness, 1 set Human collar, 2 saddles, 3 iron kettles, 1 copper kettle.

Free Lunch at 11:30. Usual Terms
D. R. Jones, Auct.
O. F. Ide, Clerk.

Having decided to go to California for my health, I will have a closing out sale at my farm five miles northeast of Exira, two and one-half miles east and one south of Hamlin, on

Wednesday, February 14th

Commencing at 12 o'clock, the following described property to wit:

38 Head of Live Stock
7 Head of Horses consisting of 1 team of horses, weight about 2400, 5 and 6 years old; 1 team of mares, weight about 2300, 1 mare with foal, age ten and eleven; 1 mare with foal, weight 1200, 9 years old; 1 horse colt 1 year old in spring, 1 mare colt two years old.

13 Head of Cattle consisting of 6 No. 1 milch cows, 7 steers coming 2 years old, 18 Head of Good Hogs.

Farm Machinery, etc.: Corn King manure spreader, 1 corn planter with 80 rods of wire, 1 mower, 1 binder, 1 hay rack, 1 hay rake, 1 Jenny Lind cultivator, 1 16-inch riding plow, 1 14-inch walking plow, 13-section lever harrow, 1 disc harrow, 2 wagons, 2 almost new top buggies, 1 new buggy harness, 1 work harness, 1 good DeLaval Cream Separator, and some hay.

1 cupboard, 1 kitchen cabinet, 1 10-foot extension table, 1 round table, chairs, bedsteads, heating stove and cook stove and other articles too numerous to mention.

Free Lunch at 11:30. Usual Terms.
MRS. GEORGE MOREY
Roy Jones, Auct.
J. W. McGuire, Clerk.

The undersigned will sell at public sale 5 miles west of Brayton, 3 miles south and 2 miles east of Elk Horn, 2 miles north of Gates, on

Wednesday, February 21st

Commencing at 10 o'clock, the following property:

69 Head of Live Stock
10 Head of Horses: 1 black 3 years old, 1 bay 5 years old, 1 Saddle horse 6 years old, 1 colt coming 3 years old, 1 colt coming 2 years old, 1 old mare in foal, 1 blind mare, 3 spring colts.

23 Head of Cattle: 9 milch cows will be fresh in spring, 3 yearling heifers, 11-year old steer, 7 spring calves and 4 fall calves, 38 Brood Sows.

Farm Machinery: 2 dozen Rhode Island Red cockerels, 1 lumber wagon, 1 manure spreader, 1 riding plow, 1 walking plow, 1 hay loader, 1 side delivery rake, 1 three-section harrow, 2 sets of work harness, 1 hand corn sheller, 1 stock tank, 2 gasoline tanks.

Household Goods—1 bed, spring and mattress, 1 table, 1 cupboard, 1 flower stand, some carpet and other articles.

Free Lunch at 11:30. Usual Terms.
HANS B. HANSEN
C. C. Nelson, Auct.
S. C. Pedersen, Clerk.

The undersigned intending to move to North Dakota will sell at public sale 7½ miles southeast of Exira, 8 miles north of Anita, 1 mile east and 1 south of Audubon Township Creamery, 1 mile north of Audubon Center schoolhouse, on the old Echternacht farm, on

Wednesday, February 14th

Commencing at 11 o'clock, the following property:

42 Head of Live Stock
4 Head of Horses: 1 black horse 4 years old, 1 bay mare with foal 8 years old, 1 bay mare with foal 3 years old, 1 colt.

38 Head of Cattle: 7 good milch cows 2 fresh and others fresh March 1st, 6 2-year-old heifers, 23 calves—6 bulls and 17 heifers, 8 of which are Angus, 1 2-year-old bull, 110 month's old grade Hereford bull.

Farm Machinery: 1 McCormick binder, 1 Ditto Endgate with cart, 1 hay rake, 1 hay rack, 1 steel wheel truck wagon, 1 lumber wagon, 1 Plano mower, 1 feed grinder, 1 hand corn sheller, 1 new 16-inch walking plow, 1 feed bunk, 1 grindstone, 1 cutter, 1 DeLaval cream separator No. 15, some household goods, 430 bushels corn in crib, 4 tons along hay in barn, 6 tons clover hay in stack, 150 bushels seed oats, some potatoes, 13 dozen Brown Leghorn and White Rock chickens, 12 Leghorn cockerels, and numerous articles.

Free Lunch at 11:30. Usual Terms
JAS. BERTHESEN
Col. Creighton, Auct.
A. W. Harvey, Clerk.

The undersigned will sell on his premises 2½ miles southwest of Brayton, on

Friday, February 23rd

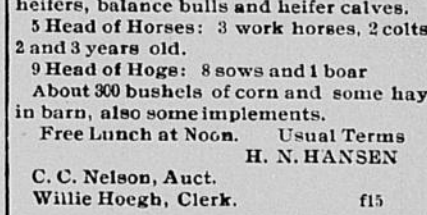
Commencing at 11 o'clock, the following property:

32 Head of Live Stock
38 Head of High Grade Red Poles: 16 milch cows, 3 of them recorded, 1 Sally III, 2 descendants of Imported Sweet Brar, Bull Leroy 1813, 3 years old (his sire is a one ton bull), 4 yearling steers, 4 yearling heifers, balance bulls and heifer calves.

5 Head of Horses: 3 work horses, 2 colts 2 and 3 years old.

9 Head of Hogs: 8 sows and 1 boar
About 300 bushels of corn and some hay in barn, also some implements.

Free Lunch at Noon. Usual Terms
H. N. HANSEN
C. C. Nelson, Auct.
Willie Hoegh, Clerk.



Blain Swartz went to Audubon last Sunday evening.

Mrs. G. E. Farrell was a shopper in Manning last Friday.

Our mail man went his rounds last Saturday, as bad as it was.

The assessor Chet Dustin is getting in his work these cold days.

Mrs. Jensen was a Manning business visitor one day last week.

Henry Brandhorst Sr. came down from Manning, Monday morning.

The Green Bay Lumber Company received a carload of coal last week.

Edith Bunker is out at her grandparents, staying until she gets well.

Mr. and Mrs. George Garber were entertained at McMullen's Sunday.

Veda Peterson has been spending the last week out at Claude Farrell's.

Little Stuart Gray was a very sick child for several days last week but is better again.

Mr. McMullen's mother from Irwin came the first of the week to spend several days with them.

The stock-yard was full of stock over Saturday and Sunday, waiting for cars and trains to take it out.

Frank Stough went up to Vail Saturday morning to visit his niece, Mrs. Peter Ludwig and family.