

**NEBRASKA NEWS NOTES OF THIRTY-TWO YEARS AGO**

The North Bend Journal is dead. A flouring mill is being put up at Mason.

Lincoln is overrun with sneaks and tramps.

Lake Kearney has opened up as a pleasure resort.

Senator Van Wyck is making a canvass of the state.

Too much rain is the cry of farmers around Arapohoe.

The Wymore police are shooting all unmuzzled dogs.

The work of enlarging Fort Robinson has been begun.

A new depot is to be built at Mead, Saunders county.

Hastings claims to be the best horse market in central Nebraska.

One hundred and eleven teachers attended the Butler county institute.

Oakland is agitating a co-operative lumber, grain and stock company.

A pair of Missouri capitalists are negotiating to start a creamery in Papillion.

The crop of wild grapes is very large in the vicinity of Plattsmouth this season.

Seventy-six posts of the grand army have been organized in the state this year.

Beatrice is experimenting with the Blue river, with a view of supplying the city.

A Republican senatorial convention will be held at McCook on the 9th of next month.

Work has been discontinued on the South-Loup branch of the Union Pacific railroad.

Over 1,000 Butler county people have signed the total abstinence pledge in the last few weeks.

Franklin will make a strong effort to pull the county seat away from Bloomington this fall.

North Platte horsemen are training a number of promising thoroughbreds for the fall races.

An unknown person shot into a crowd of people coming out of church at Oakland Sunday night.

The Republican convention in the First congressional district will meet at Beatrice September 22.

Peter Linewither and John Vase are under arrest at Papillion for horse stealing in Madison county.

A farmer named Dunn was killed by lightning a few days ago near Hay Springs, Sheridan county.

John Steinhart has received his appointment as United States storekeeper at Nebraska City.

A horse thief named James Little shot himself last week near Pierce City, rather than submit to capture.

Notwithstanding the dry spell in the middle of the season, corn will be usual be king in Pierce county this year.

The water in the Blue river is to be used by the citizens of Beatrice.

Filters will be built first to test the quality.

The directors of the Dodge County Agricultural society have recently decided not to hold the usual fair this year.

Lightning at Plainview struck in one night two trees, a hog, three grain stacks, two calves and a telegraph pole.

S. S. Johnson, living near Syracuse, was badly gored by a mad bull while leading the animal from pasture last Tuesday.

Falls City Leader: The crop of early apples in this section is unusually large, and the price has been as low as 25 cents.

The city council of Auburn has advertised inducements and a bonus in bonds or money for the establishment of manufacturers.

Chinese cucumbers are being raised near Schuyler. Mongolian doctors will have to be admitted if the industry is encouraged.

Track laying has begun on the Wayne extension of the St. Paul and Omaha road. The branch is only twenty-two miles long.

Frank P. Wigton and George L. Wightom of Norfolk have just been admitted to practice in the interior department at Washington.

The Elkhorn Valley line is putting in a system of water-works at Long Pine that will furnish 100,000 gallons of pure spring water daily.

Blaine county boasts of sod corn twelve feet high and ears twelve inches long. The stalks will be preserved for torch handles for the campaign in 1888.

A "shiveree" party in Woca belted tin cans and blew horns until exhausted with drought and disgust and the silence that prevailed the cottage. It was untenanted.

The Hastings Trotting association is preparing for an interesting fall meeting September 21-23. Three thousand one hundred dollars will be distributed in purses.

The murderer of Lon Adams, in Nebraska City, has so far successfully eluded the officers. They are on a warm trail, however, and expect to nab him before many days.

A street car company has been organized in Grank Island, backed by O. H. Abbott, H. O. Koenig, C. W. Scarff, I. R. Alters, O. B. Thompson, A. H. Baker, all men of means.

Admirers of Buffalo Bill in Cheyenne county suggest that one of the six new counties into which Cheyenne county will be divided, be called Cody, in honor of the Wild West prince.

The young town of Ravenna, on the Burlington and Missouri extension, thirty miles west of Grand Island, already boasts of a paper, the News, published by Clayburg Brothers.

Sundya at Crawford, Neb., a half dozen colored soldiers opened fire upon a woman of the town and after firing twenty shots hit her, one in the shoulder and one in the ankle.

**JOHN**  
By DOROTHY O. GRAVES.

Perhaps the only real pleasure John Devine had, day in, day out, was the too brief interval of hall space between the third and fourth flights of his rooming house. Here in the room directly beneath his own, the door often stood open a few inches, enough to allow a glimpse to a passerby. There was a jolly little stove always gleaming red—frequently crackling gayly. Beside it stood gaunt, a violin rack. That was all.

John never passed the doorway without a longing glance at the stove and a prolonged gaze into the narrow opening.

For weeks this room had fascinated him. Why, he could not say. Was it the stove? Was it "the roomer" he never saw?

To-night he passed the door, slowly. He saw the same few inches only, and he heard the lightest possible rustle and that was all, but his heart choked him, and he stumbled up to his own room.

There he sat on the edge of his lumpy bed, and buried his face in his hands. He wanted to cry. He did not cry. Instead, he thought and thought. Was "the roomer" lonely, too? Was she young or old? Dare he speak to her?

He glanced about his grim four walls which could never be a home to him. His memory of a little gray house in the fields of golden corn, or among the tender spring shoots, or the whitened stubble of December, sent hot tears to his eyes. The Christmas box from home had been meager. "The girls," who took pies and cookies as a matter of fact, and who never knew what it was to be away from home, could not understand.

But little Benny, "queer kid," had sent three ears of the prize corn from the farm, and all the popcorn he had raised in his school garden. "Queer kid, Benny," thought the big brother. But the corn looked good to him. It was the best present he had ever had.

Meanwhile something he had not expected was happening in the room below. The strains of the violin floated up to him; bravely, cheerily they began. It was a tune he knew and loved. A voice joined—a young voice, sweet and tender.

The voice trembled and ceased in a sob. The chords of the instrument stumbled and ceased. The door banged shut.

John leaped to his feet. He hastily selected the three lusty ears of yellow corn from the others and bound them together with their own dried silk, and as hastily removed his heavy boots. Then stealthily he crept down the stairs. Outside the room under his own, he noiselessly fastened the ears of corn to the door knob and stealthily returned to his room. Up there he hurried "tidying up," whisking his toilet articles into a drawer, kicking his shoes and rubbers under the bed, and stuffing his clothing behind the soiled curtain which served as a closet.

The he snatched up his banjo and strummed the strings. His own voice, untrained, but young and spontaneous, swelled.

Singing lustily, John heard sounds other than the strumming and his singing. Was he sure he heard a stifled cry of pleasure? Was he sure he heard a rustle on the stairs? He sang on.

The unlatched door swung open and standing there half afraid, half joyous, the ears of corn tightly clasped in her arms stood a girl, black-haired, red-lipped, black-eyed. Her cheeks glistened with tears of homesickness and surprise.

John was singing the tune.

Sobbing, the girl finished the stanza, "and corn and somebody to talk to. You will talk, won't you?" she pleaded. "Tell me about it. I am so homesick."

John was shy, and he flushed, but he saw the girl's distress was greater than his, so he smiled bravely and said:

"I come from Mineral. Where do you come from?"

The girl smiled brightly now. The tears sparkled in her dimples. "Oh," she said, "I'm most a neighbor. I'm from Sheffield."

"Sheffield!" John laughed with delight. "I'm John Devine," he said, simply.

"And I'm Lois Prentiss," volunteered the girl. They both laughed for sheer joy.

"John Devine," the girl spoke decidedly, "I'm so homesick I don't know what to do. And, if you're from Illinois you must be all right. And, if you're one of the Devines from Mineral, I've heard about you, so that's all right, too. Now," she entered the room and placidly sent herself on John's lumpy bed, "I've something to say."

John grinned at her.

"Let's take that," she pointed to Benny's popcorn, "and pop it. You come down and we'll pop it on my stove."

"Have you a popper?" asked the practical John.

"Of course not," answered Lois, "but anybody can pop Illinois popcorn in a tea strainer, provided she wants to, chuckled Lois as she jumped up from the bed and ran to the door. "Of course, if you don't want to—"

But John was talking, too. "Provided she and he want to," he was saying, emphatically.

Lois was tripping down the stairs and laughing gaily, so naturally John laughed, too, and hurried after her.

The entire force of a destroyer lately put in commission consists of four, men—three officers and one enlisted man. The former will have to take turns in ordering the crew

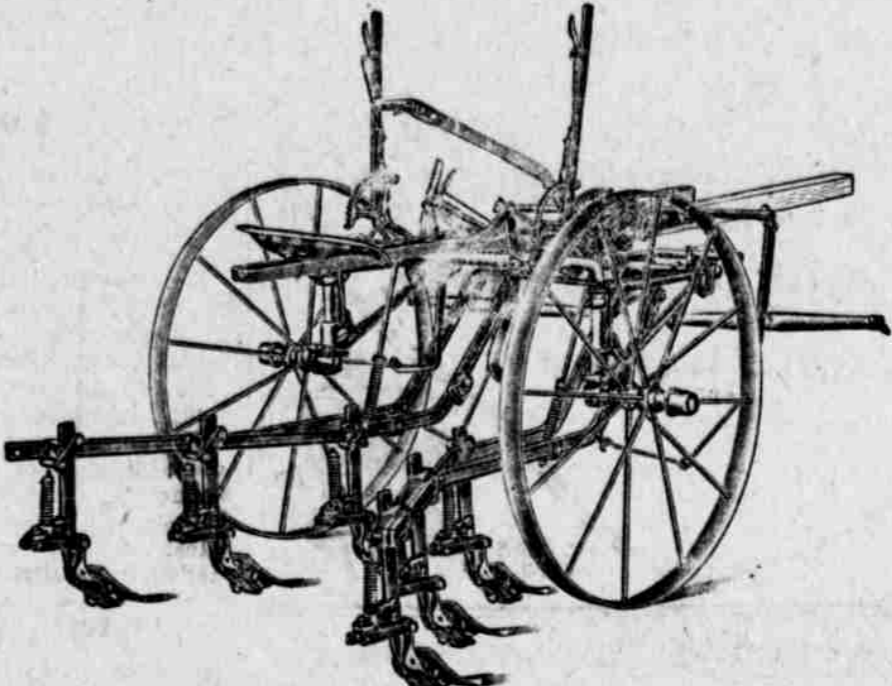
about. It takes all sorts of people to make up a world, including the young fellow who thinks giving a

canoe load of sofa pillows a ride is havin g agood time.—Detroit Free Press. \$2.50 a year—and worth more.

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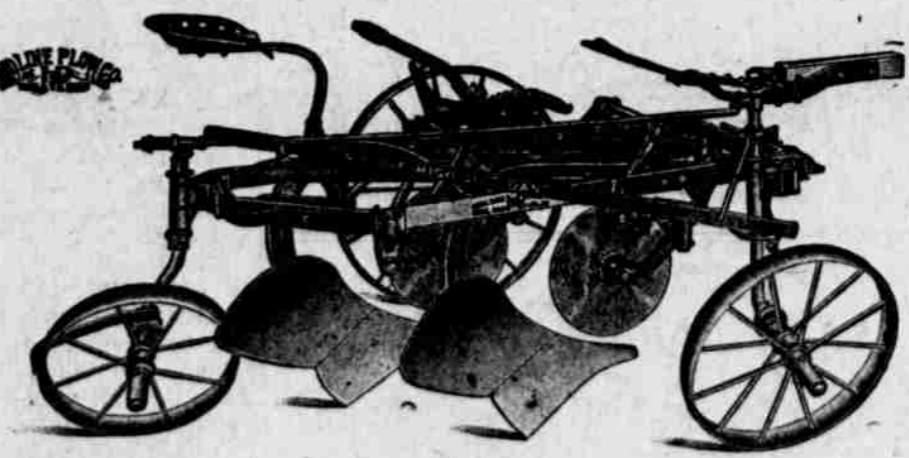
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## Noah was Right

When Noah started building the Ark, everybody laughed at him. Said he'd Never Need It.



Well, you remember what happened!



And it's a little that way yet. Too many people think there's no hurry about building homes of their own.



Then come the rainy days of their old age and they realize their mistake too late!



It's never too early to start building a home. Families who haven't done so yet should begin this very year.



Alliance and Box Butte County need work for their skilled crafts and jobs for their returned soldiers.



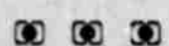
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