

**FACTS AND FANCIES**

BY ALLAN D. MAY.

I pity him whose discontent  
Has come to be environment,  
An all prevailing atmosphere  
In which he lives from year to year.

I pity him, the man denied  
The pleasures of the satisfied;  
Whose nature is too deaf and blind  
To correspond with human-kind.

I pity him whose crowning sin  
Is brooding o'er what might have been;  
Who for his soul a temple makes  
Builded of all his past mistakes.

And therein sits in solitude  
Save for his fancy's harrying brood,  
And gives his pessimism vent  
And tells his beads of discontent;

While all around on either side  
Is surging lifes unceasing tide,  
And flung against his temple walls,  
The voice of love and labor calls,

While on the dome just overhead  
The sunbeam's genial light is shed;  
And higher than the dome is high  
Arches a blue and cloudless sky.

I pity him whose discontent  
Has led to such imprisonment,  
Whose heart immured, may never heed  
The crying of a brothers need.

I pity him whose discontent  
Has come to be environment—  
Who frets beneath the chastening rod  
Holds no communion with his God.

As we brought nothing into  
the world, we can take nothing  
out of it. Therefore we wonder  
how the grim ferrymen makes  
his job pay.

A man who devoted forty years of his life to getting rich and twenty more years to getting richer, suddenly came to the conclusion that he was not having as much fun out of life as he should have. His barrel of money had grown to a hogshead; when he paid the taxes on his land, it took the entire force in the treasurer's office six weeks to make out his receipts; every year he had his government bonds baled in a hay press and filed away. But he had never had any fun to amount to anything, so he decided that if he was ever going to have a run for his money, he would have to hurry for he was liable to die most any time. So he laid his plans accordingly. The first thing that he did was to make his will in which he willed all his property to two sons, disinheriting the other two. Then he wrote a note announcing that he intended to drown himself in the river and then he disappeared going into a far country to await results. The note was discovered and the river dragged, but although the body was not found he was given up for dead, and the will was admitted to probate. Then the two disinherited sons did just as the old man thought they would—they contested the will, and the date was set for the hearing of the big case. Then the old man who had been watching the newspapers came back from the far country in a covered

wagon disguised as a horse trader and occupied a seat in the court room every day during the trial. The lawyers for the plaintiffs showed that the fact that the old man made his will and at once committed suicide, proved that he was insane and so the will was set aside. When the judgment was handed down, the old man jumped upon a chair and tore off his disguise and made a speech declaring that he had never enjoyed anything so much in all his life as he had enjoyed that trial and declared that he would pay all the costs and he invited the judge and the jury and the lawyers and all the spectators to come and take a drink. Whereupon the court adjourned.

A Falls City man who has just returned from a trip to Kansas City, tells a hard luck story of the first magnitude. It seems that the pavements and walks were covered with ice and walking, even in the level places was bad enough, but on the hills that have made Kansas City infamous it was something not to be described in polite language. As he was engaged in scaling one of these peaks, he drove his alpenstock into the ice and paused to rest. Glancing around he saw an old woman climbing wearily along the trail. She was at least ninety years old; the wintry wind played through the stray locks of her thin gray hair; one bare hand gripped a stout cane while the other tugged at a very large and very heavy valise. It was a pitiful sight, and the thought that she was somebody's mother, and away back in the past had been somebody's sweetheart, brought tears to the eyes of the Falls City man, and they ran down and formed a long icicle on the end of his nose. All the chivalry of the mans nature was aroused, so when the old lady set her valise down for a moment, he approached her and tipping his hat, said politely, "Grand mother, your valise is too heavy. Allow me to assist you up the hill," and at the same time he reached for the valise. Thereupon the old lady gave a scream and drew back with her cane and swatted him across the nose and knocked him down. There she placed the valise on his manly bosom and sat on it and hollered till the police came. When the officers arrived she said that a confidence man had tried to rob her, and they put him in the patrol wagon and hauled him to the station. When he attempted to explain to the court, the judge admitted that the story was pretty clever but added that it wouldn't go, and he assessed the maximum fine which was paid and it is said that the Falls City man rolled all the way

## HOLT'S Shoe Store

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down the incline in his hurry to get to the depot and out of town.

### LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Manford Brannin of Shubert was in the city Saturday.

Grant Boyd of Rulo was a Falls City visitor Saturday.

L. A. Kinsey of Verdon was in the city on business Monday.

Ruth Bowman of Stella was in the city on business Saturday.

Mrs. Mary Hoops of Verdon visited friends in this city Sunday.

T. L. Hall came down from Verdon and spent Sunday in this city.

D. E. Spickler of Barada transacted business in this city Saturday.

I. E. Smith of Humboldt was in town on legal business the first of the week.

Warren Hutchins and daughter Sara went to St Joseph Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Tanner and son spent Sunday visiting in this city.

Pearl Brock of Craig, Mo., arrived in the city Saturday for a visit with friends.

James B. Downs came up from St Joseph and spent Sunday with his parents in this city.

Mrs. N. J. Bergsma of Shubert visited at the home of her sisters, Mrs. O. R. Ross over Sunday.

Miss Beulah Fry returned Saturday from a two weeks visit with her sister, Mrs. Garth Metz of Newkirk Oklahoma.

A change in night operators has been made at the Missouri Pacific depot. George Pittman has been transferred to Effingham, Kan., and his place has been taken by Mr. Sullivan, who comes from Ogden, Utah.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Dalbey of Shubert were in town Monday enroute home from a visit with their daughter, Mrs. Tipton of Albany, Missouri.

### Notice.

First publication February 19, 1904.

To Mary A. Gilman and Joseph Gilman her husband and their heirs. You are hereby notified that at a public tax sale of land, for delinquent taxes, at the county treasurer's office in Falls City, Richardson county, state of Nebraska, on the 21st day of June 1902, Clarence H. Wiltse of said Richardson county for the use and benefit of himself, his heirs or assignees did bid off and purchase the following described real estate to wit: Part of lots 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 in block seventy (70) commencing at a stone thirty feet west of the northeast corner of block number seventy (70) in Falls City and running thence twenty-five feet west to a stone thus south one hundred-twenty-five (25) feet to a stone thence east twenty-five (25) feet thence north one-hundred-twenty-five (125) feet to the place of beginning, all being in said block number seventy in the town of Falls City, Richardson county, Nebraska according to the recorded plat of said town. Being the same property as is described in the deed which is recorded on page 363 in book No 18 in record of deeds and conveyed to Mary A. Gilman by Isaac Minnick and wife, Elizabeth Minnick by warranty deed. The same was then and there offered for sale for delinquent taxes for the year 1900 and there being no other bidder for the same. The said land was taxed in the name of Mary A. Gilman and said tax was assessed for the year 1900, and that the time of redemption from said sale will expire on the twenty-first day of June A. D. 1904. 7-3 C. H. Wiltse.

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