

The Falls City Tribune.

VOLUME I

FALLS CITY, NEBRASKA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1904.

NUMBER 48

ASSAULTED IN A JOINT

The Assault is the Result of a Quarrel Between two Men

**Christopher Stucke is the Name of the Unfortunate Young Man
— He May Recover**

Christopher Stucke a young farmer residing in the vicinity of Nims City, a small inland town south of Humboldt, was struck and badly injured Sunday evening, November 20, by a billiard cue in the hands of Otis Sims, another young farmer of that section. The young man was taken to Sabetha, Kans., for an operation to relieve the pressure of a fractured skull on the brain. It appears that the young men were in one of the two joints now running full blast in the town, and that Stucke was engaged in playing a game of billiards, while Sims was an onlooker. Sims passed by the billiard table and Stucke thought he detected him in the act of moving one of the balls on the table. A dispute arose over the matter and Sims drew a pocket knife with which he threatened to carve Stucke. Stucke approached Sims and compelled him to shut his knife and put it in his pocket. This did not seem to suit Sims, and in a few minutes when Stucke started to leave the joint he made some very disparaging remarks which started it all over again. Sims seized a billiard cue and dealt Stucke a blow upon the head felling him to the ground and followed this blow up with several more upon the chest and abdomen. Stucke lapsed into unconsciousness, for several days.

At first the injuries were not

thought to be serious because the examining surgeon failed to find evidence of a fractured skull, but when he did not regain consciousness for several days another surgeon was called in and after a thorough examination, he revealed the true condition of the young man. Stucke is unmarried and lives with his parents; Sims is a married man. Both are about 30 years of age.

In the first place we want to call the attention of our readers to the fact that this trouble occurred on Sunday; in the second place it occurred in one of two joints running full blast almost under the nose of our county attorney.

Nims City is a very new place, having been in existence about two years, but it has become notorious beyond expression in that short space of time.

These "joints" are running every day in the week, and almost every night all night.

The proprietors were careful to procure Government License, but laugh at the idea of it being a proper thing for them to procure other necessary papers. It is about time for our lethargic County Attorney to wake up. At least we think so, don't you?

Since writing the above, a report from Nims City states that the injured man has a fighting chance for a recovery.

Peter Berley and wife of Auburn were guests at the Union Sunday.

Dr. Gurney Griffiths and wife of Preston were Falls City visitors Tuesday.

L. R. Chaney of Stella was a business visitor in this city the latter part of last week.

L. B. Burnett of Hastings registered at the Union House Sunday.

Ed Hammond has resigned his position in George Dietsch's grocery store in this city and he with his family removed on Wednesday to Stella where Ed has secured a lucrative position with the general merchandise firm of Wheeler and Son. Mr. Wheeler is to be congratulated upon securing the services of as competent and obliging clerk as Ed, and Stella upon the addition to her citizenship of so worthy a family.

Died

At his home three miles north of Salem, Saturday, November 26 Mr. John Crook, one of the oldest settlers in this county.

He was born in Tennessee, November 24, 1833 and moved to Richardson county in 1856 which place has been his home ever since. At the time of his death Mr. Crook was 71 years and two days old.

He leaves behind him to mourn their loss, an aged widow, five sons, one daughter and a host of other relatives and friends.

The direct cause of his death was senile decay, having been in a bad condition physically for the past three years.

Mr. Crook was an old soldier having served during the civil war in Co. G. 2nd Nebraska. The funeral, one of the largest ever held in Salem, took place Monday November 28 and the remains were laid to rest in the Salem cemetery.

Thus it is we are passing away one by one to that silent unexplored land, to view the mysteries of the future. Farewell, brother. The bell has tolled thy demise; and though we miss you, we know that hearts have been made glad because of your long stay in our midst. One by one the men and women who paved the way for the present generation are passing to their rewards.

The Nebraska State Journal published on its front page Thanksgiving a poem by Allan D. May. We are not surprised that the State Journal should give the poem the most prominent place in its issue of that day. We are not prepared to say that the poem is the best work Allie has done but it is among the best and is a credit not only to its author but to the paper which published it.

For the benefit of our readers we reproduce the poem which its author entitles:

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

Ours was the toil of those who sowed
Where furrows scarred the hill and plain;
Ours are the bins now overflowed;
But Thine the sunshine and the rain.
Ours were the fears when threatened storm
Menaced the earth with awful will;
Ours were the doubts when clouds would form,
But Thine, Oh Lord, "Peace be still."
Ours are the kindly fruits of earth,
And ours the toilers fair reward;
Ours is the harvests genial mirth,
But Thine the tempted winds Oh Lord.
By Nature's law, ours is the gain
That home our loaded wagons draw,
Ours is the legacy of grain
But Thine the making of the Law.
Thine is the music of the spheres;
Thine the profundo of the deep;
This is the song the seraph hears,
And thunder's crash when lightnings leap.
Thine is the song of the tempest's might,
Rending the forest limb from limb,
And the sweet sonata of moonlit night
But ours is the hearts Thanksgiving hymn.
—Allan D. May.

T. J. Chandler of Shubert

Killed In Saw Mill Friday

T. J. Chandler, an employee in striking him had severed the jugular vein.

All that medical science with the assistance of loving friends could do proved of no avail; Mr. Chandler passed away Saturday afternoon. It appears that Mr. Chandler was performing the task of removing the dust and trash from the front of a large circular saw, when in some unknown manner a board was thrown from the saw striking him in the side of the neck.

He was fifty-seven years old and was considered one of the best hands around the mill.

He leaves a widow and grown up family; also a brother and sister.

The funeral services were conducted Sunday in Antioch Christian church of which he was a member, and the remains were laid to rest in Prairie Union Cemetery.