BIG FIRE IN OMAHA

A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF PROPERTY DESTROYED.

GRAIN AND CARS ARE BURNED

High Wind Carries Sparks and Lack of Water Pressure Makes Fighters' Efforts Useless.

Omaha.—More than $200,000 of property was devoured Sunday night by a fire which totally destroyed the big 750,000-bushel elevator of the Nye-Schneider-Fowler company, the Maney Flouring mill and elevator and upwards 100 box cars, some of them loaded with grain, on the Great Western terminal tracks. The property destroyed is situated along the Great Western terminals between Oak and Gold streets, a few blocks north of the South Omaha line.

The conflagration was not only the most disastrous, but the most spectacular which has visited Omaha in years. The high wind which swept along the great, wide valley in which the structures stood carried flaming torches high into the sky and swept them for miles directly north, and the city for blocks away was illuminated as by day.

The damage is a different thing to estimate owing to lack of reliable information in the confusion caused by the fire. Opinion among those best able to estimate, however, places the loss at a figure in the neighborhood of $2,000,000, possibly less and possibly more.

The Nye-Schneider-Fowler elevator alone was worth $400,000, the Maney mill and elevator were constructed and equipped at a cost of between $200,000 and $250,000. The mill elevator was filled with wheat which just now is worth more than $1 a bushel and the Nye elevator is said to have been nearly filled with corn. How many of the box cars were loaded is unknown, but the heaps of charred grain along the tracks where the cars stood indicates that many of them bore valuable cargoes.

Rough estimates place the damage to the Nye-Schneider-Fowler company on elevator and contents at about $1,000,000, on the Maney mill and contents at about $500,000 and on the box cars and contents at another an almost herculean task, and responsible company carried heavy insurance on both the building and grain stored in it and the Maney mill property is said to have been well insured.

Two things made fighting the fire an almost reculean task, and rendered the efforts of the fire department practically useless except in preventing the spread of the conflagration into the residence district adjoining. One was the heavy wind which blew with the fury of a gale and the other was the utterly inadequate water supply.

It is supposed that a defective electric motor was the cause. This has been in the habit of running hot for sometime past and the explanation given is that it became overheated and set fire to the adjoining woodwork before it was discovered.

General Rains Predicted.

Washington.—Rains will be general throughout the United States during the present week. During the first half of the week, according to predictions of the weather bureau, an extensive barometric depression will cross the central valleys, the lake region and the Atlantic seaboard, attended by rains. The rain area will be followed by a sharp fall in temperature, which will carry the frost line to or somewhat below the 40th parallel. Another disturbance will appear on the Pacific coast about Tuesday.

Lucin Cutoff Damaged.

Ogden, Utah.—So great was the damage to the Lucin cutoff by a fierce windstorm that the Southern Pacific was compelled to abandon the great trestle and trains to and from this city are routed over the old Central Pacific tracks around the northern end of the Great Salt Lake. While definite figures as to the extent of the damage have not been received, it is said, they will be much in excess of the trouble experienced a week ago when trains were detoured for one day.

Postal Revenues Show Increase.

Washington.—Postal revenues apparently are keeping pace with that set by the customs internal revenue, which show a considerable increase this year, according to statements made to Postmaster General Hitchcock and Secretary MacVeagh by Merritt O. Chance, auditor for the postoffice department. During October, November and December, 1909, the postal receipts exceeded those of the same period of 1908 by $3,182,323, there being a surplus in the revenues of $2,111,356.

SKILLED WORKERS TO AMERICA.

Large Numbers Are Leaving Great Britain for the United States.

London.—Emigrants are at present making an unprecedented rush from Southampton to the United States, and both British and German liners to the utmost capacity have had their steerage quarters filled. Workers in textile districts of Lancashire and Midland manufacturing districts are apparently moving in large numbers to America.

THREE DASHED TO DEATH.

Fatality Comes to Men in a German Balcon.

Stettin, Germany.—The German balloon Pommern, which made an ascension here Sunday afternoon met with a series of accidents which ended in disaster under most tragic circumstances in the Baltic sea. Three men lost their lives, including the radical member of the reichstag, Werner Hugo Del Brueck. Herr Del Brueck and another member of the party were drowned.

NEBRASKA IN BRIEF.

News Notes of Interest From Various Sections.

The Midwest Life.

Why not join the agency force of The Midwest Life? It is just closing its fourth year and has $2,150,000 of insurance in force with satisfied policyholders. It treats its agents and policyholders on the square and has never had a law suit of any kind or description. Claims are paid promptly as soon as proofs of death are submitted. The policies of The Midwest Life are fair and liberal and premium rates are low. There is an increasing determination on the part of Nebraska people to patronize safe and conservatively manager Nebraska companies. They are realizing more and more that money paid company like The Midwest Life remains in Nebraska; that it is loaned here; stays here in panics and financial depressions, and is not sent away when most needed. There are good openings for three or four more General Agents and any number of local or part time men. Write N. Z. Snell, President, at Lincoln.

The Union Pacific storehouse at Columbus was destroyed by fire.

At the farm of Alex Schiermann in Clay county a fire broke out, destroying a threshing machine outfit and two large stacks of wheat.

A prairie fire in Brown county destroyed much property. At least fifty miles of range was burned over and everything in the path of the flames was swept away.

J. D. Rohmer hung himself in his brother's barn on his farm three miles northwest of Calhoun. He was 54 years of age, a single man and had been ill for some time.

William Jerauld, a farmer northeast of Auburn, is erecting a large and commodious hay barn and stock sheds and for timbers is using native lumber that has grown on the place during the past forty years.

Mrs. Manspeaker, wife of the jailer at Cass county jail, is receiving congratulations of her friends over her heroic act recently when, at the point of a revolver, she prevented three prisoners from making their escape from jail.

The team of horses that was stolen from Peter Sibbers, six miles south of Bloomfield, March 20, was found last week five miles northwest of Pierce. The team had been turned loose and the buggy and harness was run under a bridge.

Charles Bowers, a young man supposed to have been living since his birth in the neighborhood of Columbus, Platte county, was arrested in Silver Creek by Marshal Lucas on advice from Sheriff Iler of Merrick county. He was charged with having in his possession a team of bay horses that did not belong to him.

John Douglas, a horse thief suspect, was shot twice and probably mortally wounded at a ranch nine miles east of Niobrara by Sheriff Vlasnik of Knox county, while coming to a ranch with three horses to spend the night there. Farmers held him by strategy until the sheriff arrived. When Douglas was ordered to stand and deliver his gun, he ran and attempted to draw a revolver, when the sheriff shot him twice, after firing several times wide of the mark intentionally.

The bloody coat and hat of Otto Witthuhn of Gothenburg was found one block from home in a hole near the sidewalk, also two empty and bloody pocketbooks and one shoe badly cut. On the bank of the lake was the other shoe, cut and bloody, and his vest. He drew $1,000 in cash from the bank the day before. Bloodhounds followed a trail to the railroad track, where were found feathers in blood. Some think he disappeared and left the bloody clothes as a blind.

The large barn on the M. J. Clarke place, three miles west of Auburn, burned. Two horses burned to death and the third was so badly hurt that it will have to be killed. Besides this a large amount of hay, several hundred bushels of corn and oats were destroyed.

A new effort to catch John Cline, the man who forged a Fremonter out of $2,000 while masquerading under the name of Fisher, has been started by organizing his thirty or forty victims scattered over the United States. The move has been started by the Dodge county authorities.

Kearney is about to start work on the soldiers' monument to be erected at that place.

At his home near Humboldt, Gilbert Ervin, a young farmer, attempted to murder his wife with an axe, and later committed suicide by hanging himself in the barn. He and his wife had had a disagreement.

Gilbert Irwin, a prominent farmer who lived ten miles south of Dawson, committed suicide by hanging. He had been acting queerly for some time past, and his wife had commenced proceedings for divorce.

Willard Preston, a Broken Bow boy of twelve years, was thrown from a horse and dragged considerable distance, being badly hurt.

Attorney E. C. Calkins has submitted an opinion to the city council of Kearney in which he declares that the city cannot legally raise the saloon license to $1,500 per year as the people voted for and against licensing the saloons under the provisions of an existing ordinance. However, an occupation tax of $1,000 can be placed and with the present license fee of $500 will make the cost to the saloonkeeper $1,500.

Andrew McGuire, foreman of a Union Pacific switching crew, was run over by three cars and instantly killed at Grand Island. He was on some cars, making up a train in the lower yards. Two engines were employed. He gave a signal to his engine and the other engine took it up. He was knocked off the car and the body was cut in two.

In the past three weeks sixty automobiles have been sold in Holdrege. Not all of them have been sales in Phelps county, but have been in counties adjoining for which Holdrege is the distributing center.

ROSALIND AT RED GATE

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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"It Is Ordained That We Continue the Game of Last Night."

SYNOPSIS.

Miss Patricia Holbrook and Miss Helen Holbrook, her niece, were entrusted to the care of Laurance Donovan, a writer, summering near Fort Annandale. Miss Patricia confided to Donovan that she feared her brother Henry, who, ruined by a bank failure, had constantly threatened her. Donovan discovered and captured an intruder, who proved to be Reginald Gillespie, suitor for the hand of Helen. Donovan saw Miss Holbrook and her father meet on friendly terms. Donovan fought an Italian assassin. He met the man he supposed was Holbrook, but who said he was Hartridge, a canoe-maker. Miss Pat announced her intention of fighting Henry Holbrook and not seeking another hiding place. Donovan met Helen in garden at night. Duplicity of Helen was confessed by the young lady. At night, disguised as a nun, Helen stole from the house. She met Reginald Gillespie, who told her his love. Gillespie was confronted by Donovan. At the town possible Helen, unseen except by Donovan, slipped a draft for her father into the hand of the Italian sailor. A young lady resembling Miss Helen Holbrook was observed alone in a canoe, when Helen was thought to have been at home. Gillespie admitted giving Helen the letter which she had then left to spend the night. Miss Helen and Donovan met in the night. She told him Gillespie was nothing to her. He confessed his love for her. Donovan found Gillespie gagged and bound in a cabin, inhabited by the villainous Italian and Holbrook. He released him. Both then and Donovan admitted love for Helen. Calling herself Rosalind a "voice" appealed to Donovan for help. She told him to go to the canoe-maker's home and see that no injury befell him. He went to Red Gate. At the canoe-maker's home Donovan found the brothers—Arthur and Henry Holbrook—who had fought each other, in consultation. Rosalind appeared. Arthur averted a murder. Donovan pointed out that Gillespie was in the house at night. In the investigation he found Henry Holbrook, the sailor, and Miss Helen engaged in an argument. It was settled and they departed. Donovan met the real Rosalind, who by night he had supposed to be Miss Helen Holbrook. She revealed the mix-up. Her father, Arthur Holbrook, was the canoe-maker. Her father's father was Henry Holbrook, the erring brother. The cousins, Helen and Rosalind, were as much alike as twins. Thus Helen's supposed duplicity was explained. Helen visited Donovan, asking his assistance in bringing Miss Patricia Holbrook and Henry Holbrook together for a settlement of their money affairs, which had kept them apart for many years. Donovan refused to aid. He met Gillespie and planned a coup. By making Gillespie give a number of forged notes to Rosalind, who he supposed was Helen, so closely did they resemble each other, Donovan forced the way for a settlement of the Holbrook troubles. Gillespie had possessed the only evidences of the Holbrooks' disgrace. The evidence is securely hidden.

CHAPTER XXII—Continued.

"I have been shot at in three languages, and half drowned in others, and rewards have been offered for me. Do you think I'm going down before a mere matter of beaux yeux! Think better of me than that!"

"But she is treacherous; she will deliver you to the Philistines without losing a heart-beat."

"She could, Miss Patricia, but she won't!"

"She has every intention of marrying Gillespie; he's the richest man she knows!"

"I swear to you that she shall not marry Gillespie!"

"She would do it to annoy me if for nothing else."

I took both her hands—they were like rose-leaves, those dear slightly tremulous hands!

"Now, Miss Pat—I'm going to call you Miss Pat because we're such old friends, and we're just contemporaries, anyhow—now, Miss Pat, Helen is not half so wicked as she thinks she is. Gillespie and I are on the best of terms. He's a thoroughly good fellow and not half the fool he looks. And he will never marry Helen!"

"I should like to know what's going to prevent her from marrying him!" she demanded as I stepped back and turned to go.

"Oh, I am, if you must know! I have every intention of marrying her myself!"

I ran away from the protest that was faltering upon her lips, and strode through the garden. I had just reached Glenarm gate on my way back to the boathouse when a woman's voice called softly and Sister Margaret hurried round a turn of the garden path.

"Mr. Donovan!"

There was anxiety in the voice, and more anxious still was Sister Margaret's face as she came toward me in her brown habit, her hands clasped tensely before her. She had evidently been watching for me, and drew back from the gate into a quiet recess of the garden. Her usual repose was gone and her face, under its white coif, showed plainly her distress.

"I have bad news—Miss Helen has gone! I'm afraid something has happened to her."

"She can't have gone far, Sister Margaret. When did you miss her?" I asked, quietly; but I confess that I was badly shaken. My confident talk about the girl with Miss Pat but a moment before echoed ironically in my memory.

"She did not come down for breakfast with her aunt or me, but I thought nothing of it, as I have urged both of them to breakfast upstairs. Miss Patricia went out for a walk. An hour ago I tried Helen's door and found it unlocked and her room empty. When or how she left I don't know. She seems to have taken nothing with her."

"Can you tell a lie, Sister Margaret?"

She stared at me with so shocked an air that I laughed. "A lie in a good cause, I mean? Miss Pat must not know that her niece has gone—if she has gone! She has probably taken one of the canoes for a morning paddle; or, we will assume that she has borrowed one of the Glenarm horses, as she has every right to do, for a morning gallop, and that she has lost her way or gone farther than she intended. There are a thousand explanations!"

"But they hardly touch the fact that she was gone all night; or that a strange man brought a note addressed in Helen's handwriting to her aunt only an hour ago."

"Kidnaped!"—and I laughed aloud as the meaning of her disappearance flashed upon me!

"I don't like your way of treating this matter!" said Sister Margaret icily. "The girl may die before she can be brought back."

"No, she won't—my word for it, Sister Margaret. Please give me the letter!"

"But it is not for you!"

"Oh, yes, it is! You wouldn't have Miss Pat subjected to the shock of a demand for ransom. Worse than that, Miss Pat has little enough faith in Helen as it is; and such a move as this would be final. This kidnaping is partly designed as a punishment for me, and I propose to take care of it without letting Miss Pat know. She shall never know!"

Sister Margaret, only half convinced, drew an envelope from her girdle and gave it to me doubtfully. I glanced at the superscription and then tore it across, repeating the process until it was a mass of tiny particles, which I poured into Sister Margaret's hands.

"Burn them! Now Miss Pat will undoubtedly ask for her niece at once. I suggest that you take care that she is not distressed by Helen's absence. If it is necessary to reward your house-maid for her discretion—" I said with hesitation.

"Oh, I disarranged Helen's bed so that the maid wouldn't know!"—and Sister Margaret blushed.

"Splendid! I can teach you nothing, Sister Margaret! Please help me this much further: get one of Miss Helen's dresses—that blue one she plays tennis in, perhaps—and put it in a bag of some kind and give it to my Jap when he calls for it in ten minutes. Now listen to me carefully, Sister Margaret: I shall meet you here at 12 o'clock with a girl who shall be, to all intents and purposes, Helen Holbrook. In fact, she will be some one else. Now I expect you to carry off the situation through luncheon and until nightfall, when I expect to bring Helen—the real Helen—back here. Meanwhile, tell Miss Pat anything you like, quoting me! Good-by!"

I left her abruptly and was running toward Glenarm House to rouse Ijima, when I bumped into Gillespie, who had been told at the house that I was somewhere in the grounds.

"What's doing, Irishman?" he demanded.

"Nothing, Buttons; I'm just exercising."

His white flannels were as fresh as the morning, and he wore a little blue cap perched saucily on the side of his head.

I linked my arm in his and led the way toward Glenarm House. There was much to be done before I could bring together the warring members of the house of Holbrook, and Gillespie could, I felt, be relied on in emergencies. He broke forth at once.

"I want to see her—I've got to see her!"

"Who—Helen? Then you'll have to wait a while, for she's gone for a paddle or a gallop, I'm not sure which, and won't be back for a couple of hours. But you have grown too daring. Miss Pat is still here, and you can't expect me to arrange meetings for you every day in the year."

"I've got to see her," he repeated, and his tone was utterly joyless. "I don't understand her, Donovan."

"Man is not expected to understand woman, my dear Buttons. At the casino last night everything was as gay as an octogenarian's birthday cake."

He stopped in the shadow of the house and seized my arm.

"You told her something about me last night. She was all right until you took her away and talked with her at the casino. On the way home she was moody and queer—a different girl altogether. You are not on the square; you are playing on too many sides of this game."

"You're in love, that's all. These suspicions and apprehensions are leading symptoms. Up there at the casino, with the water washing beneath and the stars overhead and the band playing waltzes, a spell was upon you both. Even a hardened old sinner like me could feel it. I've had palpitations all day! Cheer up! In your own happy phrase, everything points to plus."

"I tell you she turned on me, and that you are responsible for it!"—and he glared at me, angrily.

"Now, Buttons! You're not going to take that attitude toward me, after all I have done for you! I really took some trouble to arrange that little meeting last night; and here you come with sad eye and mournful voice and rebuke me!"

"I tell you she was different. She had never been so kind to me as she was there at the casino; but as we came back she changed, and was ready to fling me aside. I asked her to leave this place and marry me today, and she only laughed at me!"

"Now, Buttons, you are letting your imagination get the better of your common sense. If you're going to take your lady's moods so hard you'd better give up trying to understand the ways of woman. It's wholly possible that Helen was tired and didn't want to be made love to. It seems to me that you are singularly lacking in consideration. But I can't talk to you all morning; I have other things to do; but if you will find a cool corner of the house and look at picture-books until I'm free I'll promise to be best man for you when you're married; and I predict your marriage before Christmas—a happy union of the ancient houses of Holbrook and Gillespie. Run along like a good boy and don't let Miss Pat catch sight of you."

"Do you keep a goat, a donkey or a mule—any of the more ruminative animals?" he asked, with his saddest intonation.

"The cook keeps a parrot, and there's a donkey in one of the pastures."

"Good. Are his powers of vocalization unimpaired?"

"First rate. I occasionally hear his vesper hymn. He's in good voice."

"Then I may speak to him, soul to soul, if I find that I bore myself."

We climbed the steps to the cool shadows of the terrace. As we stood a moment looking out on the lake we saw far away toward the northern shore, the Stiletto, that seemed just to have slipped out from the lower lake. The humor of the situation pleased me; Helen was off there in the sloop playing at being kidnaped to harass her aunt into coming to terms with Henry Holbrook, and she was doubtless rejoicing in the fact that she had effected a combination of events that would make her father's case irresistible.

But there was no time to lose. I made Gillespie comfortable indoors and sent Ijima to get the bag I had asked for; and a few minutes later the launch was skimming over the water toward the canoe-maker's house at Red Gate.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Rocket Signal.

Rosalind was cutting sweet peas in the garden where they climbed high upon a filmy net, humming softly to herself.

"A penny for your thoughts!" I challenged.

She snipped an imaginary flower from the air in my direction.

"Keep your money! I was not thinking of you! You wear, sir, an intent commercial air; have you thread and needles in your pack?"

"It is ordained that we continue the game of last night. To-day you are to invade the very citadel and deceive your aunt. Your cousin has left without notice and the situation demands prompt action."

I was already carrying the suit-case toward the house, explaining as we walked along together.

"But was I so successful last night? Was he really deceived, or did he just play that he was?"

"He's madly in love with you. You stole away all his senses. But he thought you changed toward him unaccountably on the way home."

"But why didn't she tell him?—she must have told him."

"Oh, I took care of that! I rather warned her against betraying us. And now she's trying to punish me by being kidnaped!"

Rosalind paused at the threshold, gathering the stems of the sweet peas in her hands.

"Do you think," she began, "do you think he really liked me—I mean the real me?"

"Like you! That is not the right word for it. He's gloomily dreaming of you—the real you—at this very moment over at Glenarm. But do hasten into these things that Sister Margaret picked out for you. I must see your father before I carry you off. We've no time to waste, I can tell you!"

The canoe-maker heard my story in silence and shook his head.

"It is impossible; we should only get into deeper trouble. I have no great faith in this resemblance. It may have worked once on young Gillespie, but women have sharper eyes."

"But it must be tried!" I pleaded. "We are approaching the end of these troubles, and nothing must be allowed to interfere. Your sister wishes to see you; this is her birthday."

"So it is! So it is!" exclaimed the canoe-maker with feeling.

"Helen must be saved from her own folly. Her aunt must not know of this latest exploit; it would ruin everything."

As we debated Rosalind joined her persuasions to mine.

"Aunt Pat must not know what Helen has done if we can help it," she said.

While she changed her clothes I talked on at the house-boat with her father.

"My sister has asked for me?"

"Yes; your sister is ready to settle with Henry; but she wishes to see you first. She has begged me to find you; but Helen must go back to her aunt. This fraudulent kidnaping must never be known to Miss Pat. And on the other hand, I hope it may not be necessary for Helen to know the truth about her father."

"I dare say she would sacrifice my own daughter quickly enough," he said.

"No; you are wrong; I do not believe it! She is making no war on you, or on her aunt! It's against me! She enjoys a contest; she's trying to beat me."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE NORMAL SCHOOL

MATTER TO BE SETTLED IN THE SUPREME COURT.

SUIT TO PREVENT LOCATION

Damage to Forest Reserve Near Dunning.—Matters Generally From the State Capital.

The importance of a decision on the injunction asked to block the location of the new normal school at Chadron was diminished by an agreement between the attorneys that the case should be submitted at once to the supreme court for final adjudication.

N. K. Griggs, attorney for the Burlington, and C. C. Flansburg argued the case of the Alliance men who sought the injunction. Grant Martin, deputy attorney general, F. M. Hall and A. W. Crites represented the Chadron interests and those of the normal board.

Judge Crites insisted that the people of Chadron might be seriously damaged by further delay, as about 2,000 feet of sewer must be laid to the contemplated school, and this will, he stated, cost about three times as much later in the summer as it will now. Upon this showing Judge Frost ordered an order drawn to indemnify Chadron for such loss. This was withdrawn afterwards, however, on the suggestion of the Chadron attorneys. The temporary injunction was secured on representations that the present normal board had no power to let the contract, that there were no such officers as are named in the normal school bill and that the Chadron people were unable to furnish proper title to the land on which the school is to be built.

The appropriation was $35,000. Applications were filed only by Alliance within the original time limit of the bill. Later applications were filed after the supreme court had settled upon the board that should continue in existence and Attorney General Thompson gave the board an opinion that these later applications met the spirit of the law and should be considered as if there had been no interruption in the activities of the board.

Damage to Forest Reserve.

D. Clem Deaver, who was in the city for the conservation congress, received word from the government forest reserve near Dunning, this state, that great damage was done to the reserve in the recent prairie fire that swept a tract of country ninety miles long in the valleys of the Loup and Dismal rivers. While the forest was protected by guards the fire jumped these and got into the young trees. In many places on the reserve the grass was heavy and great damage resulted. The fire jumped the Loup river in three different places, having been carried across by the high wind that blew. Concerning this matter Mr. Deaver said:

"Fire can never destroy the good work done by the forest service along the Dismal and Loup rivers in Nebraska. The fact that pine trees can be grown in the sand hills of northwestern Nebraska is so firmly planted in the minds of the farmers of that section of the state that even though every tree on the forest reserve should be destroyed by fire, the farmers will go on planting trees from year to year until that part of the state will look like a wooded country. In the early days of Nebraska, people were just as skeptical about growing trees in central and eastern Nebraska as they are now in northwestern Nebraska, if not more so. The growing of trees and the cultivation of the soil changes the nature of the soil, causing it to retain more of the moisture that falls and each ten-year period advances the line of the movement of farmers westward. The time will come yet when the sons of the men now settling in the west will go back east to redeem the worn out eastern farms."

Testing Seed Corn.

It is probable that few campaigns of any character have been conducted more thoroughly than has the recent campaign to get farmers to test their seed corn. The Commercial clubs of both Omaha and Lincoln attempted to impress the importance of this work on the farmers, the universities lent a helping hand and the most recent bulletin is that of State Superintendent Bishop in which he attempted to interest county superintendents and school teachers in the work.

Railroad Reports Slow.

Reports of the railroads of the value of their property to be made to the State Board of Assessment are coming in very slowly. County assessors have reported the valuation of railroad property under the provisions of the terminal tax law in only a few instances.

Fish Car to Northwest.

Fish Commissioner O'Brien and Game Warden Gullus left with the state fish car for the northwestern part of the state to plant fish.

Collection of Over Fare.

W. D. Champlain, a conductor on the Rock Island, has been cited to appear before the State Railway commission April 8 and show cause why he should not be prosecuted for charging F. H. Dunham more than 2 cents a mile for riding on his train. The complaint with the commission sets out that when Dunham offered to pay his fare from Mayberry to Beatrice the conductor charged him 70 cents in addition to the 25 cents he had to pay for the rebate check given when cash fare is paid.

Human Nature the Same

Ancients Lived Very Much as Does the Race To-Day.

Dr. Waldstein, Slade professor of fine art at Cambridge university, in a lecture delivered the other day, told his hearers that false hair was worn extensively as long as 5,000 years before the Christian era.

"Excavations in Egypt," he says, "have established this beyond the possibility of doubt. We know that the mode of hair dressing in ancient Rome was subject to frequent change, and the ladies of the period found artificial aid just as necessary as do those of the present day.

"We follow the ancients in many other directions, which are, perhaps, equally unsuspected by the man in the street. I myself in exploration in Greece have come across a perfect set of false teeth, made very much on the plan our dentists adopt to-day. And these teeth, I may add, were actually gold filled, although they probably dated back to the fourth century before Christ!

"In the same country ladies' perfume boxes containing scents and rouge have been unearthed from time to time. Human nature undergoes few changes through the ages.

"The man who believes his razor to be the product of comparatively recent times may be surprised to learn that the Greeks and Romans habitually used a similar article. Its shape was not the same as that we are accustomed to, however. Its form was that of a crescent, but fashioned as it was in bronze and steel its effectiveness was doubtless excellent.

"The shaving stick, however, appears to have been unknown in those days. Oil was the substance they used to soften the beard."

Satisfied with a Smell.

This little three-year-old hangry American was with his mother at the home of a neighbor. The neighbor's little boy was eating a piece of chicken. Hubert wanted a piece, but it was all they had. He then asked for a bite, but the other little fellow objected. The two mothers then took a hand, and amidst many "yes's" and "no's" on their part, Hubert silenced the whole business by saying: "Well, just let me smell the bone." The bone was handed to him, and he very soberly took a long, delicious smell and handed it back.—Delineator.