

a dinner on Thursday, June the seventh to Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Whiting, Mrs. Hastle of Fairbury, Misses Whiting, Adeloyd Whiting, Flinn of Evanston, Illinois, and Jenkins of Fairbury.

Mr. and Mrs. Crittenden and daughter will be in Lincoln on Sunday as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Har greaves.

Mrs. Eubank will be at home this morning to the Daughters of the Revolution and their friends.

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Died—On Saturday, June the ninth, 1900, at the residence of Mr. J. F. Lansing, Mrs. Mary Frank Fuller, widow of Doctor Fuller, of heart disease. Lieutenant Townley, her brother, arrived from the east after her death. Mrs. Fuller was a devoted church woman, and left a request that her body on the night before burial should remain in the church. In accordance with her wishes on Monday night her body rested in the Episcopal church she loved so much, wherein she had instructed juvenile class after class in the ritual and litany of the church. Without relatives, except her brother, the recent death of Mrs. Laneing whose protegee she was, was a severe blow to Mrs. Fuller who was an affectionate, dependent nature. The old disease of the heart met no resistance from the woman it had troubled so long, when there was no longer either a faithful, encouraging friend, an invalid uncle, a mother or a father to stimulate its beating. Mrs. Fuller was the daughter of Mrs. J. N. Townley, a handsome, capable, resourceful woman whom all the old settlers remember with unusual affection and admiration. Mrs. Fuller was in the fiftieth year of her age.

THE OLD TOWN ON THE RIVER.

(Continued from Page 5.)

for at Arbor Lodge the sacrifice of a tree is a very grave offense. But, really, the Arbor Lodge cedar grove needs thinning out in some way.

I have tangible evidence that Arbor Lodge has years behind it. Mr. Morton started out with an idea when, in 1855, I think it was, he built his first lodge in the wilderness—not then a wilderness of trees. I have seen a picture of this early home. It was not just an ordinary squat, square log cabin with a window, a door and a chimney, but there was an architectural notion applied, and

the "seed" as Mr. Morton has called it, was worthy of the fruit. The mansion grew in ten years to a "tree," then in another ten to the "blossom," and then to "fruit"—as Mr. Morton has his four pictures of the place named.

By a tree lined road going south of the yellow house you can reach the beautiful cemetery of the Old Town. It is a place of trees, cedars, elms, and the exquisite blue spruce is everywhere. Rose bushes were all in bloom and other flowers added their sweetness to the place when I visited it just after Memorial day. At the highest point of the cemetery stands a broken off tree trunk in stone as a monument, with a low fence of logs about it. It is another Arbor Lodge, made the resting place of one remembered with undying devotion in the home not far away. Close beside it is a grave not yet marked by the monument, but it is covered with flowers on Memorial day and always. It is the resting place of Senator Hayward.

If you ever journey by the Missouri Pacific road between the city on Salt Creek and the Old Town on the River, just rest your eyes and soul by looking at the low range of hills on the south after leaving Weeping Water. Covered with a dense forest, which looks as you pass sometimes like a green carpet, so close does it cling, the hills are so inviting that one almost wishes to stop the train and go exploring. I should look for Lear's there. And I hope that there is no optical illusion, that the hills are really so steep and stony that enterprising farmers will not get to grubbing out the trees in order to make cornfields, as they now are doing around the Old Town. I have seen these hills in mid-summer when they cool the air by their greenness, in the autumn when they warm it by their glory of color, in winter when they huddle gray enough amid the whiteness. Then I have watched them just as the uncanny light of four o'clock in a March morning touched them, and they grew from dim shapes in gray to my old companions again. They are always beautiful, restful and consoling. Probab'y cattle roam about them, but of that I do not know. I ride past on the train, and distance lends enchantment.

Just before you reach Nehawaka you will see—you cannot help seeing—Isaac Pollard's orchard, and it is something worth looking at. You get to wondering where it ends before you are half way past, for it seems to stretch out indefinitely. The rows are straight, and in between the rows is ploughed ground with nowadays slim lines of green in it. I should judge that there was not a twig out of place in that orchard, so trim it looks, and I would be sure that no dead trees are allowed there.

What a pleasure it is to wander up hill and down dale, over pasture fences, across brooks, through brush and bramble. To get away from the beaten track, not to know what is coming next—it makes one feel primitive and at peace with the world. Golf has a great mission in this way, I think. If it were not for the outrageous clothes, folks, especially menfolks, are compelled by a villainous fashion to don when they go off for a game, golf might be somebody's delight, instead of a fad. But let it pass. Whoever plays is bound to have a good time, because he is just a roaming wherever the wind—or his ball—listeth. With the feel of real ground under your feet, the tanning touch of unhampered air and unshaded sun on

your face, with blisters on your over-worked hands and—pardon me—scratches of bramble or barbed wire on your shins, you can go on your way rejoicing. For it's the fashion, you know.

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