

**THE COURIER**  
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claimed to Cooper in drawing accents. Jim Slade and Cliff Slade, Cooper's friends, thought this would be a grand opportunity to help out in hopes of a part of the boodle. They gave Cooper a hunch and slid their money into his trousers. Piles were counted and then the visitor crawled. While they quarreled over the case Cooper slyly disappeared and though he was pursued in the direction of Columbus by men in a buggy he was not found. It was discovered, however, that he had invested in a new suit of clothes and a grip. It is the view now that he has turned traveling man.

Making it a personal matter will do more than anything else toward fixing up a city park. So think the people of Brainard, at least. Just outside the limits they have bought themselves a generous plot for park purposes. Everybody is closely interested in it and they are showing it by preparing to plant trees, shrubs and flowers—everybody a number or quantity for himself.

Burial alive came near being the fate of Chas-a-min-gah, an old Omaha Indian chief, a few days ago. He dwelt on the Indian reservation just north of Decatur and had reached a ripe old age. Sickness came and dissolution was in view. By and by the medicine man pronounced him dead and arrangements for his burial had been nearly completed. Presently the undertaker who was called in noticed signs of life. He changed his tactics and worked to arouse the comatose chief. In less than an hour he succeeded. Great excitement was displayed among his tribe. They thought the great spirit surely had some new, important mission for the old man to perform. But the resuscitation was of no great avail. Four days later the chief relapsed and this time they laid him away in the dust.

The state has listened to its first tornado story of freakish character. It is from Omaha. There on Tuesday the wind came down with destructive force and among other items of damage it committed odd disaster upon the house in which lived Mrs. Maude Gerrie and her daughter. This was at Thirty-third and Grand avenue. Mrs. Gerrie was just about to move away. All her household effects had been packed and were ready to load in the van. The storm distributed them over a ten acre tract. In one place the sofa was found in a badly battered condition. Leaning upon it in as healthy and dependable state as ever ticked the old family clock, just as if it had never been moved. Some distance away lay the splintered remains of the bureau, while its mirror, flat on the ground near by betrayed not even a scratch. The outskirts of the storm canvassed the town of Valley. In addition to destroying a number of buildings it jerked down a locker at the Union Pacific chutes and showered coal on the coaches of a passing train.

Nothing like novelty in raising church money! Hugging socials are the latest. The Bayard Transcript says the church women of that town are planning such an affair and expect to greatly replenish the church treasury thereby. This is the scale of prices arranged:  
One minute hugs, girls under 15... \$ .15  
One minute hugs, girls up to 20.... .50  
One minute hugs, girls up to 25.... .75  
Another man's wife, one minute.. 1.00

School ma'ams, one minute, three for . . . . . .25  
Old maids, no time limit, bunch.. .03

The less sanity the more potatoes! This is the theory by which the inmates of a western asylum are credited with a fine crop of potatoes last season when all around them the farmers were producing none. The success of the crazy ones is attributed to the fact that they toiled among them daily. They were told if they did not raise a good crop they would have to go without during the winter and they worked. The secret is that they kept the soil loose, a thing which the farmer could do with a horse and cultivator with little trouble—if he were only a little less sane.

After two years he came back. William Geers, a Custer county hotel man thought he was a mule team and wagon better off than nothing, but he was not quite right. Two years ago a young man came to his hostelry and after staying over a night asked permission to leave his mule team in the care of the landlord. Of course that was all right. The young man said he would be back for them in a short time. He did not come. Days multiplied into months and then the time had stretched to two years and over. Last week a hardy, browned man walked up the path to the hotel and asked the landlord if his mules were ready. They were. It was the runaway of two years before. He did not forget his team this time but before he left the landlord had the satisfaction of a story of hardship and much wandering on the prairies of the still farther west.

This is slightly different from the old ox team way of seeking new homes in the far northwest. Forty-nine persons left Norfolk a few days ago, bound for the state of Washington, over the Union Pacific. They had an emigrant sleeper all to themselves. Besides a number of single people there were five families. With a steel cooking range and all the necessary utensils and provisions for a long journey the emigrants were prepared to have a jolly social trip. The station was crowded with their old friends when the train departed and from the enthusiastic way in which they waved handkerchiefs from the windows as the train pulled out no one doubted that they would have a merry journey over the mountains.

The highwaymen pulled his legs hard but they got nothing. A German farmer near Grand Island was held up by a money-craving pair one evening out in the country. He was traveling on a load of brushwood and lay flat forward as he drove along. When stopped he started to rise and deliver but his horses became scared and ran. The robbers grabbed him by his dangling legs and hung on. He in turn clung to the brush and the lines, and the night birds beheld the picture of two would-be bad men long-stepping in the rear of a rushing wagon, tightly clinching the legs of the prostrate, grimly determined farmer. When they saw they could not drag him off they finally let loose and he saved his \$43.

The Fourth of July instinct, or habit, even gets grown men into trouble. Charles Beal of Grand Island is one. He, with others of the Paine Marble works of that city recently discovered a long fuse, a quarter of an inch thick, sticking up from the floor of the works among the marble. How it came there nobody had the knowledge or ingenuity to say. But Mr. Beal, without once thinking it might be connecting with an infernal machine, touched a match to it. It all went off with a flash and he suffered the rest of the day with badly powder burned hands.

An Easter fad is promised from Beatrice. The Democrat stands sponsor for it. Hats and bonnets are of course concerned. It is that all the ladies intend to wear last season's headgear to

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church and even go so far as to remove it inside. This may or may not be a hardship. Those who have neglected to save their last year's bonnets will be within the confines of the scheme if they wear scarfs or hoods and remove those as they enter. The Democrat does not venture to estimate the number of women who will espouse the alleged fad.

Birds are made to take their own pictures by the ingenious apparatus of O. G. Pike, an English photographer. A bit of fat is placed on an electrical wire which is so connected with the camera that when the bait is removed the camera shutter is released, giving an instantaneous exposure of the sensitive plate.

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