

ODD BITS OF NEBRASKA LIFE

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respectable citizens of Elmwood a bloody feud exists. It started over a canine, which, it is said, is worth less than the poison necessary to kill it. For weeks the men have been at outs and their battered faces attest the fact that they have not allowed their angry passions to lie dormant. It is expected that if they keep on reaping fines for disturbing the peace they will have to mortgage their homes.

What does the mole know about it? Is it as good an authority as the ground hog? Surely it cannot be any less reliable. It predicts drouth in Nebraska this year. That's what the country editors say who have incorporated in their souls the mole theory. The idea is that when the Lord has predestined rain for the country the moles by divine intuition know of it and seek high ground. When rain is ruled out they search for low ground in order to be where moisture remains the longest. Their antics now are being performed in the direction of low ground, say the oracles, and they have practically resigned the state to the fevered winds and parched dusts.

This is the story of a farmer near Fairbury. He was a man of populist and pessimistic views—the terms are interchangeable of course—and he had a rare and pleasant deposit of money in the bank. The greediness of the trusts and the prospect of but a small crop in Nebraska this year on account of the dearth of rains this spring induced a sudden distrust of the bank. At once the man withdrew his entire deposit of \$2,723.44. Where could he hide it from the eyes of prying vandals? Ah! the haymow! He would place the whole sum there. Under the hay it would remain secure from all possible molestation. Nothing but a fire could harm it and he would see that no such thing happened around his premises. Under a bunch of sweet hay it went. Next morning while he was performing his chores he was suddenly inspired to investigate and see how his precious treasure had fared during the night. Hastily he climbed to the mow, turned back the hay and fixed his eyes on the place occupied by the money during the night. It was all there.

Osceola is enjoying a unique saloon difficulty. The town went wet at the last election. The town board, in considering applications for licenses decided that one saloon, paying \$2,000 in license money, would be sufficient for the city. All the other applications were ruthlessly turned down. The people were wroth. This, thought they, was unfair discrimination—decidedly unfair. They trotted in hot haste to erase their names from the petition of the favored saloon and that left it helpless and alone. No drink in that town yet! Until a compromise can be effected the public will do its best to subsist on water.

A drunken man by the side of the Burlington railroad track was the cause of a heap of excitement one day recently. It happened near Falls City. On an incoming train was an excitable negro. Spying out of the window his eyes lighted upon the figure of a man prostrate beside the track. With a lusty yell he jerked his head back into the car and crying that a man had been killed the conductor at once pulled the bell rope. Backing to the point where the man lay the passengers crowded out of the train to view his remains. A muffled conference resulted in the decision that the best plan to deal with the case would be to let the body lay and ride on to town, there to notify the coroner. While the passengers were in the act of piling back onto the train the man in the case half rose upon his elbows and bellowed out in a broken, guttural tone that he didn't see why he should be disturbed while taking a comfortable nap. He could not have been a great deal more drunk.

Sunrise parties are becoming something of a fad in the vicinity of Albion and show symptoms of spreading elsewhere. They were inaugurated recently by a very chummy social set which took it into mind that the proper thing to do would be to see the sun get up from behind the horizon. Very early they sought the bluffs near town and while waiting spread a fine sunrise breakfast. This they greedily and heartily devoured as the great orb of day peered into view. Now everybody wants to try the same mode of entertainment.

Terror spread among the girls of a country school house near Davenport, Nuckolls county, not long ago and their cruel male mates were responsible for it. These youths in the course of their experimenting round came across a hole that led to a den of snakes. Forthwith they sought their spades and shovels and worked harder than they ever did at a lesson. In due time there was unearthed a nest of pretty reptiles comprising two blue racers, four garter snakes, nineteen bull snakes, one lizard and one ground squirrel. It was a squirming, hissing mess that confronted the boys but with

their digging weapons in hand they fought the foe until the last fanged one expired. Raising the mangled remains on sticks they then proceeded to display their valor before the girls in a manner that evoked terrific screams.

A curiously audacious tramp made himself obnoxious at Schulyer during the past week and the storekeeper whose place he frequented is responsible for his sudden and complete disappearance. One evening the hobo was reposing in a chair with his feet at a steep angle on the stove. From an old box a last summer's giant firecracker was exhumed and set under the chair. A match was applied and the result was joyfully awaited. At the rate the bum made his disappearance it was apparent he thought a storm was surely at hand and he was in swift search of the cyclone cellar.

It is not very often that a fire starts from a tree but such an incident brought the fire department of Fairbury out on a run the other day. On a downtown street stands a spreading tree such as the village blacksmith of Longfellow's day might have labored under. Leaves, however, had ceased to unfold on its twigs, for the monarch

was dead. Electric light wires threaded its limbs and during the wind one evening of late they chafed the insulation off with the result that a myriad tongued blaze began to expand and crackle through the dead limbs. In time to save adjacent property the fire department hove into view and piled several streams against the waving limbs of flame.

EUREKA HARNESS OIL advertisement featuring an illustration of a horse and text describing the product's benefits for harnesses.

Advertisement for Fitz Gerald LINCOLN'S PROGRESSIVE STORE, featuring various styles of walking skirts and dress skirts with numbered illustrations and descriptions.