



A. D. GILMORE.

Having previously demonstrated his capability in the office, A. D. Gilmore was appointed steward at the Lincoln hospital for the insane in 1900 by the governor upon recommendation of the superintendent, Dr. Greene. His efficiency promises an indefinite tenure. Mr. Gilmore was born in Putnam county, Indiana, in 1863, and when in his sixth year his parents removed with him to Nebraska. Here the elder Gilmore entered the mercantile business at Brownville, Nemaha county. In 1881 the family removed to Auburn when the town was first started. Mr. A. H. Gilmore, the father, was made county treasurer and held the office for eight years. When he went to Auburn it was to start the first store in town.

Beginning his education early the son graduated from the high school at Brownville and then went to Quincy, Ill., where he took a course in a business college. During his attendance at the high school he had worked his way by toiling in the grocery store after school hours. When he returned from Quincy he was made deputy county treasurer of Nemaha county and served in that capacity two terms, retiring in 1886. Since that time he has been more or less actively engaged in business as an abstractor and real estate agent at Auburn. He was first made steward at the insane hospital in 1893-94, under the administration of Governor Crouse. In 1896 he was made district clerk of Nemaha county and in 1900 was re-elected but resigned the office on his appointment to the office of steward once again. When his time comes to retire he expects again to enter mercantile life in Auburn. His brothers are in business there and he will probably join his fortunes with them.

ODD BITS OF NEBRASKA LIFE

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short time would elapse before its sufferings would be but too manifest. Many hours of agitation were endured by the mother, followed by ineffable relief at the goodness of nature which spared the infant.

A spook in female attire has attracted the tremulous attention of the people about Lyons, so the Sun records. This strange creature prowls along in the woods with noiseless tread, flitting about under the shadows at night in the most unearthly fashion. Two or three times she has appeared on the farms of Ed Grenier and Al Speakman. On no occasion has she made any demonstrations to excite terror, but the horror of her grewsome attitude, solemn, silent and intent, has aroused every member of the two families. No explanation of her ghostship's presence is offered.

Wagon tongue swindlers are working the rural districts now. One has a patent idea of his own which he offers to sell to the farmer. The chances are that the husbandman does not grab at once. But the model is left with him while he is given plenty of time to think it over. Along comes the confederate, who oils the farmer with some smooth language before swallowing him. Then he offers \$400 for the scheme. The farmer says he will see about it, sends \$250 for the right to the patent. The con man expects to come again for the outfit as soon as the original is heard from but he never comes back.

Some aesthetic thieves are boasted by Kearney. Coin has no attractions for them. Flowers and plants, trees and vines are the objects of their aspiration. They don't stop at merely small things either. Last fall they made a raid on a man's young orchard

and retired with the treet. Recently they dug up another man's strawberry plants, stole a number of plum, peach and pear trees and finally have marched away into the darkness with several large pots of flowers and rare plants from the front porch of County Treasurer Bodinson.

A young porker with a paw like a human hand is the latest talk of Plainview. Everybody believes in the truth of it there and is trying to impress the belief on outsiders. This remarkable brute is a product of the farm of Jacob Straub. Many people have driven and walked to his institution to get a glimpse of shoat. They say the fingers are separate and distinct and make a remarkable sight. The owner is giving the pig lessons in civility and expects it soon to be shawink hands with all the visitors.

Hen parties are becoming popular in Dakota county. This sort of deal was perpetrated at the home of a preacher recently, with strange yet gratifying results. Every lady and gentleman who attended first sought out the chicken people and engaged for one fowl. With it under an arm each person filed into the house and set it loose. With the scurrying of hens and cackling of women it was a party indeed. Their liberty was a little too much but the folks wanted to show the preacher's family that the birds were alive and frisky. They were soon cornered again and deposited in a shed. There are various brands and sorts of donation parties, but the chicken racket promises to be the most fascinating and useful. If there is anything a preacher likes, according to tradition, it is chicken and eggs.

Twelve months ago a Cass county farmer lost his Waterbury watch. He was plowing in the field and it disunited itself from his person and went

under before he knew it. The other day he plowed it out accidentally. According to his statement, which cannot be disputed, it was still running, having lost less than five minutes.

Never kill another prairie chicken, is the vow of a farmer near Broken Bow. He promises also to let quails alone. He recently slaughtered a prairie chicken. Thereby hangs the vow. Like many other people, farmers included, he took much pleasure in bagging these chickens. Traveling near the railroad track one morning, gun in hand, he sighted one of his favorite game. Of course his aim was true. When he came to dress the bird he discovered a good many worms in its craw. Curiosity siezed him and he proceeded to count them. Ninety-five cut worms were lodged therein, whereas there was no grain whatever. It is a famous complaint among the farmers that cut-worms are destroying their crops.

For fifteen years a young man of Endicott has carried a piece of brass shell, fragment of a 22-calibre cartridge, in his nose. The other day it came out and he has preserved it as a souvenir. One time when he was shooting a 22 gun the shell burst and a portion of it pinked him on the bridge of his nose not far from the corner of his eye. He thought nothing of it at the time for the wound soon healed. Some time ago he observed a swelling on the spot. Gradually it grew larger and crept farther down his nose. It was painful and he consulted a doctor, who told him it was a tumor. He made preparation for an operation, but a short time after the shell worked its way out.

It takes some nerve to attempt the theft of a hive of bees. Some people possess this needed gray matter for they do make a try at it occasionally. A recent attempt was recorded at Ord. The bee keeper was C. A. Parmatier. One day during his temporary absence somebody entered his premises and tried to abscond with a hive. He got little farther than the orchard. There on the ground were found many

dead bees and tracks unusually wide apart that were certainly not made by any person on a walk. The hive was broken as if by a fall, but the bees which remained alive were working mournfully over their sweets. Only the tracks told the tale, but their language was so expressive and humorous that the bee man was constrained to excessive mirth in spite of the waste and meanness of the trick.

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WILLIAM C. PHILLIPS.

Diplomatic difficulties and the routine labor of the office of district clerk are enough to test any man's capacity. William C. Phillips, serving his first term in the office has proven himself their easy superior. He was born in Cadiz, Harrison county, Ohio, on November 10, 1863. In 1871, when he was three years of age, he journeyed to Lincoln with his father, William P. Phillips, and in Lincoln he has lived ever since. Graduating from a grade school he entered the high school and emerged therefrom, a graduate, in 1887. The art and profession of banking then attracted him. He was at once employed with the First National bank as collector. Of this institution his father had been vice president on coming to Lincoln in 1871, though he had resigned in three years because of poor health. Mr. Phillips, jr., however, remained with the bank until in October, 1899, when he severed his connection with it as assistant cashier to make his campaign for the office of district clerk. He has always been a stalwart republican, but this was his first search for political preferment for himself. His election in November, 1899, was recorded with a majority of over 1,500 over his opponent. With the exception of one or two second term candidates his vote led the ticket. Politics has not fastened its talons on him for keeps, however. His administration has been wholly satisfactory and he feels favorable to another term, but whether he becomes a candidate or not he will eventually go into business for himself in Lincoln. He is well pleased with the town, as is also his family, and has declined several flattering offers out of the city, on that account. Three lodges claim his membership. These are the Highlanders, the Woodmen and the Masons. His home is at 2339 Q street.