

punched holes in all the exposed lines of the hose as it stood on the reel. It was completely ruined. The only thing that has fended off an incendiary conflagration, say the people, is the fact that the deed was discovered immediately after its perpetration. They are still on the lookout for flames.

Diamonds near Alma! Crouched in a snug bed of sand on the hills near by, a small herdboys was recently dining on a frugal meal of bread and butter. The sand was warm and he was comfortable while the herd grazed on the chance tufts not far away. In his listlessness the boy dropped his bread on the sand and it naturally went butter side down. Peculiar stones lodged in it that aroused the curiosity of the lad and he plucked up several. Casually placing them in his money pocket, the erudite general merchandise man caught sight of them the next time the boy bought candy in town. He insisted that the lad show them to the jeweler and now the Alma papers announce diamond discoveries in the surrounding sandhills.

Admonitions to keep calm and quiet when you think you are ill-used are supplemented in a Madison paper with the account of a family on which trouble has lately descended like unto recent rains. It is the family of Otto Dittberner, living on a farm near Madison. A son surrendered to smallpox and then the disease made captive himself, wife and baby. This right at the time when spring planting and farm work should be least interrupted. The end was not here, however. They possessed a hired man who did not know what he was about. In fact he is mentioned as being rather incapable of realizing straight up. He permitted a bunch of yearling calves to overeat of oats and then released them to forage on wet pasture. The result was that five died. The father of the sick man has taken up the work where it was left off. Because the house is under quarantine he takes his lunches and eats in silence and loneliness in the field. Moral, don't fail to count your blessings.

Locoed sports at Burchard found a way a week ago to revive their spirits and renew their interest in life. It was in the form of a pulling test. One of their number evolved the idea that a horse of his friend could not pull a sack containing two bushels of sand at the end of a two hundred foot rope. Everybody in town knew of it and a big crowd assembled to see the performance. All kinds of bets were exchanged. The sporty scientist miscalculated. He underrated both the strength of the horse and the resistance of the weight. The animal walked right away with it. Sighs of profound pleasure were duly heaved and the sports changed money and sank again to repose until another of their fellows has an inspiration.

Hearts of Red Cloud people were warmed with laughter at a street sight the other day. It was the flight of a terrified bill carrier. His was a case of discovery. He discovered a Tartar. Pursuing his humble vocation he chanced into her premises with his burden of papers. He was only about to leave her the share to which she was entitled. If there is anything in the world that you can have for nothing it is a bill. That's probably why the woman declined. With vixenish outcries she grasped her trusty broom. It was then a test of speed. The gravel spun from their brogans. The carrier threw away his load in a shower, and devoted his energies to his legs. The woman divided hers between voice and flourishes of the broom. That saved the carrier.

An egg within an egg is the achievement of a hen at Red Cloud. This accounts for her cackling twice at one sitting that day. The discovery was made after the egg had been boiled. Mr. Rust owns the hennery and his wife was preparing his breakfast. This queer piece of fruit made part of it.

When the outer shell was peeled off and the meat removed, behold, it had a heart comprising another distinct egg. In size it might have graced a pigeon's nest and its contents were as distinctly fit in form and taste as those of any egg shell.

Some policemen are happy to drag a tramp into the station. It looks then as if they were surely making credit for vigilance. Fremont has one, at least, who is of a somewhat different kind. A poor bum is suffering in Columbus as the result of his imperative way. He did not want to take the traveler to jail. Nevertheless he had a curiosity to know what his pockets might contain. Seeing him closely hugging an inconspicuous part of a passenger coach he pried him loose.

with 172 barb wire cuts on his legs and body. A runaway was the trouble. While out riding along a country road his horse broke from his control and caromed to a barb wire fence on one side. Mr. Kershaw was thrown from his seat and being tangled in the line was dragged along the ground between the buggy and the wire. With every lurch of the plunging rig he was dashed against the sharp barbs. With an effort he kept his face averted, that his eyes might not be gouged out. For a hundred and fifty feet this horror was kept up, when the horse, seeing no favorable opening for further divergence that way, swerved out toward the street again, butted the buggy into a telephone pole and stopped.

Not all women are afraid of snakes.

themselves in various parts of town. Each having indicated whom she would be pleased to recognize as a partner, that gentleman will be informed. A signal will be echoed and the male members of the church—Congregational—will begin the pursuit. If they possess the sleuthful qualifications they will have located their partners in fifteen minutes. In that event the lady in the case will pay for the supper. Otherwise the expense comes out of their own pockets.

Drink! was the command. It was supplemented by the glitter of a revolver. The man drank glass after glass and still the gun was in sight and the commands persistent. That is what invoked trouble onto William Taskey of Schuyler. He was rather tight with liquor himself at the time. With a friend he was visiting the saloons and in their course encountered D. H. Hatfield. He refused to drink with them and then it was that Taskey pulled his gun. He was not in a mood to be frustrated. Before the evening was out, Taskey was dragged to jail for drunkenness and was fined \$1 and costs next day. He paid it and was rearrested for carrying concealed weapons. Twenty-five days in county jail is the sentence he is now serving and more woe is to come when the time is up. An effort will be made to send him to the penitentiary for his mode of compelling Mr. Hatfield to drink with him.

Commencement exercises are in order all over the state. In connection therewith, praise of the action of the Chicago school board is going the rounds of the press. This board issued an imperative rule that graduates should dress simply and plainly for their public appearance. Right they were. Harrowing in every detail is the subject of graduating finery as it is pressed on the head of the house weeks before the set time. It is distracting too for the pupils themselves. They worry and stew lest they make a poorer showing of apparel than their mates, weep if their parents are too short of money to invest in things elegant, and spend altogether too much thought on the subject when they might be pointing their energies at excellence of scholarship. That would be a display worth while. Many boards in the state have patterned after Chicago.

Sophomore—"Hello! Are the authorities laying in a supply of coal?"
Senior—"Not at all. That is some plutocrat dumping a few more millions into the college treasury."



J. H. CRADDOCK.

A person is judged by appearance; cities and towns are judged by the appearance they present from an architectural point of view in attracting people to locate therein. Architecture is a science as old as the world and complete within itself. A good architect, one versed in this beautiful science, is of greatest importance to those who contemplate building.

J. H. Craddock, the subject of this sketch is an architect. He was born in Mystic River, Conn., about half a century ago. After receiving an education in some of the best New England schools and being left at an early age to look after his own resources on life's firing line, he early turned his attention to contracting for and designing buildings. His advancement in architectural science was so rapid that he found plenty of demand for his work in many of the principal cities of the east. Twenty-five years ago he became imbued with the spirit of the occident and came west at that time, sixteen of which he has been in this city, where he has ever since made his home and plied his chosen profession. Many of the principal buildings in the city are the product in design of his skill.

Mr. Craddock was married in 1878, and resides at 633 North Twenty-seventh street, where he has a pretty, comfortable home. During the past five years, Mr. Craddock has been having all the work that he and a competent office force could attend to, and he only finds time to talk politics, in which he takes a deep interest, as a social pastime. He keeps in touch with the latest plans of his work by occasionally taking a trip to the larger cities of the east.

Some of the Lincoln residences Mr. Craddock has designed are the following: C. M. Jaques, Seventeenth and D. Judge Holcomb, Seventeenth and A. W. E. Jakway, Eighteenth and F. Will Love, Seventeenth and M. Will Dorgan, 1635 F street, Mrs. Ellen Ewing, Twenty-eighth and O. and the following public and business buildings: Nebraska building, Trans.-Miss. exposition, Omaha; Hastings asylum, Hastings; Nebraska dairy school, Lincoln; high school, Juniata; Hospital for soldiers' home, Grand Island; Catholic schools, Lincoln; Catholic school, Center, Butler county; Fraternity block, Lincoln; Harris block, Lincoln; First National bank block, Aurora.

He has been the architect of numerous Catholic churches in the leading towns of the state as well as Presbyterian houses of worship in Aurora, Grand Island and Exeter.

The train had attained considerable speed when he was satisfied that the man was carrying nothing dangerous. But the rate made no difference. Flourishing his club he commanded the weary boy to get on. In obedience he made a lunge for a truss pole. His foot caught in a switch guard just as he leaped. With a rip his shoe was torn off and so was part of the flesh. But he clung to his place until he reached Columbus. There he succumbed to a doctor and was lodged in the hospital.

Death in a terrible form glared at William Kershaw of Adams not long ago. Since then he has been suffering

Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Rose, mother and sister of Sheriff Lincoln, living near Cozad, recently killed three comparative monsters, one right after the other within half an hour. They did not stop to faint between times. When the reptiles wriggled their four-feet-seven into view the ladies pounced upon them not only with deadly dexterity but with decided delight.

Church people of Pierce, Cuming county, have conceived a new way by which to determine who shall pay for the suppers. It will be put in practice toward the end of the month. A "hunt" is what they term it. Companies of women, five in each, will post

ADDS TO HER LAURELS



Viola Allen as "Julia" is causing the revival of the famous play "The Hunchback," to be one of the most stupendous successes of the season. Miss Allen's inspired interpretation of the difficult role is earning new laurels for a brow already heavy with the wreathes of past successes.