

ODD BITS OF NEBRASKA LIFE

Citing "measly shames," here is one really worth warbling about. "Honey" became, in truth, wet to the skin. The elements seemed to be in a well laid conspiracy to administer the dousing. Mr. and Mrs. Alber Moses of Madison county were the parties who suffered. Things went against them in spite of the fact that they had just dutifully attended church. Driving homeward a sudden storm arose. It was behind them, coming forward at a rapid rate. Not a great distance ahead they sighted the barn of a neighbor and made for it. The buggy shed was open and they drove directly into it. While in the act of murmuring their thanks for their good fortune the storm settled on them. With one whiff and a twist the wind lifted the barn straight up and away, without scathing its guests. Another gust tipped the buggy over, and thus the occupants were deprived of even that shelter. Out in the mud they rolled while the rain in sheets enshrouded them. If it wasn't a wetting premeditated and determined by the elements, the disbeliever will have to advance some unusually cogent reasoning.

Prohibition enthusiasts at Madison have just observed a peculiar anniversary—an unusual conversion. It was an event of twenty-nine years ago. A callow saloon man poured his grog out into the street amid the howling amens of the prohibs, all because of the labors of a glib temperance lecturer. Charles Huyler was the name

of the man. Thinking to get a handsome surplus in a short time he invested in a license to dispense booze. For ten months he passed it out over his bar. Then came the lecturer. He painted the torments of the wretched wife and children of the drinker and properly photographed the barkeeper. Huyler suffered a movement of the spirit and announced that he would go out of business. The town gathered about him while he broke keg after keg of liquor and ran the contents into the street. With speeches and encomiums the prohibition people revive the day right along.

Nooks and hiding places in the throats seem strangely present in some children. One near Fremont moped and ailed a number of days and finally a physician was called. He probed and investigated in the cavern of the child's throat and produced a safety pin. It had been taken into the mouth of the babe while it played on the floor of the home and getting started down it dodged into the first cove it chanced upon.

All kinds of stories have been related about animals and fowls equipped with two heads. Just for a change, the town of Plymouth has given origin to a chicken with one head and two bodies. Unfortunately it did not survive. The carelessness of its mother hen shortened its days to less than one. William Selk is the man who claims to have witnessed the hatching



JOHN H. McCLAY.

John H. McClay, candidate for the legislature on the republican ticket, was born in West Liberty, Ohio, October 5, 1844. When four years of age his parents removed to Illinois and in that state he spent his youth. He enlisted in the Forty-seventh Illinois infantry at the age of sixteen and spent almost five years in the service of the union.

He entered the war a private and came out a lieutenant in command of a company of sharpshooters. He participated in all of the principal engagements of the west, including the Missouri campaign of 1861, the Shiloh and Corinth campaigns in 1862, Vicksburg campaign, 1863, the Red River and Price campaigns in Arkansas and Missouri in 1864, and the Mobile campaign in 1865. After the close of the war he served as assistant army quartermaster general, being stationed in Alabama. He was mustered out of the civil war service in the spring of 1866 and returned to Peoria, Ill., and again entered school.

Mr. McClay came to Beatrice, Nebraska, in 1870. For the past thirty years he has lived in Lancaster county.

In 1878 he served one term as county commissioner and was next elected to the office of county clerk and served two terms. Mr. McClay was one of the delegates at large for Nebraska to the republican national convention in 1900.

Mr. McClay enlisted in the Third Nebraska volunteers in 1858. He was senior major and was afterwards promoted to lieutenant colonel. For a time he had command of the regiment. He remained in the service until the Third Nebraska was mustered out.

At the county convention held last week, Mr. McClay was nominated for the legislature, and had a handsome following among the delegates. During his residence here he has made a host of political friends who will doubtless push his candidacy with vim and vigor.



JOHN DAVIS.

The subject of this sketch was born March 3, 1850, in Aberdare, Wales. He came to America with his parents at an early age and settled in Wisconsin, where young Davis was brought up on a farm. He passed rapidly through the common schools and took a course at the Spring Green academy and afterwards graduated with honors at the Madison business college, receiving a diploma.

His father was a volunteer soldier in the war of 1861, and died from starvation as a rebel prisoner in Salisbury, N. C., in 1864.

Mr. Davis came to Nebraska in March, 1871, arriving here on the attainment of his majority. He settled in Pawnee county.

He taught school in Pawnee and was one of its brightest and most successful teachers. He afterwards entered a large mercantile firm as bookkeeper and became an expert in that line. In the fall of 1877 he was elected clerk of Pawnee county, to which position he was re-elected for a second term, which he served with credit and distinction. He afterwards engaged in the lumber and coal business for ten years. So far Mr. Davis has stamped every act of his life with such energy as to mark it with success.

Mr. Davis in early life followed the precepts of a good mother and became a member of the M. E. church and has creditably filled every office in the church organization. He was elected a delegate to the general conference of that church in Chicago, in 1900. He also has been superintendent of Sunday schools for more than a dozen years. In all his life he has been a loyal republican and last year Governor Savage appointed him secretary of the state board of charities and corrections. He represented the state at the Washington, D. C., national conference of charities and corrections and is now in Detroit attending the national conference this year in the same capacity.

Mr. Davis has a comfortable home at 2116 F street, where he resides with his family consisting of a wife and three children.

of the small bird. It happened to be contained in the smallest egg in the setting. He noticed it piping through the shell and thought nothing more about it for the time being. When next he found it the hen had crushed its life out with her feet, as shown by a slight mangling of the body. Covered with yellow down and fitted with a notably large head it was a curious sight and attracted considerable attention in one of the store windows. Its two bodies were perfectly developed, for the age of the bird. They were joined at the breast bone. The beak was imperfect and but one eye was in evidence. One of the problems the gossips tried to decide was whether one half of the body would starve while the other would fatten had the little thing lived.

In admirably acute sarcasm a resident of Springview in Keya Paha county advertises in the hope of reaching a thief. His idea is that when a man takes a notion to mutilate his farm machinery for the sake of an odd piece or two he would confer a favor to take the whole thing. He says: "The party that took a pair of flat planter wheels from my planter, east of my house, may come back and take the balance of the planter, as it is no use to me without the wheels, and it might possibly stretch his conscience to take the rest without my consent. (Signed) ANT. POITEVIN."

Speaking of roasts you have not seen one until you have read the following—it would appear that Brann has been reincarnated in the Battle Creek Republican: "The vilest thing on earth—a depraved he, she or it—has appeared for a second time. This thing sneaks out under cover of darkness when decent people are in bed and bedaub character besmirching ef-

fusions on buildings, windows and doors. This thing no doubt passes as a gentleman, but such terms as copperhead, bushwhacker, backbiter, blackmailer, blackguard, etc., are too delicate to apply to the case. Some word designating something more devilish, dirty, despicable and damnable than the vilest offal of the darkest recesses of hades is required—and our dictionary doesn't supply it. The tar and feather brigade is waiting and hell is yawning for this thing, the missing link, or something even inferior to Darwin's theoretical creation of the lowest animals."

Not all people who come out of the blase east are cormorant in their instincts. The Stanton Register makes note of one eastern man of capital who is quite the contrary. Eleven years ago he sold a farm of 160 acres to a family in the county. A cash payment of \$100 was made at the time and not a cent since. Nathaniel Gordon is the name of the man who made the sale. He recently learned of the destitution of the family, six of the members being children practically helpless. Straightway he freed them of the incubus of debt. Eighty acres of the farm were signed to the mother and the remainder to the children, without the need of another cent's payment.

Rigorous as some people are in regard to shirtwaists, a "smart set" in Hastings defies opinion. It has adopted these garments and only recently it enjoyed what it denominated a "shirtwaist ball." They did not order out people who appeared in coats; they froze them out. In fact they would not let them cross the threshold. Their idea was to show that they could be as harsh as any bloated hotel landlord or school teacher in Omaha.