

ODD BITS OF NEBRASKA LIFE

The story of an aged seamstress of Aurora is told by the Register. She was young at the beginning of it. The time was when she lived in a little town in Illinois. Now she is a widow, but one day back in that old state she was engaged in the wholesome occupation of sewing buttons on her husband's coat. She sneezed violently with a needle between her teeth, just as she was measuring off the proper length of thread. Faithfully she searched for the suddenly dislodged implement but it was useless. The other day she felt a curious sensation in the palm of one of her hands. A tiny object protruded just in sight. In a few minutes she secured a pair of tweezers. Then she removed the splinter that had lodged there a few minutes before. The needle still is missing.

Worms are not all lined up against the farmers. One whose every movement and meal is a blessing has been discovered in the country about Beaver City. It is a green chap with an omnivorous appetite for weeds. It seeks its sustenance in the fields of growing grain but touches nothing but the intruding element, the weeds. Lamb's quarter is a special favorite. The poor groveler finds it hard, apparently, to masticate sufficient rations in its hours of wakefulness. The days are too short for it. But the weeds it attacks look worse than thirty cents ever did.

A strange epidemic of municipal enthusiasm has infected the women of Grand Island. They not only love their city but they love the people who come to it from the surrounding country. You can tell it from the way they are organizing their strength and moulding the sentiment of the town for improvements. They are tolling hard for the institution of parks in various parts of the town, to be fitted with bandstands by way of inducement to musicians; they are striving for the erection of an attractive place at which the country people may absorb good food when in town; and they are also laboring for a building where women and children may rest when weary and where the babies will be cared for while the mothers continue their pursuit of bargains.

Phonograph music in public is rapidly adding to the hosts whose course leads to the insane asylums. Nearly every business man in the small towns is investing in the machines, with a view to multitudes with money training their steps in the direction of their emporium. The result is that when the country editor of chaste and simple musical tastes strides down the main street his ears are rasped with an unmerciful din. When he has endured the limit he hastens back to his den and grinds out a plaintive appeal for a law. Sometimes he would be happy to listen to the work of a single phonograph. But he prays for deliverance from a dozen. Band music, basso singers, banjo solos, alleged humorous monologues and crack whistlers one at a time are all right when he has no special cares on his bosom, but to have them all sounding at once is maddening. The editor of the Fremont Herald is becoming desperate and is planning to run for the legislature one of these days for the sole purpose of attempting legislation to assign a certain hour a day to each phonograph man that only one may be operating at a time.

Where is the bride? That woman is wanted in earnest by the editor of the Loup County News. No, not for himself. It is not quite so personal as that, but he has become involved with a rancher in a wager that must not be

lost. An editor, says tradition, cannot afford to lose anything, presuming that he is ever so fortunate as to possess anything. C. E. Sheldon is the name of the ranchman. He came into the village a short time ago feeling rather lonesome after a siege of "baching" in the sand hills. The editor suggested that he take to himself a bride. But where could he woo one? Well, the editor knew it could be done readily enough and that matrimony is the simplest matter in the world when you make up your mind to undertake it. He offered to wager a dozen yearly subscriptions or something like it that he could find a bride who would marry the lonesome man and do it before the Fourth. In his turn the rancher agreed that if he did it would be his pleasure to submit to a public wedding at the celebration at Sargent. The editor pretends not to be worried but he is beginning to weaken. He avows he was never built for a matrimonial bureau and ought to have had sense enough—etc.

A youth with tremendous hands is thus itemized in the Maywood Eagle-Reporter: "Harry Dawber caught a catfish Monday in shallow water with his hands that weighed twenty pounds; it was fine; we sampled it."

The Cherry Valley correspondent of the Ainsworth Star-Journal issues this strange warning: "Girls look out for that fellow with the moustache; though it is false he may not be."

Grafton Clarion Weekly crop report: "We are having new potatoes, green peas, mulberries, cherries and with plenty of good grass, the cows give good, rich cream."

A sensation is thus recorded by the Winside Tribune: "Another bull was killed east of town one day last week by the train. We did not find out who owned him or why he was prowling around on the track."

Oakland people who were startled by their paper a week ago are now set at ease by this explanation of the value of a word: "The omission of the word 'not' from Ira Thomas' article last week entirely changed the meaning of one sentence. It should have read, 'It has always been the common sense of this town that boys should NOT be allowed in saloons.'"

What's to be done with the telephone eavesdropper? A country editor or two has ventured to talk on the subject and the wisest conclusion reached by any is that it is well that eavesdropping is possible. Enough idle and compromising gossip is spread without the lightning facility of the telephone. So long as it is possible that another person may be slyly listening the speaker is more likely to be circumspect, businesslike and brief. For the sake of distant sweethearts, however, the optimistic editor dangles aloft the prospect of a fortune for the person who can invent an appliance whereby the dear ones may detect the intrusion of the party who has no business to hear. It would be some comfort at least to know just when to check the flow of endearments.

Wearied travelers who stop overnight at Alliance and seek to be entertained have not far to look. Two small colored boys have a supply of amusement in their dark fists. They charge only a small sum for an exhibition of juvenile pugilism that is described as better than tonic to jaded nerves. It is useless to deny that the colored race as represented in Alliance is without originality. These lads are less than ten

years of age and they conceived this method of winning loose shekles and they are doing handsomely by it if newspaper reports are not over stating. The lads are well matched and good friends. They do not slug viciously at all. They have too fond an eye to their quarters to incur the hostility of the officers by losing their tempers very often.

Lightning did sharp business in the house of Cassius Babcock in the town of Farnam the other evening. It struck the building in four different spots and set things inside topsy turvy. Just a minute before the bolts arrived Mr. Babcock left his bed. In the second minute it had been ripped to shreds in a flash. There was mad confusion and wild stampeding among the members of the family, while the tongues and balls of flame danced about the rooms. It happened, however, that none of these bright intruders did personal damage. Only the family cat was smitten and this poor beast never breathed afterwards. All the omen mongers in Odell are busy these days. Right in the midst of the graduating exercises of that town a bolt of lightning struck the steeple of the church in use, darted down the chimney and from the pipe and stove into the basement. Several of the charming graduates were shocked into unconsciousness, along with their friends. A few were burned a little but all are living yet. The question is, what does it bode?

Class mottoes for graduates have all been selected this season and most of them have been used and are rapidly being effaced from memory. The Laurel Advocate, however, does not believe it too late to cast a few remarks on the subject. It would rather do it now than wait a few months and perhaps forget about it until put in mind by the next outburst of high sounding Latin phrases. What is the use of all this nonsense? it moans. Why don't the students come down to the common level where they are bound to stay for a good many years yet? it exclaims frenziedly. After a few more sobbing sentences it suggests a motto such as this: "Beyond us lie the washboard and the bucksaw." There you have

one that is not only intelligible but attractive to the multitudes "and it possesses a lot of truth if not much poetry," the editor adds, triumphantly.

A rather unusual coincidence in leg breaking has attracted attention near Pender. The small son of W. H. Merry, a farmer, fell from a horse he was learning to ride and was picked up crippled. The nearest doctor was several miles away. To get him it was necessary for the hired man to travel to the berg of Thurston and use the telephone. Before he was half way there the horse which he was riding in feverish haste stumbled and collapsed. The rider was sent spinning and then lay helpless also with a broken leg. He staid right there too, until neighbors returning from town discovered him. They at once returned to town and soon a doctor was on the way to care for both patients.

True lovers are oftentimes armored with an absent-mindedness that is proof against pranks. A case in point comes to light from North Platte. Two young couples drove to a river park on a picnic expedition. They took plenty of eatables and time passed swiftly. Friends followed them with wrenches and reversed the wheels on their bugles so that the large ones were in front. Then they posted themselves along the way to town to see the fun. But the picknickers were too much absorbed in their heart affairs. The dismayed jokers pursued them into town and had to tell them of the mischief before they realized what had happened to them.

Grief fills the souls of a small clan of College View children. They miss that mangy old dog. It was an animal of no authorized name but it was smart. "Rounder" seemed to be the only semblance of a title it ever possessed and for this it was indebted to one of the wags who kept tab on the habits of the animal.

"Rounder" was a patron of the street cars. But he never paid his fare. He liked to ride to Lincoln. It was this love that got him into trouble. And now he is seen no more on the village (Continued on Page Eleven.)

PURE ICE.. OUR ARTIFICIAL ICE IS **Absolutely Pure**
Telephone Orders to 225
LINCOLN ICE CO., 1040 O St.

AIR FELT MATTRESSES

THE GUARANTY



Sleep on the Air Felt for SIX MONTHS, and if at any time during this period you are for any reason dissatisfied with it, send it back and we will refund your money without question.

This Mattress is made in sections, can be rolled up, is easy to handle, and is Guaranteed not to spread.

Price - - \$12.50
In Fancy Goblen Art Ticks and Wool Tufting, \$15.00

Felt Mattresses at \$10 and Guaranteed to be equal to the so-called Electric Felt Mattresses so often advertised at \$15.00. Visit our Mattress Department and get posted before you send money for magazine advertised goods.

Rudge & Guenzel Co.
1118 to 1126 N Street.