

ODD BITS OF NEBRASKA LIFE

Bloomington citizens of a timid nature were frightened the other evening. Out in a field near town a small solitary tent had appeared. Somebody had seen what he took to be a couple of skulking men about it during the afternoon. As night drew near the alarm spread. Even the officers were infected with the fear, it seems, for none ventured to the spot to investigate. Dread of some new, audacious mode of night robbery was prevalent. People thought the place the rendezvous of some very cool burglars and locked their doors and barred their windows. Relief came only with the welcome rain of the early night. It drove the parties to a hotel where they proved to be a man and his wife, bicycling from Denver to a point in the east.

Any man hates to stub his toe even on the smallest obstacle. He hates still worse to fall as a result. It is so humiliating, even if not painful. A physician in Friend suffered such an accident that was extremely acute in both conditions. Bearing the dignity of his profession in his stride he approached the railroad track. The miscalculation of an inch in the height of a rail means a whole lot to a man sometimes. It did to this personage. He could not regain his balance and over he toppled. While mentally blistering the offending rail he landed with his chin on its mate. His false teeth were shattered.

Gasoline engines are trouble enough without the occasion of tampering. Two blacksmiths, partners, of Elgin, are convinced that such machines are engines of Satan and that some people are unquestionably his engine men. One evening not long ago the shop was entered by some imp or imps of perversity. They surrounded the tank and let out its five gallons of gasoline. Then they filled it with the same amount of water. After breaking a few plugs and other minute bits of the mechanism they went home to pleasant dreams. Naturally enough, these have been the farthest from the sleep of the blacksmiths since.

"Mamma, I haven't a little brother any more." The small daughter of Mrs. A. H. Wilson of Tekamah calmly addressed her fond parent, who was picking cherries in the back yard. Only a few minutes before she had left her two babes near the lawn hydrant of the front yard. Mystified and yet horrified by the placid announcement of her daughter the mother dashed to the front yard to find the eighteen months old boy face downward in a tub of water, unconscious and apparently dead. Vigorous and long continued measures served to bring back signs of life and the babe was saved. The water was low in the tub and the two children were reaching for bubbles and leaves when the younger overbalanced and fell in.

Amusement flickers over the faces of some of Nemaha's citizens, consternation over the faces of others. That gentle berg denies the virtues of liquors and the drinkers are obliged to get their booze elsewhere, Auburn being a favorite place. The other day a prominent citizen of Nemaha dismounted from the train after a business journey to Auburn. A good many of his friends of both sexes happened to be at the station. Suddenly his bottle betrayed him. It was snugly incased in his hip pocket and he thought it secure and secret. He had a too affectionate friend who slapped him smartly on the thigh. It went pop!—the bottle did! The vision of its soaking contents and its odor were convincing without the added testimony of the man's abashed solicitude.

A dog of Newfoundland bringing up

is a source of perplexity to the Falls City Journal. Why is it that a family so poor that it depends on the county for aid will maintain such a creature? That is the question the answer for which it racks its intellect. The same problem seeks solution in nearly every town. This particular dog has a vagrant fancy which leads him ruthlessly over the gardens and lawns and flower beds of the neighbors with results productive of unmentionable English. The lowing kine in rambles wild could do no more damage, say the complainants. Two remedies are in sight—one is the brutal practice of poisoning, and the other the education of the family—which might be equally brutal. It's the same in other towns. The depletion of rations caused by the canine of the poor would feed one of the suffering members of the household. But they like the dogs too well. Anybody likes to be looked up to and who will look up to a poor man if not a dog? Perhaps that is the sentiment that rules.

The discerning editor of the Hayes Center Republican sees sermons not only in stones but in macaroni wheat. Before his piercing eye lay a telegram announcing that an Indiana company, and the government also, are interested in introducing this kind of wheat in Nebraska. It has been raised in Russia with immense success and because of its resisting powers against drouth it is recommended as the ideal wheat for Nebraska. Herein, thought the editor, the government is beneficent. Alas for those who believe the government is a machine of oppression. Here is evidence, even in macaroni, that it is not. Very far from it! The government stays awake nights racking itself for ideas which will emancipate the farmers. It cannot be denied! A government that will recommend macaroni surely is not tyrannical.

How would you like to have your thumb yanked out by the roots? Pleasant sensation, of course. C. W. Harney of Tekamah testifies to as much. He was rounding up a cow while on horseback and this member was caught between the pummel and the rope just as it drew taut. The animals, however, did not stop motion but slowly pulled tighter, while the rider, unable to withdraw him thumb, watched it being pulled from its moorings. The joint was separated and the stretching tendons were to be seen through the broken skin and flesh when a change in the positions of the animals brought the fun to a close.

It is doubtless possible that Nebraska contains some queer and unscrupulous farmers, but Nebraska editors do not believe any of them can be found to be quite as barbaric as the Kansas farmer who made a prize of his daughter in order to save his wheat. This strangely constructed agriculturist possessed several hundred acres of wheat. It was an amazingly good crop and he didn't want to lose it. But he couldn't get enough help. His daughter was a girl of much loveliness. She was worshipfully admired by the farm hands and this gave rise to an idea. To induce the men to put in their time to the best advantage why not put her up as a prize? Sure enough, why not? And he did. The one who harvests the greatest amount of wheat may wed the girl, was the offer he made. Of course they worked hard and the wheat was saved. The poor, girl had no choice. But, thank heaven, the wheat was saved!

The sight of half a dozen traveling men fondling a pair of twin boys in a railroad station at Beatrice amused a waiting crowd the other day. Rain was rattling on the roof of the building and the outside world was dreary enough for anybody. The train was

LADY HELEN STEWART



Among the most beautiful of the women who, by virtue of their titles, had gathered to grace the coronation of King Edward and participate in the ceremony at the Abbey is Lady Helen Stewart. Lady Helen is a great favorite in English society. The robes that she will wear at the coronation brings out her rare comeliness to the best advantage.

late and something must be done to while away heavy time. The men were not passionately disposed to play cards but they were attracted to a pair of baby boy twins of chubby build and crowing good nature. A quarrel for possession then followed. In order that some measure of equality and peace might be maintained the plan was adopted that any man should pay the babe five cents a minute for the privilege of holding it. Soon the money was clinking and when the train arrived each babe was in possession of about two dollars.

Everybody caught fish at Blue Springs the other day. The Blue river courses through this town and during a period of high water hordes of the finny element made a long steady rush for the dam and over. Catfish, buffalo fish and carp in unlimited number tried to get over at one and the same time.

The reason the number below was so much smaller than that above may be found in the spears of the citizens. Lining the shore and filling many boats they plied their murderous art and all cooks fried fish for several days thereafter.

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