

GOOD OLD NEBRASKA

(FROM WILL MAUPIN'S WEEKLY)

I was weary with dark forebodings, and weighted with loads of grief: My spirits were dull and lonely, and vainly I sought relief. I suffered from heat oppressive, and longings seemed all in vain; The sky was as brass that's molten, and never a sign of rain. I felt in my bones 'twould never bring end to the awful drouth; I was blue as indigo—bluer—and awfully down in the mouth. In fact I croaked like a raven, complained till my throat was sore— When all of a sudden a stranger walked in through my office door.

"What, ho!" cried the stranger person: "why thus do you loud complain?"

I said 'twas because the corn crop was dying for lack of rain. Then up stood the stranger person, and laughed till his cheeks were red.

And spake to me words of comfort—and these were the words he said: "Full forty two years I've been here; I have farmed here boy and man; I've tilled her soil and loved it since her history first began, And thus I've discovered, partner, though weeks we may fairly roast. It rains like hell in Nebraska just when we are needing it most."

And laughing he turned and left me, but going he left behind A feeling of cheer and comfort, an ease of the heart and mind. I watched as the stranger person meandered adown the street. The echoes of lilting laughter resounding with cadence sweet. And watching, the far horizon grew black with a thunder cloud. The lightnings flashed and shimmered, the thunders resounded loud. And out of the northwest rushing came old J. Pluv and his host, And it rained like hell in Nebraska just when we were needing it most.

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Pamela's Decision

By Bernice C. Bicknell

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Pamela Hitchcock rearranged the pillow on her mother's chair and seating herself by the window looked out upon the fast fading day, which was changing into twilight. Presently she saw the tall, ungainly figure of Abner Brown coming down the lane. This was no unusual sight, for Abner came every Saturday evening and had been coming for a number of years; but this was Thursday. The unexpectedness of this visit and the fact that in every movement of Abner's awkward figure there was an undefinable something, an animation to his gait that she had not noticed before, convinced her that something awful had happened.

She arose and ran to throw open the door. "Abner," she gasped, "what's the matter? Is somebody hurt?" "No," he replied, and Pamela noted that an angry flush rushed to his face and his breath came in short, hard pants.

"I just heard about that fellow that has been coming to see you. I told the boys it wasn't so. Is it?"

Pamela stood in doubt a moment. Then with slow dignity she drew herself to her full height and answered stily:

"Abner Brown, I am surprised. It is none of your business who comes to see me. We are not engaged."

"None of my business," he blurted. "I'll make it my business. I think a man that has been coming steady to see you for years has some right to your confidence."

"I have no confidence to give," she persisted. "Pamela!" he gasped in wide-eyed surprise.

"Bring Abner in," called a voice from the sitting-room.

"Since Mrs. Hitchcock wants me to stay, I believe I will."

"I want you to stay, too, Abner."

"You do, eh?" he asked sarcastically and stalked into the house.

Pamela noticed her mother's face brighten when Abner entered.

"Good evening, Abner, my boy. Let me see, this is Thursday. Rather early

"Doesn't it change you a mite?" Her old voice trembled.

"No," Pamela answered. "I'm tired of this humdrum life of ours, mother; each day as colorless as the others. I want to see something besides Miller's elevator, a few sprawling houses in the village, the town pump and Tom Craig's general store. Just think of it, mother? We own 160 acres of some of the choicest prairie land in Illinois and you and I have never even been to Springfield!"

"I didn't know you cared about going to such places. Do you mind what the preacher said last Sabbath about folks being contented with their lot? I reckon that some people from the stuffy city would be glad to change places with you," Mrs. Hitchcock said.

"If the preacher believes in being contented why wasn't he satisfied with the suit the Ladies' Aid society bought him instead of finding fault with the cut of it?" Pamela returned.

"I never felt called upon to criticize the minister and I don't think you ought to," Mrs. Hitchcock looked at her daughter reprovingly.

"I'll sell my 80, mother, so don't worry," Pamela declared, with an air of assurance that nearly provoked Abner into a spasm.

"Pamela Hitchcock, you don't know what you are doing! What would you invest your money in—mining stock?" he protested.

"That's my business!" she retorted. A sharp rap on the parlor door brought Pamela to her feet with a start.

"It's Mr. Morris coming for my decision."

"What decision, Pamela—about your marriage?" Abner burst out frantically, his heavy masculine mind failing to see any significance between the mysterious caller and Pamela's desiring to sell her land. "No, say it is not, Pamela!"

She started to the door. Abner sprang to his feet and caught hold of her arm.

"One minute, before you go to the door," he cried, his voice choking with emotion. "I want to know if you have gone back on me?"

"No, Abner, you never gave me the chance."

"I've wanted to, goodness knows, all these years, but every time I tried to speak—my tongue would get twisted and the nice phrases I had thought out beforehand would disappear like magic and I would feel as awkward as a whale on Pike's peak. I've waited hoping that something would loosen my tongue. It has come—"

"In the guise of a real estate agent who wants me to trade my 80 acres for city property," Pamela put in slyly, and glanced at her mother whose anxious face reflected her feelings.

"What a dunce I have been!" Abner stared his astonishment. "Pamela, I love you. Don't sell the land. Marry me and I'll take you to Springfield or any place you want to go," he pleaded.

Another knock at the door threw Abner into a state of greater excitement.

"Answer me. Do you love me?"

"Yes," she murmured.

His lips were close to hers and with Mrs. Hitchcock nodding approval, he kissed her.

Pamela finally went to the door and opened it, but Mr. Morris had grown impatient and departed.

In the fast gathering darkness she saw a figure at the far end of the lane. But she did not call him back.

WORK THAT MUST BE DONE

Impossible to Regulate the Hours of Labor That the Farmer Must Put In.

The city man who goes to farming will find that there are times, intermittent, it is true, but often sufficiently prolonged, when he will have to work as he never did before. It is of no use for him to say that eight hours a day is long enough for a man to work. It may be long enough for his physical wellbeing, but he must plow and sow and mow at the right time, and he must make hay while the sun shines. He is working in collaboration with nature, and the pace that she sets is made without regard to the rights of the laboring man or the eight-hour law. On our own farm, for instance, my sons and I have often been tired for weeks together; not the pleasant fatigue that wears off in a night of refreshing sleep, but the deep-seated weariness of overworked muscles and too long hours that is present even when one rises in the morning, and is thrown off only after a few hours of labor when one has "warmed up" to his work.

This is a part of the price that must be paid for freedom and the privilege of working for one's self and not for another.—David Buffum in the Atlantic.

Work of Ingenious Ants.

The spinning ant is found in India, in Ceylon, in the islands of Malacca and in Australia. This ant weaves its nest between two leaves of a tree, preferably the mango. It begins to build, or to weave, by drawing two leaves together. To do this it runs a line of its working material—material similar to the spider's thread—the length of the leaf and around it. While at work it clings to the leaf with its nails and, at the same time, draws on the leaf nearest to it with its mandibles. Sometimes the two leaves suitable for nest building are too far apart. Then the builder calls in its fellow-ants and they help it to form a chain. Each ant clings to the waist of its neighbor by its mandibles. Thus enchained, they work to build the nest of their comrade.—Harper's Weekly.



"That's My Business," She Retorted.

In the week for you?" Mrs. Hitchcock adjusted her spectacles to look at him quizzically.

"I had to go over to Ed Lamb's, and it being so close I thought it would be a shame to pass by. Crops are looking fine."

Pamela smiled to herself at his feeble attempt to shift the subject.

"It is a pretty sight to watch the rows and rows of ripening corn when a mite of wind is stirring, but I don't suppose I'll see it much longer, for—"

"Why? You aren't going away, Mrs. Hitchcock?" Brown asked in alarm.

"Pamela's been—" the old voice quavered and stopped short at a warning glance from her daughter.

"Of course, mother, after corn husking there will be nothing but bare fields, but you are used to that," Pamela remarked.

"But there won't be even bare fields in—" she continued.

"Certainly not," interrupted Pamela. "How is Ed Lamb's folks? I have been so busy that I haven't had time to go there lately."

"Fair to middling. Ed is talking of selling his farm," Abner answered, absently gazing out of the window to where the old mill creek wound in and out of the little valley below.

"So are we," Mrs. Hitchcock said without looking at her daughter. "Pamela didn't want me to say nary a word about it until we had decided. Though I believe she has about made up her mind. But, law me. I don't believe in being so close mouthed to anybody like you, Abner, that I held in my arms when you were a baby. What do you think about it?"

"I think it would be downright foolish to sell the farm that you have lived on so long. Then there are so many associations about it that must give you a deal of comfort. The city is no place for a woman like you, Mrs. Hitchcock, that has been used to the broad out of doors."

"I know it. Do you hear that, Pamela?" Mrs. Hitchcock queried, a flush coming into her withered cheeks.

"Yes," Pamela murmured.

I. O. O. F. Lodge Installs Officers
Monday evening Ben Adhem Lodge, 186, met and Ed Hanson, District Deputy Grand Master, was present and installed the falling officers:
Past Grand—Dan Garber.
Noble Grand—I. V. Cummings.
Vice Grand—C. F. Wallin.
The following appointive officers were installed:
Warden—Art McArthur.
Chaplain—R. G. Runchey.
R. S. N. G.—C. B. Hale.
R. S. V. G.—Alf Saladen.
Inside Guard—Frank Amack.
Outside Guard—Guy Barnes.

State Fair Innovation.
A new departure at the 1911 state fair, September 4 to 8, will be the coin turnstiles at the general admission gates. Instead of the customary stop and purchase of a ticket at an outside ticket office, the visitor to the fair will walk to the turnstile and lay down his fifty-cent piece which drops into a slot, releasing the lock and permitting the person to pass through. Therefore, when you go to the state fair this year be sure to have a fifty-cent piece, as nothing else will unlock the turnstile.

Widow's Pension.
The recent act of April 19th, 1909 gives to all soldiers' widows a pension of \$12 per month. Fred Maurer, the attorney, has all necessary blanks.

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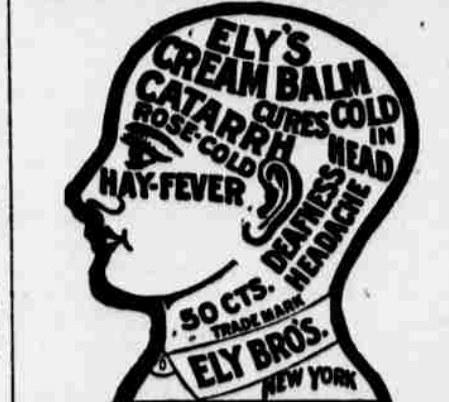


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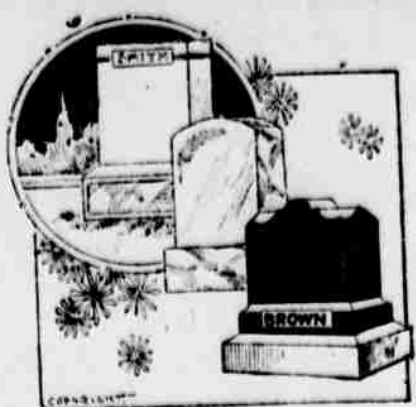
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