

# NEBRASKA IN BRIEF

NEWS NOTES OF INTEREST FROM VARIOUS SECTIONS.

## ALL SUBJECTS TOUCHED UPON

Religious, Social, Agricultural, Political and Other Matters Given Due Consideration.

The Midwest Life (old line) wants good local agents all over Nebraska. Write to Home Office at Lincoln for particulars.

A life insurance company is a financial institution which furnishes money to the family of the man who dies holding a policy in the company. It stands in precisely the same relation to the individual that the fire insurance company does to the house in which he lives. If your home is fully insured in a fire company and it burns you are paid its value. If it is not insured the fire company pays you nothing. You carried your own risk, and not the company. But you cannot carry the risk on your own life, although you may on your property. This risk must be carried either by your family or some life insurance company. Which of the two is the better able to assume it, the family or the company? Upon which of the two will the loss be less severe? And upon whom do you prefer to leave the risk, upon the family or the company?

The Midwest Life of Lincoln issues all the standard forms of policies.

Nursery companies are reporting large sales in the line of fruit trees.

The fiscal year ending with March, 1909, has proven the most prosperous one for the Seward postoffice in its history.

Pierce has won the championship of the north central district of the Nebraska high school debating league by winning from Albion.

The other day a horse was missing from the barn of Mr. Dean, three miles northeast of Neligh. Leo Hun, a hired hand, is also missing.

Fred Kelso, implicated in connection with the robbery of \$400 from Sid Grave at Pender, waived examination. His bond was fixed at \$1,000, which has not been furnished.

The York colleges report a larger attendance than ever before. One thousand students are attending the college, the Ursuline academy and the York Business and Normal college.

Ira Rigby, a young man charged with criminally assaulting Mable Meyers, the 14-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Meyers of Glenover, Gage county, was bound over to the district court.

Will Nolan, the young Dodge county farmer who caused so much excitement and speculation by disappearing about three years ago, was in Fremont last week on his way home. He has been living in Montana.

Frank Zoubet, a farmer living nine miles northeast of Tobias, was found dead in his field under a stalk cutter. The broken seat indicated the cause of the fatal accident. He leaves a wife and five children.

While Claud Morgan, who resides on the Missouri river bottoms east of Plattsmouth, was cleaning a 22-caliber rifle, it was accidentally discharged, and the bullet entered the groin and lodged in his abdomen. He is in a critical condition.

Steps toward probating and settlement of the estate of William Earhart who died at Louisville, develops the fact that he left an estate of about \$400,000. Thirty thousand of it is in life insurance, all payable to his widow.

Articles of incorporation of the McClintock Hotel company, with a capital stock of \$100,000, in shares of \$100 each, were filed in Grand Island, and negotiations are pending for the purchase of the Koehler hotel of that city.

Sheriff Dunkel of Hall county arrived at Salina, Kas., to bring John Cole, who enticed from her home Miss Irene Soule of Grand Island, back for trial. Cole had been placed under \$500 bonds at Salina, but when the sheriff arrived there the bird had flown and the bond was declared forfeited.

News reached Alliance of a brutal double murder near a small town named Provo, just across the line in South Dakota. The man who did the killing was Dick Barton, and the victims were the parents of his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Tucker. The murder was a fiendish one, the brains of the victims having been beaten out with an ax.

The 2-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hinsey, who reside on a farm two miles west of Nebraska City was seriously, if not fatally burned. She was playing about the kitchen in the absence of the parents and her clothing caught fire, and before the flames could be extinguished she was badly burned on both legs and arms and about the side of the head. Her recovery is doubtful.

Asland is greatly in need of residences to accommodate new comers.

Dr. H. L. Mathers, for forty years a physician at Auburn, died last week, aged 80 years.

A clock has been installed in the tower of the new city hall at Schuyler. It has a good elevation and four dials, so that it can be seen from every direction, and it strikes the hours and half hours. It cost about \$900.

W. B. Roberts, living south of Ashland, last week sold fifty-three live chickens in the local market for \$41, or an average of 77 cents a fowl.

## RACE HORSES TO A CHURCHMAN.

The Queer Legacy Left to a Paris Archbishop.

Paris.—In all ages devout Catholics have bequeathed legacies of differing size and description to popes, cardinals and archbishops, but it is safe to say that no prelate ever was more thoroughly astounded than the archbishop of Paris when he awoke some time ago to find himself the possessor of a celebrated racing stable.

"I beg pardon for intruding," Monsig. Amette's secretary came into the archbishop's study with an air of much perturbation one morning, "but



Monsigneur Amette, the Paris Archbishop Who Fell Heir to a Racing Stable.

a woman, the Viscountess de Raineville, has just died and left her fortune of several millions, including a racing stable, to your excellency."

When Monsigneur Amette understood that the legacy was left to him personally and not to the church, he refused to accept it. But just after his secretary had left the archbishopric to communicate Monsigneur Amette's decision to the executors of the will, word came that the court had ratified the bequest, so there was nothing to do but to accept the legacy, including the embarrassing item of the race horses.

The archbishop immediately gave orders for the sale of the stud, also of the viscountess's properties, comprising much real estate, a breeding farm and a historic chateau at Allonville in Normandy. The legacy, converted into cash, will be used for various charitable organizations.

If the august and unwilling owner of race track favorites fancied that he could wash his hands of proprietary duties so easily, he soon discovered his mistake. His man of affairs soon came to him with a complication. The horses were to be put at auction at a big establishment in the Rue de Ponthieu. But some critics had pointed out to this man of affairs that the auctioneer was a Jew. Was this a serious enough consideration to warrant the intervention of the archbishop? It evidently was, for a few days later the honor of auctioneering the horses was awarded to a rival establishment, where the sale is to take place shortly.

The collection consists of 25 horses, and by a curious coincidence the De Raineville jockeys always have worn violet—the archbishop's color.

During the last years of her life the viscountess, a woman in her seventies, very naturally had not taken as much interest in the horses as her husband had done. He was a staunch royalist deputy and his wife apparently was a strong sympathizer with his anti-republican ideas, for she delighted in giving names which were caricatures of prominent governmental personalities to her horses. Clemenceau was transformed into Clemenceau and Caillaux became Caillaute.

Because of the viscountess's lack of interest in race track triumphs or defeats, very few of the horses which will be auctioneered are particularly celebrated, although former victories of the De Raineville stable still are remembered in sporting circles. Since her husband's death the viscountess has paid more attention to the rearing of blooded horses than to racing. Her farm at Allonville is one of the best in France and many of the De Raineville colts are sold during the summer season at the fashionable resort, Deauville.

**The Selfish Hoskins.**  
Prof. Charles Zueblin of the University of Chicago was discussing his recent lecture, "The Family," wherein he advocated a compulsory six months' interval between marriage license and marriage.

"Marriage is entered on too hastily," he said. "The six months' interval should be an interval of thought. Thought would cure many of the ills of marriage. Unselfishness would perhaps cure more.

"Selfishness in marriage is on the man's side. Too many men look at every question from one point of view, the selfish one, only.

"It is like Hoskins of the Lake Shore drive.

"You are willing," said Mrs. Hoskins, to lay out \$1,000 a month on your wine and cigar bill, but you grumble like a bear when I want a few hundred for a dinner gown."

"Well," snarled Hoskins, "can I smoke and drink a dinner gown?"

**Missed the Spot.**  
Giles—Swiggus was told to rub whiskey on his bald spot and it would restore his hair.

Miles—Did he try it?

Giles—Yes; but he didn't follow the directions. He invariably got the whiskey about six inches south of the bald spot.

### An Easter Song.

The golden sun climbs up the sky,  
The shadows flee away,  
Oh! weary heart, forget to sigh;  
God sends the Easter Day!  
Long was that night, chill was the air,  
And grief o'er brooded long,  
Yet is the new world white and fair,  
Uplift thine Easter song!

The cross that bowed thee with its weight  
By strength of prayer is stirred,  
Till it shall bear thee soon or late,  
As wings appear the bird,  
The life that thrills from star to star,  
And beats in leaf and stem,  
Is wider than the heavens are,  
And blesses thee from them.

Wert thou cast down, wert thou dismayed,  
Dear Child of One above,  
Behold the earth in light arrayed;  
The light of deathless love,  
Oh! listen to the word that wakes  
In every budding flower,  
And take the bread the Master breaks,  
In His triumphant hour.

For those who hear, and hearing yearn,  
The King hath secrets sweet:  
Their hearts within them thrill and burn,  
They wait His coming feet,  
Then swift the sun climbs up the sky!  
The shadows flee away!  
Oh! weary heart, forget to sigh,  
God sends the Easter Day!

## Easter in the World.

ACCORDING to an old tradition, when the Roman soldiers came to the Garden of Gethsemane Christ hid under the olive tree until the treacherous plover cried out "Buvick!" "Buvick!" "He is hiding!"

But if a Judas among the birds betrayed the Master of men in this hour of need, other faithful feathered folk ministered to him at the darker moment of Calvary. Then it was that the voice of the pitying turtle dove grew so plaintive that never has it regained its lost happy notes. Not only did the swallow perch on the cross and twitter tender words of consolation, but also in its small, sweet way alleviated the sufferer's pain by pulling out a spine from the crown of thorns. And the stork flying over the cross loitered on the wing to call down: "Stryk!" "Stryk!"—"Strengthen!" "Strengthen!"

In certain old English gardens, there is a little spotted-leaved plant with deep blue flowers and red buds, called "Mary's Tears," for in the beginning this grew on Calvary—its flower the blue of the Mother Mary's eyes, the buds red as her eyelids swollen from weeping, and the leaves tear-stained with her grief.

And in the old English garden, too, is found the rosemary that puts forth new blossoms every Friday as though to enliven the body of the dead Christ.

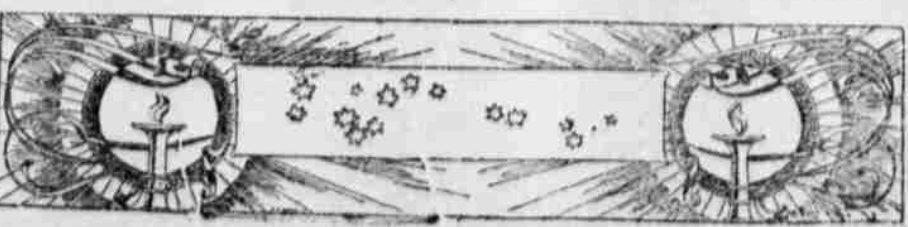
**Wonderful Passion Flower.**  
In the passion flower the reverent imagination has discovered not a cross alone, but also the pillar of scourging, the nails, the crown of thorns, and even spots to mark the five wounds of the crucified body.

The Spaniard will tell you that the aspen trembles because that was the wood of the cross. However this may be, there is a delightful old legend concerning the tree out of which the cross was made.

Aged Adam, weary of toil and sin and eager for death, sent to the angel guarding the Tree of Life to beg a boon. The messenger brought back the welcome promise that Adam should die in three days, and the added gift of three small seeds which were mysteriously to be placed under the dead man's tongue before burial.

From these seeds, the quaint narrative continues, sprang three saplings that later united, three in one, symbol of the Trinity. With this miraculous tree Moses and David each wrought many wonders. But King Solomon, his whole heart set upon the building of the temple, had the tree cut down, intending it for a magnificent beam. Strive as the workmen would, however, nowhere would the beam fit, and, cast aside, it was later used as a bridge across a nearby stream. When the queen of Sheba made her notable visit she refused to

tread upon this bridge; instead, she knelt and worshiped, and having confided to Solomon a vision she had concerning it, the king at once ordered the sacred wood incased in gold and silver, and reverently hung over the door of the temple. Subsequently, Abijah, son of Rehobam, coveting the precious setting, had it taken down, and after appropriating the metal had the wood buried deep in the earth—so deep, in fact, that a well was dug over it, the famous Pool of Bethesda, the tree of mercy at the bottom giving healing qualities to the waters. Finally, as the time appointed approached, the tree rose and floated on the surface, and the Jews took it and made it into the cross upon which the Christ was crucified.



### FASTED

To Save The Soul From sin and death And make Life's goal More grand, God saith: My only Son, to earth-life born To save from sorrow, sin and death, Through tribulation night and morn, Has journeyed—Christ of Nazareth. Morn lowly, sorrowing day by day, Morn publicans and sinners off, He sought his cross, God to obey At last on Calvary's mount aloft, The sun Grew dim, The day Was dark, Because Of Him All cold and stark, But soon The sign Of rage Was sped, And he Is Mine, The Lord God said, At My Right Hand Risen from The Dead.

LARA MARBLE

### AN EASTER TRAGEDY

The fat red-and-white man kept walking up and down the aisle showing people where to sit, and finally he sat down in the pew directly in front of Helen. "I thought he used to be a rusher, but I wasn't quite sure," Helen told the egg.

The long prayers did not seem half as long as usual, for it wasn't hard to kneel when you could put the egg down in a dark corner and see it glitter as you turned it around. The organ pipes lost their old time fascination, and Helen hardly realized that the rector had begun to talk before she heard him say: "Now to the King"—and they all jumped up.

And the egg? However in the world could it have jumped right out of her hand and into the fat man's pew? But it had, and there it shone as brightly as ever. If she could only snatch it up quickly! She leaned way over to make the attempt, but every one else was sitting down. "Sit down, Helen," whispered grandma, sharply, and in the blindness of humiliating tears Helen sat. Visions of disgrace rose up and threatened to overwhelm her. To have one of the "rushers" come up after church and say: "Madame, is this your egg?" and grandma would say: "Why, no," and then she would have to say: "Please, it's mine!" and everybody would know that Helen Gardner had brought an egg to church! Oh, why hadn't she been born a heathen, so she wouldn't have to go to church on Easter, but could stay at home and roll eggs without waiting until next day! But, most bitter thought of all, maybe grandma would not let her have the egg again after the rusher man gave it back, and she couldn't roll it even next day.

"Freely ye have received, freely give," the rector was saying. Give—what wouldn't she give just to get the egg back without grandma's knowledge? Perhaps when the man got up—He was getting up! Of course; he always passed the shiny gold plate and it was time to get her money out of her handkerchief. But why did grandma's figure stiffen in a sudden dazed comprehension as she gasped in dismay, and why did people titter in that disconcerting way? They must surely have seen the egg in the fat man's pew. Helen dashed the tears out of her big eyes and looked at him as he marched in blissful ignorance up the aisles with the other ushers. What was that awful glittering mass of ruin on his broad black back? Oh, it was, it was!

"Sit down!" commanded grandma, fiercely, but the tragedy was too great. "My egg! my lovely egg!" screamed Helen. "He sat on it! He's—he's spoiled it!"

**Easter in the Tyrol.**  
Children living in this province of Austria follow bands of musicians, who go through the streets and up the steep hillsides singing Easter carols and playing on guitars. The children carry lighted torches, and when a song is finished run up to the doors and knock on them. They open quickly and there stand the housemothers with lots of beautifully colored eggs for the young people.