

NEBRASKA NEWS NOTES

The Pierce mill is installing an electric light plant.

The Auburn Herald has started in on its twenty-fifth volume.

The Union Pacific has been having trouble with coal thieves at Lexington.

A state conference of charities and correction was held at Beatrice last week.

It is understood that Bishop Boncum will order the establishment of a parochial school at Dawson.

At the February term of district court at Columbus but seven civil and three criminal cases are on the docket.

Governor Savage and Chief Game Warden Simpkins inspected the state fish hatcheries at South Bend last week.

A joint meeting of patrons and teachers of the schools was held at Superior last week to review the work of the scholars.

The ministers of Humboldt have organized a ministerial union for united work in revival work and in combating the rum demon.

A man giving his name as A. Morse cashed several checks among Fremont business men last week, to the regret of the business men.

The hearing of the case of the state against the bondsmen of former Treasurer Bartley was had before the supreme court last week.

The Phonograph and Press, both fusion papers of St. Paul, have been consolidated under the management of C. B. Manuel of the Press.

Prof. Gun, who has been principal of the Mason schools, has resigned and started for the Philippines, where he will engage in his profession.

Dr. A. E. Winship of Boston has been secured to deliver the annual address at the commencement exercises of the Fremont high school.

The preliminary debates at the state normal at Peru preparatory to the contests with Missouri and Kansas will be held from February 13 to 15.

Dr. Eason of Hebron was attacked by a thoroughbred bull the other day and severely injured before help arrived and drove the enraged animal away.

Fifty Columbus people chartered a special train and went to Monroe to participate in the celebration of the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Hendry.

The packing house at Nebraska City began killing a limited number of hogs last week. This is the first attempt at operation since the strike was declared.

A new telephone company has been granted a franchise at Wahoo. The ordinance fixes the maximum charges at \$2 per month for business places and \$1 for residences.

Governor Savage has appointed Mrs. Nellie Richardson of Lincoln an additional delegate to the Interstate Irrigation congress to be held in Sterling, Colo., February 25 and 27.

Martha Fustenuau, a 16-year-old daughter of William, Fustenuau of Webster township, near Fremont, died last week from the effects of an injury received about a year ago by a horse kicking her.

Jessie M. Dugger of Fremont says that her husband, Albert, has driven her out of the house, beat her and called her insulting names, for which she petitions the court for a divorce and custody of their two children.

Mr. Bridge and Mr. Haggert from near St. Libory, on leaving St. Paul drove into an opening on the Loup river from which the ice had been taken. Both horses were drowned, but the men succeeded in getting ashore.

Ex-Secretary of Agriculture J. Sterling Morton of Nebraska City has left for Mexico. If the climate there gives him relief from a bronchial trouble from which he has been suffering, he is likely to make a long stay in the Mexican capital.

Elmer Kreihling and Herbert Muschelles, two 14-year-old Bruning boys, went rabbit hunting and were caught by the recent storm. After wandering aimlessly around for several hours they finally reached a farmhouse. Both were almost exhausted and frost-bitten, but have recovered.

Reports from all portions of the range country are to the effect that no less of stock has occurred during the recent storms and cold weather. The feed has been good on the range and the cattle were fat and strong. Ranchmen as a rule are also well provided with feed and shelter.

Some ingenious mortal has introduced an effective novelty this season, namely, black velvet roses, about the size of the palm of one's hand, ready to separate into silk, lace or chiffon. There is an open circle in the middle, through which the material can be drawn. These roses make the most effective sort of decoration.

Some of the newest lampshades are shaded with a fringe of glass beads either in natural colors or tinted to match the shade.

Three Brothers and Husbands.

Omaha, Neb.—(Special)—Jane Segur, or Haas, the latter being the name she has borne for many years, has had two romances, both stained with blood, and her third may be bloodless—if the prospective bride and groom get away in June. Jane Segur is to marry the third of the Haas brothers. She had previously married the other two, but death intervened and she became twice a widow. The third Haas seems to have no fear, but all the good shots of Montezuma county are not dead yet and there is no knowing what may happen. Twice married and widowed, Mrs. Haas is soon to become a bride for the third time and is willing to run all risks.

Thirty years ago William Haas was a prosperous young merchant of Mount Gilead, Oo., but the balm in that Gilead was not sufficient to satisfy the yearnings of his soul for greater wealth, so he removed his goods and other belongings to Cortez, Neb., and set up a trading post. Civilization was not even skin deep there at that time and the man who could not ride and shoot was accorded but little respect. Haas was a storekeeper and not a fighting man and was endured only because he sold goods the boys wanted. However, Haas carried a gun just for propriety's sake, but no one ever thought he was "sandy" enough to use it.

The belle of Cortez when Haas first made his appearance was Jane Segur, and she was as pretty as a maiden dared to be. The town was at her feet, and she could get credit at any of the stores, or borrow money from any of the boys by merely hinting that she had left her purse at home. But she was proud, and did not run bills, even at Haas' store. She had red cheeks and dark eyes and played havoc with the hearts of the lads in that vicinity; indeed, the staid and sober citizens—there were a few of that sort there—thought of petitioning the government to establish a military post there to put down the trouble which would certainly ensue when Jane picked out a husband. The latter was sure to be in hot water.

Two brothers were particularly attentive to Jane, and they gave it out that the man who married Jane had better make his will before the marriage ceremony was performed. Now it happened that little Jane fell in love with William Haas, and accepted his offer of heart and hand. When the Siegels heard of it they became more than ordinarily strenuous. They talked to Haas in an unseemly manner until his Ohio blood becoming hot he was aroused to anger, and he promptly added a full charge of large shot to the weight of one of the brothers, causing death almost instantly.

Siegel had died down Haas led his bride to the altar and continued business at the old stand, not caring to go away on a honeymoon trip. His business prospered and everything went along smoothly enough until one night as he was going home from the store he was shot dead from ambush, the bullet fired by the unseen foe entering the heart. The finger of suspicion, as it is sometimes called, was pointed at the surviving Siegel, but when he asked the men of Cortez to proclaim publicly that they thought he was the man, not one of them opened his mouth. This particular Siegel was the best shot in several counties.

John Haas went to Cortez from Mount Gilead to settle up his brother's business affairs, for the widow was too prostrated to think of anything but her sorrows, but she at once brightened up on John's arrival. He was not bad looking and, being a good business man, soon straightened out all the commercial kinks. He had business to stay at Cortez until it was too late to return. He had fallen in love with his brother's relict, and the end of it all was that he married her. He, like his brother William, lived happily with Jane, who was still the most beautiful woman in Cortez, until his sudden death. Whether the Siegel brother still had vengeance in his heart is not known, but it is said he was in town when William died.

There was still another brother in the Haas family, named Henry, at Mount Gilead, and it became his duty to go west to look after the interests of the widow. He was more or less reluctant, but he did not shirk his duty. He went to Cortez, put the business in proper shape, and then began to linger. He might have gone back to Ohio again, but he didn't. The widow was not so young as when she first married, but her eyes were still bright, and Henry, being unmarried, liked her. To all appearances she was not averse to his company, and at last he ventured to suggest that it would not be a bad idea if they became man and wife. As a saving clause he remarked that it was perhaps better if they were wed at Mount Gilead and make their permanent residence there. He thought the climate of Cortez unhealthy. She agreed with him and in a few days they will go to Mount Gilead, get married, and reside at the old Haas homestead.

Indianapolis Journal: A great many excellent men like Dr. Parkhurst of New York have so much faith in their special brand of reform that they believe all else is corruption and wickedness.

Money's being the root of all evil is what makes the devil to pay.

Was Supposed To Be Dead.

Omaha, Neb.—(Special)—After having a suspicion that amounted almost to a charge of murder hanging over his head for five years John Nordstrom has been fully cleared of the suspicion at a meeting at the home of the Swedish Consul, E. M. Stenberg. During the time suspicion has rested upon him Nordstrom has traveled over Nebraska with the brand of Cain upon him. He has no sooner settled in one place than the story of his crime has followed him. He has been forced to move to another home, only to leave it again after a few months, turned into the world by the ostracism of his neighbors and countrymen.

In all this time, however, Nordstrom has had a few faithful friends who have kept up an unremitting search for the truth, and their efforts have finally been rewarded. Nordstrom and the man he was supposed to have made away with met today at the home of Stenberg at 2224 Mason street.

Martin Johnson, who was supposed to have been murdered, was waiting for the meeting. When Nordstrom appeared they threw themselves into each other's arms and tears trickled down the cheeks of both.

"My troubles are over at last," Nordstrom said when they were finally seated and ready to discuss the affairs of the last five years.

"I can never make amends for all that you have suffered on my account," was Johnson's answer. Then the story was unfolded.

Seven years ago Johnson, a thrifty Swede, was employed on the large farm of Nordstrom, a few miles out of Omaha. He had saved up a considerable sum of money and wanted to invest it. So he went into Iowa and settled down.

He was not satisfied with the work, however, and, wrote to Nordstrom that he would return if there was any work for him to do. Nordstrom wrote back and told him to come.

Johnson accordingly packed his household goods into a wagon, sewed his money in a belt and after disposing of a large drove of stock he owned started for Omaha. From that time until yesterday none of his former acquaintances and associates could find a trace of him.

The disappearance was reported to the Omaha police and to half the sheriffs of Iowa. Johnson was considered wealthy and had numerous friends and influential connections.

Finally the murder theory was advanced. In a day every finger was pointed at Nordstrom. It was Nordstrom who had sent for Johnson and induced him to start for Omaha. It

was Nordstrom who had told him to convert his property into cash. It was Nordstrom who knew the route he was to take. Everything pointed to Nordstrom as the guilty man. Suspicious circumstances which never could have been noticed under any other circumstances were brought out. Nordstrom protested that he was innocent, but it did no good.

He was not arrested, because only circumstantial evidence could be brought against him, but Johnson's friends began a systematic campaign to show him guilty. The Swedish Consul was enlisted in the cause and offered a reward for the recovery of Johnson's body.

Nordstrom's neighbors turned from him. Children taunted him. The jibes and innuendoes finally became overwhelming, and he moved to other parts. His first resting place was near Lincoln. But the story soon followed him, and it was not long before he found the place too uncomfortable. His removal from there was only the first of many. Half the time he lived in the covered wagon which took him from one home to another.

He settled near Wahoo, Neb. One of his friends, C. J. Carlson of Ithica, Neb., several weeks ago learned of a man answering Johnson's description and going by that name near Jefferson, Iowa. He hunted him up and found him the same Martin Johnson.

He found that Johnson had started for Omaha, but while he was on the road had changed his mind about working for Nordstrom and had gone to Jefferson. There he bought a farm and some stock. He did not know of the furor he had caused by his disappearance, and as he was not in the habit of writing letters he had never taken the trouble to inform any of his former friends where he had gone. Johnson will go to Nordstrom's home, near Wahoo, for a visit and prove to his neighbors that he is not guilty of the crime with which he has virtually been charged.

The organ thrilled its grandest tones Upon the perfumed air; The tapers glimmered. Ah, she comes, The bride so blushing fair. But soft! she lingers at the door, A moment more they wait, While she inquires in anxious tones: "Say, is my wreath on straight?"

Mrs. William Gregory, wife of the late Governor Gregory of Rhode Island, has become head of the mill business which the governor conducted for a great many years in the most successful manner.

Practice makes perfect, but the bestest doctor is hardly perfection.

The Storyette. At The End Of The Road.

"They ain't to know a thing about it unless they mistrust. It's to be a real surprise," said Lou Harlow, poisoning herself, like one about to take flight, in the doorway of Mrs. Green's kitchen. "You must come, Miss Green. I will do you good to get out. You're too much shut up. Sarell will miss you if you don't come. She'll want to see her near neighbors, if nobody else is there. Get 'Rastus to bring you down."

Mrs. Green set the teapot further back on the stove and murmured an indefinite "Mm." The milk-house door opened with a rattle of pails. Lou's eyes turned slightly in that direction as she talked on persistently.

"Brither Ed was going to stop yesterday and invite you, but he had to go another way, so I stopped in now. It's rather late to be giving invitations I know; but it's all been planned in such a hurry that we are out and out flustered. I thought, too, that I might stir you up to coming better than Ed could. It does seem too bad not to have a lot of folks at a tin wedding surprise party. Everybody's to bring something besides refreshments, you know. I've the cutest little oatmeal cooker that I got at the five cent store in the city, and I shall take that. Well, I won't hinder you any longer from your supper, good-by. Now do come if you can. Goodby."

The kitchen door timed its closing with mathematical accuracy to the issuing of a young man from the milk-house. Through the window Mrs. Green saw Lou's innocently surprised start and cordial bow, but the bit of talk that followed was inaudible to her. She felt certain, however, that it was about the surprise party.

"If those Harlows ain't managin' it," was her mental comment. "But I'll take more'n a pretty puttin' on to make Lou one mite engagin' to 'Rastus, I guess."

"Rastus came in presently, and, after washing at the sink, sat down to supper. He was thin and not over tall, with a vivid boyish complexion and a chin like his mother's, marked by a decision that almost a severe coldness of gray-blue eyes accentuated. It was only when 'Rastus smiled that one knew how winning his face could be.

"Lou Harlow stopped in to ask us to a tin weddin' surprise at her brother Will's. Probably she mentioned it to you," said Mrs. Green as she poured the tea. "I shall have to carry something in the shape of tin. I wonder if the dipper I got from that pedlar last week won't do. I took it for rags. They do pay so little for rags now. I declare it's hardly worth savin' them. If it hadn't been for them old overalls of yours I shouldn't made out enough to get this dipper."

"Likely they won't have more than seven dippers," said 'Rastus, helping himself to a second dish of apple sauce.

Mrs. Green looked disturbed. "Well, dippers is handy, every house-keeper needs two, and they use up quick. Dippers nowadays ain't what dippers used to be. There's hardly one to be got but has a weak'n in the solderin'. I don't know what's more provokin' than to have a dipperful of water come splashin' on to the floor and leave nothin' but a handle in your fingers."

The quick, bright smile flashed over 'Rastus's face.

"Better carry a pan or something of that kind."

His mother took the suggestion as profoundly as serious.

"I haven't one I could spare. Can't we stop for the Blake girls, 'Rastus? They like to get out, and it's rather far for 'em to walk now they're fallin'. I declare it goes to my heart to see poor Miss Betsey so meechin' lately. She doesn't seem to know whether her things is on straight or not. Last Sunday 'twas I could do to keep my mind on the sermon for wantin' to straighten her false teeth. 'Twas 'twisted so the parin' was over one eye. And its real pathetic to see Miss Harriett hoverin' about her sister and fussin' to make her comfortable, when all the time Miss Harriett's the oldest. Miss Betsey ain't but sixty-eight. I shouldn't wonder if 'twouldn't chik 'em up considerable to go to the surprise party this evenin'."

"Well, you can take 'em; I'll walk. 'Twould be too crowding in the buggy for us all, and I don't want to get the business wagon. There's a spoke loose."

Mrs. Green looked narrowly at him, the repose in her face indicating nothing.

"But, 'Rastus I can't hitch old Nell. You know how she acts the minute we get out—a caperin' and a pullin'."

"I'll be on hand to lok out for you."

'Rastus pushed away his chair, and the door closed after him.

'Rastus was not long in finishing the chores. When he had harnessed old Nell to the Concord buggy and hitched her to a post by the back door, he came in to shave. Mrs. Green was sitting by the kitchen window, dressed in her best gown—a black alpaca, with fashionably large sleeves. It had just been made over, and the size of the sleeves was supposed to offset the scantiness of the skirt. At any rate, as she told the neighbor dressmaker, "there wasn't any more pieces, and't was better the scrippin' should come in the skirt, for one's skirt didn't show in one's coffin, and if she was to die sudden before styles changed, why, the waist would do nicely for her to be laid out in."

A moon in its second quarter was showing above the eastern horizon as 'Rastus walked across the lots after

helping his mother off. Beyond, at the end of the lane, was another house, old-fashioned and yellow-painted. There lived Mr. and Mrs. English, two childless, middle-aged people. They were coming up from their house now. As he waited by the fence in the shadow of a lilac bush he could see them distinctly in the clear moonlight—two somewhat bent figures, stepping irregularly between them walked another figure, with youthful poises of the head and shoulders, and his heart gave a queer little jump at the sound of the girl's laugh.

"If I haven't stove my thumb into this cake," Mrs. English was saying. "Never mind, ma, turn it 'tother side to when you hand it in, and nobody'll notice," suggested her husband.

The musical girl laugh sounded again.

"Let me carry it, Aunt Martha."

With a thrill of satisfaction, 'Rastus saw the napkin-covered plate change hands. The slim, quick-stepping figure was ahead of the others now. As she reached the gate he seized the coveted opportunity, and moved forward, awkwardly snatching off his hat.

"Good evening, Miss Holland. Let me open the gate for you."

Never did the gate so long refuse to lift; and when she had passed through was it not to pause and turn back with a pretty "Oh, dear!" How he blessed the rose branch that caught her skirt, and so held her for his releasing. "Thank you," she said demurely, looking at him with the moonlight in her eyes. Old Nell came up at a brisk trot, but his mother was alone sitting very erect and holding the reins far apart.

"The Blake girls couldn't come. Miss Betsey had had turn last night, and Miss Harriett didn't want to leave her. So you see you could have rode down well enough. I know you've spoiled your new shoes a-trottin' through the wet grass 'cross lots."

"Well, you won't have to ride home alone," said 'Rastus, happily, as he helped her out. What were new shoes in comparison with that interchange of glance from a girl's eyes. "I don't believe the Harlows were very much surprised after all. Mother. When I got here every window was lighted. We're early too."

One by one, in twos, in threes, and merry family loads, the guests arrived; and there was talk and laugh and interchange of kisses among the women; an awkward standing aloof or scraps of neighborly chaff among the men, until the elder masculine element drifted to the kitchen, the younger to the long hall, and the sitting-room circle was strictly feminine.

Lou Harlow, bustling round among the guests was more busily hostess-like than Mrs. Harlow herself. "Sarell never mistrusted until the last minute," she was telling every one. "When we suggested her fixin' more'n usual for the evening, she said she just knew something was up."

"Yes, it was a real surprise until then," corroborated Sarell Harlow, her usually quiet face very animated. "I didn't suppose that anyone would remember that Will and I had been married ten years today. It's real pleasant to have one's friends so remembering."

Mrs. Green, taking inventory of the tin things on the table, smiled benignly upon the speaker. She had found but one dipper among the pile, and naturally felt the prestige of being the only person who had given an unduplicated article. Mrs. Dodgson, the local merchant's wife, began talking at her elbow.

"How nice Lou Harlow looks to-night. That lace at her throat is very becoming. I hear something about her and you, 'Rastus. How's that?"

Mrs. Green drew herself up stily.

"Folks can hear a good deal," she said.

'Rastus looks rather young to think of marrying. And Lou—why, she's—let me see." Mrs. Dodgson screwed her face into arithmetical puckers. "She's three years older 'n 'Rastus! I remember she was born the same year as my Ameret."

"Oh, well, it's the fashion nowadays for men to marry older'n themselves," Mrs. Green answered, with a blandness born of remembrance that Mrs. Dodgson's own son had wedded a woman ten years his senior—a widow with an overgrown daughter just entering her teens—and that the affair was very displeasing to his people.

But her neighbor's friendly inquisitiveness set her into a new train of thought. What if Lou Harlow had been the one whom 'Rastus had fancied? Before her rose a vision of heavy bread, cake smelling of salaratus, careless housekeeping—which she knew to be the rule at the Harlow homestead; she thought of what it would be to live day after day with Lou's giggling laugh, her persistent chatter and good-natured officiousness! Looking across the room at one who but a few hours ago she had characterized as "that flitterin' little Holland girl," she noted with a stirring of pride akin to what she felt in 'Rastus the trimness of the black gowned figure, the quiet manner, the delicate contour of the face whose prettiness did not conceal decision and capability. 'Rastus was talking with her now, his attitude marked by that new dignity which his mother had noticed of late. Something in the turn of his head reminded her of his father when he had come courting out Famigewasset way, where she lived as a girl.

When came a homeward movement

among the guests, Mrs. Green paused talking in the open door on her way out. Her quick eyes had recognized two young figures at the gate, and she turned her back upon them, barring the progress of Mr. and Mrs. English.

"I have enjoyed it all so much; haven't you, Miss English? I do think a surprise tin weddin' the best way of rememberin' the anniversary—it don't make so much work for the folks of the house. Seems to me its a pretty long while since you and your husband have been up to take tea with me. Now, why can't you be a might more neighborly and come soon?" Say Wednesday. Nothin' to hinder. Well, I'm real glad. And you are to bring your niece. Not havin' any girl of my own I like to see a bright face like hers 'round once in a while. I guess 'Rastus must have got the horse hitched by this time, good night."

'Rastus was patting Nell's nose as he stood by her when his mother came out. Reta Holland was still at the gate, waiting for her aunt and uncle, and Mrs. Green smiled at her as she passed. Mother and son drove along the bush fringed lane at a plodding gait; for old Nell seemed in an indolent mood, and 'Rastus loth to urge her on. The moonlight lay white and beautiful over everything.

"I've asked Mr. and Mrs. English to tea next Wednesday," said Mrs. Green. She cleared her throat at the eager interest on 'Rastus' face, and added what she knew would establish perfect understanding between herself and him. "And I've asked the niece, too."

"Have you?" In 'Rastus's voice was a thrill of such gladness as comes when one is twenty-three and in love for the first time. "Have you?"

How much the boy looked like his father in spite of having her eyes and chin! Mrs. Green felt a sudden all-embracing motherliness that let the girl of his love into the depths of her heart. But she only said, in a matter of fact way:

"I should think 'twould be real lonesome for the Englishes bein' as their house is where there ain't never any passin'. I should hate to live so far from folks. I wouldn't for anything."

'Rastus turned and looked back toward the yellow house. To him it seemed that under some circumstances he could live his whole life at the end of the road.—Mary Clark Huntington, in the Independent.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Where the day lingers, do thy best.—W. H. Burleigh.

Lord support me all day long of this troublous life, until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and my work is done. Then in Thy mercy grant me a safe lodging and a holy rest and peace at the last. Amen, Lord Jesus, Amen.

The highest statement of the culture of a human nature, and of the best attainment that is set before it, is that as it grows better it grows more transparent and more simple; more capable therefore, of simply and truly transmitting the will of God behind it.—Phillip Brooks.

In this restless nineteenth century the Master is standing with His hands filled with blessing, and all around there is a pushing, chaotic mob, hungry, weary, unable to find what it wants, and we may almost hear His voice like a sigh, "Make the men sit down."—F. C. Woodhouse.

He who sits down in a dungeon which another has made has not such cause to bewail himself as he who sits down in the dungeon which he has made for himself.—Dewey.

Truth itself, according to Lucke's fine saying, will not profit us so long as she is but held in the hand and taken upon trust from other minds, not wooed and won and wedded by our own.—George Eliot.

The value of experience lies in the lesson we learn from it, and the truest repentance is often witnessed by the poignancy of the sorrow. Both the lesson and the sorrow have their roots in memory. But, while we are not to forget that we have sometimes fallen, we are not always to carry the mud with us; the slough is behind, but the clean, clearly, defined road stretches ahead of us, skies are clear, and God is beyond.—Christian Union.

Every year strips us of at least one vain expectation and teaches us to reckon some solid good in its stead.—George Eliot.

Don't be in a hurry to find your work in the world, but just look about you in the place you find yourself in, and try to make things a little better and honest there.—T. Hughes.

Bouthey says, in one of his letters, "I have told you of the Spaniard who always puts on his spectacles when about to eat cherries, that they might look bigger and more tempting. In like manner, I make the most of my enjoyments and pack away my troubles in as small a compass as I can." Not a bad thought for the coming year.

The natives of Guben, in the Brandenburg district of Prussia, are passionately fond of eating dog's flesh, and it has now been deemed necessary to bring the matter within the scope of municipal supervision. At a recent council meeting it was decided that from the first day of the new year, dogs destined for human consumption must be slaughtered in the public abattoir.

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, the Topinka minister, sent as a present to all his friends a little original New Year poem in two verses beginning: "Dear friend of mine! The year is new. I wish a happy year for you."