

NEBRASKA NEWS NOTES

Free city mail delivery will commence in the city of York September 1.

Clarence Broderick of Fairfield, Neb., has been appointed to the railway mail service.

H. H. Wendt has been appointed postmaster at Big Springs, Deuel county, vice W. Kimball, resigned.

The peach crop will be almost a total failure in Gage county this season. Cherries, apples and other fruit will possibly make half a crop.

The Lincoln library board has elected Mrs. L. C. Richards a member of the board for the twenty-fifth time. Mrs. Callen Thompson and Prof. Wyer were other members elected.

Henry Miles, aged 69, and Mrs. Eliza Jane Wampole, aged 7, were married by Justice Hudson at Columbus at the home of D. N. Miner, whose wife is the daughter of the bride.

The summer school opened for its third week at Culbertson with a largely increased attendance. Students have been coming in since. The total enrollment now numbers about 25.

John Jenkins, consul to San Salvador, is in Washington settling up a few business affairs with the state department. Mr. Jenkins expects to visit Omaha before his return to San Salvador.

A plan to change the name of Post-office avenue in Baltimore to Mercer avenue, in recognition of the services of Congressman Mercer in securing a postoffice appropriation for that city, was voted down by the city council.

The Modern Woodmen and Royal Neighbors of lodge No. 224 at Fort Calhoun, held their memorial services at the city park Sunday afternoon. They marched from there to the cemetery and decorated the graves of their dead.

While playing with a toy pistol on the streets of Elk Creek Saturday evening Carl Jones, aged 5 years, shot Jacob Burress, aged 4 years, in the face, injuring one eye and burning his face quite badly. The eye will be saved.

Plainview will celebrate the Fourth of July in grand style. The necessary money has been raised. The festival grounds will be located in the Chilvers grove, the finest forest in the county. The cadet band of West Point will furnish music.

The lively barn of P. J. Smith at Lincoln was destroyed by fire. Fifteen horses were killed in the fire. The loss will be about \$15,000, which is only partially covered by insurance. The flames started in the hayloft and were beyond control before the fire department arrived.

The case of A. J. Gallentine against J. C. Johnson at Kearney for alleged practicing deception in selling mining stock was dismissed by the court for lack of prosecution. Gallentine was fully convinced that the business in connection with the mining stock was being conducted in a legitimate manner.

The Retail Grocers' association of Lincoln held a picnic in the Seward park. About 2,000 people came up on three trains and spent the day in various prize contests. Seward park is a favorite resort for Lincoln people this being the second excursion during the last four weeks, while the trainmen will celebrate the Fourth here.

The Lee Broom and Duster company have signed up a new contract with the state board of public lands and buildings for convict labor at the penitentiary. The new contract raises the price paid per man to 50 cents per day. The former price was 45 cents. The number of men employed is reduced from 125 to 100.

The 13-year-old son of Fred Henkens, a farmer living northeast of Hooper, was bitten in the right ankle by a snake while the boy was returning from work in the hayfield. The lad was brought to town immediately and a physician summoned. The limb had swollen considerably and was somewhat discolored. He was taken home and it is thought will recover.

The case of Mace E. Atwood against Richardson county, wherein the plaintiff sues for \$25,000 for the loss of a limb in a runaway accident, came up for hearing in the district court and was continued on a technicality. Mrs. Atwood lost the limb by being thrown from a vehicle against a telegraph pole, which her attorneys allege was permitted to stand too far in the road.

A preliminary meeting was held at Bennington for the organization of an old settlers' association. A number of the old-timers met at the Beach hotel and over a dinner discussed the preliminaries. F. B. Hibbard of Irvington, J. P. Timperly and Nicholas Peterson of Bennington were appointed a committee to perfect the organization and arrange for the meeting next year, which will be held at Bennington.

John Lane, a young man, was assisting in digging a well on Ed. Sewell's farm at Weeping Water, in which dynamite was used to blast rock and after a charge Lane descended to the bottom, when the fumes of the gas suffocated him and he gave the order to be hoisted. The well is twenty-eight feet deep and when within five feet of the bottom Lane fell out of the bucket, striking on the bottom on his head, fracturing his skull on the base of the skull, necessitating a fracture away on the neck, necessitating other operations.

ING NEW POSTILLION DRAPERY.



Dainty little organdie gown showing the new postillion lace drapery at the back. It is made of figured organdie. The low corsage is draped with plain net. The sleeve ruffles and drapery are of lace.

Paris Fashions of Today.

Paris letter: The reign of the sunshade is fully assured for the coming season although for the past few weeks storm umbrellas have been the more useful article of the two to la belle Parisienne. Indeed the weather has been perfectly hideous and one has had no chance to show the lovely new creations with which it is one's intention to chastise her dearest enemy.

But the time for the sunshade must eventually come so I may as well describe some beauties which I saw a day or two ago on the Rue de la Paix, for it behooves us to choose our sunshades with as much care as we do our hats.

One lovely effect was in daintily flowered Chinese silk, with enameled stick and particularly pretty top. One had floral designs handpainted and so delicately done that the description would be impossible.

Another very fashionable type was formed of alternate silk tuckings and lace insertions, being finished with a fascinating, drawn silk, muslin (brilliant) of Chinese silk was elaborately covered with flowers and butterflies with the same drawn silk muslin (brilliant) lining. Yet another entrancing sunshade was massed with drawn chiffon and applied lace and frills. This was in a soft creamy dun, and forms a delightful setting for the face of a pronounced brunette. Sunshades of Chinese silk with pale colored background are seen in many colorings, delicate blues and pinks being favorites. These are lined with white brilliant and have arched sticks with porcelain knobs. A sunshade which can be used either for half-mourning or other purposes has its frillings and drawings of white mousseline de sole applied with black lace and black satin stripings. The stick is of white enamel and the porcelain knob is hand painted. A very pretty sunshade for half-mourning was of black moire antique with applications of ecru guipure and a pretty embroidery of narrow black ribbons.

Picturesqueness is still the mode in costumes worn by elegant women. A frock which would have raised a smile 12 months ago, but which I saw in one of the most exclusive ateliers was formed of creamy ring-patterned Chantilly net, bordered with gold fillet insertions painted in rose and forget-me-not and leafy colorings. This dainty transparency was mounted on white lousine and had a pale blue sash with gold lace trimmings, being completed by a bunch of pink roses.

The sash is to figure largely on this kind of frock, especially the trimmed and bordered sash of Louis quize and Louis Seize kind. With frocks of embroidered lawn or spotted muslin the simpler kind of lousine ribbon wound tastefully around the waist and culminating in a coquettish bow with long tasseled ends is a most suitable sash. The more elaborate frock suggests a sash made of silk and more intricately arranged.

The two conspicuous points about evening frocks at the moment are delicate color effects and gauziness, with a shortening of the train where dance frocks are concerned, so noticeable is this feature on some of the newest frocks that one might almost feel safe to let one's train take care of itself. The materials for evening gowns are not mousseline de sole, lace or lace. Some of these fabrics are dreams of the weaver's art. A beautiful net seen sparkled all over with the tiniest sized mother-of-pearl and silver sequins.

The faint shade of the mother-of-pearl suggested a mounting of either the palest of pink or the palest of blue satin. In the case of pink being used the appropriate contrast would be formed by having a sash of pale blue white, if blue were used for mounting, a pale pink sash being the thing, with blue a sash of rose pink would be worn. The sash could be made either of silk or tulle, as taste dictated.

A simple dinner gown, which you will find illustrated, is of pale blue mercerized batiste. The waist is composed of

bands of batiste, herring-boned. The sleeve, which fits to the elbow, is filled into a small cuff, following the same idea as the waist. The yoke of skirt is herring-boned and seamed in silk. A stock collar with turnover of Houghton lace finishes the gown.

A dinner gown of figured organdie, also pictured, has elbow sleeves, with ruffle of lace. The top of corsage is draped with plain net, the postillion drapery being of lace.

A novel effect is shown in a gown of buff French pique, embroidered in reds and French knots. The Russian blouse is fastened with red ribbon, the sailor collar being of embroidery. The upper sleeve is small, as will be seen by the white batiste. A red belt is worn. The skirt is tucked from front to below the hips and is full at the bottom. There is a diamond shaped embroidery.

An evening gown has the yoke of waist and skirt of chandilly combined with accordion pleated crepe de chine. One of the really new things that I

SIMPLE DINNER GOWN.



Simple little gown of pale blue mercerized batiste. Waist composed of bands of the batiste, herringboned together. The sleeve, which fits to the elbow, is gathered into a band at the wrist, composed of the narrow bands, connected by herringbone. The yoke and seams of the skirt are also herringboned.

must not omit mentioning is painted lace, which fits in appropriately with the prevailing vogue. Alencon and fllet laces are very pretty when artificially colored and the fashion is likely to extend. The prettiest thing I have yet seen in painted lace is a pale blue lisse ballgown with insertions and applications of painted Alencon lace. A very dainty suggestion of golden coloring led one to imagine that the whole thing was intended for a beauty of the Dresden China type.

With the passing of boreal weather the boa will give place to the new ruffe which is an effect produced by a marriage of the boa and fichu. These ruffles are very prettily made up of either chiffon, tulle, silk or lace. They are cape-like in design and so billowy in their laciness as to make them a most dainty toilet accessory. One of the prettiest I have seen is of pale blue lousine silk with a Chinese design of very impalpable pink roses. It is formed of three cape-like frills, each of the illustration, with full underleeve which is bordered with hemstitched tucks of white chiffon. There is also a collar of the chiffon. Another pretty one is of point d'esprit in deep vandyke points which are bordered with black satin ribbon, neat tulle bows being scattered about it profusely. Many of the flat pleated mousseline ruffles are bordered with roses or velvet rose leaves applied at the edges. Yet another ruffe is made of tulle formed into capes, the long stole ends of pompadour silk being trimmed with cut steel buttons.

The summer gown is to be wonderfully elaborate. A creation to be seen room on one of our grande dames is of ivory mousseline voile, formed into tiny box pleats, strapped with narrow stitched bands of silk, a lace-edged flounce—a perfect cloud of ruchings and strappings—festooned around the hem in the loveliest way and surmounted by a gold bordered band. The dainty sleeves are of lace, as also is a part of the bodice, the rest being small bouillonnes of voile, straps of silk and dashes of gold.

A day gown seen in a leading atelier is of delicate pastel blue crepe-voile. The front of the skirt is arranged in long narrow pleats strapped at intervals with silk of the same shade, attached by tiny gold buttons. The lower part is encircled by deep tucks, the bodice also being killed and tucked, pouching over a sash of soft silk and relieved by a collar of guipure lace. With this will be worn a smart walking cape of blue cloth of the same shade reaching just to the waist. The cape opens in the front to disclose a waistcoat of natural tinted linen printed in several soft colors and trimmed with rosettes of blue velvet, a roll collar crossing at the waist.

A charming dinner costume, also illustrated, is of glacer blue liberty satin elaborately spangled with silver pailles. An evening waist shown in the same illustration is of pink mousseline de sole. The corsage is formed of large tucks, with trimming of gold and pink embroidery. The full lace sleeves are filled at the elbow to form ruffe.

An anonymous benefactor has just founded a traveling scholarship for journalists in connection with the City of London school. Commenting on this, the London Graphic says: "Traveling should be part of the pressman's education no less than of the artist's, and money spent in giving aspirants to the calling something analogous to the Prix de Rome or the Radcliffe Traveling Fellowship to compete for will be money well invested." In Norway two traveling scholarships are annually awarded to the journalists by the state.

A FEW TALL TRUTHS.

SPRINGTIME STORIES THAT BEAR THE GOSPEL BRAND.

Snakes, California Onions, Shelled Corn in Gourds, Big Trees, Crazy Cattle and Other Veracious Elements of a Plain Unvarnished Tale Such Only Pioneers Tell.

Quite a group of mining veterans sat around a table in a restaurant the other evening telling stories of hunting and mining in the great West. They were all men of wide experience and reputation, with mining knowledge at their fingers' ends and big money in their pockets.

They recalled the days when Mark Twain was one of them, until he became a reporter on the Virginia City Enterprise and took up his residence in a lonely cabin on the slope of the great mountains. His stories made him famous because they were true, they said. No man could live in Nevada, tell lies and survive. It was the cold truth or a lynching.

"Tell the same stories in New York and no one would believe them," said Captain Burbridge, the engineer and mining expert. "For instance, when prospecting once, I had a rattlesnake adventure that was gospel truth. I had 10 or 12 men and a wagon load of supplies and a mining outfit. We were all armed and on the lookout for game as we journeyed.

"One day, on a plateau of barren rocks, I saw a lot of rattlers just ahead of us, and hurried on to get a better shot at them. Like a flash they disappeared. We found the rocks of volcanic character, full of holes, and under a little ledge was an opening to a cave. We cut a pole, tied a dog to the end of it and shoved it down, to see if there were any rattlers at the bottom. Of course the dog would bark and give warning if there were.

Catching Snakes With Dog Meat. "You never heard such a screaming and howling as came from that hole when the dog touched bottom. He scolded and barked and we hauled him up. There must have been 200 snakes hanging to the brute by their hooked teeth. He was already dead and swelling up. We killed most of the snakes and prepared for vengeance.

"I sent my colored man Bob to the wagon for ammunition. We put 40 pounds of giant powder into a gunny sack, dropped in a couple of sticks of dynamite, with a cartridge attached to a hand battery, tied the sack firmly and lowered it into the cave with the pole. When I touched the bottom there was a muffled explosion that shook the earth, yet no sign of snakes.

"But the odor was worse than a thousand chemical factories. Having some mines to prospect 10 miles over the mountains, we left to return a day or two later. We couldn't stand the odor of the place. When we came back and dropped in a few pine knots to light up the cave, it was one mass of dead rattlesnakes. The pile was as big as a hay loft, and by blowing out a section of the ledge we found that the cave extended under the ground for a quarter of a mile, and it was full of snakes all the way.

"By careful measurements we estimated that there were between 50,000 and 60,000 dead rattlers. After pulling them out with hooks for an hour the smallest we saw was eight feet long and had 19 rattles."

Oysters Grow on Bushes. "Then I had another experience in Lower California—down on the old Spanish peninsula. The rocks are full of gold there, and along the seashore you can find everything from pearls to emeralds and oysters. That reminds me, the oyster bushes of old California show the resources of that remarkable country. The bushes hang like willows into the water, literally alive with oysters—the sweetest, juiciest bivalves imaginable. There are miles of them growing on the bushes under water. They fasten themselves to the twigs when young. You can run a boat along shore for hundreds of miles and club them off like apples, the finest oysters on the globe sampling into the boat by the wagon load. I have never seen any good oysters since.

"About 200 miles below San Diego we came to a wilderness around a lake. There did not seem to be room enough in the lake for the ducks, so they roosted on the trees for miles about. There were enough to supply a city.

"Toward evening we saw a lot of deer coming down to the lake, with mountain lions in close pursuit. The deer plunged into the water, and we after them on a raft and got up so close that we killed half a dozen of them with a sort of harpoon we had for spearing seals on the coast.

A Kansas Story That Isn't a Dwarf. "Now, if you really want a little fable listen to this: You know the California onions are really wonderful. They grow anywhere from the size of a skillet to a coal hod. Colonel Jim Taylor, of Kansas, who had been president of the Agricultural society at Topeka and thought he knew something about big vegetables, having cracked up Kansas as the most fertile state in the union, threw up his hands when he saw the big onions raised around Los Angeles. He took a couple of barrels to his gasconading friends in Iowa, and one day when they were stuffing a Connecticut man with big stories about Iowa vegetables the colonel said: 'Did I ever show you any of the onion seed we raised down in Kansas?' The Iowa man said, 'What about them?' 'I'll bring some in and let you see for yourself.' Going to the door he whistled for his colored man to bring in the California onions. He dumped them on the floor, as big as water buckets, and said: 'Them's our ordinary onion seeds that we raise around Topeka.'

"Of course that it is a fable, but California raised the onions all right. The other day I was at the Palmer house, in Chicago, where some Sangamon country farmers were telling stories about their big crops—six gourds on a hill of corn, with a quart of shelled corn in each gourd.

"A Fort Wayne man said: 'That's nothing. In Philadelphia I have seen a dozen policeman sound asleep on one beat.' That's another fable.

Here's a Tall Timber Story. "But here is a true story about the big timber of Puget sound. We were out prospecting for timber and running a survey line when we came across the finest timber country in the world. The trees are not so large as those in California, but they stand as thick as bam-

boos and as straight as arrows without a limb for 200 feet from the ground. On 40 acres they cut 4,000,000 feet of lumber.

"In the redwood district of Northern California they cut from one tree 244,000 feet of clear lumber, besides making a lot of shacks and staves and several carloads of shingles. From another tree they built a court house and four churches.

"Once on the Russian river we had a mighty interesting experience in getting across with a bunch of cattle. The river was clear up to the top of the banks, running like a millrace, with chunks of ice as big as freight cars shooting the current. We traveled for so long. Suddenly we saw an enormous redwood undermined by the current, lying across the river. I ordered every man to get his axe and construct an could mount the log. It took three days' hard work to build the approaches on both sides. Then we drove the cattle over, but found 40 head missing. They didn't fall into the river, they didn't stampede, and there were no Indians around to steal them, but they had disappeared.

"After a two days' search, when we were about to give it up, 'Bill Thomas gave a shout and we saw a lot of horns sticking out of a knot hole. We investigated and found that the 40 head in their scramble to get across the river had strayed into a hollow limb, and, not having sense enough to go backward, they were trying to get out through the knot hole. We finally rescued them.

"I tell you that was a dandy redwood, and I have no doubt it is there to this day, big enough to carry an army over. I have never told this story except to Western men and people who know me. Tell a story like that east of the Missouri river and you'd be run in by the police."

Continuing, Captain Burbridge said: "I might go on telling these stories by the hour, every one of them solid truth from the ground up. They are the original source whence Mark Twain got his jumping frog and other tales.

How Indians Stomped. "One of the most curious adventures I ever had was when crossing the Sierra Nevada, in '52. We had a big wagon train, were well provided with provisions and ammunition, with plenty of beef on foot for fresh meat. One night we were going into camp in a grove of trees in a valley. But a cautious tenderfoot, who was an Indian hunter by nature, though he had never seen more than a dozen redskins, said we'd better camp on high ground, that we might not be surprised by Indians.

"Privately I thought it was a good idea myself, but had seen none and did not believe a savage was within two days' journey of the place. We went into camp and were sleeping soundly, when one of the steers got loose and, nosing around the camp for fodder, rammed his head into an empty salt barrel, the steer began to whirl around as if crazy with the blind staggers. Then following like a mad bull, with the empty salt barrel making his noise sound like 40 calloppes, the steer started down the slope at race horse speed, with the barrel over his head and his horns sticking out.

"There were 500 Indians camped all around us, and we knew nothing of it until that steer with the barrel on his head, following like a fog horn, stamped the Indian ponies, and in an instant the trees were shaking with war whoops and frightened horses. The Indians took one look at the horns and the barrel coming directly at them, and followed their ponies, with the medicine men shouting that the devil was after them.

"That steer, which cost us \$20 in Kansas City, saved our camp and all the women and children, besides driving off the Indians. Next day we captured about 100 Indian ponies. Gentlemen, that episode occurred in 1852, and a letter from my son-in-law, in California county, received yesterday, informs me that those Indians are running yet."—Denver Republican.

STICK TO THE FARM.

The Charms of City Life are No Compensation for the Country Comforts.

It is said that the annual increase of Chicago's population is from 60,000 to 70,000, and among the newcomers every year are young men from the country who are victims of the notion that opportunity awaits them in the cities alone. Under this delusion they condemn themselves very probably to the disappointments of an overcrowded labor market. If they get work it is at a small wage or salary, they must live in cheap boarding-houses, pass from room to cheap tenements if they have the courage to marry, find more and more that their position is one of anxious dependence, and that the imaginary charms of city life disappear to leave nothing but the depressing reality of buildings jammed together to the exclusion of light and air, of an all-pervading noise and dirt, of a routine which lives little but a bare subsistence in the present and holds out no promise for the future.

In the vast majority of cases such must be the result, and while country life may have some serious drawbacks it is plain that those young men make a capital mistake when they come to consider the question of opportunity through an ignorant contempt of their familiar surroundings. If instead of indulging in dreams of fortune building in the city they were to master thoroughly all the work of a farm, cultivate an interest in it, add a new intelligence to it, take over the lands of their fathers, or acquire others by purchase, put into this life all the ambition of their dreams, they would do better in the end than 90 per cent of the city people, have a greater intellectual stimulus in their employment, get a greater enjoyment out of living, and attain to an enviable independence.

The opportunity is close at hand if they will only see it, and it adds to the anomaly of the situation that while they are neglecting their natural advantage disillusions city men past the prime of life are "reeling" to farms, where they waste their substance in foolish experiments owing to a belief that anyone can be a farmer. But these poor competitors do not count, and if the farm boy will stick to the farm and make a science of agriculture his success is assured.—Chicago Tribune.