

ONE OF OURS

By WILLA CATHER.
Famous Nebraska Author.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

Claude Wheeler, living on a Nebraska ranch with his parents and a younger brother, Ralph, has to quit Temple college, a small denominational school at Lincoln, at the close of his third year to take care of the home place while his father, Nat Wheeler, and Ralph spend most of their time on the Colorado ranch. Claude's older brother, Baylis, while in Lincoln, Claude has become a close friend of the Felch family, Mrs. Felch, a motherly lady, has been having made the shy boy feel at home on his numerous visits.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

CHAPTER XVII.

It had been Mr. Wheeler's intention to stay at home until spring, but Ralph wrote that he was having trouble with his foreman, so his father went out to the ranch, February 1. A few days after his departure there was a storm which gave people something to talk about for a year to come.

The snow began to fall about noon on St. Valentine's day, a soft, thick, wet snow that came down in billows and stuck to everything. Later in the afternoon the wind rose, and wherever there was a shed, a tree, a hedge, or even a clump of tall weeds, this began to pile up. Mrs. Wheeler, looking anxiously out from the sitting-room windows, could see nothing but driving waves of soft white, which cut the tall house off from the rest of the world.

Claude and Dan, down in the corral, where they were provisioning the cattle against bad weather, found the air so thick that they could scarcely breathe; their ears and mouths and nostrils were full of snow, their faces plastered with it. It melted constantly upon their clothing, and yet they were white from their boots to their caps as they worked—there was no shaking it off. The air was not cold, only a little below freezing. When they came in for supper, the drifts had piled against the house until they covered the lower sashes of the kitchen windows, and as they opened the door, a frail wall of snow fell in behind them. Mahalley, came running with her broom and pail to sweep it up.

"Ain't it a terrible storm, Mr. Claude? I reckon poor Mr. Ernest won't get over tonight, will he? You never mind, honey, I'll wipe up that water. Run along and get dry clothes on you, and take a bath, or you'll catch cold. The ole tank's full of hot water for you." Exceedingly good weather of any kind always delighted Mahalley.

Mrs. Wheeler met Claude at the head of the stairs. "There's no danger of the steers getting snowed under along the creek, is there?" she asked anxiously.

"No, I thought of that. We've driven them all into the little corral on the level, and shut the gates. It's over my head down in the creek bottom. I haven't a dry stitch on me. I guess I'll follow Mahalley's advice and get in the tub, if you can wait supper for me."

"Put your clothes outside the bathroom door, and I'll see to drying them for you."

"Yes, please. I'll need them tomorrow. I don't want to spoil my new corduroys. And, mother, see if you can make Dan change. He's too wet and steamy to sit at the table with. Tell him if anybody has to go out after supper, I'll go."

Mrs. Wheeler hurried down stairs. Dan, she knew, would rather sit all evening in wet clothes than take the trouble to put on dry ones. He tried to sneak past her to his own quarters behind the washroom, and looked aggrieved when he heard her message.

"I ain't got no other outside clothes, except my Sunday ones," he objected.

"Well, Claude says he'll go out if anybody has to. I guess you'll have to change for once, Dan, or go to bed without your supper." She laughed quietly at his dejected expression as he slunk away.

"Mrs. Wheeler," Mahalley whispered, "can't I run down to the cellar and get some of them nice strawberry preserves? Mr. Claude, he loves 'em on his hot biscuit. He don't eat the honey no more; he's got tired of it."

"Very well. I'll make the coffee good and strong; that will please him more than anything."

Claude came down feeling clean and warm and hungry. As he opened the stair door he sniffed the coffee and frying ham, and when Mahalley bent over the oven the warm smell of brooding biscuit rushed out with the heat. These combined odors somewhat dispersed Dan's gloom when he came back in squeaky Sunday shoes and a bunglesome cutaway coat. The latter was not required of him, but he swore it for revenge.

During supper Mrs. Wheeler told them once again how long ago when she was first married, there were no roads or fences west of Frankfort. One winter night she sat on the roof, holding up a lantern tied to a pole to guide Mr. Wheeler home through a snowstorm like this.

Mahalley, moving about the stove, watched over the group at the table. She liked to see the men fill themselves with food—though she did not count Dan a man, by any means—and she looked out to see that Mrs. Wheeler did not forget to eat altogether, as she was apt to do when she fell to remembering things that had happened long ago. Mahalley was in a happy frame of mind because her weather predictions had come true, only yesterday she had told Mrs. Wheeler there would be snow, because she had seen snow-birds. She regarded supper as more than usually important when Claude put on his "velvet close," as she called his brown corduroys.

After supper Claude lay on the couch in the sitting room, while his mother read aloud to him from "Beak House,"—one of the few novels she loved. Poor Jo was drawing toward his end when Claude suddenly sat up. "Mother, I believe I'm too sleepy. I'll have to turn in. Do you suppose it's still snowing?"

He rose and went to look out, but the west windows were so plastered with snow that they were opaque. Even from the one on the south he could see nothing for a moment; then Mahalley must have carried her lamp to the kitchen window beneath, for all at once a broad yellow beam shone out into the choked air, and

Claude struck the frozen window frame with his fist, lifted the lead sash, and thrusting out his head tried to look abroad into the engulfed night. There was a solemnity about a storm of such magnitude; it gave one a feeling of infinity. The myriads of white particles that crossed the rays of lamplight seemed to have a queer surprise, to be hurrying toward a definite end. A faint purity like a courage almost too fine for human senses, exhaled from them as they clustered about his head and should-

ers. His mother, looking under his lifted arm, strained her eyes to peer out into that swarming movement, and murmured softly in her quavering voice:

Ever deeper, deeper, deeper.
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper.
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper.
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape.
(To be Continued.)

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Except in far west—5¢ per lb. more

Doane College Member of Universities Association

Special Dispatch to The Omaha Bee.

Crete, Neb., March 23.—Doane college has been admitted to membership in the American Association of Universities, according to a letter received by President J. N. Bennett from the secretary of the association.

This is the standard organization of first class schools of higher education. Last year the University of Nebraska was the only institution in the state a member of this association. The association makes a special point of the number of graduates from its colleges who go on to take postgraduate work, and of the record made by them. Doane has inspired 27 per cent of its last 19 graduating classes to undertake postgraduate work. Authorities here assume that they owe their admission in part to this condition.

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Eggs Sold by Yard.

Norwalk, Conn., March 23.—"How many eggs in a yard of eggs?" Charles Griffith, local grocer, invites this trade to call and see. He is advertising "a yard of eggs for 61 cents" and lets his customers measure them. They get 15 eggs.

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NOTE—Only one 10-lb. lot or one 100-lb. bag to each customer.

LUX	15c SIZE	3 FOR	27c
RICE	FANCY BLUE ROSE	4 LBS. FOR	25c
SOUP	CAMPBELL'S—21 KINDS—Can—		10c
CORN	Hawkeye Brand IOWA PACK—No. 2 Tins	3 FOR	25c
JELLO	ALL FLAVORS, Pkg.,		9c
FLOUR	Washburn Crosby's GOLD MEDAL—48-lb. Bags—		\$1.99
ORANGES	"SUNKIST" CALIFORNIA NAVELS, Medium Size—Dozen,		35c
TOMATOES	MISSOURI Solid Pack—No. 3 Tins—		12 1/2c
BUTTER	SUNSET GOLD FRESH CHURNED Sweet as a Nut—Lb.,		50c
PURITAN	MALT Extract, Hop Flavored—75c Can for—		59c
HEAD LETTUCE	Large Heads, Solid and Crisp—Each—		10c
CABBAGE	NEW CROP—TEXAS—Lb.—		7 1/2c
JAP ROSE SOAP	4 Bars		27c

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Armour's Star Breakfast Bacon, 1/2 or whole sides	32c
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Morris Supreme Breakfast Bacon, 1/2 or whole side	32c
Dold's Niagara Skinned Ham, 10-lb. average, special at	24c

BEEF CUTS	VEAL CUTS
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Choice Beef Pot Roast	Choice Veal Stew
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Choice Porterhouse Steak	Choice Veal Chops
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Choice Sirloin Steak	
Fresh Beef Hearts	
Choice Leaf Lard	Pure Rendered Lard
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SPECIALS ON CANNED GOODS

Fancy Sweet Corn, 3 cans	30c
Fancy Tomatoes, 3 cans	33c
Fancy Early June Peas, 3 cans	30c
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Fancy Yellow Cling Peaches	20c
Fancy Sardines in Oil, 5 cans	25c

COFFEE

Buehler Bros. Royal Brand	40c
Buehler Bros. Peaberry Coffee at	30c

SPECIAL SALE ON BUTTERINE

Evergood Liberty Nut	19c
Cudahy's Rex	19c
Evergood Butterine, 2-lb. carton	45c
Evergood Butterine, 5-lb. carton	\$1.10
Danish Pioneer Creamery Butter	52c

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Choice Fresh Pig Feet, 4 lbs.	25c
Choice Fresh Pig Hearts, 4 lbs.	25c
Choice Fresh Pig Ears, 4 lbs.	25c
Choice Fresh Pig Snouts, 4 lbs.	25c
Choice Lean Boston Butts	17c

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