

Mr. Grinstead and the Drainage Question

The fate of the drainage law which is now before the supreme court is anxiously awaited by the owners and renters of bottomland. This law which was enacted by the last legislature has been held unconstitutional by Judge Babcock, and on appeal from Nemaha County, is now pending before the supreme court.

There are forty thousand acres of land in this county liable to overflow. For several years this property has been unproductive because of the annual floods from the rivers, until the best of the overflowed land can be purchased at about twenty five dollars per acre. If Nemaha and Muddy rivers could be prevented from such overflows, there is not an acre of this land but what would be worth at least seventy five dollars an acre, and some of it would probably bring as high as one hundred twenty-five dollars per acre. The law as it stands provides for what is termed drainage districts which are to be organized for the purpose of straightening the channels of rivers at the expense of the overflowed lands. Not a penny of this expense can be charged to any of the up lands, nor can any bridges made necessary by a change in the channel of the rivers be charged to the county in any way. In other words, those who are to be benefited must bear all the expense.

Those who have studied the question are quite positive that the plan of straightening the channel of the river is feasible, and will absolutely prevent overflows.

The plan has been successful wherever it has been tried. Across the Missouri river, the Tarkio river and the Nishnabotna river have been entirely reformed from their bad habits, and the fall in such rivers is not as great as in the Nemaha, which is about

ten feet to the mile. If the Nemaha river was straightened, it would reduce the length of the river about seventy per cent. That is, it would make what is now ten miles of river, into a river three miles in length. The water having a shorter distance to travel would, as a matter of course, run off much more rapidly than now. The flow would not be impeded by curves and drift wood and, if the experience in other cases can be relied upon, our friends on the bottoms would be benefited beyond computation. The reclaiming of these forty thousand acres of land would increase the taxable property of this county at least \$250,000.00 and would be of great benefit to every citizen in the county.

R. E. Grinstead, the republican nominee for the legislature has given this question a great deal of thought and study. He has investigated other rivers where the plan has been tried and has personally made a survey practically of the whole Nemaha river in Richardson County. Mr. Grinstead could not be induced to become a candidate for the legislature until after the drainage law had been declared unconstitutional, and his sole reason for becoming a candidate was to push through such amendments as may be necessary to insure a drainage law which will pass muster when challenged in court.

We do not know of any single piece of legislature which is fraught with such great good to the people of this county as the drainage law, and it is not surprising that the owners of these forty thousand acres of bottom land are with one accord advocating the election of the man who is more conversant with the question than any other man in the state of Nebraska.

The Infant Dead.

"Suffer little children to come unto me" said One, and saying he opened his arms of love to receive unto himself again, that which he had entrusted to us awhile.

Francis William Martin and Everts Sargent Towle were members of the house of David Dorrington; they were the youngest and the first of the fourth generation to depart. It is of no avail to try to lessen grief with words, though I fain would rob the grave, in part of its terrors.

As great a mystery hovers over each cradle as shrouds each coffin; it maintains as deep silence

to our asking "whence," as does the grave when asked, "whither." In the one, our eyes behold the mystery, though we cannot fathom it, and the other we accept by faith, that all is well. The fear of death is earth born—modeled from our own clay and the image, we ourselves have made, fills us with terror; why should we fear to meet what all the dead have met, what all that is will have to meet. 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me.'

'Tis the severed ties that give us pain and the empty arms that fill the realms of our inmost be-

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ings with utter loneliness. The face distorted with life's latest pang, death smooths in passing, as an angels wing, he takes pain from the sufferer, sorrow from the sorrowful and gathers up all lives broken threads.

He gives peace to the troubled, friends to the friendless and rest to the weary. He gathers from the tree of life, the bud and blossom with the ripened fruit and in a common bed of earth the patriarch and babe slepp, side by side.

Love is divine and belongs to Heaven, perhaps it would wither and die if we could always keep those we clasp to our hearts. I would rather live and love in a world where Death is king, than have eternal life without love.

I would rather have my children and lose them, if God wills, than never to have had them; no life but is broader, purer and richer, for having and calling our own, these innocent beings fresh from God's hand, even though their life be but a breath.

When these two babes were placed in their caskets, where day,

lily and violet about them, they looked as though they had fallen asleep in beds of choicest flowers. And a chord in my heart was stirred to ask, which is the golden blessing life or death; and I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me, write, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Happy, we of many years, when the summons come, if we have done our life work as well, as did those little ones of twelve months. The song of wondrous sweetness that burst into our lives, one day, is not hushed because the little singer has flown. The harp that gave forth strains of love under the touch of baby fingers, is not tuneless because it has a broken string. Be comforted, the song will sound forth more glorious and the silver chord will vibrate once more—not now, but in the coming years on the beautiful isle of somewhere.—Communicated.

M. Riley of Dawson was transacting business in this city Sunday.