

YEAR WITHOUT SUMMER

STRANGE STORY OF THE FRIGID YEAR OF 1816.

HEAVY ICE FROZE IN AUGUST

The Year 1816 Was Known as the Coldest Summer Ever Experienced in the United States and Europe. Prediction in 1837 of Cold 1907.

Danbury (Conn.) News: The year 1816 was known throughout the United States and Europe as the coldest ever experienced by any person then living. There are persons in northern New York who have been in the habit of keeping diaries for years, and it is from the pages of an old diary begun in 1810 and kept up unbroken until 1840 that the following information regarding this year without a summer has been taken.

January was so mild that most persons allowed their fires to go out and did not burn wood except for cooking. There were a few cold days, but they were very few. Most of the time the air was warm and springlike. February was not cold. Some days were colder than any in January, but the weather was about the same. March, from the 1st to the 6th, was inclined to be windy. It came in like a small lion and went out like a very innocent sheep.

April came in warm, but as the days grew longer, the air became colder, and by the first of May there was a temperature like that of winter, with plenty of snow and ice. In May the young buds were frozen dead, ice formed half an inch thick on ponds and rivers, corn was killed, and the cornfields were planted again and again, until it became too late to raise a crop. By the last of May in this climate the trees are usually in leaf, and birds and flowers are plentiful. When the last of May arrived in 1816 everything had been killed by the cold.

June was the coldest month of roses ever experienced in this latitude. Frost and ice were as common as buttercups usually are. Almost every green thing was killed; all fruit was destroyed. Snow fell ten inches deep in Vermont. There was a seven-inch fall in the interior of New York state, and the same in Massachusetts. There were only a few moderately warm days. Everybody looked, longed and waited for warm weather, but warm weather did not come.

It was also dry; very little rain fell. All summer long the wind blew steadily from the north in blasts laden with snow and ice. Mothers knit socks of double thickness for their children, and made thick mittens. Planting and shivering were done together, and the farmers who worked out their taxes on the country roads wore overcoats and mittens.

On June 17 there was a heavy fall of snow. A Vermont farmer sent a flock of sheep to pasture on June 16. The morning of the 17th dawned with the thermometer below the freezing point. About 9 o'clock in the morning the owner of the sheep started to look for his flock. Before leaving home he turned to his wife and said jokingly: "Better start the neighbors soon; it's the middle of June and I may get lost in the snow."

An hour after he had left home a terrible snowstorm came up. The snow fell thick and fast, and, as there was so much wind, the fleecy masses piled in great drifts along the windward side of the fences and outbuildings. Night came and the farmer had not been heard of.

His wife became frightened and alarmed the neighborhood. All the neighbors joined the searching party. On the third day they found him. He was lying in a hollow on the side hill with both feet frozen; he was half covered with snow, but alive. Most of the sheep were lost.

A farmer near Tewsbury, Vt., owned a large field of corn. He built fires. Nearly every night he and his men took turns in keeping up the fire and watching that the corn did not freeze. The farmer was rewarded for his tireless labors by having the only crop of corn in the region.

July came on with snow and ice. On the Fourth of July ice as thick as window glass formed throughout New England, New York, and in some parts of the state of Pennsylvania. Indian corn, which, in some parts of the east, had struggled through May and June, gave up, froze and died.

To the surprise of everybody, August proved the worst month of all. Almost every green thing in this country and Europe was blasted with frost.

SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

An Old Weather Sharp Wrote "There Will be No Summer in 1907."

Cincinnati Enquirer: In those good old days way back in 1837, when the vineclad porch of every village tavern sheltered one or more weather sharps whose prognostications were based upon the presumed infallibility of the goosebone as a weather indicator, there lived a man, name unknown, who modestly tied knots in weather predictions.

He was no "plucker." His prophecies belted the world, and he did no "back-tracking" when he told the universe what brand of weather was going to be served to the world seventy years from then.

His predictions were printed in an almanac which was then popular, and in going through the dusty drawers of an old bureau Mrs. W. C. Langenecker, of Toledo, daughter of Edward Durban

nacs of the issue of 1837. In scanning its leaves the first thing that caught her eye was the following significant sentence:

"There will be no summer in the year 1907."

This started from the musty pages of the old almanac in a matter-of-fact way, as if its author had made the prediction hurriedly in order to get home to supper. Mrs. Langenecker lost no time in writing to her father, relative to the incident, and Mr. Durban immediately cancelled his order for a straw hat. That old philosopher had his finger on the pulse of the future, for summer hasn't as yet presented her rosy cheek to be kissed by the owners of summer resorts. When resurrection day comes he will pop out of his forgotten grave and gleefully cry: "I told you so."

BOASTS HOW HE MURDERED MOTHER

CALIF M'COY TELLS TRAGIC STORY VERY DELIBERATELY.

HE SHOWS NO SIGN OF REGRET

LAUGHS AT THOUGHT OF MOTHER BURIED IN OLD SHOES.

EXTREME TYPE OF DEGENERATE

The Little Eleven-Year-Old Boy Guilty of Matricide Tells the Story of His Crime in Court With a Cool, Deliberate Manner.

Bassett, Neb., June 15.—Special to The News: Calif McCoy, the eleven-year-old boy who murdered his mother last Friday, told to Judge Hall of the juvenile court the awful story of his cold blooded matricide in calm fashion and in no way could Attorney Douglas cause the lad to show any remorse for his crime.

The county attorney tried in vain to strike a single sympathetic chord in the child but there seemed to be no sentiment in the boy murderer's make-up.

He is no fool, this little slayer of his mother. In fact he is in a way bright for his age, but in him seems to be the devil incarnate.

Laughs at Thought of Dead Mother. For instance, Mrs. Marsh, wife of Sheriff Marsh, having the youthful murderer in charge, asked the boy to wash his hands and as he started to do this she heard him laughing and asked what caused his merriment.

"Why, I was wondering if they buried mother in them damned old shoes," he said.

Every other word from the child's lips is an oath. He is surely a strange type of human life. He told his story to the court with as cool and deliberate an air as you please, and with a boasting demeanor. Grown men who heard the recital of the tragedy from the little criminal's own lips declare that it was the most astounding, the most outrageous story they had ever listened to.

Judge Hall pronounced a sentence to the reform school until the boy is twenty-one years of age, and it is safe to predict a strenuous time in that institution for some time to come.

LEG SMASHED IN HAY PRESS.

Atkinson Young Man Suffers Seriously From Accident.

Atkinson, Neb., June 17.—Special to The News: A very serious accident occurred at the home of Fred Maarten, twelve miles from here. His oldest son, aged 24, sustained a badly smashed leg in a hay press. The patient was brought to a local hospital. Everything possible will be done for him.

About fourteen years ago a daughter was kicked by a horse, costing her sight as well as the entire eye. Fred Maarten is one of the oldest settlers in this part of the country and is prosperous.

The I. O. O. F. of this place observed memorial service in the Presbyterian church at the regular hour for church, Rev. M. Angell having charge of the same, and it was a most impressive service throughout. During the afternoon the Odd Fellows with the ladies of the Rebekah lodge proceeded to the Woodlawn cemetery, where the former members of this people were sacredly remembered by beautiful flowers and other service. A very large number attended all the day services.

Dr. Sturdevant has recently received a very neat runabout. This is the first auto in our little city.

Prof. Bowen and wife of Wayne are visiting in the town, guests of W. E. Scott's family, before attending the normal school in O'Neill the coming week.

Miss Mildred Vough of Sheekley is visiting at the home of W. H. Arganbright and will probably remain for the greater part of the summer.

The Children's Aid society of New York desires to place orphan children in good homes either by adoption or contract. Children of all ages, either girls or boys. Applications made to J. W. Swan, state agent, University Place, Neb., will receive prompt attention. J. W. Swan, agent, University

ANOTHER INFORMAL WEEK

OUT OF TOWN GUESTS HAVE BEEN ENTERTAINED.

CARD SEASON ABOUT ENDED

Preparations For June Weddings Are Still in the Air—Musical Commencements Have Been a Feature of the Week in a Social Way.

It has been another week of pleasure in social Norfolk. Not a few informal gatherings during the week have helped in keeping the calendar filled and the town has been busy. A number of friends entertained quite informally for out-of-town guests. June wedding preparations have been in the air and musical commencements were a feature.

Pleasures of the Week.

The Ladies society of the Congregational church gave a farewell party for Mrs. W. H. Bridge on Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Robert Utter on Koenigstein avenue, Mrs. I. Powers and Mrs. W. H. Powers assisting. Fifty-eight guests were present and two very handsome dessert spoons were presented to Mrs. Bridge as a token of esteem from the society. Light refreshments were served during the afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Bridge expect to leave Norfolk next week for Spokane, Wash., to make their home on the Pacific coast. They have not definitely decided just where they will locate, but it will be near Spokane, where their daughter, Mrs. McCormack, resides. The dessert spoons were presented to Mrs. Bridge by Mrs. E. M. Huntington, who delivered the following original poem:

We stood 'round the bridge together,
And our hearts were heavy and sore,
For the bridge was to leave its moorings
And would be in our midst no more.

And our faces were pale with sorrow
And our eyes would fill with tears,
For the bridge we so loved and cherished
Had been with us here for years.

And had always stood staunch and ready
When sorrow and care were near
And all knew they could lean upon it
With never a thought of fear.

That their strong brave support would tremble,
No matter how heavy the strain;
And the thought of our loss brings sadness
So deep 'tis akin to pain.

How often, Oh how often
In the days that are to be
We will think of our bridge with longing
And will hope, on life's restless sea

The moorings will find strong anchor,
That the waves will be bright and clear—
And our love always strong and tender
Will follow it far and near.

Here on the billow of friendship
Where so many home interests meet
We lay our gift and good wishes
And 'twill bear them to her feet.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Butterfield celebrated their fortieth wedding anniversary Wednesday and Wednesday evening they were guests of honor at an informal party given for them at the home of their daughter, Mrs. P. H. Salter. Five hundred afforded pleasure throughout the evening, a dainty luncheon being served later. High score prizes were won by Mrs. E. A. Bullock and Mr. W. H. Butterfield, Mrs. Bullock receiving a pretty plate and Mr. Butterfield a deck of cards.

Mrs. J. C. Stitt very pleasantly entertained a company of friends at 1 o'clock luncheon yesterday afternoon in her home on The Heights. After a delicious luncheon had been served tables were cleared for five hundred, which was enjoyed during the afternoon. Mrs. N. A. Rainbolt won the high score prize and Mrs. E. A. Bullock won the booby prize.

Mrs. C. H. Reynolds informally entertained a very few friends for Mrs. W. H. Bucholz Tuesday afternoon at her home on The Heights. Five hundred was indulged in during the afternoon, Miss Helen Bridge winning the prize, a dainty plate.

Mrs. D. Matheson entertained a small number of neighborhood friends Saturday afternoon for Mrs. Bucholz of Omaha. A dainty lunch was served during the afternoon.

Mrs. George D. Butterfield entertained a few friends at dinner last Saturday evening for her father, Mr. Doe of Davenport, who returned to his home on Monday.

Miss Otella Pilger, teacher in the Fifth grade, took her class of pupils to Machmueller's grove for a day of jolly picnicing on Tuesday. A pleasant day was enjoyed.

Mrs. A. N. McGinnis entertained a few friends for Mr. McGinnis at dinner last Saturday evening, the occasion being Mr. McGinnis' birthday.

A pleasant dancing party was enjoyed by young people at Marquardt hall last evening.

The I. S. C. club was pleasantly en-

tertained Tuesday night by Forrest Emery.

Mrs. D. Baum pleasantly entertained a few friends Monday afternoon for her guest, Mrs. Morris Mayer of Albin.

Coming Events.

The West Side Whist club will bring its year to a close Monday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Baum when the members will enjoy a 6:30 o'clock dinner and whist during the evening. Prizes will be awarded to high score winners afterward.

The wedding of Miss Nina Walker to Mr. J. Earle Harper will take place Tuesday morning in the First Congregational church. A reception will be held afterward in the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Walker.

Mrs. Wynn Rainbolt will entertain informally at luncheon Monday afternoon for Mrs. W. H. Bucholz of Omaha.

TILDEN RACE MATINEE

NEARLY 1,000 PERSONS PAID ADMISSIONS.

HAD AMUSING BASEBALL GAME

Fritz Von Seggern Did Some Mighty Clever Acrobatic Work—The Trick Was in Fine Condition and Some Good Racing Resulted.

Tilden, Neb., June 15.—Special to The News: Nearly 1,000 people paid admission to the carnival grounds here Thursday afternoon to witness the sports provided for Tilden's matinee.

The track was in fine condition and some very pretty contests resulted. In the free-for-all Miss Gund, owned by Cal Matheson, took first place; Bessie Billon (Osborn) second and Broker Bill (Kay) third.

The 2:40 trot or pace was won by Minnie Onelda, Miss Johnson second, Jessie third.

The winners of both races were driven by Cal Matheson and have been in training in Tilden for several months. A one-sided baseball game furnished some amusement and a whole lot of disappointment to Tilden people. The business men of Battle Creek were pitted against the business men of Tilden and the latter failed to score while the visitors had nine runs to their credit at the close of the game. The Battle Creek band rendered some good selections of music and Fritz Van Seggern added considerable to the entertainment by his clever acrobatic work.

EDITORS ENJOY SESSION

ELKHORN VALLEY EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION MEETS.

COTTON CHOSEN PRESIDENT

The Next Meeting of the Association Will be Held at Valentine the First Saturday in June of Next Year.

Ainsworth, Neb., June 17.—Special to The News: The Elkhorn Valley Editorial association held its eleventh annual convention here Saturday and the crowd appeared to enjoy itself as only editors can. The attendance was good considering the delapidated condition of train service.

The association voted to hold its next meeting in Valentine. President J. M. Cotton of the Ainsworth Star-Journal was elected president and I. M. Rice of the Valentine Democrat secretary and treasurer.

At 6:30 o'clock the citizens prepared a fine banquet of which the editors partook and the evening was spent until a late hour in speech making and dancing. Music for the occasion was furnished by the Ainsworth military band and drum corps.

A Narrow Escape.

Springview Herald: On last Friday the little six-year-old child of Annie Shaw, daughter of John Remes, was accidentally shot by the mother. The mother was standing in the door and reached around behind it for a twenty-two rifle to kill a dog in the yard. In the other arm she held a little baby. Just as she pulled the trigger the six-year-old child ran in front of the gun going out of the door and the bullet passed through the back of the neck, making a deep wound which bled profusely. Dr. White went out and dressed it but was not able to probe for the bullet at that time. Later he found that it had simply made a deep cut in the neck and passed on. He found that she was paralyzed in the right arm and her face badly swollen when he was out on Sunday but he thinks that she will recover in due time. She was so close to the gun that she was powder burned.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

There is probably no medicine made that is relied upon with more implicit confidence than Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. During the more than one-third of a century in which it has been in use, people have learned that it is the one remedy that never fails. When reduced with water and sweetened it is pleasant to take. For sale by Leonard the druggist.

BOY STRANGLED TO DEATH

LEADING A HORSE WITH ROPE AROUND HIS NECK.

HORSE RAN, DRAGGING THE LAD

Three-Year-Old Child of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Horax, Living Twelve Miles Northeast of Neligh, Meets Violent Death.

Neligh, Neb., June 15.—Special to The News: The three-year-old son of C. B. Horax was strangled to death yesterday noon at the home of his parents on the Willow, twelve miles northeast of Neligh.

As near as reports can be obtained it appears that the little fellow was leading a horse to water and had thoughtlessly wrapped the rope around his neck. When the mother went to look for her son she saw him dragging after the running horse. She immediately gave chase and followed a short distance when the rope had untwisted itself from the child's neck.

Word was at once telephoned to Plainview for a doctor who responded as soon as possible, but the spark of life had no doubt fled before the mother had reached her son.

NORFOLK'S RAILROAD INDUSTRY.

The whistling of a locomotive, the crash of freight cars as they roar together in the switching yards and the click of telegraph instruments are music to Norfolk's ears.

Noisy nervous switch engines chugging back and forth on the rails, their smokestacks choking and their bells dingling all day long and all night too, may be almost termed Norfolk's heart; every throb up and down steel threads means life blood pumped into Norfolk's commercial arteries.

Norfolk enjoys the distinction of being, outside Lincoln and Omaha, the liveliest and one of the largest cities in great Nebraska state. Without the crashing of freight cars, the clicking of railroad telegraph keys, and the chug-chug of monster steel animals that gallop over these prairies drawing great trains of men and cattle and merchandise Norfolk would have no license to Stanton's size. For Norfolk, unlike Stanton, is not a county seat.

Norfolk has approximately 5,000 people. Pretty nearly 2,500 of those people are in Norfolk by virtue of the railroads that are here. Between 400 and 500 men who make their livings in railroad work of one kind or another, live in Norfolk. That means that between 2,000 and 2,500 persons—men, women and children—are kept in Norfolk to carry on that portion of the transportation industry which is operated from this city as a center. And a good many more people find it possible to make livings in various lines of business because of the 2,500 customers created for them here by the railroad payrolls.

Means \$30,000 to \$40,000 Monthly. Practically Norfolk's only large payroll today is the railroad payroll.

Between \$30,000 and \$40,000 in cash money is paid out in Norfolk and to Norfolk men every month in the year by railroads that center here. That means not far from a half million dollars a year goes into Norfolk's stomach through the railroad industry's instrumentality, to say nothing of the other hundreds of thousands of dollars distributed here each twelvemonth by people passing through and living here for the sole reason that Norfolk is a railway center and that trains run in and out of here with frequency.

Between Norfolk and Dallas, South Dakota, there are a good many thriving towns ranging in population from 200 up to 1,500. Each one exists on the trade created by the farming district around it. With Norfolk's railroad industry removed, this city would be supported solely by the farming industry round about, and a town of perhaps 600 would stand where the present populous and growing gateway to the new northwest holds forth.

But fate decreed that Norfolk should be built into the hub of a wheel with metal spokes which should radiate out for many miles into many directions over fertile plains of the middle west. And added to the 500 or 600 people that we might have had as a trading point for the few miles of farming territory in the neighborhood, Norfolk has been stimulated by the couple of thousand people located here to run the railroads into a city of possibilities. For besides giving work to the extra barbers who shave them, bakers who bake for them, liverymen who haul them, and merchants who supply them with calico and shoes and sugar, these railroads, leading out from here and penetrating vast areas of rich regions, give Norfolk an opportunity to become the great central trading point of the great northwest, and the opportunity to produce a yet further growth in the town.

Three Railroads Here.

Norfolk is made a railroad center by three lines that enter the city. The Chicago & Northwestern, the Union Pacific and the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha roads all enter Norfolk and the three combined make it what it is, over and above what it would be as a country trading point.

For the Chicago & Northwestern road, whose president and directors passed through the city this week, Norfolk is the official center for the entire states of Nebraska and Wyoming, and for a part of South Dakota. This is the terminal point of the Columbus-Norfolk branch of the Union

Pacific, and the terminal point for the Sioux City-Norfolk branch of the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha line.

The three railroads employ between 400 and 500 people who live in Norfolk and buy their bread and butter here. Many of them own homes. They are represented in all branches of the city's life—in the city council, the board of education and in all representative organizations.

There are three railroad stations in Norfolk—a union depot operated by the Union Pacific and Omaha roads, and two Northwestern stations, one at the Junction a mile from the business portion of the city and the other uptown. A new \$25,000 uptown station is about to be erected by this road and a new depot will probably also be built soon by the Union Pacific.

Among the officials stationed here for operating the Chicago & Northwestern lines are S. M. Braden, general superintendent; C. H. Reynolds, division superintendent; E. O. Mount, trainmaster; E. Sly, chief train dispatcher; S. T. Reynolds, night chief dispatcher; W. B. Alton, round house foreman; A. J. Colwell, general foreman of bridges and buildings; P. Starford, roadmaster; J. C. Spellman, roadmaster; C. A. Anderson, foreman of car inspectors; H. C. Matrau, agent. The Union Pacific has in Norfolk two officials, N. W. Clover, commercial agent, and C. W. Landers, station agent. For the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha road Mr. Landers is station agent.

Norfolk is the hub of the Northwestern lines in Nebraska, train operations over 855½ miles of track in the eastern division of Nebraska being directed from this city. The general superintendent's office in Norfolk has supervision over 1,755 miles of track. The lines directed from this point extend to Missouri Valley, Iowa, Omaha, Neb., Lincoln, Superior, Hastings, Long Pine, between Oakdale and Scribner, and Dallas, S. D. The general superintendent here has all of this territory and, added to it, the lines to Lander, Wyo., and Deadwood, S. D.

Commercial Agent Clover for the Union Pacific, the only railroad man who has a down town office in Norfolk, has supervision over northern Nebraska in his department. Besides officials, the Union Pacific and Omaha roads employ about sixty men whose headquarters are in Norfolk, including trainmen, engineers, trackmen and office men. The Northwestern's list of employees in Norfolk exceeds 400 and includes nearly 150 trainmen, about 100 engineers, a couple of score of shop and repair men, a half hundred bridge builders, a number of track men, station forces, switchmen and office men.

Upwards of thirty miles of parallel steel bars gridiron portions of Norfolk. In the Northwestern's extensive freight and switching yards at the Junction there are close to fifteen miles of trackage while the Union Pacific and Omaha roads use more than ten miles uptown.

Beyond the couple of thousand of people located in Norfolk merely because of the 400 to 500 men here who do the work of running the trains, the fact that railroad tracks of all this northwest point into Norfolk as the starting point and ending point and point of ensemble, has meant much for the city's growth.

As one indication of this may be mentioned the colony of energetic commercial travelers who make their homes here because the trains running in and out of Norfolk in five directions give them a superior advantage over druggers of other locations. There are between eighty and 100 commercial travelers in Norfolk, meaning somewhere in the neighborhood of 400 people. And their value in helping to support the city is eminently self-evident.

As another indication of the importance of the railroad accessibility of Norfolk, it may be said that there is not a business institution in Norfolk which is not larger by virtue of the surrounding territory, brought close to this city by reason of railroads, than it could possibly be were this a normal agricultural trading point. In fact a great many business institutions in Norfolk, which have been discussed in this column at length during the past year, exist purely by virtue of this location and could not be here at all but for the trains that steam in and out of town many times a day. There are eighteen regular exclusive passenger trains in and out of Norfolk a day and twenty-one regular scheduled freight trains, so that the rails are kept warm most of the time. In stock season there are, of course, many extra trains each day, carrying fattened cattle and hogs from western Nebraska to packing markets.

To discuss the railroads of Norfolk is almost to discuss Norfolk. For besides the railroad families here, constituting almost half of the city's population, many of the business institutions in the city of which Norfolk is proud, and many of the homes here that help make the community what it is, stand in Norfolk in their present proportions because Norfolk is a railroad center and because the territory probed by the steel bars running out from here is a vast one and a fertile one. Norfolk, the center of this territory and its gateway by reason of its railroad-made location, is 120 miles from Omaha, 136 miles from Lincoln and seventy-six miles from Sioux City. The whole field is far enough away from those commercial centers to make Norfolk, the hub, the largest city in the northern half of the state for all time to come.

When the visiting team wins, about all the credit it gets is a reputation for being lucky.