Our Neighboring Towns and Villages

Leigh

[From the World]

The Dodge Milling & Grain Company has commenced the addition to their flour house in Leigh and will also put in a scale.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Wurdeman, Ray Geist, George Botel and Misses Myrtle Markham and Tonin Staab composed a camping party which went to Cut-Off lake Saturday to enjoy a few days outing.

Estina will be the name of a new town on the Great Northern south of Fremont in Saunders county. This bids fair to be an enterprising place and as a starter some Wahoo parties have been authorized to establish a bank there.

The first load of new wheat brought to Leigh this year was sold to Dodge Milling & Grain Co. Monday by Elmer Miller, of southeast of the town. It was very fine and tested sixty-one pounds to the bushel.

The fishing party composed of Dr. and Mrs. Jungbluth, Dr. and Mrs. Lowery, Mrs. Blake, Miss Drum Everett Dowkins and Will Taylor returned from Cut-Off lake Wednesday after five days of the "simple life." They showed real evidence of the camp, but report the best time ever. Luck was with them and they caught on an average of twenty pounds of fish per day besides having piles of fun.

Wednesday J. H. Pieper sold eighty acres of George Boetel's land southwest of town to Carl Barjenbruch and Adolph Asche, each of them taking 40 acres. The price was $80 per acre which is considered good for unimproved land. The same day Mr. Boetel purchased the one hundred and sixty acres just north of town from The Western Trust and Security Company through their agent Ed Wurdeman. The consideration was $10,500.

LINDSAY

The Opinion.

Mat Diedrich is still compelled to depend on crutches, his injured leg not yet being dependable as a means of locomotion.

Col. George Dopson, the auctioneer is reported to be in very bad health, and has been ordered to Hot Springs to recuperate.

William Brozovsky, manager for Nye Schneider Fowler Co., reports plenty of new wheat coming in, have received nearly 3,000 bushels up to date. The quality is excellent, testing from 61 to 65 and the farmers report yields of from thirty-five to forty-five bushels per acre.

David T. Roberts received his discharge from the 7th Battery of the regular army, stationed at Ft. Riley, Kansas, and arrived home Monday evening. He reports to the Opinion that while there is a certain charm about soldiering it does not appeal to him as a life's vocation and he is glad his enlistment is is at an end. He thinks there is nothing else quite as good as farming in Platte county, and will proceed to demonstrate his theory.

GENOA.

[From the Leader.]

Mrs. Elsie Nelson, widow of Nels Nelson, who died five years ago, passed away at the home of her daughter, Mrs Chas. Peterson, nine miles north of Genoa in Platte county, on Wednesday evening of last week. Funeral services were held in the West Hill church Thursday, and the remains laid to rest in the cemetery near the church.

John Gardner, accompanied by his mother, arrived last Thursday from Quinlin, O. T., for a visit with the family of B. E. Gardner.

Miss Grace, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Johnson, has been very sick for the past week. She is threatened with typhoid fever.

O. E. Green has made his daughter, Miss Ethel, a present of a $180 buggy. The vehicle has been shipped, and when it arrives Miss Ethel will be the owner of the finest buggy in Genoa.

Charles Green of Sunnyside Ranch was among the passengers on board the excursion train Sunday. He expects to make an extended pleasure trip in September. He will go to New York, and from there to Cuba, thence to old Mexico visiting the Capital of that republic, thence north through California stopping en route to visit Los Angeles and then on to the Portland exposition, returning home over the Union Pacific.

Wm. Moore & Son started up their new J. I. Case threshing machine last week. The first stand was made at Robt. C. Anderson's farm, where the wheat averaged 30 bushels per.

The principal topic of conversation on the street this week has been "wheat." "How did your crop turn out," is the question frequently asked the farmer." And the usual reply is, "about 30 bushels per acre." Not since 1891, said E. P. Christy, head miller at the Beaver Valley Roller Mills, has Nebraska produced wheat for milling purposes equal to the crop grown this year." "Fourteen years ago," he said "wheat, after sweating in the stack, tested from 62 to 66" Mr. Christy says that Nebraska wheat will be in demand this year among the millers throughout the country.

St. Edward

[From the Advance.]

Mrs. A. D. Hinman and daughters Maude and Edna, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. George D. Willard at Columbus this week.

Rev. and Mrs. Henry Zinnecker returned home to Beaver Crossing Wednesday after an extended visit to Mr and Mrs. J. P. Landeman.

Mrs. Keeny left to-day for Columbus to be at the bedside of Mrs. Dan Corcoran, her brother's wife, who is lying at the point of death at St. Mary's hospital.

Our basket ball team met defeat at Newman Grove Wednesday in a score of 9 to 23. The Newman Grove ladies were the winning team and have the reputation of being the most scientific players in the country.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Nicherson leave next week for Sargent where Mr. Nickerson has accepted a position in a bank. Mr. Nickerson resigns his present position as manager of the St. Edward creamery Saturday evening.

P. F. Cahill left Wednesday for Colorado for a months visit. He will visit friends at Denver, Colorado Springs, and Longmont, and then if the mountain air brings him the desired improvement in health, he may visit the great national park.

Nels Hosselbalch and daughter, Miss Alma Hasselbalch, George P. Rich and T. Christensen returned wednesday from a three months visit in Europe. Accompanying them on their return trip were: Miss Karen Hansen, a sister to Mrs. George P. Rich, and Ludwig Wendelbo, both of Denmark; H. Langraas and Ingraid Myhre of Norway.

Notice of Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership herefore existing between L. W. Weaver and H. C. Newman, under the firm name of Weaver & Newman is hereby dissolved by mutual consent. We desire that all accounts due the firm be settled on or before August 15.

H. C. Newman
4tw L. W. Weaver

ITALIAN GARDENS.

The Cedar, Cypress and the Orange Tree Mingle Their Foliage.

Perhaps nothing about Italian gardens strikes us as so wonderful as the arbor walks, or pergolas, where nature seems so absolutely docile to the hand of man. The desire is to make a dense shade—a retreat where one can shut out the hot sun—and to create this treos of a great many different sorts have been planted close together and their branches so carefully interwoven that they form a complete trellis on the two sides and above, so that cedar, cypress, orange and lemon trees mingle their foliage, all seeming to be lighted up by the pale golden globes of the fruit. With us the merest twigs of such trees would be supposed to have a stubborn individuality, rendering it impossible to train them to take the place of vines. In Italy for centuries everything has been done to create a grateful shade at noon, where one can rest or sleep and leave the world outside to the cicadas, that, when thousands of them take voice together at once, make rather a soothing sound. Along the terraces of the Villa Carlotta, on the lake of Como, these covered arbor walks lead into groves of ilexes, and there until past midsummer out of the silence and coolness the nightingales sing not only all night, but all day long.

In spite of the lavish beauty of the land, the impression that remains after summer travel in Italy is of the inhabitants living very close to nature, almost subordinating her operations to their own needs. Nature is so pruned, so tended, her least effort so pressed into the service of man. The plumy cypresses, it is true, have nothing to do but stand sentinel by the belvidere terraces; so with the ilexes. But the poplars are trimmed to flagpoles for the sake of fagots, and every leaf of the mulberry trees, across which the vines fling their festoons and garlands, is destined to feed the silkworms, and as soon as the maggots are ready to eat, the peasants, with huge bags, mount the trees and strip each branch of its foliage. The olive orchards that make a silver mist on the hillsides are busy perfecting their useful harvest.

Wherever a ledge of rock offers an Italian peasant makes a garden, carrying up the soil sometimes into almost inaccessible places. But there he will plant leeks, herbs, salad and beans, besides a patch of wheat, the latter not for the half loaf of bread it might make, but to furnish straw to plait hats in winter.

Nature is no niggard. The little red poppies blossom out of every cranny and chink and make a blaze of color in the most unexpected places. Oleanders have a way of tossing their tufts of rosy blossoms along the white walls, Bengal roses, clove pinks, carnations and larkspurs grow wherever they can be tended and a little rill of water directed to their use, but the summer of Italy is of great heat, and after the great gush of flowers in spring the vaunted Italian gardens remain dry intersections of graveled paths with clipped hedges, flights of steps, urns and statues. Nothing can be dearer to artistic taste, but for the real joy of gardening nothing can be equal to what the poet Gray called having "a garden of your own, where you plant and transplant and are dirty and amused."—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE MIRROR OF FATE

A VENETIAN LEGEND OF THE DAYS OF THE DOGES.

Story of the Beauty Who Was Intoxicated With the Vision of Her Own Loveliness and the Statue in the Church of San Giorgis Maggiore.

Here is a legend which I heard in Venice. I offer it to all among you who are fond of solitude and silence. I offer it to you as I would offer a flower which has blossomed amid somber shadows on a sleeping lagoon:

Ghita Gherardini was the niece of the doge. Poets whose names we have forgotten, but who were renowned at that time, had composed innumerable songs in her honor. They praised in them the tresses of the young girl, black as night, in which pearls gleamed like milk white stars. They also sang about the radiance of her dark violet eyes and about the two roses which formed her lips. In truth, Ghita Gherardini was very beautiful. She had, however, listened too earnestly to the passionate words of the singers, and an immense pride took possession of her young soul.

One night she heard beneath her window the yearning sob of a lute. Standing in a motionless gondola, a lovesick page was singing to her. Tender was the music, and the water and the darkness added something to the sweetness of the strains and to the passion in the voice of the singer. The young page was glorifying her as the most radiant among all women.

Ghita heard him, and a delightful tremor ran through her. Without waiting to light the torches, which had gone out, she took her mirror and ran to the window, through which the moonlight shone into her room. Thereupon in this mysterious light she saw that she was strangely beautiful; that her beauty was indeed almost supernatural. The moonlight revealed her pale and transparent, like the princess of a poem.

Intoxicated with her charms, she let the seductive mirror slip from her hand, and a sigh of admiration and of ecstasy escaped her as she cried:

"I am beautiful! I am beautiful!"

Thenceforth Ghita Gherardini spent all her time marveling at her own beauty. She did not desire to fall in love, for she fancied that there was no man living who was worthy of her. Those songs which had no words of praise for her eyes and her hair she treated with contempt, and to the mysteries of religion she never gave a thought.

She went to high mass solely for the purpose of being seen by the people and of being flattered by them as they whispered to one another about her. The restless eyes were never turned toward the altar.

She thought of nothing save her own triumphant beauty and of the jewels which set it off in sumptuous fashion.

One day Ghita Gherardini slipped a little mirror beside the first page of her mass book, which had been delicately illuminated by a pious artist. And while her attitude of devotion edified the multitude she studied her face enshrined in the book of prayer.

The doge's niece had forgotten that the Creator alone is worthy of worship and not any of his creatures. She had also forgotten that pride is an abominable sin—aye, perhaps the most perilous of all sins—since it was the cause of the rebellion of the archangels and the downfall of Lucifer.

One day Ghita Gherardini was intently studying her face in the little mirror between the holy leaves of her mass book, and suddenly she uttered a loud cry of terror. Through the large building it rang, drowning the solemn voice of the priest, the responses of the congregation and the sonorous murmur of the organ. And straightway the doge's niece fell to the ground in a faint. She had seen reflected in the guilty mirror, the sacrilegious mirror, not her own countenance, but that of Death.

There is today in the Church of San Giorgis Maggiore, where this miracle was accomplished, the statue of a woman, who is seated and looking at herself in a mirror. Very beautiful is this woman, as beautiful as Ghita Gherardini was formerly. The story goes that this statue is the work of a famous sculptor, but the people believe—and their legends contain a good deal of truth—that it was once Ghita Gherardini herself and that her body was turned into stone by the terrible vision.

To all those who love the silence of dead cities I offer this legend. I found it at Venice as one occasionally finds a flower which has blossomed amid somber shadows on a sleeping lagoon.—Helene de Zuylen de Nyevelt in European Edition New York Herald.

The Onion.

The value of the onion in the dietary has been made the subject of much doggerel verse. All agree that health and beauty wait on the fragrant vegetable.

Eat onions in May,
No doctor you'll pay,

runs one old verse, while another promises a good complexion to the onion eater thus:

Fresh onion and leek,
New skin in a week.

Be Not Rash.

One need not thrust his hand into a raging furnace even though he knows that a precious jewel lies therein. He may be patient until the flames are spent.—From "The Bishop's Niece," by George H. Picard.

His Part.

Wife—I see by this paper that the average family has four and seven-tenths persons. Husband—I suppose I'm the seven-tenths in this family!

Wit should be used as a shield for defense rather than as a sword to wound others.—Fuller.

A LAND OF WONDERS.

The Sightseer Finds Many Things of Interest in California.

California has numerous natural bridges, caves, etc. of no little interest. The Mamoth Cave of Calaveras, discovered by miners in 1850; the Alabaster Cave; the Crystal Palace Cave, containing a number of attractive subterranean appartments, such as the bridal Chamber, the Chrystal Palace Room. A curious appartment called Music Hall, where the deposits of aqueous origin not only take the form of organ pipes, sounding boards etc., but emit, when struck, musical sonuds and vibrations. Near this cave are two natural bridges which the tourist can visit and return to the railroad within half an hour. The only natural way to reach these scenes of interest is via "The Overland Limited, Route," comprising the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific, now realy one line. The only line running through trains to San Francisco from Omaha, its fast trains, arriving sixteen hours ahead of all competitors. Pamphlets and maps describing the wonders of California, and full information about the most comfortabl and direct route to the Pacific Coast, can be obtained of E. L. Lomax, G. P. & T. A, Omaha, Neb.