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though? But as I was saying," she went on briskly, "it was when she was quite well but awfully thin. Why, Rastus, she only weighed nine ty-six pounds!"

"Terrible! Now you, for example." —This, with a grin which could not conceal the admiration in his gray eyes.

"She was staying with Erma Gregg"—went on Bess, ignoring the interruption "they all decided to go down to Coney Island."

"Excellent place for an invalid, I should suppose" dryly remarked her companion.

"Rastus, your's a particularly poor listener. Didn't I tell you she was all well—just needed amusement?"

"Just the same you thought it was awful that she weighed only ninety-six pounds" he contended stoutly.

"Well anyway Erma and Theodore and Constance and all of them, with Mr. and Mrs. Gregg started out to take in the attractions. The first thing they struck was the steeple chase. Did you ever see one Rastus?"

"Tell me about it," he said evasively but with a twinkle in his eye.

"It was a big electrical affair with wooden horses, you know, going around on seven or eight parallel tracks. There was a judge and a big crowd watching and all that. When they tried to get Constance to ride she just wouldn't."

"Balked, did she?" observed Rastus with a reminiscent glance at the girl in the hammock.

"The horse, do you mean?" inquired that small person with a suggestion of ice bergs.

"Yes—er the electrical apparatus," assented the hypocrite.

"But they all teased her," went on Bess, "and pretty soon Constance was afraid she was spoiling the fun, so she got on. It seems that the speed of the horses is regulated by the weight of the rider but Constance didn't know this. Well when that horse began to go faster and faster, Constance dropped her dignity and hung onto the horse's mane for dear life."

"But she was a graceful picture," chuckled Rastus.

"When she started," continued Bess, with a little giggle, "she was next to Theodore, and you know how fat he is. But pretty soon she didn't notice him and she was afraid to look around and see. The horse kept going faster, the wind whistled around her ears, and she was simply scared to death. Finally, in desperation, she took a fresh grip on the horse's mane, and turned around. If you believe it, the others were miles behind, and poor Con was scudding around so fast that the spectators were mere blots."

"Bess was sitting up very strongly and her animation gave point to the story she was telling. "At last she began to approach the judge's stand and breathed a sigh of thankfulness at the prospect of terra firma. Imagine her horror" this with a dramatic wave of the hands—"when the horse sailed right past. Constance didn't know that you have to make the circuit three times before the machine stops."

"Money's worth" interrupted her auditor.

"Well I should say so. When she had been going what seemed hours to her, and her arms simply ached from holding on the blue flag came down, and the horse stopped. Theodore and Erma and the rest were in sight but Mr. Gregg helped Constance off just as the judge announced that the race had been won by the lady in the pink waist, and if she would present herself to the judges, the prize would be awarded her. Constance gasped but Erma and Theodore came up just then and dragged her up to the judge. And what do you suppose the prize was Rastus?"

"A Kentucky pony, I expect"—with a grin.

"A ticket for another trip" ripped Bess. "Just fancy."

"Holy Smoke! and the story say Constance is alive to tell the story?"

"Rastus, you don't suppose she went again?" indignantly demanded Bess.

"Sure thing," she had the ticket," chuckled Rastus.

"She's got it yet. I saw it in her memory book." She smiled across at Rastus as she rose and shook out her ruffles.

"But Bess, is that the only story you've heard?" came plaintively from Rastus as he rose with evident reluctance from the wicker chair.

"You'll have to improve, Rastus, if you want another. You aren't a good listener. I'm going to make some lemonade—want to help?" she added, smiling over her shoulder as she

started for the house.
Original yarn by—Theodore Marie Pauline Elizabeth Rebecca Brown. August 20, 1905.

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TRY The Journal For JOB WORK.

Grand Bears Ago.

(From files of Journal, November 1, 1871.)

D. W. Feenle informs us that on the 15th and 16th days of October Dr. Welberger and sons and neighbors killed 196 rattlesnakes. They made a raid on the reptiles while they were in prairie dog holes, along Union Creek.

Frank Simms shot a deer on the island last week, but the deer got off on three legs. Frank says that he saw three but they could travel faster than three than he could.

A mass meeting of the citizens of Platte county was held in the court house the 28th to consider matters pertaining to the offering of an additional bonus for the building of the road. Hon. O. A. Speice presented the following pointed resolution: Resolved, That it is the sense of the meeting that Platte county has hitherto been effectually swindled and her people skinned to the bone by railroad builders, and railroad projects, and that in the future we want no more of it. Upon consideration the resolution was not adopted however and an additional bonus not to exceed \$25,000, will probably be offered, the railroad company, providing a good suitable wagon bridge will be built across the Loup in connection with the railroad bridge. The following gentlemen were selected as the committee to prepare resolutions to submit to the county commissioner at their next meeting: J. P. Becker, L. Gerrard, O. B. Stillman, G. C. Barnum and L. M. Beebe.

A petition was circulated in town during the week, and extensively signed by our citizens praying the town council to take measures looking to the better protection of Columbus from the possibility of losses by fire. We need one or two good engines with good companies, good cisterns or wells. (These precautions were no doubt prompted by the awful fire in Chicago which started October 8, 1871.)

(From files of Journal Nov. 8, 1871.)
N. G. Myer was in town Saturday last. He built the first shanty in Boone on the 14th day of last April, and now there are two hundred new buildings, and more than that many claims taken, so that the population at present, is not less than 400. Major North desires us to say to all those who are going out on the buffalo hunt with him, and who have not had any experience in that way, that he desires to meet them at Wasson's Friday evening to make preparation.

Several weddings have transpired during the past week among them are: Darling and Holman; Clober and Matthews.

Articles of corporation for the Loup Fork Navigation Co., has been drafted, and we are assured that the project is to be pushed to a demonstration of its practicability before the close of another year. The Loup is a lengthy stream, never goes dry, always carries an immense volume of water. The best watermen believe in the enterprise of navigation along the Loup.

A bill providing for the emancipation of slaves passed the Brazilian Parliament September 27.

Yellow fever is prevalent at Charleston and Key West.

Sherman Township News.

Corn husking is the order of the day.

W. H. Quodke of Creston was a business caller in Sherman Friday.

Adolph Lasechen drove to Columbus on business Saturday.

Frank Wardeman has nearly completed his addition on his house. The plastering is being done now.

W. G. Lasechen marketed hogs at Creston Friday.

Mac Rossiter spent Saturday and Sunday with home folks at Colum-

bus John Graf of Columbus was seen on our streets Saturday.

Miss Anna Weiser who has been sick with typhoid fever is now slowly improving, being under the care of Dr. Jones.

Ferd Steiner thinks he is head man this year for he has his corn all husked.

Route 3.

We omitted to mention last week the birth of a bouncing boy at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hargmann and a twelve pound girl to Mr. and Mrs. D. Branken.

Fred Mindrup is building a new brick cellar.

The postoffice department has decided to reverse Route 3, and carrier Reed has been ordered to drive in the opposite direction beginning November 15.

An Original Story by a Young Lady Many Columbus People Know.

"But I rather think it has its compensations," remarked the girl in the hammock, gazing vaguely at a handful of yellow and green fringe.

"Would you mind telling me what you mean by 'it'?" inquired the broad shouldered young fellow in the wicker chair opposite.

"Why I mean staying at home this summer—not going to Europe or Portland or—er Lake Okoboji you know," she finished explanatorily.

"I suppose I'm one," he remarked complacently, as he stooped to flick off an ant from the white frock whose ruffles swept the grass so alluringly. "But what are the others?"

"You"—scornfully—"you have to be compensated for. Do you know Rastus, I sometimes think vacations aren't good for you. They make you conceited."

"Only appreciative of my real worth. But what, as I said before are the compensations?"

Well, one is that everybody feels so sorry for you that they tell you all their good times. I'm getting to be known as the 'good' listener." This with the roguish dimple in her cheek, very much in evidence.

"Gracious, Bess, who ever gave you that recommendation?" An ominous silence from the hammock and then a frigid, "So sorry I've been boring you, Mr. Randolph. What were you about to remark?"

"That's all right, Bess, I was about to remark that he had mighty good taste," unblinking.

"It was a girl," she remarked with slightly less frigidly. There's aunt Clara, on the porch guess I'll go and ask her how Toby is."

"Now see here, Bess" burst out the long suffering youth—"that cat's all right—cats don't die just because black dogs chas them. And you promised I could stay a long time this afternoon."

"You could talk to aunt Clara, too" came coolly from the hammock, as Miss Wainwright carefully inspected the toe of her white canvas shoe. "I believe I'll try plain soap and water as a result of her investigation."

"On the cat, Bess: I can't keep up."

"No on my shoes I've always used that whitening stuff before."

"Oh I see" with the air of a man who doesn't see and doesn't hope to see, "But aren't you going to tell me about the girl who agrees with the world at large including your humble servant—that you are a good listener?"

"It was Constance Greenley—"

"When did she get back?" demanded Rastus.

"Why, Rastus, she's been home two weeks. Haven't you called?"

"You know reading law is very exacting, Miss Wainwright "Hum—I know anyway, she was telling me things that happened when she was in New York recovering from the fever."

"Mother said she had an awful pull, wasn't expected to live, and all that" put in Rastus soberly.

"I know", and then, thoughtfully with an odd little quaver in her voice, "Wouldn't we have missed Constance