

People and Things

MARKING the progress of its people in the way of material prosperity, Saunders county is indulging in a new court house. Thirty-two years ago the cornerstone of the temple of justice at Wahoo was laid, and the pioneers thought they were building well. Long service did the building give, the affairs of the county being transacted within its walls until quite recently, when increase in business and the natural decay of the frame building demanded that more adequate and appropriate headquarters be furnished. On June 2 the cornerstone of the proposed new building was laid with appropriate ceremonies, the county commissioners having the matter in charge. The day was made a holiday at Wahoo, and was generally observed by the people of the county. When done the new building will be a credit to the enterprising citizens of one of the most progressive and prosperous counties of Nebraska.

Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Phillips of Columbus celebrated their golden wedding anniversary at the home of Mrs. Thomas Wilkinson, a sister of Mrs. Phillips, at Blair, Neb. Nearly a hundred friends of the family from Columbus, Fremont, Elk City, Omaha and Blair were in attendance. A ceremony was performed at high noon by Rev. Mr. Marsh of the Episcopal church at Blair. George D. Phillips and Julia A. Jackson were married May 3, 1854, in Lake county, Illinois. Ten years later they removed to Nebraska, and were among some of the pioneers of Douglas county, locating on a farm twenty-two miles west of Omaha, near the old town of Elk City, on the military road. They resided there continuously until about six years ago, when they moved to Columbus to make their home with their son, Hon. G. W. Phillips. On May 1, 1864, they stepped off a steamboat at Omaha.

Woman Shot Wildcat

AFIGHT for life with a hungry wildcat from the southern hills of Colorado, the sure shot of a nery woman and the rescue of a boy from a terrible death were the essential features of a suburban tragedy which occurred five miles south of Pueblo one night last week at the home of George J. Warden, a prominent contractor of Pueblo.

Mr. Warden was away. During the night young Adam Warden, his brother, heard peculiar noises at the barn. He threw on his clothes and ran out to see what was the matter.

As he unlocked the barn door his attention was held by a deep, hoarse mewling, accompanied by the stamping of horses' feet and the whinny of alarm. Still unsuspecting, he entered, to feel at once the pricking of a score of cruel cuts on his back and shoulders, the weight of a heavy animal on him and to hear the angry growl of the wild beast in his ear.

He jumped aside with a cry of fright. Then came a pistol shot and a sudden relief from his burden. The cat had sprung over his head at someone beyond. Again came the sound of a shot, followed by a heavy thud to the floor. Then his sister-in-law rushed up, asking if he was hurt.

It was all over in a moment. Fainting from his loss of blood, the boy stumbled into the house, where his wounds were dressed.

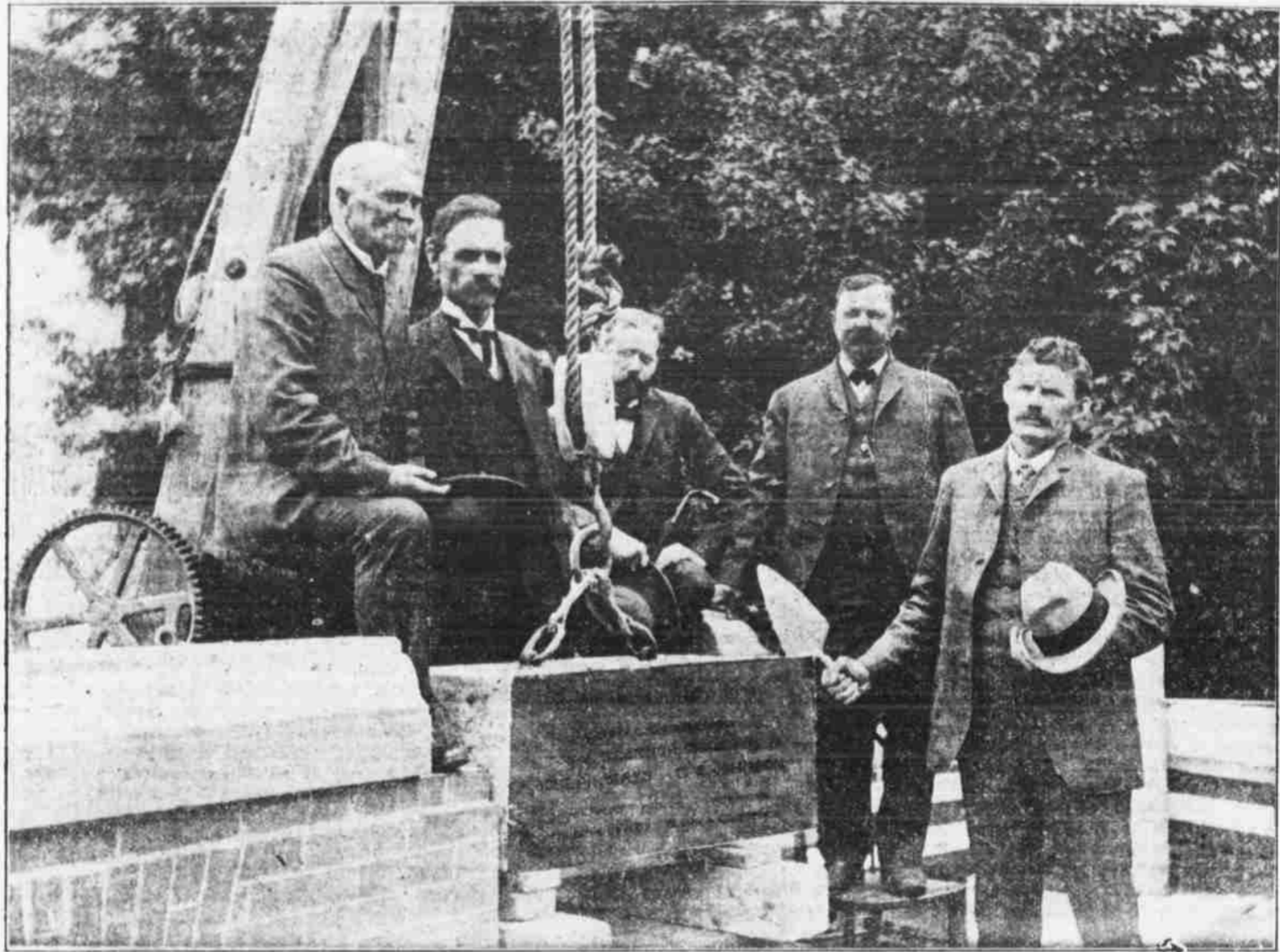
It was Mrs. Warden who had followed him from the house, armed with a .38 Smith & Wesson, intent upon discovering the cause of the noise, which had also awakened her. She saw the cat spring upon the boy and immediately brought the gun into play. Although she ran a great risk of hitting him, instead of the beast, she felt confident in the steadiness of her nerve.

Maddened with pain, the cat sprang from the shoulders of the boy direct for the new danger, claws outspread, spitting and growling. Mrs. Warden's nerve did not waver. She caught the beast in midair, coming directly for her, with a bullet through the heart. It rolled over dead at her feet. Then she helped her frustrated brother into the house and dressed his wounds. Young Warden is little the worse for his experience. His back is covered with deep gashes and scratches, but none of them penetrated sufficiently deep to become serious.

Mrs. Warden has a local reputation as a crack shot. She has a target in the back yard at which she practices every day. She is an accomplished equestrienne and also a Pueblo club woman of considerable prominence.

This is by no means her first thrilling experience. She once killed a black bear in Iowa while out camping with a party of friends. Housed in a big tent on the side of a hill, she was the first to hear a suspicious noise breaking the night's stillness. With a .44 Winchester she stole out on a tour of investigation. In the moonlight she saw a bear approaching. She fired and wounded it. The animal ran for her at once.

She feared to shoot again because of the danger that she would not be able to reload in time, and waited calmly until she could be sure of herself. When the big, skulking body of the bear was within five feet of



LAYING THE CORNERSTONE OF THE NEW SAUNDERS COUNTY COURT HOUSE AT WAHOO, Neb., ON JUNE 2, 1904.—Photo by Anderson, Wahoo.

her and he had sprung into the air, she fired, hitting him in a vital spot and bringing him to the ground at her feet.

She is only 27 years of age, pretty, slight and feminine in appearance.—Denver Post.

One of Twain's Jokes

Before Mark Twain made his name famous in his first production of "The Innocents Abroad" he was attached to the staff of the old Alta California. It was while there that he perpetrated one of his jokes, which at that time had no more significance than that of an ordinary wag who enjoyed a little fun at another's expense. But since Mark has made his name known to the reading world the joke will bear repeating.

It was one of those hot summer days that occasionally visit San Francisco that Mr. Woodward, one of the proprietors of the Alta, stepped into the editorial room and there found Clemens drawing on the end of a brier root pipe. Woodward mopped his brow and when he cooled down he began to deliver himself forcibly.

"I'm disgusted," said Woodward, "at what I just saw on the street as I passed by the carriage way leading into Wells, Fargo & Co.'s yard down at California and Montgomery. Sitting on a chicken coop, either drunk or knocked out by the heat of the sun, is a police officer fast asleep."

"Let us take a look at the animal," said Clemens, getting up from his desk and walking out.

On his way down to the corner he stepped into the California market and, going up to a vegetable stall, he plucked a large leaf from a head of cabbage. When he arrived at the place where the big, fat policeman was fast asleep the humorist proceeded to fan him with the cabbage leaf. This amusing scene soon attracted a crowd, which inside of ten minutes had swelled into hundreds, and California street was blocked to traffic.

To add to the excitement someone had run to the old city hall and informed Captain Douglass that there had been a robbery at Wells, Fargo & Co.'s, as the place was surrounded by armed men. Douglass summoned every available cop on his force, which at the time counted less than a dozen, and rushed to the place designated. After brushing the crowd to one side he entered the gateway and there found Clemens whirling the cabbage leaf as though nothing unusual had occurred about him. To say that Captain Douglass was mortified would be but a mild expression. The drowsy cop lost his star and Clemens enjoyed the joke.—San Francisco Call.

New Proverbs

The fool and his money are as easily parted as the wise man and his umbrella.

A beautiful woman may say anything; but happily she mostly doesn't know how.

Often by the time a man gets any laurels to rest on he has contracted chronic insomnia.

It is a decadent freedom which instead of shrieking in a crisis is content with leave to print.

The depraved appetite is only what might be expected with the art of cookery holding the mirror up in the way best calculated to get nature thoroughly confused.—Fack.



MR. AND MRS. G. PHILLIPS OF COLUMBUS, Neb.



The Man and the Machine

Mr. Alexander T. Brown, inventor of the Smith Premier Typewriter, is unquestionably the foremost writing machine expert of the world. Besides, he is a practical and successful business man. He built the first

Smith Premier Typewriter

not only for handsome and speedy work, but to endure under the severest demands of actual business. The Smith Premier is free from the weaknesses of eccentric, impractical construction, and to-day embodies the latest demonstrated improvements of this typewriter expert. Mr. Brown, as Vice-President of this Company, will continue to devote his entire time and inventive genius to maintain the Smith Premier where it now stands as the

World's Best Typewriter

Send to-day for our little book explaining exactly why the Smith Premier is best.

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