

Jefferson County Where Much Wealth Abounds in Field and Orchard



VIEW OF THE BUSINESS SECTION OF FAIRBURY, WITH THE NEW HOTEL, MARY ETTA, IN THE FOREGROUND.



FAIRBURY HIGH SCHOOL.



JEFFERSON COUNTY COURT HOUSE.



SOUTHEAST CORNER OF COURT HOUSE SQUARE, FAIRBURY.

SOME years ago a man drove a prairie schooner out into Jefferson county. His was an exploitation and colonization project. Other men, hundreds of them, followed in his wheel track and the railroad crept slowly on their trail and Jefferson county was promoted. The winning of the west was on its way. There was trouble all along the line, toil and sweating of blood. But with all, the gain was greater than the loss and Jefferson county was developed.

Jefferson county is passing through its fourth distinct period. First came the Hudson Bay Fur company, and through the trapper and trader this was a fur age. Then the buffalo was the central figure for forty years. The prairie schooner and the homesteader formed the third epoch in Jefferson county's history. And now, in this good year 1909, the dollar sign is stamped indelibly on every quarter section of Nebraska. This will be recorded in history as the money age. The homesteader who was formerly the homemaker, is now the dollarmaker. There is nothing which does not resolve itself into the test of the dollar. There is no risk money has not undertaken, no result it has not attained, no luxury it has not conferred. All that is of vital interest today on the western prairie is measured by money.

Jefferson county was first set apart by the territorial legislature January 23, 1854, under the name of Jones county. Thayer, joining the county on the west, was designated as Jefferson at the same time. In 1854 Jefferson county organized by holding its first election at Big Sandy. February 18, 1857, an act to enlarge Jefferson county passed the legislature, which united Jones county to Jefferson. In 1871 an act was passed providing for the division of Jefferson, which was effected in the fall by the election of two sets of officers. The former, Jones county, by separation, became Jefferson, and the former, Jefferson, assumed the name of Thayer. From 1857 to 1864 Jefferson was attached to Gage county for judicial purposes. It is believed by many that Coronado, the Spaniard, in 1541 and 1542, after leaving the Gila river and crossing the Rocky mountains, passed down the valley of the Little Blue at least as far as Jefferson county. This is hardly probable, though not impossible. One of the routes of the pathfinders through the Rocky mountains passed up the valley of the Little Blue and was known as the St. Joe route.

In 1833 one of the most desperate battles ever waged on the American continent between savage tribes was fought in Jefferson county, near the junction of the Big Sandy and the Little Blue rivers, within the borders of the contested hunting ground. Sixteen thousand Indian warriors, it is said, were arrayed in deadly combat for three days' fighting, as only savage men can fight. The Pawnees and their allies were arrayed against their deadly foes, the Sioux and their confederate tribes. After a desperate struggle of three days the Sioux were compelled to withdraw with a loss of 1,600 braves. The Pawnees lost 3,000 warriors. This was the Waterloo of the great plain and gave the mastery of the country to the Pawnee nation. This they never relinquished. They became the most warlike and powerful tribe on the plain, a terror to both feeble tribes and early settlers.

The principal stream of the county is the Little Blue river, running diagonally through the county from northwest to southeast. It is a beautiful stream and yet more useful than beautiful, furnishing abundant water power the year round. About two miles from Fairbury is one spring that furnishes a sufficient flow of water for a good and continuous water power. Big and Little Sandy creeks water the northwest portion of the county and afford a good many mill privileges. Rose creek is a beautiful stream with numerous branches. The first mill in the county was built on this stream. Jefferson county has a fair amount of natural timber scattered up and down its streams.

Small fruits do well and are very extensively cultivated. The apple industry especially is becoming of considerable importance. Jefferson county has at present in full bearing 70,000 apple trees, 25,000 peach, 4,000 plum and 30,000 cherry trees. In the Russian settlement many mulberry trees were planted and cultivated principally for the silk worm. In various parts of the county are quarries of excellent limestone from which a superior quality of lime is made. The surface of Jefferson county is very rolling along the streams, which become greatly undulating as it recedes. The surface of the county on the south side of Rose creek is quite hilly and in places broken. Good water abounds in all parts of the county.

The great overland route to the mines from St. Joseph passes diagonally across Jefferson county. In 1857, soon after the opening of the mines in the mountains of Colorado, ranchmen began to establish themselves along the trail made by freighters and emigrants for the purpose of furnishing supplies to the trains. Every day brought the ranchmen new customers. The first permanent settlement in the county was made by Daniel Patterson on

Big Sandy creek, near where it empties into the Little Blue. His days of usefulness in the county were few, as he was the first person to die in the county. But the settlement he established was never afterwards deserted, it being one of the two places along the Little Blue that withstood the Indian raid of 1854. The first experiments in agriculture in this county were made at this point. In 1860 a prosperous settlement was formed on the headwaters of Swan creek by a colony of hardy enterprising Germans, all of whom have met with abundant success. That was the year of the memorable drought. Yet from 1861 to 1863 were seasons of plenty. Ranches and stations all along the old emigrant road began to multiply and traffic increased rapidly and all were prosperous. In 1864 the county was organized; although there were only thirty-five actual settlers, they managed to cast seventy-five votes, and it is said that nearly every citizen held an office. In 1865 the organization of the county was legalized by the legislature and in 1868 the vote of the county was unanimous for General Grant.

The Little Blue, a weekly newspaper established in 1865 by D. C. Jenkins and M. J. Kelly, was the first paper printed in the county. The first mill in the county was built on Rose creek, near Thayer county, in 1862 by Rev. Ives Marks. The first sermon preached in the county was by Rev. Ives Marks of the United Brethren denomination in 1862. In 1867 the grasshoppers, together with the Indian trials, caused great suffering to the settlers. The greatest flood known in the county occurred in 1869, when the Little Blue and its tributaries reached their highest water

Short Stories and Chatty Anecdotes of People Prominent in Life

Ruined by Swell Society.
UDGE HOUGH, of the United States circuit court, was discussing, at a legal dinner in New York, a misapprehended law.
"This law is perhaps obscurely worded, at least from a popular point of view," he said, "and that, perhaps, is why it is so totally misapprehended."
The misapprehension of this law reminds me of a southern millionaire. He came east for his wife's sake and took a Fifth avenue house. There the lady plunged, as madly as society would let her, into the social amusements of the season. Toward the season's end she fell ill, and a physician, after examining her, reported to her husband:
"Well, Doc, what's the verdict?"
The millionaire inquired, anxiously:
"Your wife, sir," the doctor answered, "is suffering, I regret to say, from functional derangement."
"The millionaire's eyes filled with tears."
"Doc," he said, "I told her she'd go under if she didn't stop gadding about

all them swell functions. And now, by gee, she's deranged. Is she liable to be violent?"—New York Press.
Cleveland's Love for Children.
In the April American Magazine Jesse Lynch Williams, writing of Grover Cleveland, says:
"His love of children was not merely an abstract tenderness for the inherent beauty and pathos of new life; he liked to have them around, he enjoyed watching them. And they, with the instinctive trust shown by children and animals to those who really appreciate them, enjoyed being with him. He would spend a whole day gravely mending toys, making wooden blocks for paper soldiers, constructing water-wheels. The story has already been told of how 'The Princeton Bird club, composed of professors' children and others, decided that he was worthy of honorary membership to their body. So one day they assembled especially for the purpose, and solemnly read an address of welcome to the Hon. G. Cleveland, who bowed and accepted the honor in a speech

which won for him their unqualified approbation.
"Callers who came quaking into the presence, thinking perhaps, 'So this is the man who guided the ship of state,' must have been surprised when, for instance, Francis, the youngest, a handsome boy of 3 or 4, came romping in never dreaming of fear, and remarked to the former president of the United States, 'Hello! You've got on a new suit—arse those new, too!'"
"Mr. Cleveland loved youth, he enjoyed having so much of it around him. That was one motive, perhaps, in his choice of a college town for his retiring years. He liked young people of all ages. He was much pleased when they manifested their liking for him. There is no reason why this feeling should not be shown in his own words, addressed to a 12-year-old schoolboy at Lawrenceville:
"PRINCETON, Jan. 8, 1866.—Dear ———: I want to thank you for the beautiful inkstand you gave me on Christmas and to tell you how much I appreciated your remembrance of me. I like the inkstand better than any I have ever had before; and when you are as old as I am you will know, I am sure, how gratifying it is to

feel that there are boys and girls who think that the old are worth remembering. With every good holiday wish I am, 'Sincerely your friend,'
"GROVER CLEVELAND."
The Spirit V'ed Him.
An old negro preacher, approached a southern physician and offered him a scrap of paper.
"Please, sah, to read dat," he said.
The physician found it to be an advertisement in which it was asserted that whiskey was the only genuine and reliable specific for malaria.
"But you haven't any malaria, Uncle," he assured the old man; "none of it around here at all."
"Whar do dey hab it do wust, Mars Jemms?" the other then asked, curiously; the physician told him, naming a locality.
A few days later the physician was passing the old fellow's cabin and observed him climbing upon a rickety wagon piled high with household goods.
"Moving, Uncle Ned?" he asked. "Where are you going?"
"Mars Jemms," the old man said, solemnly, "Ah, done had a call; de spirit

done move me to go wuck in de Lord's vineyard on de banks ob Cypress ribber."—Harper's Weekly.
Rather Fight Than Feed 'em.
When, at Gaines Mill in 1862, the Fifth Texas captured two whole regiments of Yankee soldiers, they were all very proud of their achievement. J. B. Polley was one of them, and in his "Soldier's Letters to Charming Nellie," he describes an amusing scene in connection with the surrender.
When the Yankee officers surrendered their swords in a body to Colonel Upton they were so prompt in the duty that he was compelled to lay down the frying pan which he carried in place of a sword, and hold the weapons presented in his arms.
Just then he noticed a commotion at the far end of the captured regiments. There was near the timber, and a squad of the prisoners were making an effort to pass by "Big John Ferris," of company B, who stood there, unaided, endeavoring to intercept them.
Springing upon a log, the armful of swords dangling about in every direction, Upton shouted:
"You John Ferris! What are you trying to do now?"
"I'm trying to keep these fellows from escaping," returned Big John, in a stentorian voice.
"Let them go, you infernal fool!" shouted Upton. "We'd a sight rather fight 'em than feed 'em."—New York Sun.

Annual Easter Egg Hunt Frolic on the Crary Lawn

WHILE Omaha is still several decades too young for traditions it has nevertheless some charming old customs among its older families that have been observed long enough to give to their annual celebration common interest to at least two generations. Among these and one of the most beautiful, is the annual Easter egg hunt given by Miss Anna Crary in the spacious grounds of her home at Twenty-second and St. Mary's avenue. One of the oldest and most pretentious homes, the Crary house has been the scene of many functions that are memorable in the social history of the city, but standing out more conspicuously than any of these, at least in the memory of that set which is rearing small sons and daughters of its own just now, and many who are still of the "younger set," are the frolics over the smooth lawn and under the big trees Easter Sunday afternoon. Nowhere in all Omaha do the bunnies make their nests as in Miss Crary's quaint, beautiful yard. Anyone can find the gorgeously colored eggs there, one, two, three and four of them at a time nestled in the grass at the foot of the trees, tucked under the edge of the garden steps or peeping joyfully from the fence corners. Even the wags to whom even the bunnies are still subjects in the future, can spy out the hiding places of the eggs and Miss Crary has never overlooked these wags, by the way, when she has sent out her invitations. And after the hunt there are always goodies to eat before the party breaks up.
For twenty years or more Miss Crary has given this annual party for the children. It began with her own small brood and nephews, and last Sunday afternoon her granddaughters and nephews were in the merry party that romped through her yard in search of the two hundred or more brilliantly colored eggs deposited about in the hiding places familiar to scores of others who have been her guests in the past. For weeks before Easter the little guests had

heard tales of the wonderful egg hunt from parents who knew all about it, and since then the story has been told back over and over again with the additional enthusiasm that comes from mutual experience. But it is not only to the children of the older families that Miss Crary has extended this delightful privilege. The little folks of the Creche and others have also been her guests on various occasions, and

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GROUP OF EASTER EGG HUNTERS ON THE LAWN AT THE HOME OF MISS ANNA CRARY, TWENTY-SECOND AND ST. MARY'S AVENUE.

An Actor's Ready Retort.
When Harry Sullivan, the Irish tragedian, was playing Richard III one night and the actor came to the line, "A horse, a horse! My kingdom for a horse!" some merry wag in the pit called out:
"And wouldn't a jackass do as well for you?"
"Sure," answered Sullivan, turning like a flash at the sound of the voice. "Come around to the stage door at once!"

Founder of Arbor Day
(Continued from Page One.)
to this beautiful passage a most exquisite pathos:
It was a bright, balmy morning in April, more than a quarter of a century ago. The sun was nursing the young grass into verdure, and the prairie was just beginning to put off its winter coat of somber colorings. Tranquil skies and morning mists were redolent at Arbor Lodge of the completed resurrection of flowers that died the autumn before. All about the cottage home there was hope and peace; and everywhere the signs of woman's watchful love and tidy care, when, suddenly, toned with affectionate solicitude, rang out: "Carl, Carl," but no answer came. Downstairs, upstairs, at the barn, even in the well everywhere, though only 5 years of age, he said: "I'm too busy to talk. I'm planting an orchard," and sure enough, he had set out a tiny seedling apple tree, a small cottonwood and a little elm.
The delighted mother clasped him in her arms, kissed him and said: "This orchard must not be destroyed."