

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.



BARNYARD ON JIM CAMPBELL'S STOCK RANCH, FOUR MILES SOUTHWEST OF FAIRBURY.

OME 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 tracks 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 far 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 coin. There is no right; money has not undertaken to rectify it has not attained, no luxury it has not conferred. All that is measured by money.

Jefferson county was first set apart by the territorial legislature January 26, 1856, under the name of Jones county. Thayer, joining the county on the west, was designated as Jefferson in the same year. In 1884 Jefferson county organized by holding its first election at Blue Sandy, February 18, 1887, 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 its tributaries reached their highest water mark. Perhaps the worst calamity that ever visited Jefferson county was the smallpox plague. This commenced in the latter part of January, 1879, and raged for six weeks with great fatality. Jefferson, Thayer, Nuckolls and Webster counties suffered more from Indians in the county occurred in 1889, when the Little Blue and its tributaries reached their highest water

mark. Jefferson county is one of the most populous in the state. It is twenty-four miles square and has a valuation of \$2,485,000, with a population of about 26,000. This gives about \$1,760 per capita. The county has fourteen thrifty, prosperous railroad towns, and 119 miles of railroads within its limits. It also has 733 miles of

public highway. Jefferson county has 290,000 acres in farms and 197,000 acres under cultivation. Last year the county raised 94,000 acres of corn, 41,000 acres of wheat and 28,000 acres of oats. More and more each year it is becoming an alfalfa and tame grass section. The farmers at present have 12,000 acres well seeded to alfalfa. This is

one of the banner counties of the state in the production of beef and pork. Last year the farmers sold and shipped out of the county 17,800 head of fat beef cattle and 45,500 of fat hogs, also more than 5,000 head of fat mutton sheep. Besides this, the farmers sold and shipped out of the county 1,400,000 bushels of corn, 1,000,000 bushels of wheat and 75,000 bushels of oats. Each year these farmers sold and shipped out of the county 25,000 pounds of butter, 120,000 gallons of cream. The poultry industry is beginning of no small sum in the making up of the farmer's income. Last year they sold and shipped out 76,000 dozen of eggs and over 5,000,000 pounds of poultry.

Fairbury, the almost seat of Jefferson county, is located almost exactly in the center of the county on the Little Blue river, and has a population of about 6,000. The location, lay of land and view of surrounding country is all that could be desired. The meandering Blue can be traced for many miles up and down the valley, and in the growing months, when the bordering hills are dressed in green, the scenery is very picturesque and strikingly beautiful. The city is active with the every-day business life and it is fast becoming a state manufacturing point.

The town was laid out in 1859 by Messrs. McDaniel and Mattingly, but the period of growth commenced with 1872, the year the St. Joseph & Western was completed, since which time, excepting 1873, the year

succeeding the grasshopper scourge, the growth has been steady and substantial.

Mr. McDaniel gave the place its name,

choosing the name of his previous residence, Fairbury, Ill. The postoffice was established here in 1859. The great majority of the population are native Americans, although there are a few of other nationalities. Nearly every state in the union is represented. As a class, the people are well educated, intelligent and of refined taste. They are thoroughly alive to the interest of home education. One of the most eventful storms in the history of Nebraska struck this city just as its citizens were retiring for the night, June 20, 1881. Over \$3,000 damage was done to window lights alone. The hail and rain was the most severe ever experienced on the western prairie.

The first school in Fairbury was a pri-

vate one taught by Dr. R. S. Chapman in 1870. In 1871 a public school was started with about fifteen pupils. The religious element is quite as well represented here as at any other point in Nebraska, and the standard of morality is commendably high. Deep respect for the Sabbath is nearly universal. The Woman's Christian Temperance union has been active in this little city from the beginning. It was organized in March, 1881, with ten members, and its efforts and influence are seen and felt on every hand. The press has been a great aid in building up the town and county. It is well patronized at home, and has an extensive circulation outside the city, also over the county.

Fairbury is a modern little city in every respect. Its court house is one of the models of the state. It is built of native sandstone, erected at a cost of \$5,000. The new high school, with ten large rooms, is modern in every sense of the word and fairly represents the progress of its citizens. The other school buildings are of a substantial nature. The foundation is laid for a new Carnegie library and two new school buildings are under construction at a cost of \$3,000. The water works and electric plant give excellent service and are appreciated by the entire city. One of the principal industries of the city is the large flouring mill. It is operated by water power. This plant has been prominent for many years in the unbuilding of the city and surrounding country. The several mills of this county manufactured and shipped out last year 2,250,000 pounds of flour and 23,000 pounds of meal feed. More and more each year this city is becoming prominent as a manufacturing center.

Fairbury is the center of a magnificent farming country. It is the junction point of three main lines of railroad operating between the east and west and southwest, the being the point of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, where their repair shops are located, with a payroll amounting to \$5,000 per month. The Burlington lines from east to west pass through the city, and the St. Joe & Grand Island railroad, running from St. Joseph to Grand Island, connects with the main line of the Union Pacific.

Fairbury has many manufacturing plants controlled by local capital. The Fairbury Iron Works and Windmill company employs about seventy-five men. The city has a planing mill turning out all kinds of woodwork from bank furniture to a full constructed house. There are two large nurseries adjoining the city, also two creameries. The city has free mail delivery, also several free rural routes that serve a large section of country.

Short Stories and Chatty Anecdotes of People Prominent in Life

Ruined by Swell Society.

JUDGE HOUGH, of the United States circuit court, was disengaging, at a legal dinner in New York, a misapprehension.

Cleveland's Love for Children.

In the April American Magazine Jessie 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 towards those who really appreciate them, enjoyed being with him liked having him around. Sometimes 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

at Lawrenceville:

PRINCETON, Jan. 8, 1896—Dear —— I want to thank you for the beautiful inkstand you gave me on Christmas and to tell you how much I like it. I am very remiss 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

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—those shoes new, too?'

"Mr. Cleveland loved youth, he enjoyed 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 14-year-old schoolboy at Lawrenceville:

"Please, sah, to read dat," he said.

The physician found it to be an advertisement in which it was asserted that whisky 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."

"What do dey hab it de yeast, Mars' Jeems?" 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' Jeems," the old man said, solemnly. "Ab, done had a call; de spirit

feel that there are boys and girls who think that the old are worth remembering.

"With every good holiday with I am, Sincerely your friend,

GROVER CLEVELAND."

The Spirit Y'ved 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 whisky 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."

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"Moving, Uncle Ned?" he asked. "Where are you going?"

"Mars' Jeems," the old man said, solemnly. "Ab, done had a call; de spirit

move me to go wuk 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 Yankees, the Texan soldiers 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 a body 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. That was near the timber, and a squad of the prisoners were making an effort to pass by "Big John Ferrell," of company B, who stood there, unarmed, endeavoring to intercept them.

Springing upon a log, the armful of swords dangling about in every direction, Upton shouted:

"You, John Ferrell! What are you trying to do now?"

"I'm trying to keep these fellows from eating," returned Big John, in a stonian voice.

"Let them go, you infernal fool!" shouted Upton. "We'd a sight rather fight 'em than feed 'em"—New York Sun.

An Actor's Ready Retort.

When Barry Sullivan, the Irish tragedian, was playing Richard III one night and the actor came to the lines, "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. The sun was nursing the young grass into verdure, and the prairie was just beginning to put off its winter coat of somber colorings. The birds were singing, and more birds were redolent at Arbor Lodge, of the coming resurrection of the foliage and flowers that died the autumn before. All about the cold, bare trees there was hope and peace, and everywhere the gentle woman, man's watchful love and tidy care, when suddenly, toned with affectionate solicitude, rang out, "Carl! Carl!" but no answer came. Dumb silence reigned in the barn, even in the wall, everywhere, the mother's voice called anxiously, again and again. But the silence, menacing and frightening, was unbroken by any sound from the lost boy. At last, however, he was found behind a smoke house, busily digging in the ground with a small spade, the earthy soil flying in his face. "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.

The delighted mother clasped him in her arms, kissed him and said: "This orchard must not be destroyed."

And so now
Come stealing up the slopes of Time;
To bear a train of roses and tears
Of Spring, but to bring the drowsy sun.

The child's orchard is more than thirty years of age. The cottonwood is a giant

years and its vibrant foliage takes, summer after summer, in the evening breeze with humankind voice, and tells its life story to the graceful, swaying elm nearby, while the gnarled and scrubby little apple tree, shaped, as to its head, like a despondent toadstool, stands in dual shade, and bears small sweet apples, year after year, in all humility. But that orchard must not be destroyed. It was established by the young tree planter who ever planted in this tree planter's state, and for his sake and the memory of the sweet soul who nursed and loved him it lives and grows, one cottonwood, one apple tree, one sun.

But O, for the touch of a vanished hand,

And the sound of a voice that is still.

The memories that live and bloom in trees, that whisper of the loved and lost in summer leaves, are as imperishable as the loves of a mother—Paul Morton in Country Life of America.

Annual Easter Egg Hunt Frolic on the Crary Lawn



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