

## TEDIUM VITAE.

Percy G. Chamberlain shot and killed himself in Chicago on last Saturday. He was a retired captain in the British army. His friends say he was comfortably supported from the income of an estate in England. He was 45 years old, unmarried and of a cheerful disposition. They found the following letter in his room addressed "To the coroner or whomsoever it may concern:"

"An inquisitive world will be seeking and prying for a motive for my assisting nature and hurrying my departure from this earth. I assure you I have no motive other than a most complete tiredness. No, there is no woman in the case, no excess of dissipation, no gambling losses, nothing but a firm and rooted conviction that I have lived too long and am very, very tired, and choose to take my own path, now alone in the full enjoyment of all my faculties, in the silent land, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. And I doubt not that after life's fitful fever that I shall sleep well. I want no fancy funeral; no crowd of people riding after me who cared not a straw in life for me; no gaudy flowers. The pauper's coffin and the poor-house hearse 'to rattle my bones over the stones,' will suffice for me. And the 'Potter's field' will make a downy couch to rest my bones in. Let me be buried with the burial of an ass, a stranger in a strange land, unhonored and unsung. Mrs. Allen will take full charge of my affairs, which are few and simple, and of my personal property I leave here. And I firmly and fully desire that none of my relatives be ever told of my departing or the method of it, as they have peculiarities and would think me 'disgracing the family' if they knew. I do not think I have anything further to add except to apologize for the worry and trouble I shall cause and to humbly take my leave."

"PERCY G. CHAMBERLAIN."

The letter reads like the truth. And it probably is. All who have enough to eat and to wear, shelter, nothing to do and no heart attachments to speak of will understand his "most complete tiredness." He was a diltante. His room contained pieces of statuary and pictures which in parting from them he left to his fellow boarders and to his landlady with an apology for the trouble his death would cause. Here was thoughtfulness, kindness and generosity. He was forty-five years old with age just ahead of him and the doors of youth shut and locked. He was lonesome and tired. He had been lonesome and bored before, he would be again. His was not an important piece in the procession, the spectacle would not be changed by his disappearance from it. So he dropped out of it. With the brown arms of the earth about him the wicked will not trouble. He saw himself clasped in her eternal embrace. The idea once occurred to him, he put it aside, it recurred daily until Saturday he took a walk. He saw the faces of the passers-by seamed with lines of care, no one seemed happy. In the stores people jostled him and scowled. Why should he stay? I am sorry for this "stranger in a strange land." If I were a Catholic I should have masses said that he might be soon in paradise.

## ADDITIONAL SOCIETY.

Dr. Ladd is home from his trip to Whitehall, Ill.

Frederick D. H. Cobb and wife of New York city were in Lincoln Tuesday.

Miss Stella Payne of Hastings is visiting with the Misses Lau.

The Ravola club gave a domino party at Lansing hall last evening that was highly enjoyed by all who were present. The following are some of the dancers: Misses Daisy Cochrane, Dora Harley, Ada Hatton, Marie Marshall, Lucy Griffith, Mae Moore, Sadie Graham, Grace Huntsinger, Helen Hoover, Grace Ashton, Florence Farwell, Maude Shaw, Ena Ricketts, Nellie Lau, Stella Curtice, Jessie Leland, Florence Winger, Miss Hoddy, Miss Payne of Hastings; Harry Grupe, Wilson Winger, Arthur Walsh, Frank Hadley, George Johnston, Harry Frank, Ralph Winger, Clare Hebbard, Duff, Andrews, Sedgwick, Clare Young, Foster Beach, Harry Har-

ley, Albert Fussy, Oliver Clough, Frank Kitchen, Elmer Merrill, Ora Ward and Ernest Folsom.

The Daughters of Veterans gave a surprise party for the Sons of Veterans on Wednesday evening at G. A. R. hall. The evening was spent in dancing in which the Empire Autoharp club furnished music. Light refreshments were served during the evening. The members of the club are: Tom Brown, Willie Brown, Roy Paul, Scott Garoutte, Abe Yarow, John Dixon, James Sharp, Harry Linder, Sam Gordon.

The Olympic whist club was entertained last Friday by Mr. Homer Honeywell. The following were present: Misses Martha Burks, Maude Risser, Sadie Graham, Dora Harley, Helen Hoover, Grace Ashton, Ena Ricketts, Florence Winger, Stella Curtice, Hoddy, Huntsinger, Florence Fatwell, Daisy Cochrane; Messrs. Arthur Walsh, Harry Grupe, Harry Harley, Ralph Winger, George Walsh, Ernest Folsom, Wilson Winger, Clare Young, Frank Hadley, Homer Honeywell, George Johnson, Artie Chapman and Frank Kitchen.

## "SHEEPSKIN JOHNSON."

Out in Clay county where the German Menonite farmer drives broad backed horses and lives fat with plenty to eat and wine in his cellar, and where the poor Swede emigrant of a dozen years ago has become a thrifty farmer with a farm and a home of his own, in a snug farm house garnished with orchard trees and shapely evergreens, lives Charley Johnson. Years ago when he was new from the old country and was poor, he wore a sheepskin apron in front to protect his clothes while at work, as is the custom with farmers in Sweden. Partly because of the sheepskin apron and partly to distinguish him from a large number of other Swede Johnson's he was called "Sheepskin" Johnson. He was an "odd sort of a chicken," the neighbors used to say, but was honest and worked hard early and late. At first he bought only an eighty acre tract on long time, paying cash down only a small payment of perhaps \$25. He dug a hole in the side of a hill, covered it with cottonwood pales and prairie sod, hung a horse blanket over the opening for a door, and this was his new home in the new world. His several little white headed children busied themselves in gathering vegetable fuel in gunnysacks from the prairies, and when they were not busy at this or some other useful work they played about the dugout and were happy and contented. Charley was a thrifty fellow, as all Nebraska swede farmers are, and each two or three years he added a new eighty acres to his farm. He graduated out of the dugout into a comfortable sod house with shingle roof and in time this gave place to a commodious frame house on higher ground with roomy barns and granaries and a large wind mill whirled gracefully round and round day and night furnishing a stream of living water for man and beast. "A tink dees country been all right," said Charley to a friend a few days ago. "Some faler he all time kick, but a tink Nebrasky been purty good to me. Sometime ha been leetle dry, but most time ve git plenty rain. Ven a come hare from Sveden da been plenty faler all time kick 'bout rain, but a not kick, a poost verk me all time, an' now a get me five eighty. A make me leetle moony all same an' my gall she ha got organ in dem house and my boy ha got yoost so good buggy some anyboody. Dem faler in dem eastern paper, he write plenty lie about dees Nebrasky country. He say ve not get rain. Vell, von yare ve not git rain, but nine yare ve git plenty rain, an' dem farmer he make plenty moony. Some faler he all time kick, some faler he all time wait for rain an' some faler he all time verk. Dem kickin' faler ha been all time poor, dem wait for rain faler he all time git no yob, but dem verkin faler, ha all time git plenty moony. Dem kickin' faler ha vant to pull out, an' dem no-rain faler ha go to Texas, but Sheepskin Johnson, ha stick to Clay county.

Elderly people remember their spring bitters with a shudder. The present generation has much to be thankful for, not the least of their blessings being such a pleasant and thoroughly effective spring medicine as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is a health restorer and health-maintainer.