

that none of them more than stirred slightly in the water he hastily crammed a couple of new shells into the gun and prepared to shoot again when a man appeared from hiding and threatened him with arrest if he did not pay damages for disfiguring his decoys. Sheepishly the clerk dug forth his purse and plucked therefrom a suitable sum. Then the man, who was really more amused than angered, took pains to spread the story about town. It was too much for the young man and he has sought greener fields.

He tried to kill himself by shooting through one of his big toes. Martin Quinn, a man living near Ainsworth, is the person. He had resolved to suicide. With a weapon in hand he was about to shoot when his wife discovered him. They struggled for possession of the revolver and in the course of their efforts it was discharged. The bullet pierced the big toe of the left foot of hubby and it so unnerved him that he lost his hold on the pistol, and his wife won. She hastened to drop the gun in a well while her disconsolate husband cuddled his toe.

These are the days when a great many restless Nebraskans are packing their goods and making tracks for some far country. But it is not wholly an ebbing tide. There are not a few who are hastening back to the state convinced of their mistake in ever leaving. P. B. McCall, a man living near St. Edward, is one of these. He left some time ago for the borders of Canada. He was sure that Nebraska was no place for any man of spunk and ambition. Not only has he come back, but the \$1,000 he paid for the experience he counts as the best investment in knowledge he ever made. It took that amount to recover the place he occupied before he left and pay the incidental expenses of the trip. The instance has many parallels.

If the Howells Journal is to be trusted not a sack of outside flour has been

sold in that city in ten years. A decade ago the business men there arranged for the building of roller mills. It was on the agreement that they would import no flour. That was all right and the millers in turn agreed to turn out nothing but the very best grades. So far, says the Journal, both have kept the bargain and no citizen but he who has sojourned elsewhere has had a taste of any but local flour in ten years.

It is wonderful how the old ones do stick. The Humphrey Democrat prints this: "It is said a Columbus preacher announced that he would deliver a sermon on 'Hell and Who Will Be There.' Before the week was out he received letters from two editors (we don't know whether Edgar Howard was one of them or not), three hotel men, two barbers, six bankers and all the lawyers in town, threatening to sue him if he dared mention them in his sermon." Scriptural literature tells of no resurrection more remarkable than that of dead gags among the country newspapers.

"I'll leave my happy home for you," sang the squatter to the river as it engulfed his little cabin, and he left. It was a lonesome man who had renounced the world and got as far away from it as convenient by erecting himself a shack on a small island in the middle of the Platte not far from South Bend. There he dwelt and it was his custom to cultivate the rich soil about his little home without the interference of anybody. But a short time ago trouble came. An ice gorge formed some distance below and the water backed up over the banks. It kept backing up and presently sedate but vicious cakes of ice were battering at the walls of the little dwelling. Needless to say that before this minute the recluse had grasped his oars and paddled away in the little boat he had kept prisoned in a cove. On shore he watched the process of assault and battery until not a vestige of his home

was left. The island was submerged and he had been thoroughly rebuked for attempting to live apart from society.

The recent very high wind was responsible for the death of M. H. Smith of Loup City in a peculiar manner. He had left the city to visit his farm about eight miles away and among other duties he sought to repair the windmill. It stood on a tower about thirty feet high. Though an old man upwards of sixty years of age he did not hesitate to climb to the top. The mill was turning violently with the fiercely blowing wind but this did not deter him. As he raised his head above the level of the little platform a sudden gust veered the fan wheel and it whirled against his head. The next instant, with face and scalp pitifully torn he fell to the roof of the mill house below and from there rolled to the ground. Here he was found dead a short time later. So deep and ragged were the wounds on his head that it was thought the whirring wheel killed him instantly.

A man living near North Platte solves the irrigation question this way. He has adapted the running gear of an old wagon to a gasoline engine. Wheeling this to the three wells on his place he manages to keep the reservoirs full with perfect ease. Of course there is no need for it in windy weather for then the mills do the work. He is simply prepared for any kind of weather fate chooses to administer.

Two horses recently met death in an odd manner near Red Cloud. Their owner had driven to a dance and during the progress of the revel some jealous person had taken the liberty to unhitch them. The lines were still tied to the wagon wheel. As soon as the animals were free they gayly strayed away. Before going far they reached the creek. Over the bank they went into it with the wagon lodged in bramble in such a way that struggles

were unavailing. The tightening lines forced the heads of the horses downward into the water, the wagon being several feet above them, and there they were found later, drowned.

Do you believe it? George Fox of Alliance says Christian Science is restoring his sight. From infancy he has been deprived of vision in one eye. He has expended considerable money in treatment, hoping that the defect might be cured. Not long ago he went to Omaha and there chose to see if Christian Science would help him in any way. A few weeks' treatment has been taken and now he writes home that sight is beginning to return to the recreant organ.

A wild cat large enough to make away with a good sized calf, the largest cat ever caught in the neighborhood of Broken Bow was trapped not long ago and his hide has been stuffed. It weighed thirty-six pounds and stood as high as a wolf. Judge Sullivan of Columbus has bought it and will keep it where it will be an everyday reminder of the primeval periods. The trap was set for a wolf but the cat got into it with both fore feet and its rage at sight of man was calmed with a pellet of lead.

People near Alliance have recently received five bushels of what is called Macaroni wheat, a grain which, it is said, will stand any kind of drouth without wilting. An experiment will be made of it this year and if it finds it can really endure what Nebraska calls a drouth more will be sowed next year. This grain is raised in Uralsk, Russia, and in Central Asia, where no more than ten inches of moisture fall yearly, on the average. It is thought that if it can resist this kind of weather there, nothing Nebraska can boast of will harm it. The berry is large, smooth, lovely to look upon and delicious to the taste. The five bushels shipped to Alliance will be sowed in areas wide apart, round about Alliance, to be sure that it has a reasonably fair trial. If it fails for one man it may succeed with another and thus some seed may be carried over for another season.

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