

ODD BITS OF NEBRASKA LIFE

Domestic infelicity has cropped out in a local household, according to a Red Cloud paper, all because of the comparatively innocent game of horse shoes. "Down town on business," was the wearisome refrain in answer to a protest against keeping supper waiting from 6 to 9 o'clock at night. While this phase of the case was solitary and alone, there was nothing much except talking. But the matter grew more and more complicated, the offenses more flagrant. The man got so reckless as to narrate his triumphs in his sleep. He usually prefaced anything, especially daring by letting a war hoop. Then his arms would describe a semi-circle in the atmosphere. "There goes for a ringer," he would exclaim, "shucks, it's only a leaner." On several occasions the patient spouse lost her temper and soundly boxed his ears. So now it will probably drift into court.

Out near Albion a woman with favorite liniment had carolled its praises far and wide. Never had there been such a magic remedy invented by man; never had she heard of a mixture that would give instant relief to so many of humanity's aches and pains. One night last week she was taken sick. Her husband got the favorite nostrum, groping for the bottle in the darkness, and by her specific direction rubbed it over her body. Instant relief, of course. But in the morning she did not add another to the list of the medicine's triumphs. She had a good reason, too. In the darkness her husband accidentally grabbed the bluing bottle, and with this fluid had he rubbed her.

In this hey day of weddings, a Nebraska editor takes occasion to poke some pointed logic at a competitor. It seems that in writing up a recent wedding the said competitor spoke of the bride reaching the altar with "fairy-like" glides just after the wedding march had scattered out the "sweetest and softest tune." But it is the "fairy-like" part of the write-up that calls forth the following:

"Fairy-like glides is good, besides its nice. Some brides trot or pace or canter up to the altar, some single-foot, some dog trot, and some go lumbering up the aisle like an ox. It's a heap nicer to get there with fairy-like glides."

The man who will not advertise or will not pay his subscription has been the hoodoo of country journalism for ages. Against him the most vitriolic editorials are sometimes written. At other times the editors try to account for the creation of their enemy. The latest explanation of the origin of the newspaper dead beat rolled tranquilly from the end of a pencil wielded by a south Nebraska editor:

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, then the editor, and then the liberal advertiser and prompt paying subscriber, which was all very good. Next day it snowed, and he created the man who does not believe in advertising, another one who does not take the paper, and then he rested. Then the devil got into the moulding room and created the man who takes the paper for years and fails to pay for it. After he had completed that sorry job, and having a few lumps of mud left, he created the excuse of a man who settled his arrearage by instructing the postmaster to mark his paper 'refused.'"

Joseph Zerzan of Schuyler claims he sold the village a bill of hardware in 1886 and now he wants his money. Years ago, he claims, the stuff was bought by express order of the fath-

ers of the village. He made a mistake in balancing his books and never found it out until the other day. The fathers of the municipality do not dispute the claim, but many of them think that it is such a careless way of doing business that Mr. Zerzan ought to lose the item just to make him check up his books a little oftener than once every sixteen years.

Great was the surprise in Valentine last Sunday when U. Boyer, champion horse breaker, came down the streets wedged in between the forefeet of a

made its appearance on the back of my neck and somebody stole my dog. One day a wealthy relative of mine in the old country took a dose of your medicine. He immediately began to grow weaker and weaker. He continued to take your medicine, but it killed him before he got to the bottom of the first bottle. He left me a large estate. I bought a new dog, and got my life insured and immediately began to recover. I have gotten used to the bunions and my liver has regained consciousness. I see no reason why I should not live until I get ripe. I hope you will make a mistake and take a dose of your own medicine."

Six days in a well and still uninjured—that is the record made by a colt belonging to L. M. Higgins of Cambridge. The colt, twelve days old, was wandering around with the mare. It fell down the well on Monday evening. Tuesday Mr. Higgins discovered

his stepson be in Germany when the will was opened he should receive one-third of the estate. But he was not there. He did not know of it until after it was all over. It is told of him that he neglected his meals for three days after learning the news. Now he contemplates making a trip to Germany to contest the will.

Japan Holds Record For Volcano Horror

Prof. Milne, the highest authority in the world on volcanic explosions, classifies eruptions into two grades:

Those that build up very slowly.  
Those that destroy most rapidly.  
The latter are the most dangerous to human life and the physical face of a country. Eruptions that build up mountains are periodical wellings over molten lava, comparatively harmless. But in this building up, which may cover a period of centuries, natural volcanic vents are closed up, and gases and blazing fires accumulate beneath that must eventually burst forth and then the terrific disasters of the second class take place. It is the same cause that makes a boiler burst.

In 1883 Asama of Japan exploded. It was one of the most frightful eruptions of modern times. It sent down 8,000 feet, a torrent of mud and fire from five to ten miles broad that overwhelmed forty-two villages. Historians have never been able to determine how many lives were actually lost by this explosion. The total ran into the thousands.

Bandaisan of Japan blew up July 15, 1888, and sent 16,000,000 cubic yards of rock and earth into the valley beneath. The lava stream from its head traveled at the rate of forty-eight miles an hour and was 100 feet deep. Its width ran from five to fifteen miles. But only 401 persons lost their lives.

The greatest volcanic explosion ever known was that of Krakatoa, on an island and in the strait of Sunda, between Java and Sumatra. On May 20, 1883, the eruption commenced, but the great explosion did not come until August 26 of that year. The flames from the crater could be seen forty miles distant. The crashing explosion which followed these flames set in motion air waves that traveled around the earth four times one way and three times the other. Every self-recording barometer in the world was disturbed several times by that blow-up. These waves traveled at the rate of 700 miles an hour. The Krakatoa explosion was heard over a sound zone covering one-thirteenth of the earth's surface. Sea waves were created by the explosion which:

Destroyed two lighthouses in the Strait of Sunda.

Destroyed all the towns and villages on the shores of Java and Sumatra bordering on the strait.

Destroyed all vessels and shipping there.

Killed 36,380 people.  
Raised a tidal wave at Merak 135 feet high.

Covered 500,000 square miles of ocean with lava dust several inches thick.

Submerged an island six miles square and 700 feet high in depth of water of 150 fathoms.

Created two new islands.

Prof. Milne was asked: "Is it likely that there are volcanoes in the world at present that have been quiet for a long time, but will, one day or another, blow their heads off?"

"It is almost certain that there are many in Europe and some in the United States."—Houston Chronicle.

The Scotch gardener of a New York estate had vague notions of geography. One of his employer's younger sons was trying to explain to Tobias the extent of his country. Finally, he ran into the house and brought a many-colored map of the United States. Tobias bent over it a minute, then exclaimed, "Mon, mon, 'tis no to be trustid; 'tis laid out in the plaid o' thae iyin MacFechlans!"

KNOWS OF PRINCE'S PLANS



LORD BRASSEY, Baronet.

Lord Brassey, head of the London Chamber of Commerce and of the delegation that will visit America next fall to participate in the dedication of the new New York Chamber of Commerce building, refuses any information as to the intention of the prince of Wales to accompany the visiting delegation next fall. Lord Brassey is, of course, acquainted with the prince's plans in this connection and is being much worried to drop a hint as to the important visit.

rushing broncho. For a time he held on and prospered, but finally slipped out under the hoofs of the animal. His spinal column was twisted out of alignment, his shoulder wrenched and the wind had to be replaced in his lungs with a small bellows. The horse escaped unhurt.

A country editor in western Nebraska recently wrote the following letter which stands out as a literary gem in the way of communications to patent medicine men:

"Dear sir:—I write this letter to you out of the fullness of my heart of hearts, for you have saved me from the eager clutching grasp of the grave. I was afflicted with bunions, dandruff and moroseness of character. I could not eat, sleep or pay my debts. My liver was torpid and unreliable, and would not run without being wound up. My stomach lost its cunning, and everything I ate proved to be about four sizes too large for it. A wen

his loss. The well was abandoned, he thought the colt was dead. So he paid no further attention to the matter. Last Sunday he was near the well and heard a feeble whinny. Investigation disclosed the fact that the animal was alive, and he rescued it by means of a lariat. The colt was brought to the surface without injury, no bones had been broken by the fall—in fact, not a scratch did the unfortunate animal receive as a result of the experience.

Just because he would not serve three years in the German army a Platts-mouth young man is loser \$16,666. August Hennings is his name. He came to this country two years ago, against the wishes of his foster parents. They were growing feeble and were worth \$50,000. This conjunction of facts, however, did not appear to have any effect on Hennings. He did not want to serve in the army so he skipped over to America. Recently his foster father died. In his will he said that should