

THE COURIER

Published Every Saturday

Entered in the Postoffice at Lincoln as second class matter.

OFFICE, 900-910 P STREET

TELEPHONE } Business Office, 214
 } Editorial Rooms, 90

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Per annum, in advance, \$1.00
 Single Copy,05

*Odd Bits of
Nebraska Life*

Sylvan solitude embraces the life of a man and his family in the middle of the Platte river some distance from Wood river. He has a little island of nine acres all to himself and has passed his life there. The waters on all sides serve to bar out intruders; Robinson Crusoe in his halcyon days could hardly have enjoyed greater seclusion. A. J. Donner is the name of the inhabitant of this island. He has been there many years. The land became his own by virtue of a squatter's claim and with the exception of the little home, its dooryard trappings and numerous conspicuous implements of livelihood the virgin green of the island has not been disturbed. A network of paths leading through it all to the shore are to be found, of course, but as for plow and hoe, they have never been carried across the water. Trapping and fishing have been followed by Mr. Donner as a means of living and last winter alone he harvested about 500 skunks and 200 minks. When not trapping Mr. Donner is fishing and the catfish he hauls out of the river are the envy of all who know him, not only for their size but for their number. The surplus he sells at the market price. With his wife and babies he appears to be leading a contented life.

Nothing can be better than an ancient book to give insight into the rich,

ripe, good old days of old. Such a volume is in the possession of Attorney Loomis of Fremont. It is a copy of the compiled statutes of Great Britain, printed in 1572. His friends, as well as himself, take a good deal of interest in the obsolete laws bearing on witchcraft, swearing and false swearing and hosts of other misdemeanors of those days. To laugh on Sunday was to gravely endanger your chances of heaven. The girl who wore garish ribbons on the sacred day was accounted lost beyond redemption. An infallible test for witchcraft was to throw the suspected person into a lake or river. If the victim drowned the conclusion was that the wrong person had been suspected. It was too late, however for apologies, but then that didn't cut much figure. If the ducked person survived the flood all doubt of her being a witch was removed and burning at the stake was next in order. No instance is recorded where this final

treatment has failed to drive out the hidden devil. Garments of burial had to be selected with an eye to the dignity of the law. For a person to dress the corpse of his wife or mother in anything made or mixed with silk or linen or anything not woolen was to incur the wrath of the magistrates if they learned of it. Then followed a fine.

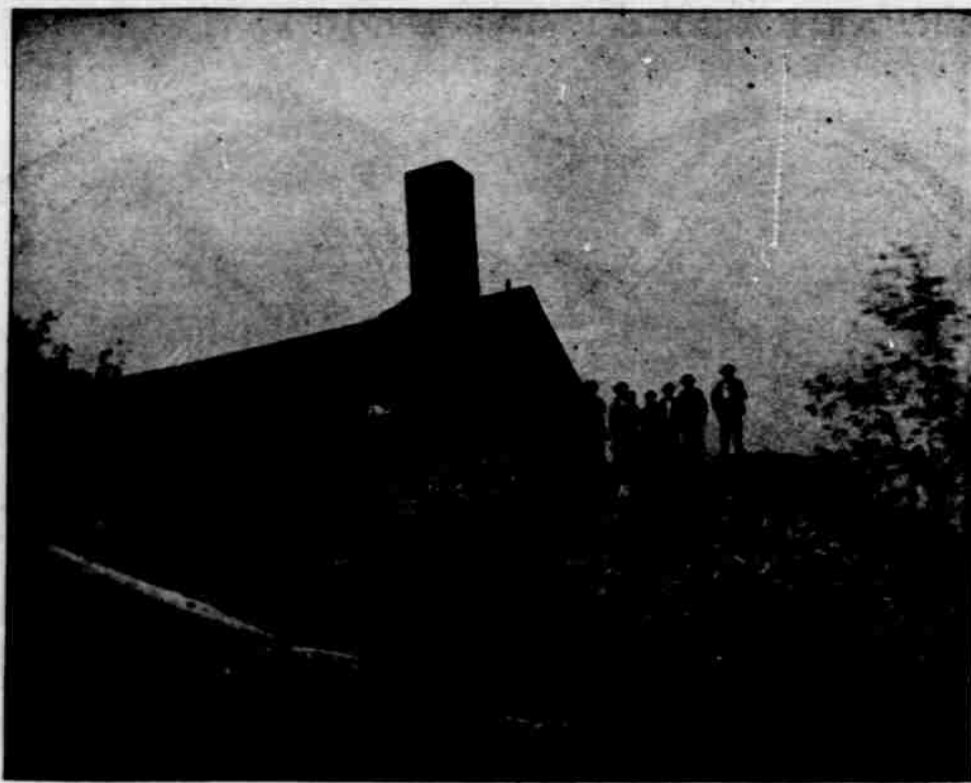
Hail stones have forced a vacation of at least two weeks on a couple of linemen who were working near McCook. While they were toiling in the arms of telephone poles some distance from the city a hail storm loomed up on the horizon. In a few minutes it was pelting them and blocks of ice that stabbed cruelly fell upon them. William Brown and W. E. Corbin were the men. They raised their hands to protect their heads and when fusillade was over these members were bloody and lacerated in many places to the bone. Upon reaching the ground they gathered up handfuls of their enemies of a few minutes before and made them do service in the shape of ice packs to ease the throbbing pain.

It is time to send detectives of unusual shrewdness to Nebraska City. A thief or set of thieves exist in that city who should be run to earth without delay. If not it will soon be too late to do any good. Garden sass is

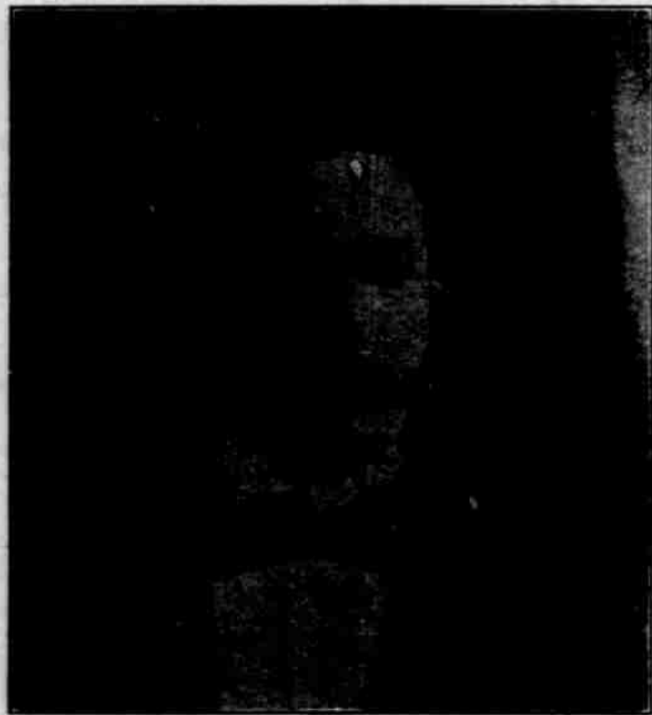
said to be disappearing from the backyard plots all over the city and no honorable people are responsible for it. People can stand it to have their homes burglarized, they can endure being held up and, in fact, cherish such experiences to the longest day of their lives; they can even put up with safe blowing. But the limit of their patience is reached when a marauder skips with their lettuce. The town husbandmen does not plant onions and radishes for the fun of it.

Fifteen minutes under water is not enough to kill some people, one person at least. He lives at Tecumseh. Ray Elliott is his name and his age is 10. Some time ago he was swimming with his brother in a pond near the farm of the father. While diving he became stuck in the mud and was unable to get loose. The brother hastened for the father and fifteen minutes later the boy was rescued. Efforts toward resuscitation were begun at once. An hour later signs of life appeared. The work was resumed with renewed vigor. Five hours later the boy was able to speak. It is said that now he is as able to resume swimming and any other youthly sport as he was before his experience with death.

Blushes for its town mantle the face of the Greeley Leader-Independent. It is in a state of blazing indignation.



This view shows the Manila company's double compartment shaft, ore running \$16.80 to the ton, 125 feet from surface, with a cross cut of thirty-five feet. Four shifts of men employed night and day. Ore on dump ready for milling.



J. C. COX.

The subject of this illustration and sketch is a native of Connecticut and was born in New Haven. At an early age he evinced considerable ability in handling tools and developed a penchant for mechanic arts. He came with his parents to Nebraska twenty-six years ago, passed through the public schools and graduated from the high school. He has followed the occupation of a plumber for sixteen years; eight of which he has been in business for himself. J. C. Cox is distinctly a Lincoln boy. He grew to manhood here; learned his trade here and is doing good work along the line of his chosen calling.

Among the many buildings which bear evidences of his skill may be mentioned: the Fraternity building, plumbing, heating and gas complete; Lindell hotel annex, one dozen new bath rooms; Lincoln hotel, plumbing; Lincoln Safe Deposit building, plumbing, heating and gas; the Central Granaries building; Dill building, Randolph, Capitol and Central school buildings, and St. Paul's church. Among the many fine residences in the city that have received Mr. Cox's painstaking attention are those of Dr. A. L. Hoover, the Davis flats, H. K. Burket, the Kennard flats, Henry Mayer, C. D. Mullen, and the fine Jakway residence on F street. Nowhere in these buildings can be seen any but the best that skilled workmanship can produce. Mr. Cox married a Lancaster county girl and resides at 1855 G street.

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