

## Come Back, Johnnie!

We got a letter from Johnnie Coughlin the other day. You all know Johnnie! He came to the Litchville Country eight or nine years ago with \$15. He farmed up northwest of town and when he sold out he had a little old ten thousand dollars. He got tired of the cold weather and was going where a man could go barefooted the year round. And so Johnnie went to Virginia and the climate seemed good to him for a winter, but Wednesday we got a letter from Johnnie. He said:

"Hello, Bill. How are you? We are all well, but hold your Bulletin back until you hear from me again. I am going to skidoo!"

'Tis the same old story. Little old North Dakota with all its snow and absent minded railroads, excels 'em all and no man who moves away, stays away, if he can get money enough to get back on. Mike DeLaBere once wrote that occasionally a man gets dissatisfied with North Dakota. The milk is too yellow or the honey too sweet, and he doesn't like to have them flow over his land. Anyway, he parts with his farm, sells his live stock and other articles too numerous to mention and moves away. Then he takes his good North Dakota money and buys a farm which is to-day and tomorrow is not or he tries Idaho and slouches around in the mud irrigating a trip so narrow that a cow couldn't jump in a field because she jumps over it. Then he hears of the Texas Panhandle and goes down to hunt the bag of gold in the rainbow. In the daytime he scratches sandbars out of his flesh and at night the tarantulas nibble at his feet and the centipedes crawl on his face. When his money is gone he feels like he did the first night he stayed away from home. He yearns for good old North Dakota and the yearn sticks in his throat and chokes him until tears come to his eyes. He would give a month's work to see the old cow standing at the bars and hear the horn blow for supper. Come back Johnnie!—Litchville Bulletin.