

Route No. 3.

Gus Hagemann is down with the small Otto Brunken was visiting with home

John Chilio was visiting at Frank Bonk's last Sunday.

folks Sunday.

Sunday in Columbus.

Born, on Friday, April 10, to Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Newman, a son.

John Baken shipped a car load of hoge to South Omaha Wednesday.

Miss A. Meyer of Platte Center is at the home of Fred Behlen, jr., this week. Otto Riems' smiling countenance was John Brunken and August Wetjens shipped a car of fat hogs to South Omaha Tuesday.

and catarrhal fever.

Rudolph Koepke, teacher in the German school on the route, is enjoying a weeks' vacation in the western part of the state, hunting and fishing.

Bakenhus home Sunday evening, in honor of Miss Bertha's birthday. A large crowd was present and a good time come guest whose presence there is

ball team for the coming summer and ness in such women which casts them we hope to be able to report some good so far down, and his purpose is to games before long. The Shell Creeks restore the same by his own fireside. have good material for a team and will which is particularly attractive in that have one this year that will be hard to he has a wife and many young chil-

Some pretty strenuous complainte have been made regarding the practice of some people of throwing their old tin cane rubbish and dead animals along the side of the Meridian road and also has married his girls happily all over the road east of this. Dead animals the country, for he is an enthusiastic should be properly taken care of and the piles of rubbish often frightens teams, causing accidents. Those who are compelled to travel these roads would appreciate it if proper attention was given this matter.

Route No. 4.

Rev. DeWolf was a guest at the home of J. J. Barnes.

Mr. Thornton of Atkinson arrived Tuesday evening for a visit at the home of C. T. Marquies.

Frank Hilmer left Thursday morning for Norden, Cal., where he will remain about two weeks visiting his brother, Rev. Hilmer. His sister, Miss Sophie, who has been in Oklahoma about a year, will return with him.

Josie, the eight year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hamel, died last Wed needay of diphtheria. The funeral was private and held from the home, Thursday and burial was in St. Joseph's cemetery, southeast of Platte Center.

Invitations have been issued for the wedding of Miss Lena Ebner and John Liebig, which will take place at St. Joseph's church. Platte Center, on April 29. A wedding feast will be served at the home of the bride after the ceremony.

Walker.

G. W. Swamson has gone to Sioux

No rain yet in this locality to speak of. Just a light-shower last Tuesday.

The confirmation class at the Danish Lutheren church was confirmed Sunday. Sowing of small grain is completed and plowing for corn is the order of the

went up to Boone county Sunday on a visit at Charley Johnson's. There is some talk about the new rail

road again, and very likely the grading will commence in a few days.

. A. E. Swanson had a birthday party Wednesday. Those present were John P. Johnson and wife, Fred Nordgren and children and John Swanson and family.

Rente No. 5.

Farmers are busy putting in their oats. Albert Kummer and F. A. Olcott perketed hogs Tuceday.

The road between Barnum creek and the Loup bridge is being graded. Supervisors Schwarz and Brady are overessing the work.

John Arndt marketed a car of hogs Tuesday.

The early spring grain has come up

Route No. 1.

nicely and is looking fine. Miss Katie Reed was visiting at the home of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Miss Meta Albers spent Saturday and Mrs. Henry Engle, Saturday and Sun-

HERE'S REAL GOOD SAMARITAN.

Looks After the Undeserving Poor-Says No One Else Will.

There is a rich man in a southern city who makes the undeserving poor seen on the streets of Columbus Sunday. his peculiar care, says the Inde-

His methods in dealing with what he calls a fresh sinner are unique, and he regards them as scientific from Louis, the seven year old son of J. F. the heavenly point of view. He in-Godekin is very sick with pneumonia sists upon a full catalogue of the victim's transgressions.

He claims that this is done on the theory that a physician first administers an emetic in case of poisoning. Then if the patient is an utterly lost and abandoned woman he frequently There was a leap year party at the takes her home with him, where she is quartered in the guest chamber and treated by the family as the welin no ways remarkable.

For our scientist claims that it is The Shell Oresk boys are organizing a the loss of the sacred home consciousdren. Nothing is said to the forlorn one to remind her of her shame; she is simply left to get well, as the scientist expresses it.

And it is astonishing how many of them do get well. His boast is that he believer in wedlock. Upon a recent visit to a distant city he remarked to the editor:

"I married one of my girls off in this town; couple doing well; moving in the best society. Good as the rest. too, now. But it's a secret; if society knew it would abolish her." He winked in conclusion, at the expense

He cannot make a speech, but he is an eloquent sputterer; and although his manner to ministers is wittily deferential, he has been known to ruin a preacher's meeting and make the victims of his burning incoherence look like rows of paper dolls blown before the breath of a living man

Romans in Scotland. Recent discoveries in the neighborhood of Edinburgh and as far north as the confines of Perth and Inverness shires are exciting among Scotchmen an unprecedented interest in the Roman occupation. Accumulating evidence that it took a far more solid hold than is currently supposed has stimulated the exertions of the Scottish antiquaries and resulted in an appeal for funds to which public generosity is not slow in responding. Interest is guided and stimulated. what may truly be called the Roman museum, now open to inspection in the rooms of the antiquaries, on the ground floor of the national portrait gaflery in Edinburgh. There may be seen the surprisingly rich bronze helmet and the remarkably beautiful iron tilting helmet, or mask, recently unearthed at Newstead, being within a mile of Melrose Abbey. If the trips of tourists were not such cutand-dried affairs, visitors to Abbotsford, Dryburgh and Melrose might Roman camp and Roman baths which James Curle has there brought to light—the bath is now in process of excavation. Besides the helmets, Mr. Curle has found vases in bronze, helmets, swords and axes, which, along with plentiful shards of Samian and other ware, suggest that Newstead was a very solid and firmly rooted

Decumentary Evidence. Her Mother-I should rather you would not go salling with that young man. Clara: I don't believe he knows

a thing about a sallboat. of his salesmanship.—The Circle. COMPEL NO CHANGE

SLAYING OF RULERS ALWAYS WITHOUT EFFECT.

Digrapil's 'Assertion That "Assessing tion Has Nover Changed the History of the World" is a Truth Beyond Question.

Political fanatics apparently never will believe with Disraeli that "assassination has never changed the history of the world."

In Portugal they evidently hoped by the murder of the royal family to overthrow the monarchy. Repeatedly some analogous notion has possess assassins. They have always been disappointed, but it is astonishing how slightly the numerous political murders have influenced the course of history, says the Kansas City Star. The killing of Caesar is an example of the futility of assassination. It was done on the ground that he had subverted the republic and had established himself as a virtual dictator. Brutus, one of the leaders in the plot, was the typical political dreamer, high-minded, devoted to advanced principles, impractical. He failed to see that the character of the people had changed so that the old republic was no longer possible and, that Caesar was dealing with the situation as a practical man. The assassination could not alter national character so it falled to restore the republic and the Caesarian regime was continued by the practical Augustus.

William of Orange, leader of the Netherlands revolt against Spain, was killed by order of the Spanish king. But the murder did not pacify the insurgents and the revolt was carried through to independence by other

Henry IV. of France, the greatest of the Bourbon kings, was killed by religious fanatic who resented his tolerance toward the Huguenots. But the edict of Nantes, which granted freedom of religion, was not affected by the king's death. It remained effective for nearly a century and finally was revoked by Louis XIV., as a part of his general policy of unifying the realm.

Alexander II. of Russia was murdered by conspirators who hoped by terrorism to do away with the Russian autocracy. The effect of the asassination was precisely the reverse of what had been planned. It happened that the proclamation announc-In type when Alexander died. His son repressed it and the autocracy was more firmly established than ever. It was not until the lapse of a quarter of a century had flooded Russia with European enlightenment that freedom began to establish itself under constitutional forms.

The murders of presidents of Lincoln, Garfield, Carnot, McKinleywere without political effect.

In general, men in authority who stand for some definite policy represent at least a strong faction in the nation. If they are removed from office by death the policy usually finds expression through another leader. The assassin cannot destroy the ideas that his victim represents. That is why Disraell's assertion has proved approximately correct.

Two Sides of the Street.

A drummer who had forgotten the difference in the laws of the various states found himself on one occasion in Bristol, through the main street of which town runs the Virginia-Tennessee line. He walked into a drug store on the western side of the

"Give me a package of Turkish cigarettes, please," he said.

"We haven't any cigarettes," was the reply, "but we can let you have almost anything else you want, from

The drummer was puzzled for a moment, but decided that he must have misunderstood the clerk. "I want some cigarettes," he re

"No cigarettes in Tennessee," an swered the clerk, "but you can get them across the street. That's Vir-

Thanking the clerk for his in formation, the drummer crossed to a drug store opposite and laid in a supply to last him across Tennessee He had reached the door when a thought struck him.

"Have you any morphine?" he asked, turning to the clerk. "Sorry, sir," replied the Virginian. "but they don't sell it in this state. But I think you can get some across

the street. That's Tennessee.'

Evil in Overwork. Another clever accountant has in fured his mind by overwork. Some people need to be predded before they will work. Some need to be restrained or they will work till they drop. Sooner or later the man that will not husband his strength and keep a reserve of energy pays for it by enforced leisure. Some people hate to work Some people hate to play. As Burns said. life is all a variorum. No human being can ever be induced to profit by the experiences of another human being. We are a stiff-necked and rebellious generation.

Paving the Way. the young man; "I-"

"Well," interrupted the old man. "I've got to run down and fix the fur nace. You may study the dictionary while I'm gone."

Fortunes in Apple Growing.

Thousands to-day are making fortimes in the cultivation of the apple in far-away Tasmania, said a fruit grower who was on a visit to this country from the colony to the writer the other day.

The island may well be described as the fruit growers' paradise. An expert agriculturist with a ten-acre Clara-Oh, but he does, mamma; he orchard can not only make a good inshowed me a letter of recommenda, come in a healthy occupation amid tion from a New York firm he used to ideal surroundings, but find at the end work for, and they speak very highly of the season a very substantial balance at his bank

Doctor's . Mistake Would Have Been Serious But for Good Health.

nothing from typhoid germs, according to evidence brought out at a Losdon hearing of a damage claim by the proprietor of a Malvera "Hydro" against the local council for contamthating his establishment's water supply. Dr. Thresh, one of the greatest English experts on typhoid, was a witness. The bacillus, he said, is so minute that a drop of water may contain a population equaling the entire

"I've swallowed millions," he marked, cheerfully. . . "How did you like them?" inquired

the judge, immediately curious.
"I enjoyed the pleasure of anticipation for three weeks," said the doctor. "but after that I felt happy. It was an accident however. I was testing water said to contain typhoid bacilli. The weather was hot, and one day I swallowed a glass of water at a gulp. Too late I discovered that it was a glass into which I had put the typhoid germs. Had my health been such to have made me a good subject, I should have suffered. As it was, I felt no ill effects."

HALLUCINATION A STRONG ONE.

He Was Sure Someone Entered His Room, Although Doubly Locked.

"I was lying in a hotel bedroom one morning," he said, "about half awake when I heard a key rattling in the door. Much to my herror, the door opened and the maid came in to make up the room, or at least so it seeme to me. I called out to her to leave and she did so. All this happened in a minute or less and I fell asleep again. When I woke up I remembered

the incident clearly. "When I came to look at the door, hoyever, I found that it was not only locked from the inside with the key still in, but that a bolt was also shot. I was sure that I had seen the maid enter, but when I asked her later if she had, she said that she had tried the door from the outside and hearing me call out had departed. As far as I can make out it must have been a very complete hallucination about seeing her, called up in my mind in my sleepy condition by my fear that she might enter. I wonder if that has happened to many

During a financial flurry a German farmer went to the bank for some money. He was told that the bank was not paying out money, but was using cashler's checks. He could not understand this, and insisted on money. The officers took him in hand, one at a time, with little effect. Finally the president tried his hand, and after a long and minute explanation, some intelligence of the situation seemed to be dawning on the farmer's mind. Finally the president said: "You understand now fully how it is Hans, don't you?" "Yes," said Hans, "I tink I do. It's like dis ain'dt? Ven my baby vakes up at night and vants milk, I gif him a milk ticket."

A Strong Point Against Him. "You say you have known this defendant for many years?"

"Yes, ever since he was a boy." "Do you consider him to be of sou

"Well, I don't want to say anything against him if it isn't necessary." "But you are under oath to speak" the truth. Have you ever observed in his actions anything that would lead you to the belief he was weak men

"He married the daughter of a poor man when he might bave become the son-in-law of a wealthy manufacturer who would have made him general manager of the business."

He Wouldn't Set. A Washington photographer, now famous, told the other day how, in his youth, he was practicing his art in Cleveland when Mark Twain visited the town to lecture. Impressed with the humorist's splendid features, the photographer, at the lecture's end. sent up a note asking Mr. Clemens for was characteristic. It said: "A sitting! | sults. Is thy servant a hen that he should do this thing?"

No Cause for Alarm. "I can't understand my husband doctor. I am afraid there is some thing terrible the master with him."

"What are his symptoms?" "Well, I often talk to him for half an hour at a time, and when I get through he basn't the least idea what I've been saving."

"Do not worry any more about your husband. I wish I had his gift."-Chicago Record-Herald.

Prejudice.

"Robert, this spelling paper is very poor," complained the small boy's teacher. "Nearly every word is marked Wrong."

"It wouldn't have been so bad," pro tested Robert, "but Ahnie corrected my paper, and she's mad at me, and for every little letter that I got wrong she crossed out the whole word."-Lippincott's.

"They say old Gotalotte was pretty hard hit during the recent panic." "Yes, poor old chap; I'm mighty serry for him, too. He is so hard up that he can't afford to smoke anything better than three-for-fifty cigars."

Millionaire Weds Shapherdess. Herr Theodore Schlumberger, German millionaire deputy, has just been married to a young and beautiful pherdess whom he met tending her Socks near Basie. After a short acquaintance he proposed. His son by his first marriage intervened, and offered the shepherdess \$95,000 to break the engagement, but she refused. His fortune is estimated \$19,000,000. The father of the bride is a postman.

GREEN FRONT

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TOO MUCH FOR MRS. DRUMMOND.

Ingratitude of User of Telephone Was the Last Straw.

When the Drummonds put in a tele phone they were lavish in their offers of hospitality to the neighbors. "It's the unlimited kind," said little Mrs Drummond, proudly, "so it doesn't make a bit of difference how long or how often it's used."

As time went on, Mr. Drummond no ticed that when he returned to his pretty suburban home at night his wife's face often wore a tired and harrassed expression. At last one night she seemed so depressed at the dinner table that Mr. Drummond felt the time had come for him to speak.

"I'm sure it's that telephone that's at the bottom of your trouble," he said, grimly, in the midst of his awkward attempt at comfort, "Come on, you might as well tell me about it." "I haven't minded the Lawtons discussing all their diseases with the doctor over it, because they have low voices," said Mrs. Drummond sadly, and I've tried not to listen when Mrs. Gray ordered her groceries and pro visions and haggled over the prices. "It wasn't pleasant to have Miss Howard scold her dressmaker, and

then have the dressmaker call up our number next day and screech that until her last bill was paid Miss Howard would have no new gown. "None of those things were pleas ant, but I didn't say anything," fal

tered Mrs. Drummond. "But day before vesterday Mrs. Lombard came in while I was out. Lena told me when I got home that Mrs. Lombard was here telephoning a long time. And to-day some lady in town called up our number and said, 'Kindly tell Mrs. Lombard that Miss Keith regrets that after all she will be unable to go to Mrs. Lombard's tea on Saturday.'

"Horace, she's ordered all the things and invited all the people over our wire, and never asked me at all!"-Youth's Companion.

Headache from Eyestrain.

Basing himself on his records nearly 1,300 eye examinations. Dr. S. hollers. 'It's a good thing,' I says to W. S. Toms claims that 90 per cent. them, 'and I don't see why you don't of all those suffering from reflex or neuralgic headache have ocular defects, declares a writer in the Family Doctor.

Over 600 of the patients examined were altogether unaware of their de fect. Fully half the cases were of only slight refractive errors or muscular unbalance, and it is in these cases in which ciliary spasm is the direct factor in causing headache in persons whose occupation calls for near vision a sitting. The reply that came back that accommodative asthenopia re-

There is no apparent relation between the severity of the headache and the degree of the ocular defect, and nothing especially characteristic. except perhaps the patient's non-suspicion of the cause. Sickness or health impairment may be the first inciting factor in some patient with considerable ocular defects which gave no trouble before.

Punishing Regicides. Those among the assassing of the late king of Portugal and his son who fell victims to the sabers and bullets of the soldiery and police were lucky. For even in these humanitarian days the lot of the regicide when caught is not usually a very enviable one. To be hanged is the least he can expect. Perpetual solitary imprisonment is a far more dreadful fate. It drove Bresci, the assassin of King Humbert of Italy, to suicide, and it has transformed Lucchini, who murdered the empress of Austria, into a hopeless imbecile. Among the plotters implicated in the murder of the late shah of Persia one was tortured to death in wet plaster of paris, which on setting slowly crushed the life out of him. Three of the assassins of a previous shah were boiled in huge copper caldrons.

King Frederick and the Sentry. Frederick the Great of Prussia often told a laughable story of an experience of his own. During one of his campaigns in Silesia be made it his habit to stroll through his camp in disguise at night to come in touch with his soldiers. One night he was stopped by a sentry, but giving the proper password, was permitted to proceed. Instead of doing so, however, he endeavored to tempt the sentry into accepting a cigar, saying that a smoke would solace his long watch . "It is against the rules," said the

"But you have my permission," said the king. "Your permission! Who are you?"

"I am the king." "The king be hanged!" said the in corruptible sentry. "What would my captain say?"-London Tribune.

One Definition of Critic.

"The late Edmund Clarence Stedman, the banker-poet," said a magazine editor, "was really a better critic the critic's functions. Attacks on the I said to myself: 'Death or Westminhim. He used to tell about a typica, attack of this kind. He heard it at a supper after the theater. It came from an unsuccessful actor. Stedman was replying to the toast 'Our American Critics.' He begar sit here like a dummy, with things

voice: "The unsuccessful actor, in the en suing pause, answered from the bot

"'A man who doesn't know a good thing when he sees it."

tom of the table:

ONLY ONE WAY TO BEAT THEM. "Big Bill" Devery's Idea of Dealing with Bookmakers.

Big Bill Devery has told New York now to beat a bookmaker-a tip that the town has been seeking for some time. Two Australian wire sharks were introduced to him under an assumed name as a sucker who would bite at a wire tapping idea. After the scheme had been broached, here is what took place: "I haven't got any ready money." Devery mused, when they had finished outlining the scheme. "But I suppose I could raise \$10,000 or so on the farm. Would that do for a start?" "Well, of course, Mr. Devery, if that's all you can raise. But you really ought to go to it for the house and lot. It's a swell chance to make a fortune in a hurry." "I know it is," agreed Devery. "That's what I used to tell the boobs when I was chief of police and they came to me with their get a million out of it.' But they were always there with a foolish holler about the horse coming in second and the wire man getting away with the coin. Something like that was always happening to crab the act." The Australians were on their feet and edging towards the door. "Oh, don't hurry,) boys," said Devery, reassuringly. " ain't on the job now. Man name Bingham's tending to that work. But I was the best chief New York ever had, all right, all right." "Must be some mistake," stuttered one of the Australians. "No-no offense, I hope." "Oh, not a bit," was Devery's cheerful

reply. "But I don't think I'll go into it. When I want to beat the bookmakers I'll take a night stick."

Carnegie-"Scotch Devil." "I remember I attracted some at tention one day. I was a telegraph operator down in Pennsylvania," said Andrew Carnegie. "Over my head was T. A. Scott, that great railroad man. He was supposed to direct the movement of the trains on that division, giving orders at his command.

I signed his name to the orders.-T.

"One day he was away. The trains were all late. The eastern express was three hours late. The freight boys were lying about the yard waitthan poet. He had a high opinion of ing for orders. Remembering Nelson, value of criticism always angered ster Abbey.' I began getting out the trains, signing all orders "T. A. S."

Then the chief came in. "'Come, come, Andy, how did these

trains get out?' "'Why, I gave the orders. I couldn't with the query, uttered in a ringing getting behind and all mixed up. I have given the orders many a time with you standing over me. I knew what you would have done."

"Well, he didn't approve at all of my action to me. But I heard him say a day or so after to a big man, with little disapproval in his voice:

"'Do you know what that little white-haired Scotch devil did the other night? He ran every train on the division himself."

"That was the turning point in my MIGHT HAVE LET HIM FINISH.

As It Turned Out, Lawyers Were Un-

necessarily Excited. In a suit in a Maine court not long ago there was adduced a line of testimony that created some excitement. A witness had testified that he saw the defendant "splitting up" rails a few hours before the accident for

which defendant was supposed to be responsible. "What did he say he was going to do with the rails?" asked the counsel, fixing the wandering eye of the wit-

ness with his stern gaze. Before the witness could answer, the defendant's counsel was on his feet, insisting that the question was not allowable. A prolonged wrangle ensued. Various high authorities for and against the admission of the ques-

tion were consulted and quoted. During all this time the witness shifted from one leg to the other, and gave vent to several prodigious yawns. As the controversy waged notter and hotter something like a smile was seen to pass across his

At last the judge ruled that the question must be allowed and while the defendant's counsel, exhausted with rage, leaned back in his chair excitedly, the query was put once

"What did the defendant say he was

going to do with the rails?" "Nawthin.," drawled the witness. "I were drivin' my sister's niece to ketch a train when I see him. An' now, ef it ain't unconstituotional, I'd like to set down as my legs is about gin

out."-Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

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