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The only Baking Powder made with Royal Grape Cream of Tartar—made from grapes—

Insures healthful and delicious food for every home—every day

Safeguards your food against alum and phosphate of lime



COMPEL NO CHANGE

SLAYING OF RULERS ALWAYS WITHOUT EFFECT.

Dissail's Assertion That "Assassination Has Never Changed the History of the World" is a Truth Beyond Question.

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

In Portugal they evidently hoped for the murder of the royal family to overthrow the monarchy. Repeatedly some analogous notion has possessed 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 failed 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 leaders.

Henry IV. of France, the greatest of the Bourbon kings, was killed by a 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 It remained effective for nearly a century and finally was revoked by Louis XIV.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 assassination was precisely the reverse of what had been planned. It happened that the proclamation announcing the granting of a constitution was in type when Alexander died. His son suppressed 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—Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley—were 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 Dissail'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 street.

"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 morphine up."

The drummer was puzzled for a moment, but decided that he must have misunderstood the clerk. "I want some cigarettes," he repeated. "No cigarettes in Tennessee," answered the clerk, "but you can get them across the street. That's Tennessee."

Thanking the clerk for his information, 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 Virginia, "but they don't sell it in this state. But I think you can get some across the street. That's Tennessee."

Evil in Overlook. Another clever accountant has injured his mind by overlook. Some people need to be prodded before they will work. Some need to be restrained or they will work till they drop. Sooner or later the man that will not reserve 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. "I have no words to express to you my feelings for your daughter," said the young man; "I—"

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

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

Her Mother—I should rather you would not go calling with that young man, Clara; I don't believe he knows a thing about a salibout.

Clara—Oh, but he does, mamma; he showed me a letter of recommendation from a New York firm he used to work for, and they speak very highly of his salesmanship.—The Circle.

IMMUNE TO GERMS OF TYPHUS.

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

A man in sound health need fear nothing from typhoid germs, according to evidence brought out at a London hearing of a damage claim by the proprietor of a Malverna "Hydro" against the local council for contaminating 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 world.

"I've swallowed millions," he remarked, 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 Doubtfully 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 horror, the door opened and the maid came in to make up the room, or at least so it seemed 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, however, I found that it was not only locked from the inside with the key still in it, 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 persons?"

He Understood.

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 cashier'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 think I do. It's like this, ain't it? Ven my baby wakes up at night and wants 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 sound mind?" "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 mentally?" "He married the daughter of a poor man when he might have 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 a sitting. The reply that came back was characteristic. It said: "A sitting! 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 something terrible the matter 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 hasn't the least idea what I've been saying."

"Do not worry any more about your husband. I will 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," protested Robert, "but Abnie 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.

Hardships of the Rich.

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

Millionaire Weds Shepherdess.

Herr Theodore Schlumberger, a German millionaire deputy, has just been married to a young and beautiful shepherdess whom he met tending her flocks near Basle. After a short acquaintance he proposed. His son by his first marriage intervened, and offered the shepherdess \$55,000 to break the engagement, but she refused. Her fortune is estimated at \$15,000,000. The father of the bride is a postman.

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TOO MUCH FOR MRS. DRUMMOND.

Ingratitude of User of Telephone Was the Last Straw.

When the Drummonds put in a telephone 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 noticed that when he returned to his pretty suburban home at night his wife's face often wore a tired and harassed 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 long voices," said Mrs. Drummond sadly, "and I've tried not to listen when Mrs. Gray ordered her groceries and provisions 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 pleasant, but I didn't say anything," faltered Mrs. Drummond. "But day before yesterday 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.'"

"Hence, 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 of nearly 1,200 eye examinations, Dr. S. W. S. Toms claims that 90 per cent. 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 defect. 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 that accommodative asthenopia results.

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 itching factor in some patient with considerable ocular defects which gave no trouble before.

Punishing Regicides.

Those among the assassins 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 Bressi, the assassin of King Humbert of Italy, to suicide, and it has transfused the emperor of Austria, 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 prison, while another was incased 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 expert case of his own. During one of his campaigns in Silesia he 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 relax his long watch. "It is against the rules," said the

One Definition of Critic.

The late Edmund Clarence Stegman, the banker-poet, said a magazine editor, "was really a better critic than poet. He had a high opinion of the critic's functions. Attacks on the value of criticism always angered him. He used to tell about a typical attack of this kind. He heard it at a supper after the theater. It came from an unsuccessful actor. Mr. Stegman was replying to the toast 'Our American Critics.' He began with the query, uttered in a ringing voice: 'What is a critic?'

"The unsuccessful actor, in the ensuing pause, answered from the bottom of the table: 'A man who doesn't know a good thing when he sees it.'"

ONLY ONE WAY TO BEAT THEM.

"Big Bill" Devery's Idea of Dealing with Bookmakers.

Big Bill Devery has told New York how 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 let 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 boys when I was chief of police and they came to me with their hollers. It's a good thing, I say to them, and I don't see why you don't 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. 'I ain't on the job now. Man named Bingham's tending to that work. But I was the best chief New York ever had, all right, all right.' 'Must be some mistake,' stammered 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 book-makers I'll take a night stick.'"

"What did he say he was going to do with the rails?" asked the counsel, fixing the wandering eye of the witness 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 question 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 hotter and hotter something like a smile was seen to pass across his face.

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 more: "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 unconstitutional, I'd like to see down as my legs is bound gin out."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

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