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for themselves, as ours do, need little praising. We might well be pardoned for being enthusiastic about them. But all we say is

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Once you do that we will not have to coax you for a second. Our groceries will speak for themselves on your table. You'll be sorry you hadn't started trading here before.

13th St. Columbus

HENRY RAGATZ & CO.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

ABOUT OUR NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS CLIPPED FROM OUR EXCHANGES

GENOA.

From the Leader. Miss Hazel Welch was visiting relatives at Columbus the last of the week.

B. F. Lamb is nursing a cracked rib this week, and thereby hangs a tale. B. F. went to Columbus the last of the week. He drove his auto as far as Oconee where he took the train. On his return trip the automobile bucked, and failing to coast it to go, he phoned to Erv, who went out after him with a horse and buggy. B. F. turned the machine over to Erv and started home in the buggy, but soon found that the horse was no better than the auto. The brute didn't buck but it shied and threw Lamb out over the dash board breaking one of his ribs. Anyone having a gentle, hornless Jersey cow, broken to the bridle and bit and guaranteed to neither balk, buck, shy, run or kick can find a customer for same by applying to Mr. Lamb.

ALBION.

From the News. Mrs. Mable King is visiting friends in Columbus this week.

Rev. A. E. Cash and family are preparing to move to Geneva, where Rev. Cash will have charge of the Episcopal church there and also the one at Crete. Well, it is probable the fruit trees would have broken down with their loads of fruit, if the freeze hadn't come. And then there would have been so much, it wouldn't have been worth anything. Mrs. F. M. Sisson left for a visit with her son Paul, who is a journalist in St. Paul, Minn. While absent Mrs. Sisson, who has been an invalid for months will consult the Mayo Bros., gall stone experts, at Rochester, Minn. If an operation is found necessary, she will be joined by her husband, Dr. F. M. Sisson.

MONROE.

From the Republican. F. H. Gerrard returned Wednesday from a trip to Burrill and Garfield county.

Mrs. Eva Perkins came up from Columbus Saturday to spend Sunday with relatives.

Mrs. W. W. Frank went to Lincoln Monday, called there by the sickness of her mother.

Dr. W. W. Frank left Monday evening for Worthington, Wyo., on a business trip, returning Thursday.

Elis Williams, who will have charge

PLATTE CENTER

From the Signal. Mrs. Patrick Gleason, one of the few remaining pioneer settlers of Shell Creek township, is seriously ill with troubles incident to old age.

Miss Maggie O'Neil, of Columbus, was calling on her many friends at this place Sunday. Miss O'Neil is taking a course to perfect herself as a trained nurse.

Miss Eileen Kavanagh came up from Columbus and while here was a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Gentleman. She returned home Wednesday.

Miss Edith Barnes, the young lady of Shell Creek township who was a contestant in the Omaha News' recent prize scheme, drew the second prize, a \$150.00 diamond ring.

Mr. John Coppins, of Platte Center, and Miss Kate M. Riley of Columbus, were married at St. Bonaventura's church in Columbus, Tuesday morning, Father Marcolinus officiating. The groom was attended by his brother Frank and the bride by her sister Clara. A wedding reception was given at the home of the bride's parents. The groom is a prosperous young farmer, living some three miles west of here. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Riley, who, until recently lived in this neighborhood. The happy couple arrived here on Wednesday evening's train and immediately drove out to their home.

Mr. John Liebig and Miss Lena Ebner were married at St. Joseph's church, Wednesday morning, by Rev. F. Laborion. The bride was attended by Miss Clara L. Shepard, of Des Moines, Iowa, and the groom was attended by his brother Joseph. After the ceremony they repaired to the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Ebner, near Oconee, where the wedding breakfast was served. The wedding festivities were enjoyed throughout the day and well into the night, over three hundred guests being present. Out of town guests were Miss Clara L. Shepard, Miss Lena Liebenegger and Mrs. L. Gates, all from Des Moines, Iowa.

The village board met Tuesday night, and the principal business done was the consideration of the saloon licenses. It was understood that there would be but two licenses granted, same as last year, and there were but two applicants, H. C. Scheidel and Frank G. Reilly, the same parties that had licenses last year. The fee was continued at \$1,250. Scheidel's application was acted on favorably and a license granted him. In Reilly's case they refused to grant him a license because he desired to move into the brick building, from which he moved last spring because the board would not allow him to run there, and for the same reason as not, viz: the building is owned or controlled by a brewing company. The result is that Reilly turned the key on his doors last night, his license expiring at that time. In the mean time he has circulated a new petition, will publish the required number of times, and if the board acts favorably can open up in fifteen days in the building where he now is.

SILVER CREEK.

From the Standard. Her friends and neighbors did not forget Grandma Holden's birthday anniversary last Tuesday. They were on hand with good cheer and refreshments. Mrs. R. S. Dickenson of Columbus was up to help along.

Another move has been made on the part of the Union Pacific to maintain their right of way in the 400 foot strip of land. We hear that they had Martin Karges, jr., of near Duncan arrested for plowing inside the 200 foot strip adjoining his land. Martin claimed that his land was granted to the state by the government for school purposes prior to the grant to the original railroad company and is contesting the matter in the courts. Every land owner interested in this matter should go to Martin's aid and help him fight it through.

Last Saturday morning, just about 2 o'clock, Walter Oremoen and Roy Frizzell were returning from a Calico party at Fred Lindes of Beulah, when a tug dropped, the carriage tongue fell and the horses got frightened. The carriage was rolled over twice and the horses done the rest. In the carriage were Walter Oremoen and wife, Roy Frizzell, and Clara and Mable Oremoen. All the ladies escaped with slight injuries. Walter Oremoen had his right shoulder dislocated, Roy was injured about the hips and the carriage was smashed into smithereens. Take it all in all, the young folks got off lucky, although the expenses do not look small.

Friday evening, April 24, 1908, the first wedding ever held in Sand office occurred. It was also the first time that Justice J. E. Howland had officiated at such an important affair. To say that he did it with neatness and dispatch, and in a manner that would put the ordinary ministerial officer to shame would be putting it mild. The only thing that he forgot to do was to kiss the bride, and we do not understand that omission, for she looked good enough to kiss. However, we suppose the judge was too bashful. Mr. Pearl Antrim, one of G. F. Antrim, one of Merrick county's most substantial farmers, and Miss Lillie Knowles of Iowa, were married by Judge Howland at 8:25 in the Sand office in the presence of a few friends. They will reside on a farm a few miles west of Silver Creek and the congratulations of this paper follow them.

LEIGH.

From the World. A little girl arrived at the Henry Looske home south of town last Tuesday.

Miss Bean, who teaches south of town, went to Columbus Saturday for a visit with home folks. A little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Blackburn met with an unfortunate accident on Thursday of last week. While trying to save a younger sister from being struck by a swinging corn crib door, which was being blown to and fro by the wind, she was struck by the door herself and received a severe fracture of the limb just above the ankle. Dr. Lowery was called and reduced the fracture.

On Wednesday of this week we received a postal card addressed to the Leigh World from the Golfax County Agricultural Association, bearing the date, August, 1889. The card is much disfigured and soiled and has evidently been lodged in some post office for the past nineteen years, presumably at Sahayler, as it was mailed there last Tuesday and received here the following day. It will be preserved by us as a curiosity.

BELLEVUE.

From the Gazette. A general merchandise store, it is said, will soon be opened in the old Derby building by a firm from Platte Center.

Al Brandenburg lost another valuable horse Sunday night, making over seven

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure
The only baking powder made with Royal Cream of Tartar
No Alum, No Lime Phosphate

brother, H. C. James. Nothing was learned as to what caused his death. Many friends here deeply sympathize with Mrs. Pearson over the sudden demise of her brother.

J. L. Zwiabel and son Roy were passengers to Papillion last Saturday where they visited with the mother of J. L. On Sunday Mrs. Zwiabel who is seventy-three years old entertained 15 guests in honor of her birthday, for two meals making all the preparations by herself. The Enterprise was remembered with a large budget of cake "and it was just like mother used to make." We wish her many more such pleasant gatherings. We were informed that many useful and beautiful presents were given her in remembrance of the occasion.

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TALE OF TWO TOTS

HAPPY, THOUGH THINLY CLAD AND COLD.

Deep Drifts and Flying Snow of Little Moment—And Think of It! A Whole Penny to Spend.

They were plodding through the snow during the storm, little tots who were thinly clad, with blue faces and big bright eyes. Their little baby fingers were peeping out of ragged mittens, wet with snow. Their shoes were filled with snow, because the buttons were off at the top, and the tops were loose. One of them was a little girl about six years old. She wore a calico dress and her stockings were patched with darning marks from knee to ankle. Around her neck she wore a woman's fur neck piece of the style of ten years ago. The other was a boy, and his thin little legs were covered by trousers which bore the signs of home tailoring. He swung his arms against his body for a full minute.

"Why don't you do this?" he asked. "It's a dandy way to get warm." "Cause girls can't act that way," lisped the other little tot. "Mamma says it ain't ladylike." But she eyed her companion with evident envy. The pair trudged along, stumbling over drifts and shading their eyes from the flying snow. As the girl held an arm before her eyes the snow was blown into her sleeve, leaving her arm chafed red. An automobile whizzed by, and through the glass windows the tots saw two other children, coxy and rosy and warm. "See," said the boy, "it would be fine to ride in one of them." "But just think if they tipped over," said the little philosopher by his side. "And we ain't got far to go." They came to a crossing, and turned to cross the street. A prancing team passed them, held in check by a uniformed coachman. The little girl skipped out of harm's way just in the nick of time. "Let's run," said the boy. And they ran through the snow, piled high on the walks, until the girl lagged behind. "See," said the boy, "you ain't much of a runner."

He stretched his little legs and ran away half a block ahead of her. The girl stopped, breathless, and half-crying. The boy stopped, and stood throwing snowballs at a signboard, trying to look unconcerned. When the girl stopped again he looked back. Running quickly to meet her, he threw his arms around her, half-crying himself. "See," he said, "don't cry. You don't have to be a runner, I like you, anyway. Girls ain't got to run. I've got a penny." The girl stopped crying. Her face brightened. "Can you spend it, really?" she asked, shyly. "Bet I can. I earned it, shovelin' snow." "Then I guess I am able to walk as far as the candy store," she said. And away they went, the girl and the boy, cold forgotten, hand in hand. "I like you, if you do make me run," whispered the woman of six.—Milwaukee Free Press.

Awful Punishment of Murderers. So late as the year 1831 the two Mavromichaelis, who slew Count Capo d'Istria, the first president of Greece, were immured within close brick walls built around them up to their chins and supplied with salted food, but no drink, until they died. Damians, who attempted the life of King Louis XV of France, was first barbarously tortured and then torn to pieces by wild horses. This punishment was carried out in one of the principal squares of Paris March 28, 1767. Ravalliac, who assassinated Henry IV. of France, suffered a similar fate.

JACK FROST'S WORK

CURIOUS ACCIDENTS CAUSED BY ICE AND SNOW.
Sudden Thaw Responsible for Tragedies in All Parts of the Earth—Remarkable Disaster on the Zuider Zee.

Although scores of lives are lost yearly as a result of rash skaters venturing on ice too thin to bear their weight, yet the worst tragedies of frost are—by a curious contradiction—those caused by thaw, says Pearson's Weekly.

In February, four years ago, there was a tremendous frost on the continent. The Vistula, among other rivers, was covered with ice of immense thickness, and when the thaw came and the bonds of frost were loosened the roaring river became choked with gigantic dams of ice.

In Galicia, near Saccasin, the floor grounded in a shallow part of the stream and instantly a vast barrier of ice began to rear itself; while behind it the choked river swelled into a mighty lake, and, pouring over its banks, inundated the flat country for a width of 19 miles.

A regiment of sappers, armed with dynamite, arrived by special train, but their efforts were of little use. Within 24 hours no fewer than ten villages were under water, 500 families were homeless, and nearly 70 people were drowned.

A dreadful disaster was that which happened a couple of winters ago at Wieringen, on the Zuider Zee. This great shallow inland sea of brackish water usually freezes every winter for a long distance out. One January evening a number of people were amusing themselves skating on the village, some at a considerable distance from shore, when suddenly a great floe, acres in extent, cracked away from the rest of the ice, and a rapidly widening lane of water divided a dozen skaters from the shore.

Some plunged in and swam back, but seven were carried out to sea on the floating ice. Those on shore rushed for boats, but here the frost completed its deadly work. The boats were too tightly frozen into the sand of the beach to be moved, and by the time one was loosened it was dark. Next day the unhappy skaters were found frozen to death.

On the low, sandy shores of Lake Michigan stands the village of Sandpoint, a little place of wooden-built houses, which is—oddly enough—inhabited only in winter. Its people are fishermen who catch their prey by cutting holes in the ice when the lake freezes. One night in February, 1907, a tremendous gale arose, and, before the sleeping inhabitants of five of these little boxlike dwellings knew what had happened, their homes, which were built without foundations, were blown on to the ice, and went sliding out at a great speed across the frozen surface. One house dropped into a water hole and its inhabitants were drowned, but the others, fortunately, brought up safe against the edge of a long cape which runs out crescent fashion almost opposite the village.

One of the most amazing tragedies of frost occurred in Colorado on a February day 12 years ago. The temperature was far below zero, but the air dry and clear and the sun shining with amazing brilliancy. Five people, who were driving together across the tract of forest reserve known as North Park, did not really feel the cold.

Suddenly the distant mountains disappeared in a white mist and the sun lost its brilliancy. Presently one of the women put her hand up to her cheek, crying out that something had stung her. A breeze began to blow and the air became charged with a mist of fine particles which glistened like diamond dust. They saw a settler, his face covered in a shawl, signaling to them furiously. They drove to his house and he hurried them in. Before morning all the party was dreadfully ill and one woman was dead. This fog is of fine ice particles, so intensely cold that they reach the lungs without melting. The Indians justly call this strange phenomenon the white death.

Spain in America. Not to know the history of Spain is not to know the history of America. The discoveries of the early explorers and colonizers are deeply imbedded in the records of the Spanish empire at its mightiest period. The language they brought to this hemisphere still prevails through an area on this side of the Atlantic almost four times that of the United States. Our coast line bristles with Spanish names from Florida to the Straits of Vancouver. Even to-day in our own southwest several hundred thousand of our citizens use the Spanish tongue.

The barrier of language has been the great obstacle to a better knowledge of and sympathy with people and things of Spanish origin. Only lately has the Spanish language been included in our school courses. Few Americans among the hosts of annual tourists have been induced to see Spain with their own eyes and know its people.

Save Us from Our Friends. "Dudley bought a horse the other day and—
"Yes; horribly stuck, wasn't he?"
"Ah, you've seen the horse?"
"No, but he told me he was going to buy one from a friend who is in the business."

In Musical Pittsburg. "Mr. Jinks, we want you to decide a bet."
"Happy to decide, I'm sure."
"Was that last selection something classical, or was it the orchestra tuning up?"—Pittsburg Post.

She Knew Her Worth. "Miss Frettygirl!"
"Well, Cholly?"
"Would you be angry if I wanted to kiss you?"
"Why, no. I don't see how you can help wanting to."

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UNION PACIFIC TIME TABLE

WEST BOUND.		EAST BOUND.	
No. 11	2:50 a.m.	No. 4	6:25 p.m.
No. 12	11:25 a.m.	No. 11	4:15 p.m.
No. 9	11:35 a.m.	No. 14	12:55 p.m.
No. 10	1:35 p.m.	No. 6	1:55 p.m.
No. 7	2:30 p.m.	No. 15	2:30 p.m.
No. 13	6:15 p.m.	No. 10	3:30 p.m.
No. 5	6:35 p.m.	No. 8	6:30 p.m.
No. 16	7:30 p.m.	No. 2	6:45 p.m.
No. 17	7:50 p.m.	No. 18	6:50 p.m.

Daily except Sunday.

NOTE: Nos. 1, 2, 7 and 9 are extra fare trains. Nos. 4, 5, 13 and 14 are local passenger. Nos. 15 and 16 are mail trains only. No. 14 due in Omaha 4:45 p. m. No. 6 due in Omaha 5:30 p. m.

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