

**Route No. 3.**  
Herman Saunders of Platte Center visited friends on the route last Sunday. Born on Sunday, May 3, to Mr. and Mrs. John Mindrup, an eleven pound boy.

Owing to trouble with her eyes, Miss Martha Seaford has given up her sewing and is at home again.

The quarantine for small pox was raised Tuesday from the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Brunken.

Our informant who gave the item about the number of posts that the boys broke for Wm. Godekin was in error. There were only a few broken and while Mr. Godekin does not like the way he was treated he will drop the matter, as the boys are sorry regarding their part in the matter.

The Adams Skiddoes went down to defeat in a game with the Buttermills last Sunday, the score being 9 to 10. The Buttermills only had four of their regular players, while the Skiddoes had their full team. The game was full of errors and wild throws on account of the bad weather. Quite a large crowd was present to witness the game.

**Our Folk County Friends.**  
Mrs. Frank Fox is over at Columbus visiting the Michener's and other friends.

J. M. Jarmin has been at home resting since the spring delivery of trees for Dave Schaff of Columbus, but he got tired of resting and pulled his freight for Columbus on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Jarmin have been over from Columbus, taking in the sights of Osceola for more than a week, but they started for the Columbus home on Saturday, going by way of Central City.

George A. Close of Kansas City, has come up to Osceola and bought out the Pratt hotel. George Brooks the present hotel-keeper has rented the house from Close and will run the hotel for another term.

Joe Gubser, one of Osceola's best horsemen, together with Al. Cole went over to Columbus last week to enjoy its balmy breeze. Of course Columbus citizens invited them to come into their tents, rest and refresh themselves.

John Alvin and family came clear out west from Kabetown, West Virginia, to Osceola, and found the city so attractive that they went out, rented a house, and settled right down to living. They came out to visit a sister of Mr. Alvin, Mrs. Joseph Jackson.

Mrs. W. J. Hermann is not the least bit jealous that Miss Edith Barnes of Columbus captured that Omaha News prize, and sports a \$150 diamond ring these days. Mrs. Hermann was one of the contestants for the piano, but she came out just \$74.195 behind.

Miss Hilma Anderson, who is employed in a dentist office at Lincoln, had to quit her job on account of illness, came home to Osceola, stayed three weeks with her mother, got well and returned to her post of duty. She is the sister of Mrs. Jennie Rathburn of Columbus.

Mrs. C. L. Thompson from Horie, Kansas, has been here at Osceola, visiting for a couple of weeks and having a glorious time of it. She has gone now over to Columbus via to consult one of that city's most eminent physicians, and will visit at the Saunders-Jarmin home for a little while before returning to her Kansas home.

Hon. and Mrs. William Welch have been visiting the children out on the Pacific coast for six months past. They were delighted with the country, had a fine time, but for real solid comfort Osceola, Polk county, the state of Nebraska, knocks the spots off of the Pacific coast or any other coast. If that be treason, make the most of it.

All of the Odd-Fellows lodges of the county, Shelby, Osceola and Stromburg, celebrated the 69th anniversary of their order in the United States. The Rebekah lodge of Osceola took the lead of the brethren, and where they lead the brothers are sure to follow, and you can rest assured that all of them, both brothers and sisters, had a fine time.

Rev. C. W. Comer, who has been holding down the boards as preacher of the First Presbyterian church, after receiving a call from the Presbyterian church at Eureka Springs, accepted the call, as from the Lord, and he with his family started for their new field of labor last Wednesday. It is hotter down there than here, that is sometimes, and everybody here wishes them well in their new home.

ing been mustered out of the service at the close of the war in 1865. He was a great lover of the G. A. R. always attended its meetings and no man in the county or his post will be more missed than our friend W. W. Maxwell.

### WILL ARRIVE NEXT WEEK.

Noted Medical Specialist will Receive Patients at Thurston Hotel.

As has been announced in other issues of this paper Dr. Ben W. Kinsey who is chief of staff of the Hot Springs Doctors who have their Nebraska State Institute permanently located at 14th and O Street, Lincoln, will arrive in Columbus next week and remain two days. While here Dr. Kinsey will receive patients at the Thurston hotel.

As the Doctor will be here but two days he will be very busy with the patients who are sick and earnestly desire his services, so unless you mean business and really desire Dr. Kinsey's services, do not call and take up his time. The Doctor requests married ladies to be accompanied by their husbands.

This wonderful Hot Springs System of all home treatment which Dr. Kinsey is bringing to our city has cured thousands of cases that have been given up as hopeless by other doctors. This treatment is endorsed by the United States Government and by the world's greatest financiers, business men, clergymen, physicians and above all by the thousands who were sick but have been made well, happy and strong by these noted Hot Springs Doctors.

Below are reprinted extracts from a few of the thousands of testimonials which have been received by the Hot Springs Doctors:

"I feel that I owe my life to the Hot Springs Doctors."—J. W. Lacey, Havelock, Neb.

"For ten years I suffered torridous pains in my side and back and was treated by over a score of doctors. The Hot Springs Doctors cured me with four months treatment."—Mrs. Jennie Roome 3231 T street, Lincoln, Neb.

"The Hot Springs Doctors saved my life after many other surgical physicians said I would have to have an operation."—Mrs. E. W. Brinley, Arcadia, Neb.

"Was troubled with gall stones for seven years; took two months treatment of the Hot Springs Doctors and have had no pains nor symptoms of any trouble since."—Mrs. Wm. Busch, Hallam, Neb.

"I take pleasure in telling you that you have cured my ulcerated limb after many other doctors failed. Your treatment cured me in less than two months."—Mrs. S. N. Sterling, 1444 North Side Ave., Lincoln.

"You told me that I would not receive any benefit from your treatment for at least a month but I am glad for your sake and for my sake that I can inform you that I have not had an attack of my trouble since I commenced taking your medicine and before I took it I had been having three or four attacks a day."—Mrs. C. R. Bee, Fairbury, Neb.

"I have tried fourteen doctors, local and in Chicago and in New York, for nearly six years who said they could cure me of epilepsy but they did me no good, in fact I seemed to be getting worse. In a few weeks' time the Hot Springs Doctors entirely cured me. I gained seventeen pounds and able to do hard manual labor."—Rufus E. Geiger, 210 South 9th street, Lincoln.

The full testimonials of the people quoted above and thousands of others are on file at the Lincoln office of the Hot Springs Doctors which is located at 14th and O streets. Copies of them will be furnished you upon request.

The Hot Springs Doctors do not ask you to rely upon their word alone but have proofs of their wonderful skill in testimonials from all parts of the country. The Hot Springs Doctors do not claim that they can cure every case but they absolutely refuse to accept an incurable case for treatment so that when they do accept a case the patient may be assured of a cure for their money.

Remember that Dr. Kinsey is bringing this wonderful Hot Springs System of all home treatment to Columbus for but two days May 14 and 15 and while here will receive patients at the Thurston hotel.

## AWED BY THE CROSS

SAVAGE INDIANS RESPECTED SYMBOL OF CHRISTIANITY.

**Crucifix on Breast of Young Irishman Who Fell with Custer Was Means of Saving Him from Mutilation.**

The following story of the Custer battleground was told to the writer by one who received it from an eyewitness of the scene described—a witness who, indeed, had a fatal interest in the field, since he himself had lost his father in that last heroic stand of Custer and his men.

Among the soldiers who were engaged in fighting the Indians, in the campaign of which the Custer episode forms a part, were two young Irishmen who had been in the Papal Guard at Rome. Before they left for America, the pope had given them his blessing and presented each of them with a gold crucifix upon which the mystic beneficence of his prayers had fallen.

One of these young men was with Custer when the general and all his followers went down before the ferocious onslaughts of the Indians. The other was with the company which was the first to arrive upon the field.

The scene of the battle was indescribably horrible. The ghastly nude bodies of the dead lay about in a manner to sicken the soul. They had been stripped, scalped and mutilated according to the custom of the savages. The young Irishman wandered hopelessly about in this fearful charnel place in despair of finding his friend.

All at once he discovered a body neither scalped nor stripped, but with its limbs decently composed as if by a kindly hand. He recognized it as that of his comrade. On the quiet breast lay the gold crucifix of the pope, attached to the slender chain on which it had always been worn.

The savages engaged in stripping the bodies had discovered the holy emblem hung about the young man's neck, and awed at the sight of it, had feared to wreak their usual horrors upon him. They had straightened his limbs and left him without the disfiguring marks of the tomahawk.

The friend of the dead man took the crucifix and a lock of his comrade's hair and sent them to the young martyr's mother in Ireland.

It was said by those who looked on that the Indians who spared the corpse because of the crucifix must have been those who had come under the training of the famous Father De Smet, since he had given the savages among whom he worked such a deep, though ignorant, reverence for the cross, that they would never dare to maltreat a body on which it was found.

**A Matter of Buttons.**  
Under a street lamp in New York a group of men and boys were talking and gesticulating excitedly. Two of the men were in uniform. Presently a third man in civilian's dress drew a knife from his pocket and began to execute savage thrusts about the neck and shoulders of one of the uniformed men. A woman sitting on a doorstep near by screamed in alarm.

"What are they trying to do to that man?" she said.

"Kill him!"

"Not at all," laughed her companion. "They are simply exercising the right of all free-born American citizens and are demanding his buttons as souvenirs. That fellow with the knife is saving them off."

"Every sailor and soldier who strikes this port ought to come provided with several gross of extra buttons, if he expects to keep his wardrobe in presentable condition. The collecting fever has now reached such a virulent stage that he is held up every trip about town and robbed of one or more of those ornamental and useful accessories to the toilet."

## LOSE BLOOM EARLY

UNFORTUNATE FATE OF SOME AMERICAN CHILDREN.

**Are Little Men and Women at a Tender Age—Boy of 14 Acts as "Social Secretary" for the Family.**

An amateur investigator has discovered the following instances of the way in which some American children are made ready to struggle with life.

"Think of a girl of 13," she said, "who has been taught to believe that all her birthday means is the gift of a beautiful pearl from her grandmother. From her very first birthday the fact has been the most important thing that has happened to mark the anniversary of her entrance into the joys of this life.

"Her grandmother was, like all her family, very rich. It occurred to her that she would like her granddaughter to have a pearl necklace that should be as fine as any that money could buy. So she hit on the idea of presenting the child with a superb pearl every year.

"In the meantime all the childish joy of the child's birthday celebration has been made to lie in the acquisition of that pearl. It has for 12 birthdays been the engrossing event of the celebration.

"Just what the effect of making the material part of her string of young years the most important part it is not possible to say. To me, as a person interested in the proper training of the young, the idea seems grotesquely inappropriate.

"Almost as singular in its exhibition of a parent's idea of the right sort of influence for a child is the occupation of a 14-year-old boy that I know. He has been entrusted by his family with the care of all the social duties of his mother and the other members of his family.

"He takes charge of all the cards received at the house, sees to it that cards are sent in return, and acts as a sort of social secretary for his sisters as well as for the other older members of the family. They are very much amused by the enthusiasm and cleverness with which he relieves them of all social responsibility.

"He is now 14, and that is an age at which seriousness may without too much emphasis be allowed to play some part in a boy's life. Yet his parents apparently think that what he is doing is important enough to be allowed to occupy much of the time that should, in fact, be spent at his books or in some more serious way.

"What he will think about when he is 21 it is not possible to say. Perhaps he will outgrow his obsession with cardboard and stationery. But what will be the future of the 13-year-old girl who was taken to Europe last summer for her first educational tour?"

"She went with her father and mother, and there was scarcely a corner of Europe they did not visit. They traveled, indeed, more than 12,000 miles. They are quite sure about that, for they went in a motor and they have the record of the trip.

"Those 12,000 miles were so divided that the usual speed during all their journey was 40 miles an hour. What a comprehensive idea of Europe that girl must have got on her first educational trip to Europe! How must her youthful imagination have been stirred by the sight of the strange and quaint sights she saw in those strange lands, traveling at the rate of 40 miles an hour!"

**Fates of English, Derby Winners.**  
Like several of his predecessors as winners of the Derby, Perseimon has ended his days tragically.

It is not long since Donovan, who won the Blue Riband for the duke of Portland in 1889, dashed into a tree while running loose in his paddock and so seriously injured his head that he had to be destroyed.

Silvio broke his leg and was shot; Kingford, the winner of 1870, died while crossing the Atlantic, a fate which also befell Blue Gown, the hero of two years earlier. Kiser ended his days an exile in Hungary and George Frederick spent his latter days, sightless, on a Canadian farm.

Hermite, the sensational winner of 41 years ago, lived to a good old age, and his skeleton, we fancy, still survives in the Royal Veterinary college, Camden Town; and the "flying Amato" lies buried in the beautiful grounds of The Durdans, Lord Rosebery's Epsom seat.

## LOSE BLOOM EARLY

UNFORTUNATE FATE OF SOME AMERICAN CHILDREN.

**Are Little Men and Women at a Tender Age—Boy of 14 Acts as "Social Secretary" for the Family.**

An amateur investigator has discovered the following instances of the way in which some American children are made ready to struggle with life.

"Think of a girl of 13," she said, "who has been taught to believe that all her birthday means is the gift of a beautiful pearl from her grandmother. From her very first birthday the fact has been the most important thing that has happened to mark the anniversary of her entrance into the joys of this life.

"Her grandmother was, like all her family, very rich. It occurred to her that she would like her granddaughter to have a pearl necklace that should be as fine as any that money could buy. So she hit on the idea of presenting the child with a superb pearl every year.

"In the meantime all the childish joy of the child's birthday celebration has been made to lie in the acquisition of that pearl. It has for 12 birthdays been the engrossing event of the celebration.

"Just what the effect of making the material part of her string of young years the most important part it is not possible to say. To me, as a person interested in the proper training of the young, the idea seems grotesquely inappropriate.

"Almost as singular in its exhibition of a parent's idea of the right sort of influence for a child is the occupation of a 14-year-old boy that I know. He has been entrusted by his family with the care of all the social duties of his mother and the other members of his family.

"He takes charge of all the cards received at the house, sees to it that cards are sent in return, and acts as a sort of social secretary for his sisters as well as for the other older members of the family. They are very much amused by the enthusiasm and cleverness with which he relieves them of all social responsibility.

"He is now 14, and that is an age at which seriousness may without too much emphasis be allowed to play some part in a boy's life. Yet his parents apparently think that what he is doing is important enough to be allowed to occupy much of the time that should, in fact, be spent at his books or in some more serious way.

"What he will think about when he is 21 it is not possible to say. Perhaps he will outgrow his obsession with cardboard and stationery. But what will be the future of the 13-year-old girl who was taken to Europe last summer for her first educational tour?"

"She went with her father and mother, and there was scarcely a corner of Europe they did not visit. They traveled, indeed, more than 12,000 miles. They are quite sure about that, for they went in a motor and they have the record of the trip.

"Those 12,000 miles were so divided that the usual speed during all their journey was 40 miles an hour. What a comprehensive idea of Europe that girl must have got on her first educational trip to Europe! How must her youthful imagination have been stirred by the sight of the strange and quaint sights she saw in those strange lands, traveling at the rate of 40 miles an hour!"

**Fates of English, Derby Winners.**  
Like several of his predecessors as winners of the Derby, Perseimon has ended his days tragically.

It is not long since Donovan, who won the Blue Riband for the duke of Portland in 1889, dashed into a tree while running loose in his paddock and so seriously injured his head that he had to be destroyed.

Silvio broke his leg and was shot; Kingford, the winner of 1870, died while crossing the Atlantic, a fate which also befell Blue Gown, the hero of two years earlier. Kiser ended his days an exile in Hungary and George Frederick spent his latter days, sightless, on a Canadian farm.

Hermite, the sensational winner of 41 years ago, lived to a good old age, and his skeleton, we fancy, still survives in the Royal Veterinary college, Camden Town; and the "flying Amato" lies buried in the beautiful grounds of The Durdans, Lord Rosebery's Epsom seat.

**H. C. McCord**  
COLUMBUS, NEB.

**Gement Blocks and Artificial Stone. Estimates Furnished on Foundations**

**CEMENT WORK AND CONCRETE CONSTRUCTION**

## GOT NEW FURNACE HER OWN MEDICINE

**DISASTROUS RESULT OF MRS. GIGGS' DISCONTENT.**

Chapter of Accidents That Attended Removal of Heating Apparatus—Trouble Originated with Loss of "Cadooey."

"John," young Mrs. Giggs said, "I'm going to have the furnace moved. It doesn't heat up a bit."

"Gee, that'll cost about \$25," John said. "We can't afford it."

"But, dear, I'll freeze to death. Besides, I've already told the man to come. It'll only cost about five dollars."

"You're on," said John. "I'll duck." The workmen came after breakfast.

"Go right down into the cellar," she told them. She went to the library to read. Soon there was a knock on the door and one of the workmen appeared.

"We'll have to put out th' fire 'fore we can do any work," he said.

Ten minutes later the wife was huddled in the parlor and the house was filled with smoke, while through the furnace pipes came various "rackety" noises, but no heat. She laid aside her book and went to see what progress was being made.

"We won't be done for a good while," the foreman said, in answer to her question. "Bill's lost the cadooey." Back the wife went to the parlor and waited some more. Then she went back to the cellar.

"You see, th' gadget's broke or we'd be done afore this," the foreman explained. She said she would build a fire in the kitchen range.

"Doncher doot," he yelled. "Wanter blow up th' house? Th' hot water pipe's all mixed up, an' you can't have any fire till we get it fixed."

More waiting in the cold parlor. Then there came a knock on the door. It was the foreman again.

"Th' boys say them pipes ought to be put up agin," he remarked. "Liable to burn up th' whole shack. New ones won't cost much," insinuatingly.

**TABLES NEATLY TURNED ON ONE PRACTICAL JOKER.**

Sharp Lesson, However, Unable to Effect a Cure—Possibly There is Only One Way to Stop These "Humorists."

Are women practical jokers? The question was being discussed by two men who were somewhat interested in psychology, and as the conversation progressed it became less scientific and more cynical. At last the younger man brought it down to a personal basis, proving only one case, but that one quite conclusively.

"My sister," he began, "used to teach in one of those \$1,000 a year finishing schools for girls. The name doesn't matter, but you'd recognize it in a minute if I told you. I mentioned my sister to show you how I heard this. Among the teachers there were a half dozen inveterate practical jokers. One was as bad as another, so perhaps none deserved any sympathy.

Now, the youngest of them was the instructor in English and, incidentally, a poet of no mean ability. She had been persuaded by her friends to submit her work to a publisher, with the result that a small volume of poems was brought out.

"In this state of affairs one of the clique of which she was a member saw great possibilities. She taught logic, I think. At any rate she had a deductive mind capable of making plans that would work out nicely. So she wrote letters to 15 or 20 of her friends asking them to write to the poet, saying they had read her book with great interest, paying her all the compliments they could think of without seeming insincere, and asking for her autograph."

"After a while the young woman began to receive the letters. Some were from New York, three or four from cities on the Pacific coast, several from England, and one from Constantinople. You can imagine how elated she was.

"One afternoon she received a note from the teacher of logic. It ran something like this:

"Come up to my room for a cup of tea. I have a new picture which no doubt you would like to see."


"The poetess went, and, according to the established custom, walked in without knocking. No one was in the room, but on the wall was the picture. It consisted of a large gilt frame in which were arranged all the replies that she had sent to those who had written letters in praise of her poetry."

"Well, what a trick!" exclaimed the older man. "What did she do?"

"Sat down and cried, naturally." "It cured her, I guess."

"No. There's only one way to cure a practical joker."

"They say that the only good Indian is a dead Indian, and it's—"

  
**UNION PACIFIC**

**COLORADO**

No trip can surpass in pleasure and health a vacation spent in the Rockies. Low rates in effect every day June 1, to Sept. 30, 1908.

**\$15.75 to Denver**  
**\$17.35 to Colorado Springs**  
**\$17.50 to Pueblo**

**FOR THE ROUND TRIP**

VIA

**UNION PACIFIC**

E. G. BROWN, Agent