

COFFEES

For years. This choice brand of coffee Oehrich sold for years, and he had many would use nothing else. It is first class recommend it too highly. If you have not those who use it, let us send you a trial pack- 15c to 45c per pound.

CANNED GOODS

Selecting our line of canned goods, we wanted a little extra, and we now offer you the

Morning Glory Brand

Our country customers furnish us with the best butter in the city. Shall we send you a pound.

Johannes & Krumland

Telephones, Bell 96; Ind. 296. 401-403 West Thirteenth

The Coming Play.

In anticipation of the coming of "Miss Petticoats" to the North Theatre on Monday Jan. 11 it is interesting to note the reviews of the production which were given its premier performance, when it played a very successful two weeks at the massive Boston Theatre to very large audiences. The Boston Post says: "Miss Petticoats," a dramatization by George T. Richardson of Dwight Tilton's novel of the same name, was presented for the first time in this city last evening at the Boston Theatre. Mr. Richardson has preserved many of the most salient features, and has evolved a drama that suggests in some degree those of the "Uncle Terry" type, where the heroine has been reared from childhood by a seafaring character. The story of Agatha Renier, who brought up by Captain Joel Stewart, her grandfather, in New Bedford, afterwards seeing more of life as companion to Mrs. Sarah Copeland, and latter becoming Countess Forney through her father, a titled Frenchman, furnishes many episodes, some intensely pathetic, others more of the comedy nature, yet all so well connected that interest never lags, although the happy ending of it all can readily be guessed. The final Act 3, when Agatha is unjustly accused of grievous wrong-doing, is worked up to excellent advantage. The Fourth Act, showing how the heroine gets the better of the villain, Guy Hamilton, in a deal in stocks, makes a fine climax, which leads naturally to the closing scene. The sailor's dance in the ballroom scene is one of the best among the comedy hits. While some of the lines border upon the conventional, there is but little if any portion of the text that is not plain, in easy style, pleasing and easily comprehended.

Walker Township.

Oscar Jensen and wife were visiting at Martin Swanson's Wednesday.
Mrs. August Dahlberg was taken to Omaha Saturday morning to undergo an operation.
Svan Swanson and wife were calling on friends and relatives on the Looking Glass last week.
John M. Anderson one of the oldest settlers on the Looking Glass died suddenly New Year's day.
It is getting very stormy to day (Monday) and we are liable to have some rough weather after this.
Oliver Swanson who has been spending his Christmas vacation with his parents, returned to Lincoln Monday to resume his study at the State University.

Advertised Letters.

Following is a list of unclaimed mail matter remaining in the post office at Columbus, Nebraska, for the period ending January 6, 1906:
Letters—Miss Beatrice Clark, Editor of City Daily, Alice L. Finch, George Gerlock, Harry Gray, Miss Ida Johnson, Edd Lucette, Mrs. McAlvie, Mrs. M.O. Marrey, Christ Sakellizopoulos, Mrs. F.A. Sopolukor, Virginia Vinton.
Cards—Frank Broadfield, D.E. Bailey, Miss M. Collins, Miss Kate Crabtree, Harry Cawkin, Lee D. Hardin, Miss Clara Dotschauer, L.F. Grandy, Miss Ruth Krobin, Magnus Nelson, T.P. Sullivan, Miss Virginia Vinton, Mr. and Mrs. Willenk.
Parties calling for any of the above will please say advertised.
CARL KRAMER, P. M.

I have a good

Duroc Jersey Boar

For Sale, full blood, age eleven months, and also

3 Bulls

One Short Horn, One Red Felled, One Hereford, 12 and 13 months old.

F. A. WILLS,

or Bell Phone Ash 1512

TRACES WATER UNDER GROUND.

Invention of Frenchman Discovers Subterranean Streams.

A rational device for finding underground currents of water has been invented by a Frenchman named Dierert. It was suggested by the instrument known as Daguin's sonda—a device for the analysis of sounds, looking somewhat like a megaphone. To use it a hole about a foot deep is sunk in the earth and the large end of the horn is placed in it, tubes attached to the small end being inserted in the ears. If there is underground running water anywhere in the vicinity it may be heard plainly, the sound resembling that of the wind in a forest. Still water, of course, cannot be detected. Experiments with this instrument near known subterranean streams have succeeded well, but it does not appear that it has ever discovered any hitherto unsuspected streams. There seems to be no reason, however, why it should not be so used.

WAS NOT GREATLY IMPRESSED.

Visitor's Speech Dealt with Frankly by Youthful Critic.

Princess Lwoff Parlaghy, the Hungarian painter, was asked in Philadelphia to address a women's club on portrait painting—a subject that would have much interest, for the artist has done portraits of the kaiser, the czar and other celebrities.

But she declined to deliver the address. "I cannot speak impromptu," she said, "and what is more wearisome than a speech read from notes?" "A friend of mine once spoke before a class of school children on literature. She had spent a week writing the speech. She read it with great success, as she hoped, with great success. "But the next day she heard that a boy, on being asked by his mother what had happened at the school, replied carelessly: "Oh, nothing much, except a lady talked to herself on a piece of paper."

Fresh Grapes All Winter.

The grapes were very fresh and sweet. "These must be hothouse grapes," said the guests. But the host pointed from the window toward his gray garden, where, sheathed in ice, a leafless vine shivered in the blast.

"The grapes came from that vine," he said, "two months ago." "But how have you kept them so fresh?"

"I'll tell you the secret. When I want to keep my grapes I cut each bunch with a long stem, with quite eight inches of stem. Then I take a lot of wide-mouthed bottles and fill them with water. Then I hang the grape bunches in the cellar, their long stems each in a bottle, taking care that the grapes themselves are in contact with nothing (that would rot them), and that the stems are buried deep in the water. They keep so for five or six months. I can keep so a hundred bunches all winter without losing a bunch."

So Tired.

He was the laziest tramp that ever waited at the water tank for a south bound freight. "Pardner," he drawled when a young man passed that way, "got any tobacco?" "Guess so," responded the youth, fumbling in his pocket and pulling forth a bag of mixture. "Got any cigarette papers?" "A few."

"Well, make me a cigarette, that's a good fellow." With a few dextrous twists the stranger handed over the "ciffin nail." The tramp yawned. "Say, pardner," he said, finally, "would yer mind puffing that dope an' blowing de smoke in my face? I feel awfully tired—too tired to smoke."

World's Sugar Production.

An estimate by the British board of trade of the sugar production of the world for 1906 makes a total of 14,312,716 long tons, of which 7,317,472 tons were cane and 6,995,244 tons beet the production of both kinds advancing practically at the same rate since 1898. In the production of cane sugar British India had the largest output of 2,223,400 tons, and in beet sugar Germany ranked first, with an output of 2,362,187 tons. In consumption of sugar per head Australia stands first at 129 pounds, the United States coming next with 89 pounds, and the United Kingdom following at 81 pounds.

During Gun Firing.

The British admiralty has given attention to the question of ear protection during heavy gun firing, and it has been decided to use plasticine, with the addition of cotton wool, for the form of ear protection to be used in the case of the individual crews of officers and men. Plasticine may be supplied to ships and gunnery schools if especially demanded. The addition of 50 to 60 grains of cotton wool has been recommended to insure perfect safety. It is pointed out that the cost of the material is very small and its use is often desirable.

Bridget's Mistake.

"I have a great joke on the old woman," said Pat. "I think Bridget must be getting a bit near-sighted. She was out for ten minutes this morning, calling to the scowrow to come to breakfast. 'What do you think of that?' 'Well, if I were you,' said Mike, 'I'd either get a new suit of clothes or a younger wife.'

His American Souvenir.

John Schmidt was young and German. Shortly after he came to New York his friends in Germany wrote: "Send us a souvenir something typical of American habits." So John Schmidt looked around. After observing Americans at home and in public for a period of three weeks he considered himself competent to comply with the request. Last week he sent home the thing which, in his opinion, most adequately represented American customs and institutions. He sent six packages of shaving gum.

ALL IN THE GOLDEN FUTURE.

Beautiful Picture of What Life on the Farm is to Be Like.

The future farmer will subvertigate his land, and defy drought as well as floods. He will become a scientific forester, and every farm will produce wood and lumber as well as wheat and apples. A single acre will produce what ten acres yield now. Women will work out doors as heartily as men; in fact, they will be the horticulturists and the truck gardeners. There will be closer relation between the producer and the consumer, ignoring a horde of middlemen who frequently waste more than is destroyed by ignorant help and insect foes combined. Under the alliance with the school the farm will be valued not only for its gross weight of products, but for its poise and its education. As our schools become places for applying as well as acquiring knowledge, our farm homes will become integral parts of the garden school and the school farm. The alliance between the home and the school will become very close. A valley full of farms is already the nearest to paradise that we have, but the future will tenfold its wealth and hundredfold its delights.—Independent.

AS EXPLAINED BY THE GUIDE.

Garrulous Old Woman Found Out What Caused Streak on Water.

The garrulous old woman in the stern of the boat had pestered the guide with her comments and questions ever since they had started. Her meek little husband, who was hunched toad-like in the bow, flinched in silence. The old woman had seemingly exhausted every possible point in fish and animal life, woodcraft and personal history when she suddenly espied one of those curious paths of oily, unbroken water frequently seen on small lakes which are ruffled by a light breeze.

"Oh, guide, guide," she exclaimed, "what makes that funny streak in the water—No, there—Right over there!" The guide was busy rebaiting the old gentleman's hook and merely mumbled "U-m-m-m."

"Guide," repeated the old woman in tones that were not to be denied, "look right over where I'm pointing and tell me what makes that funny, streak in the water."

"The guide looked up from his baiting with a sigh. "That? Oh, that's where the road went across the ice last winter."—Everybody's Magazine.

Work and Life.

I was much impressed by what the head of a large and prosperous household French family said to an American friend: "During the day we are all busy with our various avocations. The evenings are devoted to more serious things—reading, music, conversation, society." This is surely the normal point of view of a civilized man living in a civilized society.

In Italy, where social life, as in France, is taken somewhat more seriously than with us, it is usual for the women prominent in society to receive in the evening. One evening a week (sometimes two, in a few cases every evening) is set apart for receiving the friends and habitues of the house. In Rome, where society is more crystallized, where the social manner I know, one or two of the great houses are open to visitors on every evening of the week.—Maud Howe, in Harper's Bazar.

Cause of Blindness.

The danger to which the modern eye is exposed falls into two great classes—disease and overuse from near work. Here another great consoling fact faces us, and that is that while overwork and consequent eye-strain are by far the commonest troubles that befall the modern eye, discomfort and inefficiency are as far as they go in 99 cases out of 100. It is a fact that 99-10 per cent. of all blindness is due to disease and not to overwork.

More significant yet, seven-tenths of the diseases which produce blindness are the acute infections, against which civilization wages an unceasing and victorious conflict.—Woman's Home Companion.

Question of Precedence.

Recently a dispute was raised as to whether a certain lawyer or a certain doctor was to have precedence at a function at which both were to play prominent parts. It was impolitic to allow either of these two men to be offended. When the discussion was under way a man which was to be seated next the speaker, an old politician in the room, said the discussion was one which might be brought to a close by giving them the words of the great Disraeli, who had said upon an ancient occasion: "I don't know what you think of the matter, but I don't care."

The Old English "Tumbler."

The old-fashioned English tumbler, which insisted on reverting to an erect position, no matter how frequently it was knocked over, possessed merits. This was the original form of drinking tumbler—hence the name. They were made of tin horn and weighted with a bulbous mass at the bottom. The idea of their use was a double one. The old drinking custom required that the ale should be drunk at a draught—its presence in the tumbler would cause it to overflow and spill its contents—and there was the advantage possessed by the tumbler of not holding out of reach when knocked about during a game.

What is a Knocker?

"A knocker, my boy, is a man who usually finds fault with another man who is doing something better than he could do it himself."—Detroit Free Press.

Love Each Other So.

Cora—Have you seen my new photographs, dear? Every one says they look exactly like me.
Dora—What a shame! Can't you get another sitting?

A NEW YEAR CHANGE

With the beginning of the new year the firm of Boyd & Murray is succeeded by the new firm of Boyd & Ragatz, Mr. Murray retiring, and Mr. William Ragatz assuming his interest in the business.

There will be no other change in the business. The splendid stock of hardware in our store is absolutely new, all having been purchased within the last ninety days. It shall be our aim to carry a complete line of shelf hardware, stoves, ranges, mechanics' tools and tinware, and every article of a quality and character to warrant the giving of our personal guarantee behind every sale. With the best goods, fair prices and courteous treatment, we offer our services to the buyers of hardware in Columbus and the surrounding country.

The new member of our firm will be remembered as for many years connected with the grocery house of Ragatz & Co., and he will be pleased to greet in his connection with the new hardware house the friends he served while selling groceries.

BOYD & RAGATZ

COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA

AS HIS SET SAW OLD BEAU.

Put Their Own Definition on His Lordship's Statement.

Mrs. Pierre Lorillard Ronalds, at a luncheon in New York, narrated her impressions of the great city that she had not seen for 20 years. "New York has now taken her place among the world's capitals," she said. "New York is no longer young and unsophisticated. She has now all the weariness and vice of Paris, London and Rome."

"They who speak of New York as young, childish, innocent, speak very foolishly. They remind me of Lord Exe of the Carltons, who at the age of 70, tried to lead the life of a youth of 25. He dyed his hair, wore a corset and frequented the music halls, Piccadilly circus and the Burlington arcade. "One afternoon, as he drove from the Carlton in his brougham, a member said, smiling: "There goes Exe. He told me over a whisky and soda just now that he felt as fresh as a two-year-old." "Another member sneered. "He probably meant a two-year-old egg," he murmured."

THOUGHT OF DEATH UNNERVES.

Peculiar State of Mind of Man Who Makes People Laugh.

Frank Daniels, the well-known comedian, is said to have a most extraordinary fear of death.

If he can possibly back out from attending a funeral he invariably does so. In fact, it is said that he never went to one in his life until Kirke La Shelle, his old-time friend and manager, died, a short time ago. Then it was absolutely necessary for Daniels to go to the funeral. He did. But he arrived back at his home in Rye, N. Y., in a state of great agitation, and promptly took to his bed. But as nothing seemed to be the matter with him, he gradually plucked up courage and decided to arise, as usual, the next day. His valet asked him whether he desired to put on the clothes which he had worn the day before. "What?" exclaimed Daniels, horrified. "Wear those things I had on at the funeral! Never! Throw 'em away—burn them up! I never want to see them again!" And his previous agitation returned to such an extent that he almost decided not to get up that day at all.

The Will to Live.

Dr. Mason, a physician of considerable prominence and ability, suddenly developed a serious illness when far from home in a little town in Oregon, says the Woman's Home Companion. He felt able to prescribe for himself, but knew that what he really needed was careful nursing. The widow of the late medical practitioner of the town was recommended to him, and he asked to see her. She was this, angular and severe of aspect, and at first glance he decided he needed more cheerful attendance. So he tried, as gracefully as possible, to suppress his doubts as to the volunteer's ability as a nurse. "But," protested the lady, "I nursed my father until he died."

until they died; I nursed my husband—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the doctor, "but, you see, I want to live."

Happiness.

The young poet had just finished what he considered to be a work of real inspiration, and, rising from his table, he hastened up stairs to where his little wife, a bride of six weeks, was sitting darning his socks. "Listen, sweetheart," he whispered tenderly. "I have just written this." And he began to read. He put his whole soul into the reading. His gestures were graceful, his intonation perfect. The whole spirit of his beautiful poem breathed forth as he threaded his way from the beginning to the end of his theme, and when he had finished he looked at her, awaiting her verdict. For a time she was silent. "Well, dear heart," he said, "tell me what you are thinking." "I was wondering, dearest—"

Sharing His Celebrities.

The management of the various children's libraries have taken a leaf from the Arabian Nights. At each rate, each library now boasts a modicum of Scherazade in the person of a professional story-teller, whose mission it is to entertain the small borrowers at stated intervals by the recital of tales wise and otherwise. On one of these occasions recently the story was Mrs. Peary's Snow-Baby. The narrator must have been more than ordinarily vivid in her descriptive passages, for at the end of the ceremonies a little Italian boy came forward and made his modest plea. "Mrs. Peary," he began, wistfully, "please come around to my house with me? I'd like my mother to look on a lady that had lived in such cold places."

Pleasant Vacation Pastime.

Two Philadelphia medical students employed their summer vacation hunting rattlesnakes and copperheads in the mountains near Emmitsburg. They captured a number of large reptiles, from which they obtained about \$1,500 worth of venom, which will be shipped to Paris.

Service is Profitable.

The sale of land reclaimed by the federal reclamation service is expected more than to repay the \$60,000,000 expended to date by the government.

Refuse to Quit.

His satanic majesty "like a political officeholder," refused to quit his job.

Cause of the Break.

"What caused that awkward break in the conversation?" "Some one dropped the subject."—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Man Who Knows.

The man who really knows more than the boss usually gets to be boss. The boss thinks he knows more but he is wrong.—Richard's Foot at Lake Huron.

German Navy League.

The German Navy league has become the largest and most influential patriotic association in the world. It numbers 820,000 members; with over 1,000 branches in Germany alone. It has an income of over \$250,000 per annum. Its journal, Die Flotte, possesses a larger circulation than all the other German monthly periodicals combined, and may be seen in almost every cafe, inn, barber's shop and private house. In addition to the home branches, there are about a hundred in various foreign countries excepting the United States and Russia, the German consuls being very generally the presidents. Annual contributions of these foreign branches amount to about \$10,000, an amount said to be equal to the entire income of the British Navy league in all parts of the British empire.

The Order of Fools.

April 1 is not the only Fools' day in the year. On November 12, 1381, the Order of Fools was instituted by Adolphus, count of Cleves. Members were not by any means idle, however, for the word had a different meaning then. They were the prototype of our modern Order of Foresters or Odd Fellows during the similarly benevolent work. Their signals consisted of a mantle, a hood, a left shoulder of which was bordered a jester, or fool, in bells, yellow hose and silver shoes. These cherey, useful jokers had a bright, happy outlook upon life and met together to dispense the earnest of their healthful existence at stated intervals, the chief day of which was November 12.

What It Reminded Him of.

When Gen. Schenck, whose great fame rests upon his having introduced the game of poker into England, first arrived in London as American minister to the court of St. James, he took a trip to the capital. Among other places he visited Mme. Tussaud's wax works. "And what do you think of our great wax work exhibition?" asked a friend. "Well," replied the general, "it struck me as being very like the ordinary English evening party."

The Ruling Passion.

The father of a family, all of whom were devotees of bridge and much given to talking the game and holding post-mortems over badly played hands, died rather suddenly. There was a difference of opinion as to whether he should be buried in the family plot or cremated. In the course of the discussion the mother said weepingly to her son: "John, what do you think?" "I leave it to you, mother."

Disposition Worth Striving For.

There is no more desirable trait for a companion in the journey of life than that of cheerfulness, the yoked fellow of good temper. "A merry heart doeth good." But cheerfulness is not merely hilarity and fun. It includes the ability to look on the bright side, to make the best of everything, to refuse to meet trouble half way, and to cheer up bravely and hopefully. Such a disposition is invaluable, and the worth of its owner is above all.