

BIG AUCTION SALE

In the building formerly occupied by H. F. Greiner, first door west of Bucher's saloon, \$12,000 stock of General Merchandise to be sacrificed at auction. This stock must go. The sale is held

EVERY AFTERNOON

at 2 o'clock sharp, and will continue until the entire stock is sold. We will conduct the greatest auction sale ever held in this country. This is a good, staple stock of General Merchandise consisting of Dry Goods, Shoes, Groceries, Queensware, Etc., and will be sold to the highest bidder for cash or produce.

At Your Own Price

DRY GOODS

Our stock of Dry Goods is very clean and up-to-date. Don't fail to lay in a supply if you need dry goods any time in the next year.

Shoes Thousands of pairs of new and up-to-date shoes and they will be sold, and sold cheap. Come to the big sale, and you will never want to miss it again.

Hats and Caps Large stock of Summer Hats and Caps; also up-to-date line of Gents' Furnishing Goods, at a price within everybody's reach to dress up.

Groceries A large stock of new and fresh Groceries

Jewelry Nice and attractive assortment of Jewelry. Come and inspect it and be convinced of its value.

Produce We will pay highest market price for produce and poultry. Bring it in early, and get your chips in time to make your auction purchases with.

At Less Than Wholesale

The stock is so arranged that between auction hours you can buy anything in the store at wholesale price.

A. C. LEAS, Owner

COL. G. N. BUCKLEY, Auctioneer Columbus

Thomas were overcome by the heat and died.

About one hundred people from Platte Center, Columbus and Oonooe gathered at the home of Ed Mayberger last Saturday night and enjoyed a dance in his new barn.

The home of John Ebner was released from quarantine last Saturday, all those who were afflicted with small pox having recovered. With the exception of Mr. Ebner and the hired man, Herman Alvo, the entire family had a siege of the disease.

Route No. 3.

Miss Lilly Bartels was visiting Miss Delia Luncheon Sunday.

D. A. Becher returned to Omaha Tuesday evening to resume his duties as a federal juror.

Substitute A. O. Erb was licking postage stamps and counting postal cards on the route Tuesday while the regular went fishing.

The Short Creek athletes and the Platte Center second team crossed bats on the Platte Center grounds Sunday, and the Short Creeks won by a score of 18 to 13. The two features of the game were the fielding by Geo. Hageman and the three two base hits by Louis Newman. George E. Syas was the umpire.

MANY YEARS AGO.

Files of the Journal May 12, 1875.

Engine Company No. 1, at their meeting Monday evening, refused to adopt a resolution to dispense with the annual ball, but the resolution expressing the wish of the members of the company that the chief engineer call them out for practice at least once a week was adopted.

Quite a number of men have been employed by Wm. Burgess, U. S. Indian agent for the Pawnees, to go to the new reservation to aid in making improvements. Among the number are Frank Gillett, O. P. Reed, McDonald, Robert Curran, Lorenzo Clark, Will Goodidge, two sons of W. E. Coffin, and several others whose names we did not get.

A commercial traveler was calling on Henry Bros. the other day, and hearing a remark in regard to the ravages of grasshoppers, past and probably prospective, he was wondering asked if the people in these parts had not heard of the method adopted at Burlington, Ia., the place of his residence. They hadn't. Of course they hadn't, as there had been no one to tell them of the Burlington method. "Well," he said, "that's strange our way is that when they are found on a field of grain, we go to the middle of it and read them the Granger's obligation, and they get out instantly." We do not know what the Granger's obligation is, and we are very sure we cannot vouch for the efficacy of the Burlington method nor neither for the truth and veracity of the commercial traveler, but if it is so, the Granger's obligation will be in demand if the grasshoppers come. Perhaps if some good granger would speak the word now it would prevent their coming.

Power in Silence.

Here is a hint for the women who fidget and fret and fuss. Go into the silence at certain times of the day. One need not necessarily retire for formal prayer. "He who is in the path of duty needs no prayers," said a wise Oriental. But in the silence you will find the peace and strength of prayer. In withdrawing from the pressure of things and getting in touch with the great sources of power, you will absorb power.—Edwin Markham, in the Red Book.

A Hint to the Wise.

A blacksmith picked up a paper the other day as he was going to work and read that he was one of the heirs to an estate that has been in litigation for 13 years. He took time enough to hunt up the administrator and receive \$42. Now is the time to subscribe.—Boston Globe.

Gallant Burglar.

After rifling a lady's boudoir and snatching some jewels, the burglar left a note—brief but gallant, and gratifying to a degree—before taking his departure. "A thousand regrets," so the note ran, "for not having found in this chamber by far its most lovely jewel."

Reply to Varsity Critics.

The varities are not the sinks of iniquity they are sometimes said to be. High spirits and levity are there in abundance, but, considering these few years are the best of one's whole life as far as opportunities for enjoyment and bodily health go, this is not surprising.—Tallier.

Wet Cloth in Sickness.

When a very hot cloth is wanted for use in sickness, do not wet the whole cloth. Take hold of the ends, one in each hand, then drop the center in boiling water, twist the cloth quickly, and the result will be a very hot cloth and the hands not wet.

Easy to Carry.

"Why, I see you have sent little Will for beer for the first time, and that you have given him two jugs to carry. Why did you do this?" "I did it so that with one in each hand he could keep his balance better."—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

The Real Man.

The man within you depends not on goggles or feathers, not on baggage or furniture, not on rank or station, but on large-heartedness, honesty, sincerity, and elevation of purpose, breadth of sympathy and simplicity.

Recognized Work of Women. After the Franco-Prussian war, "The Service Cross for Women and Girls" was established in recognition of their aid during the war. The decoration consists of an iron cross encased in silver.

IN PERPETUAL FEUD

NEVER TRUCE BETWEEN VARIETIES OF ANTS.

Small Creatures Are Inveterate Fighters, as Well as Having Qualities of Industry That Rival the Busy Bee.

"On the morning of August 11," says a writer in Suburban Life, "I gathered a few black ants and a number of their small brown, egg-shaped cocoons from an ant hill in my yard and placed them in a shallow glass box, an artificial nest, where I watched their behavior.

"Not long after this I discovered a winged black ant promenading under the apple tree—very likely a blood sister of the others, for when I placed her with them she was not attacked, as was a large ant with a red thorax that later I introduced among them.

"Strange how ants recognize both friends and enemies through the sense of smell rather than by the sense of sight. No sooner do two ants meet than they cross noses, so to speak, in order to ascertain who is who. If the insects find that they belong to different communities war is at once declared.

"This was the case when the ant with the red thorax was confined with the black ants. How vicious both species were, how they snapped at and bit each other! One black ant succeeded in grabbing an antenna (feeler) of her antagonist, to which she held as the big red ant dragged her from place to place.

"Another black ant smelled her opportunity and caught the hind leg of the enemy, who was thus greatly handicapped in her movements. Still she succeeded in killing both black ants, although she could not free herself from their death grip until I came to her assistance.

"The queen had remained inactive during the conflict and had taken no part in cleaning up the nest; when all was again in order a worker ant approached her and after a short antennal conversation began to tug at her wings. Apparently this was to give the royal sister to understand that she must discard them and assume the responsibilities of egg laying, the work for which she had been most carefully reared.

"The young queen was not inclined to give up her gauzy appendages, however, so presently the worker resumed her efforts to loosen them, but with no show of animosity. Falling to accomplish her purpose, she next caught the queen by her antenna and led her gently about the nest and then held her in a corner for at least 20 minutes.

"During this time the other ants came and touched her caressingly with their antennae, and one went so far as to offer her food from its mouth. It was a clear case of coaxing. They wanted this queen mother to deposit eggs and found a new colony. I do not know that arguments finally overcame the queen's reluctance to give up her freedom. The next day I saw that she had yielded to the entreaties of her sisters. She was wingless and depositing very minute eggs.

"The black ants have what appear to be good-natured wrestling matches among themselves. They are constantly on the move doing something, carrying the unwieldy cocoons from one place to another, regurgitating food for a companion or making elaborate toilets."

But Not Till Then.

In the dim and misty future when the face of things wears another smile, and politics takes up a new line of battle, and education takes on a new hope, and the philosophy of good will and real comfort dwells in the hearts of the people, and selfishness hides in the caves of despair, and people talk of real things, and the seats of the scornful are empty, and courtesy dwells in every household and street car, and business refuses to take an undue advantage, and the taxpayer is considered, and the boss is labeled with the tributes, and good books are read and new jokes are told, and men and women say good things of one another, and political plunder is a crime, and spitting on the sidewalks is a disgrace, and the ships sail through the Panama canal, and The Hague tribunal ordains arbitration—then we will have peace on earth for a thousand years, and the antipodes will sit down with the celestials in heavenly places, but not till then.—Ohio State Journal.

May Revolutionize Printing.

An Australian has patented an invention by which, he claims, book and newspaper printing will be placed on an entirely new basis. By the use of a large number of keys provision is made for producing the more common syllables and word terminations by the touch of a key, so that one man can write from 50,000 to 60,000 letters in an hour, which is equal to more than 600 printed lines 13 centimeters (centimeter equal to 0.3937 inch) in length. According to present methods not one-tenth of this can be done by a compositor in an hour.

The Soldier's Profession.

To-day war is nothing more than cold-blooded slaughter. Noiseless rifles, long-range machine guns, mines, electric current and aeroplanes reduce the whole matter to a mathematical basis. The effect of such developments may be seen by consulting the roster at West Point. Not that youth fears war, for that can never be said of Americans, but that war is not attractive as a profession.

Difficult Writing.

"Can you write backwards and upside down?" said a deaf mute. "I can. Watch me."

He laid a book on the table before the reporter and himself—he sat facing the reporter—and wrote simply, backwards and upside down. "You read me easily. All deaf mutes who communicate by writing should write like this—it is so much easier for the person they are conversing with—but most of them are too lazy to learn. I can write in this way 40 words a minute."

MUCH FOOD GOES TO WASTE.

By Pests, Such as Hostile Insects and Plants, Farmers Annually Lose \$700,000,000.

One way to provide new food to eat is to save what we have. An apple or a grain of corn saved is an apple or a grain of corn gained. Upon all the growing products of the earth an incessant war is waged by hostile insects and plants. Some of these pests are animal—flies, mites, caterpillars, etc.—others, like rusts, mildew, blight, and mold are low forms of plant life. But whatever their nature, origin or method of work, the total destruction wrought by these pests amounts in the United States to no less than \$700,000,000 annually, says Success.

Now, \$700,000,000 may not be a large sum, though it compares measurably with our total annual expenditures and is more than six times all the interest annually paid on all mortgages on all the \$20,000,000,000 worth of farms in the United States. But, if we could save these \$700,000,000, we should increase our total income from farms by almost a fifth, and we could easily increase the population fed by some 10,000,000 or 20,000,000.

We have already begun in this way to save a good many millions. We have drawn upon chemistry, we have invented sprays and washes, fumigants and insecticides and have used them with varying success. Sometimes we fail. There was once a contest between the people of Massachusetts and a caterpillar, and after expending \$8,000,000 and infinite patience, the people gave in and the caterpillar won out.

IN "LITTLE OLD NEW YORK."

Incident That is Typical of Life in the Great Metropolis of the Country.

An old woman, rusty of gown and white of hair, got on a crowded Fifth avenue elevated railroad train in Brooklyn. As far as the eye could reach male persons were hidden by outspread newspapers.

Half way down the car a young woman arose and came down the aisle. There was no mistaking what she was. She belonged to that class of women which is styled "the unfortunate class" by the charitably disposed, and got a harsher name from those who still stand for the use of the Scarlet Letter. She edged her way through the crowd, with a backward look which presented any male person from claiming her empty seat.

"Won't you take my seat?" she said with a charming smile, and the poor old woman in the rusty gown looked up at her and thanked her with a smile that transfigured the meager old face, and hobbled to the seat.

The newspaper-hidden male persons covered closer than ever behind their hiding places. A young man on the other side of the car got up with a slight flush and somewhat of a shame-faced look.

"I've got tired of giving up my seat to women who don't thank you, because I don't think they're ladies," he said, tipping his hat, "and I don't do it any more, but I thank you to deserve it."

Typical, all of it. Very New Yorkish.—New York Times.

Straw Hat Sent by Parcel Post.

It rained one day when Prof. George Weston, instructor in the romance languages in Harvard, was touring Switzerland on foot. At the little village of Maloja on the edge of the Engadine, just before entering Italy, he went to the little postoffice to mail a letter home. Outside was the diligence ready to start—over the same road. He asked the driver to carry his straw hat, as he did not wish to get it wet. "No," said the man. "I am not permitted to carry anything besides the mails. You must put a stamp on your hat and mail it if you want it to go." Weston offered his hat to the postmaster, who weighed it and attached a tag with a stamp and addressed to him in Castagna, Italy. It was showed in the mail bag, and when he arrived there Weston called for it and found that it had not been damaged any more than it would have been in the rain.

Long Strands.

The man with the grouch and the incorrigible joker sat at opposite tables in the lunch room.

"Confound this service!" blurted the man with the grouch. "I wonder why my order is so long. I have been waiting an hour."

"What did you order?" asked the incorrigible joker, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"Cruellers." "Oh, cheer up, man! My order will be longer than yours." "Think so?" "Sure, I ordered noodles. They are longer than cruellers, aren't they?"

Another Suggestion.

"What's the reason your boy doesn't like to work on a farm? He's fond of outdoor exercise."

"I'm workin' on that problem now," answered Farmer Cornsossel. "If these uplift experts could make arrangements to have plowin' records printed in the sports' news I think Josh could be persuaded to take an interest."—Washington Star.

Result of Rashness.

"Out of a job, are you?" asked the first girl. "Boss catch you flirting?" "No," I caught the boss. Say, what sort of a wedding dress do you think is real swell?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Wedding Ring Finger.

The idea that the wedding ring should be worn on the third finger of the left hand because "a nerve connects this finger with the heart," is says the writer of an article in Woman's Life, of Roman origin, but, oddly enough, is not continued on the continent as in England, for in France, Belgium and Germany, and most other European nations, the "engagement ring" finger is the third finger of the left hand, while the "wedding ring" finger is the third finger of the right hand.

SIGN OF THE CROSS

ITS USE UNIVERSAL THROUGHOUT RUSSIA.

Grave and Aged, Young and Giddy, Are Alike in Their Frequent Employment of Sacred Emblem of Christianity.

The Russian is crossing himself all day long. When he first comes forth in the open air in the morning, if no church be in sight from his own door, he listens for the first sound of some bell, then turning toward it, crosses himself with great fervor, to insure a blessing on the undertakings of the day. He crosses himself before and after each meal. When you make a bargain with him he crosses himself that it may prosper. When the peasant who is to drive you takes the reins in his hands, he crosses himself to keep away from accidents, and every step he passes gets the same mark of respect. Sometimes the edifice thus saluted is so far off that the stranger wonders at the quickness shown in discovering it, and is often at a loss to discern the distant hamlet where it stands.

In like manner, the person sitting beside you in any public conveyance crosses himself every time you start with new horses. If you give a child a piece of money, its little hand is up in a moment to make the sign of the cross by way of blessing and thanking you. No Russian ever passes a church without pausing when he comes opposite the center to make the sign of the cross. It is not alone the grave and aged who pause at these places, but also the giddy and young. You have just seen some gray-haired general do it; but wait one minute—a laughing band of youngsters are coming up. Now they are opposite the church or the shrine—their mirth and their talk have ceased—each crosses himself devoutly—utters a prayer or two—you see the lips moving—and then they pass gravely on, the laugh and jest being resumed only when they are some way off.

So far in this crossing custom carried that when a Russian enters your room he cannot say "good morning" till he has crossed himself at the Saviour's picture. A man in any public way, such as an inn-keeper, must always have a picture hung in his own apartment in addition to that in the public room, to which each Russian turns before he sits down to eat.—Exchange.

"Worthy" of Charity.

The terms "worthy" and "unworthy" still appear in the reports of a few benighted charitable societies. Such societies as have appreciated the absurdities of their use are at least in a hopeful condition and the others, it may well be believed, will shortly banish them as terms in the vocabulary of charity work. If charity is to work with only those who are "worthy," by the same token physicians should only have good patients, probation officers only good boys, ministers only perfect parishioners, hospitals only patients with six letters of recommendation and a record for abstinence. Imagine an ambulance surgeon carefully examining the pockets of the victim of an accident to see if he had documentary proof of his being of "good moral character." Just as the ambulance surgeon finds out whether the victim is "helpable," so does the real associated charities find out in what way its patients are helpable. "Worthy" and "unworthy" are generally cloaks for ignorant, futile, lazy doling giving, not for real treatment at all. It would give the ambulance patient a little ether and send him home, no matter how many fractures he had.—Charities and the Commons.

Artificial Sapphires.

An interesting communication has been submitted to the Academy of Sciences regarding the recent discovery of M. Paris, a young chemist, who has succeeded in making artificial sapphires. Hitherto efforts in this direction have failed, for while able to produce rubies, no chemist has been able to obtain the hue of the sapphire. M. Paris, who has been carrying out his experiments in the laboratory of the Pasteur institute, has at last overcome the color difficulty. To the molten mass of ingredients in the crucible he added oxide of cobalt, calx and magnesia, and the effect was to give to the artificially manufactured stones the intense blue of the true sapphire. It is very difficult to detect the artificial sapphire from the real stone.—Paris Dispatch in London Chronicle.

The Wisdom of Saadi.

Two persons took trouble in vain and used fruitless endeavors—he who acquired wealth without enjoying it, and he who taught wisdom without practicing it. How much so ever you may study science, when you do not act wisely you are ignorant. The beast whom they load with books is not profoundly learned; what knoweth his empty skull whether he carrieth firewood or books.—From the Gulistan of Musleh-Huddeen Sheikh Saadi, Twelfth Century.

Time is Money.

Dentist—Certainly I can pull your tooth, madam. It will cost you two dollars.

Lady—Two dollars? Why, other dentists only charge 50 cents.

Dentist—True, madam; but they hurry with their work, while I often spend an hour or more pulling a single tooth. I must charge for my time, you know.

Wise Interrogating.

A faculty of wise interrogating is half a knowledge. For as Plato saith: "Whosoever speaketh knoweth that which he seeketh for in a general notation; else how shall he know it when he hath found it?" And therefore, the larger your anticipation is, the more direct and conspicuous is your search.—Lord Bacon.

Idea of a Philosopher.

"When they're low ways ev lookin' at a thing it might help matters tew that one eye."

HOSE HOSE HOSE

We carry a complete stock of all kinds of Rubber Garden Hose, ranging in price from 9 cents to 20 cents per foot.

Do not fail to examine our Magic Endless Hose, we will cut this hose any length up to 500 feet in one piece, without couplings or splices.

Just the thing, if your present hose is not long enough to reach where required. So get a piece of "Magic" the desired length. No extra charge for cutting or couplings.

We also have a complete line of Lawn Sprinklers, Hose, Nozzles, etc.

Try a section of our one-half in. Hose—more quality for less money.

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INCOME OF EUROPEAN RULERS.

Russian Czar by Far the Wealthiest of Them All.

The donations given by the various royalties of Europe for the relief of the sufferers in the Italian earthquake make a comparison of their incomes interesting. The czar's private income, derived from over a million square miles of cultivated lands and from his mines in Siberia, added to what he receives from the state, makes him by far the richest monarch in the world, and probably the richest that has ever lived. King Edward receives \$2,350,000; but little more than a fourth of this goes into the privy purse. A stipulated sum is invariably set aside for charitable expenses, salaries, pensions, honours, rewards, etc. The reichstag allows the German emperor about \$550,000. He has also a salary as king of Prussia which amounts to about \$4,000,000. He has great estates and many resources at his disposal, but his expenses are tremendous.

The emperor of Austria is also king of Hungary, and, therefore, like the German emperor, draws two salaries. The amounts of each, in his case, is nearly \$3,000,000. The king of Italy receives about \$3,800,000 a year; but out of this allowances are paid to the queen dowager, to the duke of Genoa and to the children of the duke of Aosta. King Alfonso has an allowance of \$1,800,000, and as provision is made for other members of the Spanish royal family outside of this the sum quoted is practically all his own to spend as he pleases. Leopold II. receives about \$900,000, but he has been business instincts and all the world knows of the way in which he augments his salary to gratify his luxurious tastes.—Bellman.

WANTED TO FEEL THE LIQUOR.

Half-Drowned Man Evidently Was Not Used to Taking Water.

Horace Bixey, the duyen of Mississippi pilots, is still at the wheel at 82. To him Mark Twain served his apprenticeship.

A Vicksburg reporter asked Mr. Bixey a recipe for a hale old age.

"Temperance, young man," the pilot replied. "Intemperance is what kills us off. Oh, the victims," he said, in his whimsical way, "the sad victims of intemperance I have seen!"

"Once I remember a passenger of ours fell overboard. We fished him out with a bathook after he had been soaking on the bottom half an hour or so. We laid him limp and sopping on the dock, and a steward ran for the whisky bottle.

"As I pried the man's mouth open to pour some whisky down his throat, his lips moved. A kind of murmur came from them. I put my ear down close to listen and I heard the half-drowned wretch say:

"Roll me on a bar! I fust to git some o' this water out. It'll weaken the licker."—Cleveland Leader.

Advantage Sometimes Overlooked.

"Another big advantage 'bout stiddy hard work," said Uncle Eben, "is dat it keeps a man fum havin' time for conversation wid bunco steersers an' gold-brickers."

Inventor Profited Little.

It is said that the inventor of abstinence sold his secret for a trifle to a man, who disposed of it for \$50,000 to a third person, who made millions out of it.

One Cause of Laughter.

"Man is the only animal that laughs," observes the Philosopher of Folly, "and he only does it, as a rule, to avoid offending the fellow who told the story."

In Her Favor.

There's one thing to be said in a woman's favor. She seldom starts out with the avowed intention of having "a high old time."

The Secret.

She—I don't see how the freshmen can keep their little caps on their heads. He—Vacuum pressure.—Cornell Widow.

We Give It Up.

Who was the great woman who first thought of cooking sauerkraut and spare ribs together?—Atchison Globe.

Epigrammatic.

When a man is down and out, that is the time he ought to be up and doing.

Central Meat Market

THIRTEENTH STREET
OPPOSITE THE PARK

Will Open SATURDAY, MAY 15th

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