

## ANNOUNCEMENT

Having purchased the half interest of Con Keating in the firm of Keating & Schram, the new firm will be known as W. F. Schram & Co.

Thanking you for the generous patronage accorded the old firm, and asking for its continuation with the new one, we will assure you that we shall endeavor to merit all favors shown by our patrons.

W. F. SCHRAM & CO.

### TRAPPING THE ELUSIVE FLEA

Bureau of Entomology Claims to Have Discovered Method of Circumventing the Pest.

The bureau of entomology of the department of agriculture in Washington has hit on a plan to circumvent the irritating little flea. According to Van Norden's Magazine, the government has discovered a method by which any housekeeper may rid herself of fleas within a short time.

Fill a glass three-fourths with water, on top of which pour about an inch of olive oil, then place a night float (a little wick inserted in a cardboard disc or in a cork disc) in the center of the oil. Place the tumbler in the center of a soap plate filled with strong soap. The wick should be lighted at night on retiring, or may be used in any dark room. As the soap plate soaps up it does not interfere with the sleeper, and the fleas which are on the floor are attracted to the light. For outbuildings, such as barns, etc., a large milk pan may be used, and instead of olive oil and a glass, a stable lantern may be placed in the center of the pan, while instead of soap-suds a scum of kerosene may be put on the water in the milk pan.

Fleas, like tramps, dislike soap-suds. That's the secret.

Gold from Sunken Ships. In the most boisterous part of Mount's bay, and almost unapproachable except by sea, lies Dollar cove, where for the past three months a treasure seeking expedition, sent down by a London syndicate, has been quietly working, says the London Chronicle. The company of seekers some three or four weeks ago suspended operations in order to get more powerful pumps and gear. These are now in working order, and although the salvagers have little to say about the matter they appear to be hopeful of success. In the year 1788 a Spanish ship went ashore there with about 20 tons of specie aboard.

Everybody who lives on the coast is familiar with the appearance of the dollars, as large numbers have been washed up on the beach from time to time. Gold pieces are said to have been discovered recently by people walking on the beach.

An All Black Dining Room. Lord and Lady Drogheda have returned to Wilton Crescent at the conclusion of their honeymoon, which they took, as is the sensible modern fashion, in installments, a visit to London being sandwiched between sojourns in Ireland and in Italy. Lady Drogheda is at present interested in the finishing touches required by her new house, which is to be unlike any other in London.

A wonderful all black dining room is one of its features, and although the effect in daylight may be rather somber, it is distinctly artistic and original in the soft glowing, carefully arranged electric lights.—M. A. P.

Cost of Feathered Pets. A consular report calls attention to the fact that the exports of canaries from Germany to the United States were valued at \$130,000 in 1908, as against \$126,000 in 1907. It is estimated that there are now in this country fully 5,000,000 birds in cages, and as the ordinary house canary will eat in a year 25 pounds of seeds, costing \$1.50, there is expended on the pet featherings \$7,500,000 annually for food alone. What other expenses for purchase and medical attention are involved in the keeping of captive birds cannot be estimated readily.

Mental Cure. "Do you think bee stings cure rheumatism?" "No," answered Grandfather Stubbs, "but they're mighty like ly to make you forget you've got it."

# A Bargain

160 acres of the Best Land in Platte county, within one mile of the city limit of Columbus. This farm is well improved. Terms reasonable. Also several other good farms and residence properties in the city.

Geo. H. Winslow  
REAL ESTATE

### GREAT FRENCHMAN IS RIGHT

Ambassador Jusserand Criticizes Americans for Their Neglect of Country's Rivers.

His Excellency, M. Jusserand, the French ambassador, is astounded at the greatness of the United States.

If the people of France had such rivers as are in the west they would dam them all and allow no water to go to waste. Irrigation is the mighty cure for western America.

And the suave ambassador of France is right. We do dam our rivers, and we ought to dam them more. The policy of interior canals is the very genius of economic development in the future.

In some sections we dam our rivers more than others. There are times when the rampant "Mississippi" receives its full share of this attention, and only a short time ago the Arkansas river, eating its way through a narrow neck of land, made a new channel and left the prosperous river town of Douglas three miles inland, and Douglas has been ever since "damming" the river to the full limit of the brawn and the breath of its indignant citizens.

So that it is a very wise and popular observation offered by his excellency of France.—New York American.

### LIKE THEIR EGGS FLAVORED.

Chinese Have Little Use for Product of the Humble Hen When It Is Fresh.

Dr. Malegrou, who has dwelt long in China, gives some curious details of the food of the Chinese. This is what he says of the "Sons of Heaven" and the way they eat eggs:

"The Chinese are great eaters of eggs, which they take hard boiled. One finds them in all the roadside places for refreshment. The Celestials have an expression: 'Eggs of a hundred years.' The eggs are not always a century old, but you are able to get them of many years standing. 'The Celestials have a preference for the egg of the duck or goose. They are placed with aromatic herbs in slaked lime for a period more or less long, the minimum time of treatment being five or six weeks. Under the influence of time the yolk liquefies and takes on a dark green color. The white coagulates and becomes green. 'The product of the eggs which has a strong odor, from which a stranger betakes himself quickly, the Chinese eat as hors d'oeuvre, and it is said to have the taste of lobster.'"

Flipped Coin to Choose Husband. Mary Karpowicz of Worcester, Mass., was greatly perplexed. She was courted by twins, liked them equally well and, perhaps, would have been willing to marry them both as a way out of her dilemma but for the law. Finally she flipped up a coin saying:

"Heads Michael wins, tails I marry Alexander." Down came the quarter with the lady uppermost. Alexander Kainouska said glumly: "You win, Michael." "Will you be best man, Alexander?" asked Michael. "I will not," said Alexander. "I'll take the next steamer back to Russia. You can have Mary. Good-by, Michael. Good-by, Mary." And Alexander departed to pack his trunk.

The Kainouska twins, 21 years old, followed Mary Karpowicz 7,500 miles from Russia. They roomed and worked together and pooled their savings, both courting Mary assiduously. Alexander called one evening, Michael the next.

Gold Found on French Island. Kerguelen, or the Island of Desolation, may be the scene of the next gold rush. Situated midway between the Cape of Good Hope and Australia, it is one of the dreariest and most forbidding spots on the surface of the globe. But the captain of a brig, the Carmen, who spent four months there hunting sea elephants, has made a discovery which may lead to important developments. He picked up a pretty little nugget of gold among the pebbles while walking on the shore. The Carmen has arrived at Melbourne with 150 tons of oil, the product of a couple of thousand sea elephants shot by the captain and his men. They also report the discovery of valuable deposits of coal, which they declare to be excellent fuel. Kerguelen belongs to France by right of discovery.

Human Life. Human life is everywhere a state in which much is to be endured, and little to be enjoyed.—Johnson.

Woe unto him that is never alone, and cannot bear to be alone.—Hamerton.

Powerful Teeth of Squirrel. The teeth of a squirrel will penetrate deeper than those of a dog.

## OLD ADAM IN BOYS

PUGILISTIC ENCOUNTERS OF THE PLAYGROUNDS.

"E-e-e-yoi! Fellers! A Fight!" is the Slogan That Will Draw the Crowd. Even from the Delights of Baseball.

There probably isn't a school in the country in which there doesn't arise each day some cause for a fight. If it isn't in one class it is in another, and it is the strictly proper thing to pull the fight off in the noon hour. After three o'clock baseball is in order, and as that has fights of its own a mere school fight would interfere. So you know it's come when you see a crowd of boys swarming and hear shrill cries of:

"He said—' 'Er dassent—' 'I didn't neither say—' 'Well, go ahead and—' 'You're a liar!' 'You're an other!' 'So are you!' 'Back it up!' 'Yes, I will!' 'Will yer?' 'Yes, I will!' 'Come on!' 'E-e-e-yoi! Fellers! a fight!'"

It always starts that way, and sometimes it is severe enough for all concerned to get up an extra appetite. Of course, accidents will happen, and occasionally one boy runs into another boy's fist with such force that he gets a blinker. The giver of the blinker is a hero for some hours, but his reputation usually forces him into another fight and he is apt to lose the reputation.

But the other day a really good fight happened, though it wasn't one that was on the calendar. George Heinrich held Willie Burke responsible for the disappearance of his baseball mitt—though he found it later at home—and from accusations the thing developed through recriminations, denials and challenges to actual warfare. The combatants had been fighting in deadly earnest amid the throng of howling boys for ten minutes, and one of them had almost struck a blow when the crowd was violently jostled.

Ollie Swift, aged 13, had been one of the loudest yellers and advisers, but he certainly was not expected to be so violently smelt on his class but he did that in a way that drove through his chest. Neither was he expected to have a handful of fingers twine in his hair and nearly pull it out. But that happened while the shrill voice of George's ten-year-old sister accused Ollie of having caused the fight and encouraged it. He tried to explain, to back away, to cover up and do all other compromising and safety-seeking things. It was in vain. She was after him like a terrier after a frankfurter, and safety for him lay in flight, so he broke and ran.

The derisive cheers that followed him told plainly that he had forever sacrificed the esteem of that crowd. Still he didn't dare return and face her, though she had no cause to attack him in the first place.

When she had driven him from the field she broke out weeping, and half of the crowd would have been willing to swear that not only did Ollie start the fight, but that he had also attacked George's sister.

The result was that in the afternoon he received a dozen challenges and after school received two lickings and gave two. For the next three days his hands were full, and it was only by desperate aggressiveness that he managed to keep from becoming the mark and butt of the whole school. The fighting hardened him and trained him, and when the other boys found that he would fight on any provocation, and on almost none, they stopped "picking" on him. In a couple of days more the matter was forgotten, and Ollie has even been seen walking home with George's sister and carrying her books.

The Roman Senate. The Roman senate, said to have originally been composed of 100 members, was raised to 300 by Tarquinus Priscus; to about 600 by Sylla, about 811 B. C., and to 900 by Julius Caesar. It was reformed and reduced to 600 by Augustus, and gradually lost its power and dignity under the emperors. The mere form existed in the reign of Justinian. A second senate, formed at Constantinople by Constantine, retained its office till the ninth century. S. P. Q. R. on the Roman standard stood for "Senatus Populus que Romanus" ("The Roman Senate and People"). A senatus consultum was a law enacted by the senate.

Caruso's Sideboard Voice. When the orchestra got tired at the German garden a man stepped up on the platform, opened the door of an escriptorio and turned the crank, whereupon there issued a marvelous voice which filled the place. "Caruso," explained one. "Splendid!" "No wonder he injured his voice," remarked another. "Must have strained it to sing into a phonograph with a horn effect, but to sing into escriptorios and bookcases and any old thing like that! First thing you know they'll be opening up a sideboard and Caruso's voice will come bellowing out of that."

Making Slow Progress. For nearly 20 years of its existence the Social Democratic Federation of England can make but scanty showing. At the last general election it polled a meager total of 29,810 votes and secured the return of only one representative in parliament. A by-election has since given the party another member in the house of commons.

Wise Law in the Netherlands. All employees in the Netherlands who are boarding with their employers are entitled to medical treatment for at least six weeks.

Happiness. No man praises happiness as he would justice, but calls it blessed, as being something more divine and excellent.—Aristotle.

Wisdom from Uncle Eben. "Talk," said Uncle Eben. "Is sumpin' like rain. A certain amount is welcome an necessary. But doggone a deluge!"

## HOT WATER HEATING

For the Farm Home

All the comforts of town life can now be had on the farm. Heat the house with hot water, and get the maximum amount of comfort at a minimum cost. The day of the base burner in the country home is rapidly passing.

WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST

The time to install a heating plant is from now on. Once installed, they last a lifetime.

Come in and let us tell you about it, or drop us a card stating what you want.

A. DUSSELL & SON  
Plumbing and Hot Water Heating  
COLUMBUS, NEB.

### ASHES QUICKLY DISPOSED OF

Ocean Liner Expel Them Through Ship's Bottom by Means of Compressed Air.

The newest liners now dispose of their ashes by forcing them through the bottom of the hull by means of compressed air. The old method of hoisting them and dumping them overboard was disagreeable to the passengers, and an attempted improvement by which they were mixed with water and pumped overboard was equally so when the wind was in the wrong quarter.

In the new "expeller," a hopper receives the ashes and clinkers and delivers them into a crusher, which breaks up the large pieces. Below this is a drum revolving in a watertight casing and open as it turns first to the crusher chamber and then to the discharge pipe below. In order to counteract the upward pressure of the water compressed air at about 70 pounds to the square inch is delivered to the interior of the ash filled drum just before its opening comes opposite that in the discharge pipe.

Thus the ashes are expelled with such force that they are swept clear of the bottom of the vessel. This expeller will get rid of the ashes and clinkers from forty-eight furnaces under forced draught, amounting to eight or ten tons an hour.

### WHERE WOMEN LOSE CHARM.

Too Many Do Not Realize the Necessity for Maintaining a Pleasant Expression.

A more than profitable way of entertaining one's self while riding down town of a morning is to scan the faces of the women passengers on the other side of the car. At least one-half of them have that tired, worried look. Watch them intently for a minute or so and it will get on your nerves. Then glance at the other woman, whose expressions are pleasant. Isn't it a relief?

Just because those pleasant-looking women are pleasant looking is no assurance that they ought to look pleasant. For all you know, the woman at the end of the car with the most serene expression is worrying about a thing a thousand times more vital than that which troubles the sour-faced woman just across from you. One woman has acquired the art of looking pleasant and the other has not. If woman only knew it, one of her chief charms is a placid, pleasing expression when her face is in repose. The average woman finds it easy to look pleasant when her shoes pinch or an unreasonable pin is making its presence felt; but she gives up in despair if the cause of her unpleasant expression be mental worry.—Philadelphia Evening Post.

Had No Use for Flowers. A big box of peonies, roses and lilies of the valley had come to a New York East side school through one of the flower missions that do what they can toward equalizing things between people who live where flowers grow and the unlucky ones who don't. One of the teachers was doing her best to distribute the blossoms fairly among the grimy, eager little hands that reached out ravenously for them. But there was one mite of a child who seemed quite indifferent to the gift; she just sat stolidly looking on while the others gloated over the blossoms.

"Don't you want some roses, Annie?" the teacher asked her. "Here's a nice bunch." A pair of unresponsive eyes looked up from the sharp little face, and the frowny head shook slowly. "No'm," she said, shortly. "I don't want no flowers. I ain't dead."

She had never seen flowers used except at funerals, and that, she supposed, was what they were for.

Notice. All accounts due the Nebraska Biens are payable to E. A. Harms.

## Palace Meat Market

CARL FALK, Proprietor  
Solicits a share of your patronage  
Thirteenth Street

## SUITED THE GIANT

BIG FELLOW FINALLY GOT HAND-KERCHIEFS HE LIKED.

Inventive Genius of Laundress Brought to Bear on Problem That Had Puzzled the Directors of the Circus.

"You know," said the old circus man, "the great giant, big as he was, was a very dainty man; he liked fine, well-made clothes and nice shoes and good linen, and one thing that he was particular about was his handkerchiefs.

"Him—m. It makes me laugh to think of the giant's handkerchiefs. That's one thing we didn't think of when he first came to us and we bought him a lot of handkerchiefs of the usual men's size.

"What's this?" says the giant the first time he ever tried to carry one of them. "You see, it was so small in proportion that it dropped down into the bottom of his pocket and he had to reach in deep and fish around for it, and it wasn't much use to him either, and of course we saw right away that those handkerchiefs wouldn't do, and so we had some made for him about three times the usual size, and those he said would do, though he always wished we'd had 'em made a little bigger, and then one winter when the show was laid up in winter quarters a queer thing happened.

"The laundress we had for washing at the headquarters house was a nice old lady, but a little testy, and what with the work for the giant and all it used to keep her pretty busy, and one day when he went to his bureau the giant found he had no handkerchiefs, and as he was no piker and kicker he didn't go growling to old lady Mary—that was the laundress—but he did go to the old man and say to him pleasantly that he seemed to be out of handkerchiefs.

"All right," says the old man, "I'll see Mary about it, and he did, and Mary didn't say anything back to the old man, but she says to herself, 'I'll fix the giant all right. I'll give him some handkerchiefs right now.'

"We'd just got in a bunch of supplies of one sort and another for house use and in this bunch there was a lot of new sheets, and what Mary does was to go to the storeroom and get half a dozen of these sheets and then she gets the stepladder—she always had to use a stepladder to get up to his bureau drawer—and in the corner of this drawer, where the giant kept his handkerchiefs, she laid in those nicely folded new sheets.

The next morning when the giant went for a handkerchief that's what he found in the handkerchief corner of his top bureau drawer, and when he had got one of them and shaken it out he smiled. And then he tucked it in his outside breast pocket, leaving a yard of it, more or less, sticking out, and then he goes in to see the old man and yanks it out and shows the new handkerchief to him, and—

"There," he says to the old man, "there's a handkerchief that's something like. I don't exactly like the shape of it," he says; "you see, it's made longer than it is wide, and he held it up for the old man to see, 'but it's big enough,' he says, 'anyhow. Now why can't I have a lot of handkerchiefs like that, only made square?'"

"Why, you can," says the old man. "Certain. Of course. Why not?" and he ordered a lot of 'em right away made square, and that's the sort of handkerchiefs the giant carried away after that; at last he had got a handkerchief that was big enough for him."

### BIRDS DO THEIR WORK WELL!

Homing Pigeons Employed to Carry Packages and Letters Between Australian Lighthouses.

Pretty pigeons of Australia carry packages and messages between Hobart and Maatsuyker Island light-house, a distance of about seventy-five miles. Last November they called a physician for a lighthouse attendant and probably saved his life. Three birds are liberated with messages every three weeks, and when accident or illness occurs three additional birds are set free. Twelve birds in all are used for the service. While messages have not always reached their destination, the service has nevertheless been highly satisfactory. The messages are written on a piece of paper tied under the bird's wing; but the marine board has in view some celluloid cases which may be adjusted under the bird's wing and in which a good deal of information might be carried.

The birds are fed on gray peas of good quality, get plenty of grit and fresh water and are kept thoroughly clean. They are also allowed at their station plenty of opportunity for need exercise. That Maatsuyker Island lighthouse, which has a most isolated position, could secure a physician from Hobart sixteen hours after he had been sent for by pigeon post has suggested important possibilities for more general use of homing pigeons for such service. Trophies are to be provided for homing competitions, so as to encourage owners to breed the best descriptions of carriers. There are about 20,000 of these birds in Australia.

One Way to Get Rain. Last summer the Sicilians suffered from drought. The peasants implored heaven for rain, but without effect. Saint Sebastian was besought, but he seemed indifferent to the temporal wants of the people. Some one on the present occasion has hit upon a novel idea, and when the statue of the saint was carried in procession they stuck in his mouth a bit of fish, the hardest and drouth that they could find. If now remains to be seen whether this procedure will have the desired effect.

A Fashion Note. "Ecclesiastical" gown's the thing," says a writer on the modes. For ladies, of course, who make a religion of following the fashion.—New York World.

# AUGUST CLEARING SALE

at  
The New Bargain Store  
25,000.00 STOCK

of Ladies' and Gents' Merchandise  
at less than cost of Raw Material

DON'T FORGET

the place and the date of Sale  
Commencing

AUG. 12, FOR 10 DAYS ONLY

Look for the Red Sign  
419 ELEVENTH ST.

### TRACT THAT HAS NO OWNER.

Strip of Land in the South May Possibly Be Part of the Realm of England.

There is a strip of land of considerable area lying between New Church and Pomomoke City, Md., that for more than a century truly has been called "No Man's Land." It is not within the recollection of the oldest resident of Accomac county, Va., or of Worcester county, Md., that any one ever has laid claim to it, nor are there any records of it in the courts of either county. Even the question as to which of the two states the land belongs to never has been considered seriously.

Not a few of the older residents hold to the opinion that the land does not even belong to the United States, some of them going so far as to say that if it belongs to any country at all it is England's, as the mother country owned everything down that way before the Declaration of Independence changed ownership and they think it more than likely that in dividing up Virginia and Maryland overlooked "No Man's Land," leaving it out in the cold and making of it a miniature territory without a ruler.

There are between 300 and 400 acres of virgin soil in the tract that could be made to produce bumper crops, but no one cultivates it, and so far as is known to-day there is no one who has any desire to do so. For some unaccountable reason it does not appeal strongly to the farmers and truckers of this section and they always take good care to steer clear of the apparently hoodooed land.

### JUST WENT ALONG AND LIVED

Aged Englishman Can Give No Particular Reason for Attaining the Age of 103 Years.

James Carne of St. Columb Minor, England, is receiving congratulations on the attainment of his 103d birthday, which came this month, and is giving advice to those who ask for it on how to live to be a hundred. As Mr. Carne is still in possession of all his faculties and attending to his business as parish clerk of St. Columb Minor, he speaks with authority, but his rules are rather upsetting to modern health theories. He eats just ordinary food, he says, and if he chews it in any but the ordinary way he doesn't mention it. He says nothing about the virtues of sour milk, but confesses to a "drop of whisky grog" for supper. But he "can't bear smoking," and doesn't believe in it. He doesn't care for fruit, and even declined to eat oranges when the doctor ordered them, but he has always taken plenty of fresh air and exercise. Mr. Carne received endless congratulations on his 103d birthday, many being from people he didn't know. The prince of Wales sent him a signed portrait, and Mr. Carne sent his own photograph to the prince.

The Swordfish Season. From this time onward the swordfish will live a precarious life for this noon the first of the swordfish fleet got away, the schooner Valentina, which fitted out at T wharf. Another schooner is slated to start to-night, and in a few days a good sized fleet will be patrolling the waters all the way from Edgartown, Block Island, on the south, to Cape Shore on the north.

The territory embraced is somewhat more extensive than usual on account of the backwardness of the season. This means that the fish are not getting into the more southerly waters as early as customary. The swordfish are harpooned, and many exciting contests have been waged between men in dorries and the fish with the sharp point.—Boston Transcript.

The Usual Delusion. "You haven't been back before for 30 years, Bill? Gosh, that's a long time! What changes do you see that surprises you the most?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, Dave, what I notice more than anything else is that everybody has grown old so much faster than I have."

Stranded. "For goodness sake, Harriet, why so sad?" "The cook's left, but that is not the worst of it! she took with her the recipe book for all the things John's mother used to make."