

# La-Book

Popular Priced Store

**\$ \$ \$** GIVEN TO OUR CUSTOMERS FREE—How it will be done. We have placed in our window a beautiful clock containing a number of Silver Dollars. This clock will be wound up and allowed to run down each week. With each cash purchase of \$1.00 we give you a card on which the "time of day" is stamped. Bring cards to our store on following dates when the prize will be given to the person holding the nearest time the clock stops. \$2.00 will be given every Saturday at 4 p. m., on and after Dec. 11, closing with a \$5 gift on Mar. 5, 1910. The last prize divided; \$5 to nearest and \$2 to next nearest.

## Route No. 1.

Miss Katie Reed, who was taken quite sick last Friday morning, is still confined to her room.

## Route No. 4.

Clinton and Cora Moore attended the Thanksgiving dance at Silver Creek.

Miss Florence Barnes of Route 5 is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. J. Donoghue.

Mrs. Homer Harlin of Lincoln arrived last Wednesday for a visit with her sister, Mrs. Lyman Bray.

Miss Emma Vanderhoof of Fullerton visited at the home of Frank Stracke last Friday, being on her way home from Schuyler.

The roads are the worst ever—in fact they have never been as bad this time of the year ever since the establishment of rural routes.

## Advertised Letters.

Following is a list of unclaimed mail matter remaining in the post office at Columbus, Nebraska, for the period ending December 1, 1909:

Letters—Lucile Ackley, George Powell, Miss Kathrine Ryan.

Cards—Karl Baker, F. J. Burrows 2, Charley Carlson, George Falkner, K. A. Holmes, Earl Miller care Leander Miller, Henry Matya, George Powell, Miss Katie Ryan 3.

Parties calling for any of the above will please say advertised.

CARL KRAMER, P. M.

## BOOK MADE TOWNS.

Holiday Resorts That Owe Their Popularity to Authors.

The most remarkable example of a book made town is Biskra, the oasis in the Sahara that Robert Hichens idealized under the name of Beni Mora in his novel "The Garden of Allah."

Biskra, quite unknown in the past, is now, thanks to Mr. Hichens, a fashionable winter resort. It is rather odd that all the world should know that Biskra was meant by Beni Mora in "The Garden of Allah." There is a Beni Mora near Biskra, a kind of swamp, with a few clay huts and a palm or two sticking up over the mud, but Biskra itself is never mentioned in the book.

Ifricambe, the north Devon watering place, owes its renown to Charles Kingsley, who in his novel of "Westward Ho" praises it.

Two other Devon watering places, Lynton and Lynmouth, are book made. Blackmore's novel of "Lorna Doone" first drew the public to them.

Pierre Loti in "Pecheur d'Islande" described very beautifully the Breton seaport of Paimpol. Many persons in consequence have visited Paimpol in the hope of passing the summer there. Vain hope! Paimpol, with its muddy, smelly tidal river, is not quite an ideal holiday resort.—Exchange.

## EXPENSIVE STEAK.

Ten Pounds of Beef That Sold For \$48 a Pound.

The highest price ever paid for beef-steak so far as is known was at Circle City, Alaska. The first beefsteak that ever reached that town sold for \$48 a pound, according to the newspapers of the time.

There were ten pounds of the steak, which was shipped 250 miles to Circle City.

When the owner of the precious bit of meat reached the camp the miners turned out in a body to see it. It was placed on exhibition and attracted as much attention as an elephant. Everybody wanted a piece of it, and the price offered were such as would have resulted in a mining camp quarrel if it had not been decided to raffle the steak off for the benefit of a hospital which Bishop Rowe was trying to establish for the miners at Circle City.

Bids were started at \$5 a pound and rose briskly to \$35. Finally in order to avoid complications it was decided to sell tickets at prices from 50 cents to \$2.50 for the privilege of drawing for a slice. After \$480 worth of tickets had been sold the drawing began, and to the relief of those in charge of the sale no trouble resulted.

## Sin Eaters.

"Sin eaters" of the old days, like "mutes" of quite recent times, were hired performers at funerals. In consideration of sixpence in money, a bowl of beer and a crust of bread these sin eaters, as they were called—"long, lean, ugly, lamentable rascals"—would by eating over the body take upon themselves all the sins of the deceased and so free him from afterward walking the earth as a ghost, so that his soul might rest in peace. This custom prevailed all over Wales and the adjoining English counties and was observed even down to 1832. The usage is said to have arisen from a mistaken interpretation of Hosea iv. 8. "They eat up the sin of my people." The more likely origin of this strange custom is the Levitical scapegoat. A much later remnant of this obtained at Amerden, Oxfordshire, where, after every funeral, a calf and a fagon of ale were brought to the minister in the church porch.—London Standard.

## A Prize Watchdog.

Gentleman—But I am afraid he wouldn't make a good watchdog. Man (with bull terrier)—Not a good watchdog! Why, Lor' bless your 'eart, it was only last week that this very animal had a burglar down by the throat and beat his brains out with his tail.—London Tatler.

## ARAB FASHIONS.

Clothes the Natives Wear and the Tailors Who Make Them.

Conservative in all matters, the Arab is especially averse to change in the matter of clothes. Not only do the fashions of the Arabs never change, writes Graham Petrie in "Tunis, Kairouan and Carthage," but they are very restricted. Although every Arab wears a gaudouira more or less richly embroidered, it is always worked in one of three accepted patterns, from which no deviation nor any combination is permitted.

The only matter in which personal taste is allowed to show itself is in the choice of color. In this respect entire freedom is permitted and taken full advantage of, although it is curious to note that the more delicate shades of pink, yellow and mauve are generally worn by elderly men, while rich red and brown are in favor with the juniors.

The souk-el-trook is the souk of the tailors in Tunis, and here in numerous little shops the sartorial needs of the Arab population are fashioned and temptingly displayed. I call them shops for want of a better word, but they are as unlike the European shop as anything one can imagine. They are really recesses separated from each other by coupled columns painted with stripes of red and green, which support a continuous cornice, richly carved and colored. There are no windows or doors, and the shop is raised some four feet above the ground. To this elevation the tailor nimbly vaults, for there are no steps to assist him. Sitting crosslegged in orthodox fashion, he there cuts out, pieces together and embellishes the gay silk waistcoats, gaudouiras and other garments beloved of the Arab.

## MAINE SPOOKS.

A Ghost House, a Phantom Light and a Mystic Woodchuck.

Bowdoinham boasts a veritable ghost house where it is said the chairs refuse to stay quietly in their places, but in the middle of the night walk out and draw together in groups just as if guided by visible hands. Then there is a spirit cane that goes walking all by itself just at midnight, tapping its way along from room to room and finally taking up its abode in the chamber where a member of the family sleeps. That this statement is true is affirmed by those who have seen the phenomena and who are not at all afraid of ghosts.

At another house in the village is a phantom light that shines each night no matter whether it be moonlight or darkness just above the closet door in the upper chamber. For years this light has disturbed the people who at different times have occupied the room, and some have been much afraid of the flickering gleam. From time to time different explanations have been offered, but none has proved satisfactory. The light continues to shine, and no one can account for the mystery.

Down at Lazy O camp is a spook woodchuck which every evening, just at the sunset hour, comes out of an old family tomb, halfway between the camp and the home farm. There on the tomb he sits quietly, watching the sunset lights on the waters of Merry-meeting. Just as the sun sinks below the horizon he disappears. The tomb swallows him up, and he is seen no more until the sunset hour comes round again.—Kennebec Journal.

## Arab Buttermaking.

Among the Arabs an interesting department of woman's duty is dairy work. This, like all other operations, is carried out on an old-fashioned and patriarchal plan. To make butter, for instance, a small sheepskin is filled with milk and tied to a ring in the wall. The woman then sits flat on the floor and rocks it to and fro till little balls of butter begin to form within. These grow larger and larger and accumulate and are finally brought out as one big lump. The remaining milk is then boiled on the fire with bits of meat. The male members of the family now come together. A large dish of cooked rice is placed before them and the boiled milk poured over it. Then, making balls of the mixture with his hands, each member quickly swallows his share and rises to wash his hands. This done, the girls and mother sit down and eat what the men are pleased to leave.

## Hats and Old Age.

In opening the services one Sunday recently the pastor of one of the fashionable churches said: "For three Sundays I have asked the women in this church to remove their hats during service. My appeal has been unheeded, and now I see wherein I was wrong. I was inconsiderate of the comforts of the aged and infirm, so I have made a new rule. Hereafter all women of forty years of age or over will be permitted to wear their hats during the service." Within twenty seconds every woman in the church was bareheaded.—Ladies' Home Journal.

## His Last Place.

"But," said the merchant to the applicant, "you don't furnish any reference from your last place." "You needn't worry about that," replied the man with the close cropped head and strange pallor; "I wouldn't be here now if it hadn't been for my good behavior in my last place."—Catholic Standard and Times.

## The Day of Rest.

"And now," said Missback of Billville, "let us be thankful for one day of rest and get ready for church." "Yes," said his wife; "run out and chop some wood and milk the cows and light the fire and make the coffee and wash the children while I bang my hair!"—Atlanta Constitution.

## A Reproof.

Parent—Willie, my father used to whip me when I behaved as badly as you are doing. Willie—Well, I hope I'll never have to tell my little boy that.—Exchange.

## A Great Cure.

Celia—Her hair turned perfectly white in one night from trouble. Della—Really? What was the nature of the trouble? Celia—Chemical.—Judge's Library.

## BUILD HOUSES IN TREES.

Some Mexicans Thus Sleep Secure From Quakes and Tigers.

In order to protect their homes from earthquakes many of the natives in the territory around Chapingo and other towns in the state of Guerrero, in Mexico, live in trees. Some of these tree houses are of large size and are ingeniously constructed. Beams and girders are interwoven with the twigs and branches of the tree, much in the manner that a bird builds its nest. The severest wind seldom loosens it from the tree. Where the trees are large and stand closely together houses of two or three rooms are frequently built in their branches. These houses also afford protection from the tigers and other wild animals which are found in that region in large numbers. It is said that a tiger will not attack its prey unless it is upon the ground.

The prime object of elevating these houses into the trees, however, is, as mentioned, to keep them from being shaken down by the severe earthquakes which visit the Guerrero territory at frequent intervals. The rocking of the earth gives the trees a swaying motion, but does no damage to the houses. In some localities whole villages of these tree houses are to be seen. None of them suffered damage from the recent earthquake which wrought such ruin to the buildings upon the ground.—New York Tribune.

## THE PRINCE'S PRESENT.

It Was Given in Exchange For a Magnificent Carpet.

"While I was in Damascus," said a globe trotter the other day, "some royal highness or other potentate passed through that ancient city, and the governor of the town delivered an address of welcome. It was in verse, and everybody who knew of the occurrence felt sure that the governor had been richly rewarded by the prince for his efforts. That afternoon, as the story goes, the governor called on a dealer in rugs with whom he had been chaffering for a long time over a magnificent carpet which he coveted for his palace. After several cups of coffee the rug merchant offered the governor the carpet in exchange for the present the prince had given him for his poetic welcome to Damascus. The governor after a little hesitation agreed, and the carpet was rolled up and delivered to an attendant, who started for the governor's palace.

"Thank you," said the governor as he arose gracefully to his feet. "But the prince's present?" demanded the rug merchant. "You have it," said the governor. "All he gave me was 'Thank you,' and this I have given you for your carpet."—New York Press.

## Janet's Way of Growing Young.

As a matter of fact, Janet was born exactly two years before her brother Fred; therefore in the natural course of things when he was ten she was twelve and gloried in it. When Fred was known to be fourteen she still confessed to sixteen. When Fred boasted eighteen years she timidly acknowledged herself just over nineteen. When Fred came home from college and had a party in honor of his twenty-first birthday Janet said to her friends: "What a boyish fellow Fred is! Who would think he is only a year younger than I?" When Fred declared himself twenty-five and old enough to get married Janet said to a gentleman friend: "Do you know, I feel very jealous of Fred getting married. But, then, I suppose twins always are more attached to one another." And two years later at Fred's wedding she said, with a girlish slinger to the guests: "Dear old Fred! I met him married today, and to think when he was only five years old they brought him to see me, his baby sister; I wonder if he thinks of me now?"

## Thought He Was Mad.

The late Count de Lesseps was traveling on one occasion in a French railway train in a compartment with two commercial travelers.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said one of them, fancying that he belonged to their fraternity—"are you not a traveler?" "Certainly I am," said the count. "We thought so: What is your line?" "Isthmuses,"

"Wh-wh-what," asked the puzzled commercial—"what are they?" "An introducing ship canals," said de Lesseps gravely.

The commercial travelers feared that they had fallen in with a lunatic and were making preparations to escape when the count handed them his card and put them at their ease.

## The Architecture of Madeira.

We saw no suggestion of modern architecture or European innovation, no blot anywhere except a single motorcar. Without knowing anything on the subject I should say that the architecture of Madeira is a mixture of Spanish and Moorish, like that of Mexico, only it is better than anything in Mexico. From the ship the stucco, tile roofed city is flawless, and as we steam away and night comes down and lights break out and become a jeweled necklace along the water's edge our one regret is that we are leaving it all behind.—Albert Bigelow Faine in Outing Magazine.

## He Who Laughs Last, Etc.

The old colored man had climbed into the dentist's chair of torture. "Shall I give you laughing gas, uncle?" queried the tooth carpenter. "Not till after de tooth am out, boss," replied the old man. "Reckon mebbe Ah'll feel mo' lake laffin' den."—Chicago News.

## His Failing.

"You are beside yourself," he retorted haughtily. She gave a shrill, unpleasant laugh. "Seeing double again, eh?" she cried.—New York Press.

## The Easiest Way.

Dickson—Dobbins formerly opposed my views, but now he agrees with me in everything. Wickson—How do you account for it? Dickson—Don't know. I'm not sure whether I convince him or only make him tired.

The first and worst of all friends is so chest oneself.

## THE BISHOP STAYED.

He Risked a Row, but Didn't Have to Leave His Bed.

The bishop of a southern diocese was once making a missionary journey through Arkansas and the Indian Territory, and on his arrival at Natchez he said to the landlord of a hotel, "I have been traveling for a week, day and night, in a small wagon, and I want a comfortable room."

"Sorry," said the landlord, "but I don't believe there's a vacant room in Natchez. There's a horse race, a Methodist conference and a political convention in the city, and every house is full up. The only thing I can give you is a shakedown." Then, observing the bishop's tired face, he added: "The best room in my house is rented to a noted gambler, who usually remains out all night and seldom gets in before breakfast. If you will take the risk you shall have his room, but if he should come in there'll be a row, I promise you that."

The bishop decided to take the risk. About 4 o'clock in the morning the gambler returned and promptly shook the bishop by the arm.

"Get out of here or I'll put you out!" he shouted.

The bishop, the gentlest of men, raised himself on one elbow so that it brought the muscles of his arm into full relief.

"My friend," he began quietly, "before you put me out will you have the kindness to feel my arm?"

The gambler put his hand on the bishop's arm.

"Stranger," he then said respectfully, "you can stay."—Youth's Companion.

## KEENLY INTERESTED.

Lincoln's Question After the Committee Man Had Finished.

Just after the second battle of Bull Run the Boston chamber of commerce decided that President Lincoln was not prosecuting the war with enough celerity to conserve the interests of business, and so it appointed a committee to go to Washington and remonstrate with him upon his dilatory tactics. The committee was headed by a Mr. Pierce.

"We found," he said, "a man who looked as if he had lost all the friends he ever had in the world, who invited us to take seats and inquired our business. As I was the spokesman, I opened our case, and I proceeded the president's face relaxed. By and by he smiled and betrayed actual interest, and by the time I concluded he was almost in a broad grin. After I had finished he inquired if that was all I had to say, and on my saying that I thought it was he asked if some of the other gentlemen wouldn't like to say something. They replied that they thought I had fully covered the ground. And then," continued Mr. Pierce, "what do you suppose this solemn man did? Well, he just moved his chair over to mine, smoothed his trousers over his knee, then reached over and smoothed mine down, too, and then, with a queer look, which none of us will ever forget, he said, 'Mr. Pierce, did you ever notice what a difference there is in legs?'"

"What did we do?" We grabbed our hats and took the first train for Boston, and we never dared to report!—Ladies' Home Journal.

## The Carbuncle.

Carbuncles, to which the ancients attributed fantastic properties, were in reality rubes. They served, it was said, to give light to large serpents or dragons whose sight had been enfeebled by age. They bore them constantly between their teeth and laid them down only for eating and drinking. It was even claimed that the carbuncle emitted light in darkness and that the thickest clothing could not stop its rays. Without all the exaggeration of such legends it was believed for a long time that rubes contained luminous rays. The truth is that they have double refraction and send out the red rays with unequalled brilliancy. Traversed in a vacuum by an electric current, they are illuminated with a red fire of extreme intensity. The greatest heat does not change their form or their color.

## From Experience.

Mrs. Encepe—I learned today that Bob Smith and Mary Jones were secretly married ten months ago. Just think of it! Married nearly a year and nobody the wiser! Mr. Encepe—Oh, I don't know; I'll bet Smith was a whole lot wiser before he had been married a month.

## Two of a Kind.

Mrs. Boggs—I hate to have a man always complaining about some little thing. Now, my husband is continually harping on the lace curtains. Mrs. Woggs—Yes, and my husband has been kicking on our front door every morning at 8 o'clock for the past twenty years.—Puck.

## To Tame Him.

"So you're going to introduce baseball among the prisoners? I don't approve. What will become of discipline?" "If a man gets too obstreperous," replied the warden confidently, "we'll make him umpire."—Philadelphia Ledger.

# AUCTION SALE

We have decided to sell our entire line of China and Glassware at auction, consisting of

Cut Glass, Hand Painted China, Haviland, Austrian, German China English Semi-Porcelain Dinnerware, Electric Portable Lamps, Plain and Fancy Lamps, Vases, Salads, Jardiniers' Water Sets, Chamber Sets  
**ALL MUST BE SOLD REGARDLESS OF COST**

Sale begins Friday, Dec. 3, 1909 at 2 p. m.

HOURS OF SALE—  
Friday, Dec. 2, sale begins at 2 p. m. and closes at 4 p. m.  
Saturday, Dec. 3, sale begins at 2 p. m. and closes at 4 p. m.  
Saturday evening sale from 7:30 to 9 p. m.  
Sale every day until stock is closed out  
Auction on Second Floor Every Afternoon from 2 until 4 p. m.  
Coupons are taken at this sale the same as cash.

# GRAY'S

## A CURIOUS FLY.

This Wasplike New Zealand Insect Feeds on Spiders.

New Zealand boasts of a fly that feeds on spiders.

This fly is black and wasplike and, like the wasp, lives in a nest of clay built in a crevice, preferably in the upper folds of heavy window curtains. This is one of the great annoyances of the tidy housekeeper in New Zealand. Try as she will, it is almost impossible for her to keep these flies from settling upon their homes at the tops of her curtains.

These nests of clay are made up of a series of separate cells, usually from five to eight in number. When the nest is built the fly goes after spiders.

It has no trouble in conquering the spinners of silky webs. They succumb more easily than do the American flies which are so unfortunate as to get tangled in a spider's weaving.

The fly carries the spiders to its home and imprisons each one in a cell. Here the fly lays a single egg, and when the grub hatches out it eats the spider that has been provided for it. When its food is all gone the mother fly goes out and catches another spider, and she keeps this up until the young fly is old enough to hatch spiders for itself.—New York Telegram.

## Emerson's Courtesy.

When Mrs. Mary A. Livermore was a little girl she was monitor at the Hancock school in Boston, and it was rainy day the answer she found at the door a tall, thin man, with a dripping umbrella, who inquired for the principal. She was just at the holdenish and disrespectful age, but there was something about this visitor which so impressed her that she led him in as politely as if he had been a prince, placed a chair for him by the fire, relieved him of his wet coat and umbrella and after she had started to leave the room came back to draw a fire screen between him and the blaze for fear he would find it too hot. She afterward expressed to her teacher some surprise at the unwonted civilities she had felt impelled to show the stranger. He answered: "Ah, that was Ralph Waldo Emerson, and that is the effect he has upon everybody. He is so courteous himself that it calls out the latent courtesy in all others."

## Bandages and Red Tape.

During the South African war Rudyard Kipling discovered at Cape Town a hospital without bandages and in desperate need of them. This, too, was in a city where bandages were for sale in many shops. He told an acquaintance that he was going to meet that want, and the gentleman at once offered to pay for all the bandages that Mr. Kipling would buy and take to the hospital. A cart was quickly loaded, and then the author was informed that under army rules the hospital authorities could not receive supplies from a private individual.

"Well," said he, "I will dump the packages on the pavement before the door and then tell them to come out and clear up the litter. Perhaps they can get them into the building in that way without tearing any red tape."

He drove off with the bandages, and the supplies were somehow smuggled into the hospital.

# Ladies' Cloaks, Skirts and Jackets

Our New Fall and Winter Line of Ladies' Suits, Cloaks, Skirts, Children's Cloaks and Coats is now complete. We can save you money in this department. Call and be convinced. We are always glad to show our goods.

We are showing a complete new line of Ladies, Gents' and Children's Sweaters

The Celebrated SCHMIDT KNIT Sweaters for golf, autoing and outing wear. They are all the vogue.

SPECIAL THIS WEEK—Gents' "Four In Hand" Ties, 20 cents each, 3 for 50 cents. In all the late colors.

We also carry a Complete Line of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, Comforts, Blankets, Carpets and Shoes

# J. H. GALLEY

505 ELEVENTH ST. COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA