

# TO-DAY

The great majority cannot afford to spin their own wool and flax, but find it far cheaper to patronize the Dry Goods store for their supply. This changed condition of affairs has been the gradual outgrowth of time. Within the past few years the change has been marvelous. We advertise continually of the arrival of new goods and you will do well to watch for the MANY TIMELY SUGGESTIONS WE GIVE YOU

If you are not different from other people you want the most for your money

**You want the most reliable Goods and you want the easiest way to select them**

We guarantee all this. Something for everyone can easily be found at our store. A complete line of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods to select from at very low prices

**During July and August we must sell our stock to make room for Fall Goods**

Now is the time to buy a complete line of Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats, Caps, Shoes, Carpets, Curtains and Gent's Furnishing Goods to select from at low prices.

## J. H. GALLEY,

505 11th Street.

Columbus, Neb.

Agents For The Standard Patterns.

### Journal Specials.

Dr. J. E. Paul Dentist. Smoke Little Duke cigar. Dr. J. W. Terry, Optician. Try the Eleventh St. Jeweller. Dr. Mark T. McMahon, dentist

Dr. E. H. Nauman, Dentist, 13th St. Consult Dr. Terry about your eyes. G. R. Freib, painting and paper hanging.

Diamond C. hams and bacon at Herman Kersenbrock's. GROUND BONE & BEEF SCRAPS for chickens at Ernst & Brock's. Phone 98.

Cool off while you get shaved at the Thurston barber shop, the only cool place in the city.

Now is the time to buy your year's supply of hardware. You can save from 25 to 50 cents on the dollar. Closs and Uehling.

Buy your hardware at wholesale prices at Closs and Uehling's. Closing out sale.

Try our Blend coal. \$5.50 per ton at the yards. Newman & Welch. Call early to select your bargains at Closs and Uehling's while the assortment is complete.

Newman & Welch have all kinds of coal.

Dr. Terry, the Omaha Eye Specialist, has opened one of the best equipped optical offices in the west, over Pollock and Co's drug store. Will be in his Columbus office Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, of each week. Spectacles and eye glasses scientifically fitted. Consultation free.

Trousers made to order from \$4.50 up. Fit and workmanship guaranteed. S. E. Baker, back of Dr. Naumann's Dental Parlors.

**BARGAINS.**—Screen doors for 50 cents; ice cream freezers for \$1.30; gasoline stoves for \$1.75. These are only a few of the hardware bargains offered by Closs and Uehling.

**For Rent.** Several desirable dwelling houses for rent. Becher, Hoekenberger & Chambers.

**wanted.** Local agent in Columbus for one of the largest and best fire insurance companies in the state—Must be reliable and energetic. Address State Agent, P. O. Box 971 Omaha, Neb.

**Special Farm Bargains.** We have four farms for sale in the central part of the county at bargain prices. Must be sold. Becher, Hoekenberger & Chambers.

## Three Ranch Snaps.

In the Best Ranch Country in Nebraska

NO. 1—A ranch of 18,000 acres, 3 miles from the railroad. 1760 acres deeded, one school section under 20 year lease, 8 sections homesteaded. Cuts 1000 tons wild hay and runs 1000 head cattle. 20 miles of fence, good house, windmills and up-to-date ranch improvements. 50 acres timothy and alfalfa. 600 acres good alfalfa land. Will sell with or without stock. Will sell on easy payments.

NO. 2—A ranch of 12,000 acres, six miles from the railroad; 1000 acres deeded, one school section under 20 year lease; several sections homesteaded. Excellent fences, windmills, and ranch improvements. Cuts 800 tons of hay and will run 800 head of cattle. A bargain for cash.

NO. 3—A ranch of 6000 acres; 1760 acres deeded. Will cut 950 tons of wild hay. One of the best hay and alfalfa ranches in the hills. Well fenced, watered and improved. Will trade for merchandise or farm in eastern Nebraska.

For prices and direct reference to owners, enquire at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

### Mrs. Mary E. Becher

(Monday's Daily)

Mrs. Mary E. Becher died at her home in Omaha last Sunday morning at 9:30 o'clock after a brief illness. The body will be brought to Columbus on No. 3 tonight and the funeral will be from the home of Mr. and Mrs. John G. Becher at 4 o'clock tomorrow afternoon.

Mary E. Rieckly, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Rieckly was born in Columbus Ohio sixty four years ago last October. In 1857 she came with her parents to Columbus where she lived until a few years ago when she went to Omaha. In 1880 she was married to Frank G. Becher, who died in 1876 while occupying the office of county clerk. Mrs. Becher leaves four children, John G. Becher who is a member of the firm of the Elliott, Spice, and Becher, and Anna, William and Stella who have lived with their mother in Omaha where they all hold good positions.

Mrs. Becher has been in failing health for many years. Last week her son John G. was called to her bedside by a telegram announcing that the end was near. But he returned in a few days believing that she would live for several weeks.

### Carnival Closes.

(Monday's Daily)

The street fair and carnival which held the amusement boards in our city four days pulled up stakes Saturday night and left for Iowa.

A large crowd was on hand the last night and from the noise and other things about the grounds it appears that everybody had a good time.

The show was conducted on a very clean basis, considering what it represented. Only one or two incidents occurred where the light-fingered grafter got in his work. Louretta drew lots of people to see her out snakes and after eating a dozen or more of the reptiles was able to accompany the show to the next place of exhibit.

The Port Arthur show was good, likewise the train robbery. Other side attractions conducted by dreamy-eyed girls had their share of the crowd. The calf with four heads and twice that many legs was a "dead one". The Ferris Wheel caught the old people with rheimatism and the younger set.

The company did not get rich while here, but was a fairly creditable set. The town may not be any the worse for their visit.

### Prof. Sherman Goes Higher.

Just one-quarter of a century after starting in his school career as pupil at Columbus Prof. E. B. Sherman will commence as superintendent of the same school. His first teacher was Mrs. Sarah Brindley, now principal of the Lincoln School of Columbus. E. B. Sherman was born in Clarksville, Ia., on Christmas Day, 1872. His father being a minister the family lived at various places. Beginning school at Columbus, he attended other schools and finished his education in the North-western University and University of Nebraska graduating from the latter with the degree of B. A. in 1895. He presented the University of Nebraska in the Kansas-Nebraska debate of 1905, and the state of Nebraska in the Interstate Oratorical contest of the same year. After leaving the university he was selected as the principal of the Fairfield High school for 1895-6 and was independent of the same school for the terms of 1896-7 and North Bend schools for 1898-9 and 1899-0. While still at the head of the North Bend Schools he was chosen to superintend the Schuyler school to the present time and it is safe to say he would have remained here for years had he not been called to a larger field. His entire career as educator has been successful and he was in demand at the various county institutes and the summer months was taken up in educational work. He has also published several educational works, among them, being "The Correction Manual," "Argumentative English," and others. He is serving his second term as master of Aetna Lodge, A. F. and A. M., is venerable consul of Platte River camp, M. W. A., Secretary of the Schuyler board of education and president of the City Park commission, being active and energetic in each.—Schuyler Quill.

### Base Ball.

(Monday's Daily)

The game at the park yesterday was well attended and the play went through the nine innings free from wrangle. The umpire, Dr. McMahon, managed the game to the complete satisfaction of the five hundred fans present, and everybody left the grounds feeling that they had not been robbed of the price of admission.

It was a pretty game. Central City opened the works by making two big juicy tallies; four Sundays ago that lead would have won the game, but that cut little mustard yesterday. The first four innings for Columbus at the stick was without results, the visitors sharing likewise.

Then came Maxfield Elias who hit the ball square on the nose for two bases, but as the usual number of Columbus coaches were at their place in the shade on the bench, Maxfield died at third after plowing up a great part of the U.

P. reserve hand. Well, this broke the ice and from the fourth inning on, Columbus galloped around the bases eight times while the C. C. boys returned to their home with three little scores all wrapped up in a woolen string."

Old Timer "Paddy" Krombick began the game in the box for the visitors and kept our boys stopping sideways in order to get a safe clout at the ball, but the old timer's arm doubled up and he finished the game at third.

Frank Miesek in right field furnished a feature of the game when he made a pretty catch of a line drive hit. Corbett was all the works at second and Dolan and Jones worked together like leaguers.

The game was good, lots of the fair ones were present, and for an hour and a half, there was certainly something doing down on Captain Harry's lot.

### AT BRAZIL'S CAPITAL

THE SCENES ON APPROACHING QUAIN OLD RIO JANEIRO.

Nature Outdoes Herself in the Beautiful Picture Presented From the Harbor—Odd Street Names—Hotel Charges and a Hotel Bath.

As we approach the harbor of Rio Janeiro there gradually rise into view the twin islands, Father and Mother, between which the ship passes. Then comes one of those grand pictures which defy adequate description. Even the English passenger, surprised out of his national characteristic, murmurs after a deep inhalation, "There is nothing like it the world over."

The numberless peaks, of purple hue, peculiar and rugged, of varied outline and sharply defined, spread to right and left and form a successively changing background as one advances—now majestic sentinels, now illusive phantoms, as the clouds veil their crowns or hide them from view.

A story is told of the Princess Isabel, Dom Pedro's daughter, who once enthusiastically called to a fellow passenger, the wife of one of the European ambassadors accredited to Dom Pedro's court: "Come, come, and look at the most beautiful sight in the world! We are entering our glorious harbor!" The lady addressed, who had been in Brazil before, had seen behind the pictures and was not as fond of it all as was the princess, answered in a soft, purring voice, "Oh, yes, very beautiful, but I know of a sight more beautiful still!" "Yes?" incredulously and interrogatively exclaimed the princess. "Yes, it is much more beautiful going out through this glorious harbor."

After landing we break through the mob of carriers, after snatching the nearest one to take our baggage, and get into one of the waiting vehicles, a shabby genteel carriage they are all much the same—rickety affairs, drawn by little forlorn mules or horses. Ours breaks down twice before reaching our destination. The drivers are merciless. They jolt and joggle and swing you from one side of the narrow street to the other, lushing their horses continually, especially around corners and up and down hills, until they drive the breath out of your body and the hope out of your heart with the recklessnes of it. You vow this is the last time, but they get you again. Between breaths you look to find you are going through such streets as the First of March, the Marquez of So-and-so, the Viscount That, the Baroness This, the street of the Patriotic Volunteers, the Senator Something-or-other, ending up with Julius Caesar street and Jesu Christo's alley!

The hotel faces an open square, has trees about it and is painted on the outside a warm, clear pink. The guests dress very much, especially the women. There is much frou-frou of silk petticoats and many long trained dresses. The men, one would judge, come over from Paris. There is just the right twirl to the point of the mustache and just the right line to the waist of their coats to suggest it. Congress is in session, and there are senators from all parts of Brazil staying here; also a sprinkling of foreign ministers and some of the Brazilian nobility left over from the empire. On the birthday of their beloved emperor these latter have masses said for him in most of the churches. Notice is given in the daily papers so the sympathetic may attend.

Everything is extra at this hotel—your candles, a second serving of the same dish, anything taken from the table to your rooms, anything eaten in the dining room five minutes after meal hours. A bath is 50 cents extra. Taking a bath here is peculiar. In your bath gown you walk the seemingly mile or so of hall into the back foyer, down long flights of stairs, to the ground floor, almost into the garden, till you reach a glass door marked "Chuveiro," which means as near as you can translate it into English, "Foyer." You find a room, tiled as high as your head, open above. Taking up half the floor is a depression five inches deep, also tiled. You wonder where you are going to bathe. Being a Yankee, you guess. You screw up your courage for what may happen, shut your eyes, pull the cord above you, and, lo! down comes a splendid shower of cold water for as long as you want to hold the cord.

Upon reaching your room again you find some one has sent you a bouquet, and you don't know what to do with it any more than you did with the bath-room. It is a smooth surfaced, varicolored cone, so tightly are the flowers placed together. It is about a foot across at the bottom and won't fit anything but painted wood, so you flungly drop it anywhere. When dry, you discover it was built on a stick and held about a bushel of flowers.

In the evening we dined with the family of a man who rushed out from among a group of fellow brokers to embrace affectionately the male member of our party as we passed them in the street. Fourteen sat at the table, and three small children were ranged against the wall and served in the trays of their high chairs. Our host, who speaks English with a delicious accent, said to us, "Now you can say that you have dined with a typical Brazilian family, and we are not savages."

Rattlety bang! Clatter, clatter! Clack, clack, clack! Tuo, tuo! A general passes by! Driven in the happy fashion of the country, his two military outriders on horseback flying close, one each side, just behind. Every time his carriage wheel sweeps the curb on one side of the narrow street they make the same curve exactly. When a moment later his carriage wheel just escapes the curb on the other side of the street they escape it by the exact distance. When the carriage stops suddenly, they stop suddenly. It is well the little Brazilian horses are so docile or one of the most laughable sights in Brazil would be lost. The little soldiers, bobbing up and down astride the little horses, with their brown faces, bright red and blue uniforms and stonily little figures, do not exactly suggest military dignity. They suggest something else. You instinctively look around for the tin cup. The law permits every general the right to ride. The two soldiers are also stationed at the gate or outer door of his home.

I have not been able to distinguish the soldier from the policeman, they dress so much alike. The police have a chain of whistles through the city at night. You hear one in the distance, then near, then in the distance again as the signal passes down the chain. An American here says it is to warn the burglar out of the way so the police can pass without any distracting thoughts.

We got back to the hotel to toss and tumble through the hot night, in the agonizing indecision whether it were best to smother with the window shut or take terrible chances of getting the fever with the windows open, as every one said we would.—A Yankee Visitor to Brazil in New York Tribune.

### HUMMING BIRDS.

Feeding the Bantlings Looks Like a Dangerous Operation.

When I first crawled in among the bushes close to the nest the little mother darted at me and poised a foot from my nose, as if to stare me out of countenance. She looked me all over from head to foot twice. Then she seemed convinced that I was harmless.

She whirled and sat on the nest edge. The bantlings opened wide their hungry mouths. She spread her tail like a flicker and braced herself against the nest side. She craned her neck and drew her dagger-like bill straight up above the nest. She plunged it down the baby's throat to the hilt and started a series of gestures that seemed fashioned to puncture him to the toes. Then she stabbed the other baby until it made me shudder. It looked like the murder of the infants. But they were not mangled and bloody. They were getting a square meal after the usual humming bird method of regurgitation.

They ran out their slender tongues to lick the honey from their bills. How they liked it! Then she settled down and ruffled up her breast feathers to let her babies cuddle close to her naked bosom. Occasionally she reached under to caress them with whisperings of mother love.—Country Calendar.

### SURE HER TOOTH WAS OUT.

Force of Imagination as Exemplified in a Dentist's Chair.

Dentists have a splendid opportunity of studying the power of imagination. A New York practitioner by way of illustration told a reporter about one of his women patients. She entered, accompanied by her husband, and, pointing to her swollen face, asked the dentist to extract the offending tooth. He placed her in the chair and, taking the small hand glass which dentists use, put it into her mouth for the purpose of examining the molar which was to be extracted.

The glass had no sooner touched the tooth than she uttered a fearful scream and, bounding out of the chair, rushed out into the waiting room, crying that her jaw was broken. The united efforts of her husband and the dentist were for some time unable to persuade her that the tooth was not extracted and that she could not possibly have been hurt. After examining her mouth with the aid of a glass she finally became convinced that the tooth was still in its place. Taking her seat in the chair again, she submitted to the operation of extracting the tooth with out a murmur and expressed her surprise that the pain was so slight.

### PITH AND POINT.

A child is always surprised that you don't know the washerwoman at his house.

When you throw a friend a bouquet, don't throw it so he will catch the thorns in his hands.

Hope is a progressive game. One's children failing to become famous, the hope progresses to the grandchild.

It is easy for a woman to be polite; all she has to do is to smile, but a man has to smile and raise his hat.

Worrying about the future is better, though there will be ghosts tomorrow, though you know there are none today.

Parents are hard on their children when the children are young, and when the parents are old the children are hard on the parents.—Atchison Globe.

### THE TRAVELING BIRD

PUZZLING PERFORMANCE OF THE RED EYED VIERO.

Does He Fly a Thousand Miles in a Single Night?—Where Does the Mysterious Chimney Swift Go For Five Months Out of Every Year?

A man who travels 10,000 miles in a year is counted a "globe trotter" of unusual energy. But our common night-hawk, that every American boy and girl knows, thinks nothing of having a summer home up in Alaska and a winter resort in Argentina and traveling the 7,000 miles between twice a year. Its annual trip often covers 115 degrees of latitude.

And some of our shore birds, a government naturalist tells us, are still more inveterate voyagers, making extra flights and covering 10,000 miles or so a year.

Voyaging by the air line is sometimes extremely rapid transit. The summer warbler that spends the winter in Central America and the nesting season at Great Slave lake, far up in the arctic, travels twice as fast as the spring dove. One hundred and sixteen miles a day is the record so far to Great Slave lake, the speed always increasing as the birds move northward.

The red eye is an old fashioned, leisurely tourist in comparison with some other species. It never does more than seventy miles a day. The average rate for all migrating birds from New Orleans to Minnesota is about twenty-three miles a day. But after leaving Minnesota several species of feathered migrants make first 40, then 72 and finally 150 miles a day before they reach Alaska.

The bird traveler that gives the naturalist the hardest transportation problem to solve is the red eyed viero. It winters in Central America and appears each spring at the mouth of the Mississippi, traveling twenty miles a day. At this leisurely rate it proceeds for six weeks, all the way up to the latitude of northern Nebraska. Then suddenly, in the space of twenty-four hours and before a single red eyed viero has been seen anywhere in the region between, numbers of the birds appear in British Columbia, a thousand miles to the northward.

This puzzling performance is repeated every year. Unless the red eyed viero flies a thousand miles in a single night, how does it manage this bewildering schedule?

Nobody knows, but then nobody knows either where the chimney swift goes for five months out of every year.

Great flocks of chimney swifts, with numberless nestlings among them, leave the United States every autumn. Their movements can be easily followed till their various migrating bands join into a countless host on the northern coast of the Gulf of Mexico. One day they are there; the next day they are nowhere.

Five months later, in March, a joyful twittering far up in the air heralds their reappearance on the same spot, plump and brisk after their winter sojourn. But where the winter has been spent only the swifts know. It used to be a tradition (made out of "whole cloth") that they hibernated in the mud. But that merely showed the hopeless attitude of men's minds toward the problem, for no swift was ever found in the mud in any known spot. What mud? Where? Was therefore the natural question, never answered, and leaving the mystery deeper and muddier than ever.

The golden plover, too, has a yearly schedule of travel known to the naturalist in every detail.

In June it reaches the "barren grounds" far in the arctic circle, where Greely found these bird voyagers as far north as latitude 81 degrees. The nests are built on the moss, close above the frozen ground, the young are reared, and then the flocks hasten to Labrador in August, where the crowberry grows for their benefit so thickly that when they leave the feeding place in the fall their bodies are plump almost to bursting, and their very flesh is stained red with the crimson juice of the berries they have eaten.

They strike straight for the Antilles and for South America beyond, more than 2,500 miles in all. The plover can swim, however, and rest on the ocean wave, and on the way down it frequently feeds in the Sargasso sea, where, far out in the Atlantic, thousands of square miles of seaweed team with marine life.

After resting a few weeks in the Antilles the plover starts afresh, this time for Patagonia and southern Argentina. Unlike other birds, it puts its whole mind to traveling and flies both night and day. Six months in Patagonia, and then back it travels to the arctic by way of Guatemala, Texas and the Mississippi. The whole yearly route forms a great, irregular ellipse, 8,000 miles long and 3,000 miles across at its widest point. Surely, marvelous as were the stories about the migration of birds believed by the ignorant in early unscientific times, the truth is, as usual, stranger than fiction. Youth's Companion.

### Influenza and Turpentine.

In the year 1890, when influenza was epidemic throughout Europe, many workmen contracted the disease in three watch factories at Madratsch, Germany, and a number died. At one factory at Madratsch, however, the disease did not appear. Investigations showed that oil of turpentine was used in the turning of the metals used for watch cases. The oil became warm and evaporated, and the workmen inhaled the air laden with it. This seemed to protect them against the disease. Since then oil of turpentine has been always evaporated in that factory up in a stove, and not a case of influenza has ever occurred there.