

GRAY'S CASH STORE

Hardware Dep't.

Oldest and Largest Hardware and Stove Department in Columbus. Three-fourths of our floor space is required to show our immense line of Stoves and Ranges—the choice leaders of the entire stove world.

Don't Wait For a Cold Snap—Buy Now

Peninsular Base Burners..

Strongest Heaters and Greatest Fuel Savers. Don't fail to see these if you want a life long satisfaction. \$55.00 Down to \$30.00

Cole's Original Hot Blast...

Don't buy an imitation—we sell the genuine, for hard or soft coal



or wood. A modern wonder. Up from \$14.00.

Round Oak Chief Steel Range...

Most popular ranges sold in Columbus, air tight, all steel construction, heaviest asbestos insulation not found in any others. Wonderful bakers, with high warming closet and thermometer. up from \$41.00

Grocery Dep't.

Puritan Pancake Flour—We have sold and tried all kinds of Pancake Flour. We have found that the Puritan leads them all for wholesomeness and excellent cakes. We have dropped all other brands and are handling the Puritan Pancake Flour exclusively. It is made from whole wheat and corn with sufficient wheat hearts to give it that rich, nutty flavor, for which it is famous. Price, per 2lb. pkg 10c; 6 lb sack 25c.

Aunt Kate's Pancake Syrup...

This syrup is a pure sugar product absolutely free from glucose or any adulteration whatever. It is made by a new process and has a delicate and delicious flavor which makes breakfast a delight. Try it once on your cakes and you will use no other. Price per gallon 95c.

Saturday Evening Specials...

Good From 7:00 to 9:00 p. m. Only.

Hardware Department—Sure Catch mouse traps at 3c each, regular price 5c.

Grocery Department—Six pound Sack Puritan Pancake Flour at 19c, regular price 25c.

GRAY'S

NEW FALL CLOTHES

We won't attempt to describe the many swagger garments that are awaiting your inspection at this store, but desire only to extend an invitation to you and to your friends to come in, look around, and even try on such garments as attract you. This invitation is merely an expression of our confidence in pleasing you with the noblest Fall garb.

No matter what your ideas of style may be, no matter what price you have figured on paying, so complete is our Fall display, that we have no trouble in fitting your purse while we are fitting your person.

As an assurance, just ask the salesman to let you see our new line of \$15 clothes.

GREISEN BROS.



RISKED HIS LIFE.

How an Enterprising Reporter Got the News For His Paper.

Undoubtedly the boldest undertaking on the part of a reporter to score a "beat" ever known in the history of American journalism was when Thomas B. Fielders of the New York Times leaped from a steamer in New York harbor at odds of about 100 to 1 of being drowned and brought in the first graphic story of the loss of the ocean liner Oregon. It is the custom of New York dailies to send reporters down the bay to meet incoming steamers when it is known there is "big news" aboard. On the ground that it is better to be safe than sorry the editors dispatch the reporters by special permit on a government revenue cutter or else on a specially chartered tug, with a view to catching their game before the ship docks. It was known early one afternoon that a North German Lloyd steamer was not far out, and every city editor in New York laid plans for sending reporters to meet the incoming liner.

Fielders was one of these. He managed to get aboard the big steamer far down the bay and went among the survivors of the Oregon disaster and obtained some thrilling tales of hope. He took notes enough to write a book about the sinking of the ship, with minute details of heroic rescues and plenty of what newspaper men call "human interest" stories. Then time began to wear heavy on his hands. It was getting late at night and the ship had not yet passed quarantine. To make matters worse, the captain said that he would allow no one to leave the ship until she had made her way clear of quarantine. Fielders vainly pleaded that he was not a passenger and therefore was not amenable to the inspection of the ship by the health officers. His remonstrances were unavailing. The captain was obdurate.

Ten o'clock came. The city editor of the Times paced nervously around the night desk, repeatedly asking, "Where on earth is Fielders?"

Out there in the bay Fielders, wrought to a pitch of anger almost sufficient to impel an assault upon the exacting captain, looked vainly at the dimpling stream of light from his tug as she lay out in the darkened waters waiting for him. The captain of the steamer would not permit the tug to come any nearer to his ship. Fielders stood beside the rail, loudly remonstrating with the man commanding the big ship. He stealthily placed one leg over the rail, then the other. Then there was a splashing sound below and a chorus of shouts from the passengers. The reporter was overboard!

Out in the rippling light his body was seen to rise, and as it did the dazedly began swimming toward his tug. His comrades had thrown out a line at a signal from him previously given, and he made for that line. Would he ever get it? Could they see him, a mere speck on the dimly lighted water? He gained a hold on the rope, was pulled aboard the tug and gave orders for her nose to be turned toward the Manhattan shore with all possible speed. The Times contained a full and graphic story of the loss of the Oregon the next morning.—Remson Crawford in Success Magazine.

Only One King Buried in Iceland.

In Iceland it is the boast of the native that "only one king is buried here." That was King Roerek of Norway (vide Snorri Sturison's Saga, "Helmkringla"), whom King Olaf the Holy "shipped," with the significant hint that he need not be in any hurry to return to his native land. Roerek, who was a shrewd, peaceably minded monarch, took the hint, went to Iceland and a thousand odd years ago settled down to farming "at a little steady height, Calfskin, where were but few serving folk, and there he dwelt and on the fourth winter got the illness which brought him to his bane. So, it is said, he is the only king that rests in Iceland."

A Horse's Age.

The age of a horse cannot always be told by looking at its teeth. After the eighth year the horse gets no more new teeth, so that this method is useless for a horse more than eight years old. As soon as the set of teeth is complete, however, a wrinkle begins to appear on the edge of the lower eyelid, and another wrinkle is added each year, so that to get the age of a horse more than eight years old you must count the teeth plus the wrinkles.

The Case With Him.

Mrs. Henpeck—They can't punish bigamy too severely. No one should have any sympathy for the man who takes one wife too many. Mr. Henpeck—The idea, Maria! Do you think I should be sent to jail?—Philadelphia Press.

All In.

"How did you feel when you found yourself overboard?" "As if I were all in," gasped the resuscitated joker, gurgling merrily.—Philadelphia Ledger.

FENNEL - HELL WIG

—THE UP STAIRS STUDIO—
Best in Photography
COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA

NATURE'S WORD SYMBOLS.

Beauties of Land and Sea Cannot Be Told in Words.

Colors, sights and sounds of nature pent in words shrivel and lose their vitality. Odors of the forest, breezes from the sea, delicate aromas of the dawn, exhalations from dew laden fields, entrancing pure breath of infancy—how can we find among dumb, inexpressive human words any fair equivalent, any just translation of such rare effects and sensations in the world of nature as these? How shall we interpret myriad shades of one color in the few words at our command? How shall we put the feeling and the ecstasy of nature into the formula of mental apprehension and into the terms of literary expression?

It is as hopeless a task as if one stood as interpreter beside some charming poet of alien tongue and could catch only here and there a word and could render that word only by some uncouth paraphrase or by some term of remote or unaccepted meaning. What charm, what coherence even, could we find in such inadequate transference to another sphere of what was so beautiful in its own? So to say that the sea is blue does indeed give a certain impression of one color rather than another and in a crude way suggests a general tint to our mental vision. But how opaque and dead is the one word "blue" when held up as the reflecting mirror to our minds of that world of translucent sapphire glory let down from heaven upon earth, air and ocean—that suffusion of azure from cerulean reservoirs which drenches nature on rare midsummer days! We have seen such flooding molten turquoise light like gems liquefied and poured over sea-coast, mountain and plain when it has seemed as if the chalices of the anarchy of the ether and the sun kept pouring down new tides of graded sky tones on the glorified landscape. We have seen rock and flower, cloud and tree, hill and valley, swim and seem to float in every gradation of the great monotone of color around us, while far after bar of indigo, violet, blue, lay far upon the sea, relettering in a thousand changing shades that end of the rainbow gamut of color in the endless enchantments of its tremulously sliding, blending, ever overlapping, infinitely shaded scale.

Oh, again, take the word silence as the image of that great, full breathing, resonant stillness of the forest far from the dwelling of men. How flat and unresponsive and echoless is the word symbol when hung up as the silver sounding board of what nature calls her stillness. The term silence is but a dumb interpreter of the serene, soundless, on going life in the deep woods. In that silence there is speech of thousand tongues, inaudible and voiceless, complex and intricate, as the flexured interweaving of leafy branches overhead or the gray and gold green tints that sift down upon the ragged roots and lichened rocks that roughen her forest aisles.—Christian Work.

WHY CYPRESS WOOD SINKS.

Washington Scientists Made a Most Singular Discovery.

Southern lumbermen take great delight in a story of certain scientific gentlemen who were sent by the government at Washington to study the growth and uses of the bald cypress at a time when cypress lumber was comparatively new to the market. They went direct to a large camp, presented credentials to the superintendent and watched with minute care the processes of cutting the timber and floating it down stream. Cypress is a light, spongy wood that grows in swamps and absorbs water readily. The scientific gentlemen requested the superintendent to throw some logs into the river separate from the main rafts and followed their progress down stream in a boat. After floating south for some distance the logs with one accord sank. Much surprised, the scientific gentlemen returned and followed another consignment. The phenomenon was repeated; at a certain distance from the camp all the logs sank.

The gentlemen from Washington, being very scientific, did not think to question the unlettered superintendent about the power of cypress to become waterlogged, but after numerous observations and much comparing of notes reported to their department the startling discovery that cypress floated north of a certain parallel of latitude and south of it invariably sank. Of the cause they were not yet certain, but hazarded the suggestion that it might lie in the rotary motion of the earth. Increasing in speed as the logs approached the equator until it was powerful enough to draw them under.—Philadelphia North American.

Fruit Tree Wood.

Many farmers who occasionally order the destruction of fruit trees on account of advanced age or unfruitfulness are quite unaware of the value attached to much of the wood thus sacrificed. Cherry wood is largely used in furniture and when polished reveals a beautiful color and provides a passable imitation of mahogany. Apple tree wood is remarkably well adapted to turner's work and is in demand for making cogwheels on account of its great strength and durability. The cogs of wooden mill wheels are often made of apple wood. It is also extensively used for fruit presses, where it proves very durable. The value of walnut wood in fine cabinet work is well known, and good prices are obtained for this beautiful and popular wood.—London Times.

The Beard in Tunis.

In Tunis when a reigning prince finds it necessary to go outside his immediate family to choose his successor he follows an odd custom. The wearing of hair on the face is the exclusive privilege of sovereignty. When the prince selects a successor he sends the court barber to the fortunate individual to notify him that he may wear a beard. This intimation is equivalent to a formal announcement that he has been selected as the heir presumptive.

Queens.

"Yes," said the gay Lothario, "I called on four ladies last night." "Huh! You must be a quitter," snorted the poker friend. "I'd keep on raising all night if I had a hand like that."—Exchange.

The Mind is Found Most Acute and Most Uneasy in the Morning.

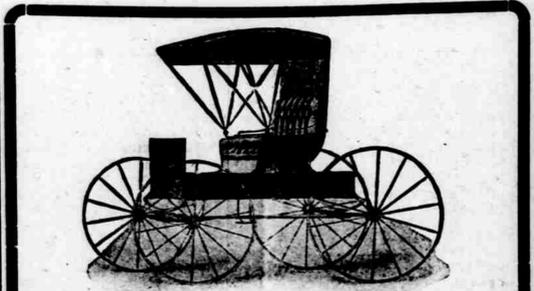
Uneasiness is, indeed, a species of sagacity—a passive sagacity. Fools are never uneasy.—Goethe.

They Don't Speak Now.

Miss Mugley—Did Mr. Knox seem surprised to hear that I was engaged? Miss Cutting—Oh, a little bit. Miss Mugley—Did he ask when it happened? Miss Cutting—No, not "when," but "how on earth."—London Express.

Pointed Paragraphs.

A man isn't beaten as long as he isn't discouraged. Most family skeletons refuse to stay in the closet. Be sure that you have an aim in life before pulling the trigger. Never do any worrying today that you can just as well postpone until tomorrow. When a man gets a chance to dispose of his troubles he always heaps up the measure. Yes, you may draw the salary, but your wife earns half the money; don't forget that. Of course it's all right to be born a leader, but the man in the rear has a better opportunity to get away. Many a city chap laughs when he hears of a farmer buying a gold brick. Then he goes to the race track and hands over his money to the book-makers.—Chicago News.



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Call on us. We sell the well known Staver make and can save you money on a good job.
L. W. WEAVER & SON,
HARNESS, COAL AND BUGGIES.

THE EARTH'S MOTION.

Easy to Demonstrate It by a Simple Experiment.

It is quite possible to prove that the earth revolves on its axis by a simple experiment and without having recourse to mathematics. Take a good sized bowl, fill it nearly full of water and place it upon the floor of a room which is not exposed to shaking or jarring from the street. Sprinkle over the surface of the water a coating of lycopodium powder, a white substance which is sometimes used for the toilet and can be bought at almost any drug store. Then upon the surface of this coating of powder make with powdered charcoal a straight black line, say, an inch or two inches in length and lying north and south. Having made this little black mark with the charcoal powder on the surface of the contents of the bowl, lay down upon the floor a stick or some other straight object, so that it shall be exactly parallel with the mark. If the line happens to be parallel with a crack in the floor or with any stationary object in the room this will serve as well.

Leave the bowl undisturbed for a few hours and then notice the position of the black mark with reference to the object that it was parallel with. It will be found to have shifted its direction and to have moved from east to west—that is to say, in a direction opposite to that of the movement of the earth on its axis. The earth in simply revolving has carried the water and everything else in the bowl around with it, but the powder on the surface has been left behind a little. The line will always be found to have moved from east to west, which is good proof that everything else has moved the other way.

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ELECTRIC PAGEANT	WEDNESDAY NIGHT	OCT. 3	CORONATION BALL	FRIDAY NIGHT	OCT. 5

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