

50-Registered-50

# SHORT HORNS

## AT AUCTION.

### Columbus, Neb., Thursday, Jan. 24, '07

#### BRANIGAN'S SALE BARN AND PAVILLION.

### CONTRIBUTORS:

ROBERT GUTHRIE, Lincoln, Neb.

J. S. and J. G. ROTH, Milford, Neb.

DAVID LEA, Silver Creek, Neb.

## 22 Scotch and Scotch Top Bulls

Balance females including cows well along in calf or with calf at foot.

There will be quite a number of good things in sale. Time will be given on any of above offerings at 8% on approved notes; 3, 6 or 9 months.

Watch this paper for short write-up of the offerings.

Write for Catalogues.

## C. S. KELSEY, Mgr.

Springfield,

South Dakota.

### QUEENED ONLY TO DIE

#### THE TRAGIC DESTINY OF LOVELY LADY JANE GREY.

As a Little Child She Was the Most Lamented Girl For Her Age of Which History Has Any Record—Her Whole Life Was Sorrow and Sad.

Sweet Lady Jane Grey, who reigned for a few months as queen of England and had her head cut off with an ax in the Tower of London for so doing, was as a little girl the most lamented child for her age of which history has any record.

Before she was nine years old she wrote a beautiful hand and was able to play well on several different sorts of musical instruments. In languages she was wonderful. She could speak several, both ancient and modern, with ease.

By the time she was twelve she was possessed of all the accomplishments taught young ladies of rank in those days and, besides that, could not only write but speak in Latin, Greek, Chaldean, Arabic, French, Italian and Hebrew. She was also well grounded in philosophy, and when other children were out playing she used to amuse herself by reading the writings of the philosopher Plato in the original Greek.

Perhaps it was because the pretty Lady Jane's childhood was so lonely as well as because of the extraordinary powers of her mind that she took to study so kindly and learned so many things while so young. Her father and mother were away at court much of the time, leaving the girl to the care of her governess and her school-masters at the great, gloomy family place called Bradgate, down in the country. The big, ugly, square brick house was built on the edge of a great forest and surrounded by thousands of acres of almost uninhabited land.

There were few books and no newspapers at the castle and no playmates for Lady Jane, for her governess would not let her play with the children of the servants, and there were no other children within miles.

When she was fourteen years old Lady Jane was taken to court by her parents and after that spent much time there, where everybody was delighted by her learning, her beauty and her wit. At court she was able to have some recreation, but she still kept up her studies, and when she went to spend long periods with her parents at gloomy Bradgate she had a hard time of it.

In a letter which she wrote to the celebrated scholar, Roger Ascham, with whom she used to correspond as with an equal, she tells how whenever she tried to do anything in the presence of her "sharp and severe parents," either to "speak, keep silent, sit, stand or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing or doing anything else," she was constantly criticized and very often pinched or slapped if she did not do it perfectly.

In those days children were freely chastised by their parents even after they had grown up, and Lady Jane, great heiress though she was and of the royal blood, got her share of whippings. But she says that when she was at her studies she was always happy, and when called away from them she would burst into tears.

Ascham, who visited her at Bradgate when she was a girl of twelve, found her reading Plato in the original when the rest of the family were out hunting, and she told him that she was thankful for having such stern parents, as she had learned by their strict discipline to find more happiness in learning than in all the pomp and vanities and all the pleasures of the world.

She was a wonderful child in her knowledge of politics and what was taking place in foreign countries, and great pains were taken with her about affairs of state when she was a little more than twelve as if she were a grown woman of the greatest intellect. But poor little Lady Jane! All her learning and wisdom did not save her from a sad fate. When she was sixteen they married her to a weak but otherwise estimable young man and made her queen for a few months. Then she was overthrown, taken prisoner and early the next year had her head cut off for usurping the crown.

It was her ambitious father who forced her to take the crown, and he, too, had his head cut off for the bad advice he gave his daughter.

Those were stern old days when they carried on their political campaigns with an ax, and a learned, gentle and beautiful girl like Lady Jane was cut off at the place in them.

But if she found no sympathy in her own times she has found it since, and more tears have been shed over the sad fate of Lady Jane Grey by the present age than her misfortunes and her virtues ever caused to flow in her own London Spectator.

As to Ink.

All the world uses ink. Most of it is very bad, but once in a great while we find an "ancre" that we can write with. Nearly every ink corrodes the pen, and nearly every pen poisons and dries up the ink. There never was a properly constructed inkstand or ink well. But we must have patience. All good things come to the fellow who waits and prays. The word "ink" presents in its formation not only a historical memento of the original inventors and almost sole users of that fluid, but also another vivid example of the abbreviating power of our language. Its Italian cognomen, "inchiostro," means literally "in a cloister" and recalls to memory the deep obligations which literature owes to those ecclesiastical retreats in which its vestal fires were so long piously guarded.—New York Press.

Mastered the Q.

Hundreds of people have cured themselves of impediments in speech. One of last year's mayors as a young man used to find it almost impossible to pronounce words beginning with a "q." Every day for months he used to walk across St. James' park practicing this sentence aloud, "A quantity of quicksilver quietly quartered in a quagmire" until he conquered the impediment. Today he is one of the most fluent speakers in England.—London Times.

## Soda Crackers and—

anything you choose—milk for instance or cream.

At every meal or for a snack between meals, when you feel the need of an appetizing bite to fill up a vacant corner, in the morning when you wake hungry, or at night just before going to bed. Soda crackers are so light and easily digested that they make a perfect food at times when you could not think of eating anything else.

But as in all other things, there is a difference in soda crackers, the superior being

## Uneda Biscuit

a soda cracker so scientifically baked that all the nutritive qualities of the wheat are retained and developed—a soda cracker in which all the original goodness is preserved for you.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

## White Lead Paint

The best painters still use pure white lead and pure linseed oil, and they secure results, both in appearance and in wearing qualities, which can be had in no other way.

If your paint has peeled off the house, it was not

### Collier, Red Seal or Southern Pure White Lead

and Pure Linseed Oil. Paint made of these ingredients wears smoothly and does not peel

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY  
Clark Avenue and 2nd Street, St. Louis, Mo.  
For sale by first-class dealers.

collar, over a beautifully embroidered waistcoat." But he swore, after the manner of the age. "He was traveling at night on the continent alone in a post chaise when the postboy, while passing through a forest, began to drive like a man anything but certain of his way. My father's wrath soon rose, and the explosion of strong language which issued from the carriage so alarmed the driver that, murmuring, 'Je ne veux pas conduire le diable' (I will not drive the devil), he pulled up and, having expeditiously unfastened the traces, made off with his horses at a gallop. My father, I believe, panned the whole night alone in the woods."

Colonial Fear of Lawyers. In the columns of the New York Gazetteer of Sept. 8, 1788, there was a paragraph lamenting the increase of lawyers as threatening to the future prosperity of the community and degrading to freemen. "An honest trade in former days," said the writer, "was all that people of common ability and education were ambitious of, but now no profession is gentler but the lawyer and the merchant. The lawyers are now creeping into every post of importance and thrusting themselves wherever there is a vacancy. Our congress, our assembly, are crowded with them, and even in our great commercial convention there are five lawyers to one merchant."

Curing the Bad Boy. You remember the old-fashioned woman who when she heard her young son swearing or using naughty words washed his mouth in soap. There is an Atchison boy who could not be reformed in this way, so his father took him in hand. Every day his father called him in and said: "Now, your mother objects to those naughty words you use, but I, being a man, like them. Go over the list for me." The boy promptly complied at first, but in a few days he tired of the words and has now given up his list entirely.—Atchison Globe.

The Toad and Its Skin. The toad sheds its skin at certain periods, the old one coming off and leaving a new one, which has been formed underneath, in its stead. It does not give its cast-off coat away to any poorer toad, and there are no toads dealing in second hand raiment. Neither does it leave its cast-off jacket on the ground after the fashion of the shiftless snake. It swallows its overcoat at one mouthful, converting its stomach into a portmanteau.

None Out of Joint. When I was a girl, the aristocratic rising was high, beautifully modeled, rising in a delicately waving ridge and at the tip standing well out from the face and not turned up. But now the fashion has completely changed. The prettiest women one sees perturbed in ill-favored papers and magazines very seldom have much to speak of in the way of nose.—Dowager in London Chronicle.

The Discrepancy About Our Companion. "Who is your favorite companion?" inquired the artistic painter. "I can't say just at this moment," answered Mr. Currier, with an appealing glance at his wife. "but it's somebody whose name I can't remember and whose name I can't pronounce."—Washington Star.

Wicked men cannot be friends either among themselves or with the good.—Socrates.

The Attemptive. "Muggins—I hear you are having your daughter's voice cultivated. Right?—Yes; I'm afraid it can't be cured, so I am doing the next best thing—Philadelphia Record.

His Usual War. She—It's funny, but all the time I have known Mr. Tigg he never has paid me a compliment. He—Tigg never pays anybody.

Can't Jolly 'Em Always. It is easy to convince a woman that you love her, but it is not so easy to live up to it for a lifetime.—New Zealand Graphic.

He Married the Best. Barty Hilliard, who many years ago lived in a small town in northern Vermont, was noted for his careless vagabond habits, ready wit and remarkable facility for extempore rhyming. While he was sitting one day in the village store of what is now a part of Montpelier among a group of idlers the genial merchant asked him why he wore such a shockingly bad hat. Barty replied that he could not afford a better one.

"Come now," said the merchant, "make me a rhyme on a bad hat, and I will give you the best I have in my store." Instantly Barty threw the old one on the floor and began:

Here lies my old hat,  
And pray what of that?  
It's as good as the rest of my raiment!  
If I buy me a better  
You'll make me your debtor  
And send me to jail for the payment.

The new hat was voted to be fairly won, and Barty bore it off in triumph, saying, "It's a poor head that can't take care of itself."—Boston Herald.

No Disputable Chandeliers. "Did you ever notice," said the observing man, "that every public building has chandeliers unlike those of any other public building? There are no duplicates. You go into one church and you see a handsome chandelier that it would seem worth while to duplicate for another church, but you never find it in another church. You go into a big hall, and you'll observe some stunning globes and chandelier fixtures and look for 'em in some other big hall, but they're not there. I don't know what principle the makers of chandeliers go on, whether it is a matter of pride with them not to fit out two buildings alike or whether contractors for such buildings insist on exclusive designs, but the chandelier vendor must employ some remarkably versatile artists to think up as many different designs. It seems like a waste of money to make only one of a kind, but it is a pleasure to know that hall or home may be exclusive in its chandeliers."

The Concertina. The threatened revival of the concertina as a serious musical instrument in England would be a return to an old fashion no doubt, but not to a very old one, since the concertina dates from the early part of the last century. Its invention was an early indication of Sir Charles Wheatstone of telegraph fame, who took out a patent for it in 1829, the very year in which somebody in Vienna invented that similar instrument, the accordion. The concertina was popularized by Sig. Regondi, who had come before the public as a juvenile prodigy with the guitar. At one time no London concert was really complete without him and his concertina, and he astounded the Germans with the music he could get out of it.

Gladiators as an Order. It was a budget last night—about a page of a morning paper spoken in two hours by Mr. Gladstone, and he hardly referred to a note, never paused a moment, broke through cheers, dashed over interpellations—logic, figures, illustrations, extracts—all pell-mell, with a whirl and fury that took the breath away. And he did it all with the utmost ease and got to the end without turning a hair. Mr. Gladstone took it all quietly and did it quietly and left the house and went home quietly, probably mentioning to Mrs. Gladstone as a reason for being rather tired that he had been saying a "few words" that evening.—From Whitty's "Parliamentary Retrospect."

### ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS.

Advertisements in the Journal for quick results.

Nels V. Steag, one of the leading merchants of Genoa, was in the city the last day of the year and secured a license to wed Dolis Larson.

A complaint was filed with Judge Ratterson charging A. Heagy with statutory rape, the complaining witness being George Dabolt, his daughter, Heagy, being the girl in the case.

Commencing January 2, service on the new rural route, No. 3, was inaugurated, with Charles Koenig as carrier. This route is south of town, crossing the Loop river and serving the country between here and Dunsmuir.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Wright and young son from Minneapolis were in the city the few part of the week. Mr. Wright came to consult Doctor Allenberger in relation to his ailments.

The registered Short Horn sale to be held at Branigan's barn in Columbus, Thursday, Jan. 24, 1907, will include fifty of the finest offerings ever put on sale in the state. Remember the date and if you desire to improve your herd don't miss it.

Farms for Sale. Improved farms for sale, Platte and Boone counties.—First National Bank.

Office of Platte County Ind. Telephone Company.

In compliance with the compiled statistics of Nebraska for 1906, and especially section 136 of chapter 16, thereof entitled "corporations," we, the undersigned officers and a majority of the board of directors, hereby give public notice that all the existing debts of said Telephone company, exclusive of cash on hand and cash accounts payable to said Company is as follows:

Boundary notes outstanding..... \$200 15  
Accounts..... 200 00  
Total liabilities less cash in clearing fund..... 400 15  
C. J. GANZOW, President.  
A. ANDERSON, Treasurer.  
T. J. COVENSAN, Sec'y.

Are Fearful. We have 500 pairs of choice land one-half mile from city limits for sale in 30 acre tracts.  
Hilbert, Spates & Co.

### UNION PACIFIC TIME TABLE

WEST BOUND, MAIN LINE.	
No. 1, Overland Limited.....	1:25 p. m.
No. 2, Colorado Express.....	5:30 p. m.
No. 3, California and Oregon Ex.....	7:30 p. m.
No. 4, Los Angeles Limited.....	2:25 p. m.
No. 5, Salt Lake.....	4:30 p. m.
No. 6, Utah Special.....	6:30 p. m.
No. 7, North Platte Local.....	11:25 a. m.
No. 8, Local Freight.....	7:30 a. m.

EAST BOUND, MAIN LINE.	
No. 1, Overland Limited.....	5:30 p. m.
No. 2, Colorado Express.....	1:30 p. m.
No. 3, California and Oregon Ex.....	3:30 p. m.
No. 4, Los Angeles Limited.....	11:25 a. m.
No. 5, Salt Lake.....	9:30 a. m.
No. 6, Utah Special.....	7:30 a. m.
No. 7, North Platte Local.....	4:30 p. m.
No. 8, Local Freight.....	1:30 p. m.

SPOKANE BRANCH.	
No. 29, Passenger.....	7:30 p. m.
No. 77, Mixed.....	7:45 p. m.
No. 30, Passenger.....	1:30 p. m.
No. 78, Mixed.....	1:45 p. m.

ALBANY AND SPOKANE BRANCH.	
No. 31, Passenger.....	7:30 p. m.
No. 79, Mixed.....	7:45 p. m.
No. 32, Passenger.....	1:30 p. m.
No. 80, Mixed.....	1:45 p. m.

### BURLINGTON TIME TABLE

No. 22, Pass. (only on Sun.) leaves.....	7:25 a. m.
No. 21, Pass. (only on Sun.) leaves.....	6:20 a. m.
No. 23, Pass. (only on Sun.) arrives.....	8:20 p. m.
No. 24, Pass. (only on Sun.) arrives.....	1:20 p. m.

### North Opera House

W. F. MANN  
Presents a play you cannot afford to miss

### As Told in the Hills

Great Cast, Second Season

By far the best Dramatic production of today.

Everything New  
Specialties Scenery  
Electrical Effects Costumes

### Some Old Time Giants.

Cajanus, a Swedish giant who was nine feet high, was on exhibition in London in 1742, and several old hand-bills still exist, which set forth the measurements of this freak of nature. Thirty years later we have Charles Byrne, who was eight feet four inches in height in his stockinged feet. He, however, died young, at the age of twenty-two, from hard drinking. Cotter O'Byrne, another Irish giant, followed a few years later. He was born at Kinsale in 1761 and at the age of fifteen was eight feet high. This by the time he was twenty-three had increased to nine feet four inches, and then he changed his name to O'Brian in order to make people think that he was descended from King Brian Borohme and went on exhibition. At that business he, of course, soon realized a very comfortable fortune and retired, dying at Clifton on Sept. 8, 1804. His will especially provided that his body should be thrown into the sea in order to prevent the surgeons from cutting it up.

No Rhyme For Tipperary. A poet once jumped to the conclusion that there was no rhyme to Tipperary and said so, whereupon an indignant Irishman, who chanced also to be a bit of a versifier, pounced upon him and poked fun at him in a lengthy poem, every other line of which rhymed or was supposed to rhyme with the place in question. Thus:

A hard there was in sad quandary  
To find a rhyme for Tipperary.  
Long labored he through January,  
Yet found no rhyme for Tipperary;  
Tolled every day in February,  
But totted in vain for Tipperary;  
Searched Hebrew text and commentary,  
But searched in vain for Tipperary.

And so on through many scores of stanzas, ending up with:

He paced about his avary,  
Burnt in despair his dictionary,  
Blew up sky high his secretary,  
And then in wrath and anger swore he  
There was no rhyme for Tipperary.

Glasses and the Eyes. Every one knows that in using a field glass it is necessary to adjust it to a proper focus. Suppose that you put one of the tubes at your focus and the other tube at a focus that suited some one else and then you looked through both tubes. You would have a more or less blurred vision, and if you kept on looking the chances are that you would feel giddy and get a headache. Now, the two eyes are supposed to have an equal natural focus, and when by any chance that focus is unequal a headache results. The remedy is a pair of glasses or a single glass to make the eyes equal in power.