

50-Registered-50 SHORT HORNS

AT AUCTION.

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

BRANIGAN'S SALE BARN AND PAVILLION.

CONTRIBUTORS:

ROBERT GUTHRIE, Lincoln, Neb.

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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.

A SOURCE OF DISEASE.

Beware the Man Who Blows Smoke Through His Nostrils.

A popular practice of many smokers consists in discharging the smoke inhaled, especially from cigarettes, through the nostrils. This is even considered by some to be essential to the full enjoyment of the flavor of the tobacco.

The London Lancet, while acknowledging that perhaps under ordinary circumstances no harm is done to the smoker save to his sense of smell, has sounded a note of warning against the habit as a possible disseminator of disease. Hay fever and other annoying complaints have been spread through unsuspecting households by the unthinking visitor who habitually blew smoke through his nose.

The surface traversed by the tobacco smoke before issuing from the nose, it is remarked by the Lancet, is moistened with the natural secretion of the mucous membrane lining it, and this secretion is mingled with the fluid discharged from the conjunctival sac protecting the eyes. It therefore contains numerous micro organisms, which, floating in the air, have become attached to the moist and sticky surface of the conjunctiva, as well as those which pass over the surface of the nasal membrane. As Tyndall long ago showed, germs are completely filtered off from the air inhaled by the extensive and irregular surfaces presented by the turbinal bones. These germs are carried into the air by the man who blows smoke through his nostrils.

A SENSE OF DIRECTION.

The Prime Requisite For Making a True Woodsman.

A sense of direction I should name as the prime requisite for him who would become a true woodsman, depending on himself rather than on guides. The faculty is largely developed of course by much practice, but it must be inborn. Some men possess it; others do not—just as some men have a mathematical bent, while to others figures are always a despair. It is a sort of extra, having nothing to do with either intelligence or mental development, like the repeater movement in a watch. A highly educated, cultured man may lack it; the roughest possess it. Some who have never been in the woods or mountains acquire in the space of a vacation a fair facility at picking a way, and I have met a few who have spent their lives on the prospect trail and who were still and always would be as helpless as the newest city dweller. It is a gift, a talent. If you have it, the thickest fern you can become a traveler of the wide and lonely places. If you have it not you may as well resign yourself to guides.—Stewart Edward White in Outing Magazine.

THE PARIS CLUBS.

Election to the Most Exclusive Ones Is a Serious Business.

Election to the exclusive clubs of Paris is a very serious business. The proposer and seconder must not only know all about their candidates, but be able to bear witness to their antecedents and even to their forefathers. They must write to all their friends and ask them to support their candidates. When the election takes place, they must not only be in the room, but approach each member individually as he comes up to the ballot box and ask him for his support.

When the member has been elected, he arrives the first day as a kind of stranger and with his hat in hand. He is then formally introduced by one of his proposers to each member separately who happens to be in the room at the time. On the second occasion he has ceased to be a stranger and may leave his hat in the hall, but he is still expected to go round the room with one of his proposers and be formally introduced. This lasts for a week, by which time he is assumed to know all his colleagues, though a foreigner who is extra punctilious and insists on being introduced to every member of the club gains considerably in popularity.—London Saturday Review.

When money does not talk too much it may properly be termed a modest man.—Nashville Democrat.

The Chinese.

Conservative historians among the Chinese claim for their race an antiquity of at least 100,000 years, while those whose estimates are a little "wild" assert that the Chinese were the original inhabitants of the earth and that Chinese history goes back at least 500,000 years. The government records of China place the foundation of the empire at 2599 B. C. and claim that it was established by T'ohi, who, they assert, is the Noah mentioned in the book of Genesis, B. C. 2240.

How It Struck Her.

"You seemed greatly impressed," said the minister, "with my description of how they brought the head of John the Baptist before the king on a salver."

"Yes," sighed Mrs. De Style; "I was thinking how much better they trained servants in those days. Now, mine, when they bring me things, are forever forgetting the salver."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Sure Way.

First Author—Oh, the unutterable monotony of existence! I am thoroughly disgusted with it all. Would that I might completely disappear for awhile. Second Author—Then why don't you marry a famous woman?—Judge.

Her Mourning.

Maud—Why is that lady over the way always in black? Is she mourning for any one? Bess—Yes, a husband. Maud—I didn't know she'd be married. Bess—No, but she's mourning for a husband all the same.

Of Course.

Professor (a little distracted)—I'm glad to see you. How's your wife? "I regret it, professor, but I'm not married."

"Ah, yes. Then of course your wife's still single."—Flegende Blatter.

Soda Crackers

and—

anything you choose—milk for instance or alone.

At every meal or for a munch 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 sod crackers, the superlative 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

5¢

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

(Made by the Old Dutch Process)

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

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
Clark Avenue and 14th Street, St. Louis, Mo.
For sale by first-class dealers.

MYTHICAL CREATURES.

The General Belief in Fabulous Monsters in Olden Days.

Now that the cold light of science has thrown its rays upon the most remote parts of our globe there is no longer room for legendary creatures—save the sea serpent—and we are told that the mermaid is nothing more than a dugong, a unicorn either a rhinoceros or a Tibetan antelope, while the cockatrice, the phoenix and the roc appear to be pure imaginations.

But in the Elizabethan age—an age when the dodo had but recently been discovered—these and many other mythical creatures were, if not living, at all events actual realities to the ordinary public, and as such were referred to in the works of the great dramatist and other contemporary writers. We meet, for instance, in the "Winter's Tale" the line, "Make me not slightest like the basilisk," and in "The Tempest," "Now I will believe that there are unicorns." But not only was there more or less of credulity given to the existence of these and such like fabulous monsters, but a web of mystic lore encircled the most common and best known of beasts, birds and fishes.

Who, for instance, is forgetful of the popular superstitions connected with the salamander, the newt and the blindworm, and who fails to remember White's account of the "shrewvener" at Stillborne? And if such superstitions still survive among uneducated peasants of the present day we may be assured that two centuries ago they were fully believed by the higher classes.—Academy.

WORKS OF A WATCH.

All the Parts Are but the Expression of One Idea.

To one who has never studied the mechanism of a watch its intricate workings or the balance wheel is a mere piece of metal. He may have looked at the face of the watch, and while he admires the motions of its hands and the time it keeps he may have wondered in idle amazement as to the character of the machinery which is concealed within. Take it to pieces and show him each part separately, and he will recognize neither design nor adaptation nor relation between them, but put them together, set them to work, point out the

OLD VIOLINS.

The Best Method of Finding Out Their True Value.

Very often somebody thinks that he or she has a small fortune locked up in a fiddle case. The somebody does not know much about violins, but has heard or read that an old violin is a very valuable thing, and because grandfather happened to leave a violin, to assume duties upon the harp, somebody immediately believes that grandfather's violin is a treasure. As a matter of fact, ninety-nine times out of a hundred grandpas invested in a ten dollar fiddle and played "Swanee River" and "Annie Laurie." When he bought it the violin was worth \$10, but since then it has been depreciating in value at the rate of about 10 cents a year. From the mere fact that most of the varnish is scratched off and there are several cracks in the instrument it does not follow that it is an "old one."

If a violin is good to start with it will improve with age and good care, but, on the other hand, a poor fiddle is not benefited to any extent if it survives a century or two.

Don't judge a violin by the label inside of it. Anybody can copy an old name and date and paste it in. If all the violins bearing a Stradivarius label were his, poor old Antonius would be working yet. More than half of the cheap, worthless violins bear copies of his or some other master's label, and even some real old and good instruments have been passed off as the work of Amati, Guarneri, Magini and other famous makers.

Any one having a violin with the label of a comparatively unknown maker is likely to be the owner of a more valuable instrument than the person whose fiddle is marked "Antonius Stradivarius."

There is only one way to find out whether or not a violin is living up to its name, and that is to get the judgment of a good dealer. If he tells you that your violin is no good, but still offers to buy it, you may be quite certain that you have a good fiddle. But don't sell it. Take it to some other authority and see what he says, but don't make a bargain. You will hear from him if your violin is genuine, for the supply of valuable ones is small and great rivalry exists among dealers to secure masterpieces.

A great many people have the idea that all the very good instruments are the output of a half dozen old geniuses when the truth is that there are scores of old as well as quite modern makers whose works bring very high prices.—New York Herald.

A FEW WORDS.

Don't say abolitionism, for abolition is the perfect word.

Don't say wonderment when wonder will express your meaning.

Don't say "My politics are." Politics is singular in spite of the final s.

Don't say people when you mean persons. People is a collective noun, in the singular number.

Don't say suppositional words, for even when properly employed your meaning will not be so clear to the reader as when you use simple words.

Don't say receipt when you mean recipe. The collector to whom you pay money gives you a receipt. A formula for the preparation of food is a recipe.

Don't say surprised when you mean astonished. You may be astonished to find Johnny stealing jam, but he is surprised by you.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Cause For Thanks.

Charles O'Connor once began an after-dinner speech in Philadelphia in this way:

"I must confess that I dread to make after-dinner speeches. At the most sumptuous dinners, even at such a dinner as this one, if I know that at the end I must make a speech I am nervous, I have no appetite, I find little to admire in the best efforts of the chef. In truth, gentlemen, I can readily imagine Daniel, if he was at all of my mind, leaving a sigh of relief as the lions drew near to devour him—heaving a sigh of relief and murmuring: "Well, if there's any after-dinner speaking to be done on this occasion, at least it won't be done by me."

UNION PACIFIC TIME TABLE

WEST ROUTE, MAIN LINE.	
No. 1, Overland Limited.....	12:25 p. m.
No. 2, Colorado Express.....	6:50 a. m.
No. 3, California and Oregon Ex.....	7:30 p. m.
No. 4, Los Angeles Limited.....	2:30 p. m.
No. 5, West Coast Limited.....	4:30 p. m.
No. 6, San Francisco Limited.....	10:30 a. m.
No. 7, North Pacific Local.....	11:30 a. m.
No. 8, Local Freight.....	7:30 p. m.

DANCE ROUTE, SIAID LINE	
No. 9, Overland Limited.....	5:25 p. m.
No. 10, Atlantic Express.....	6:50 a. m.
No. 11, Boston Express.....	7:30 p. m.
No. 12, Los Angeles Limited.....	2:30 p. m.
No. 13, West Coast Limited.....	4:30 p. m.
No. 14, San Francisco Limited.....	10:30 a. m.
No. 15, North Pacific Local.....	11:30 a. m.
No. 16, Local Freight.....	7:30 p. m.

SIOUX FALLS BRANCH.	
No. 17, Passenger.....	7:30 p. m.
No. 18, Mixed.....	7:30 a. m.
No. 19, Passenger.....	1:30 p. m.
No. 20, Mixed.....	1:30 p. m.

ALBANY AND WATKINS BRANCH.	
No. 21, Passenger.....	7:30 p. m.
No. 22, Mixed.....	7:30 a. m.
No. 23, Passenger.....	1:30 p. m.
No. 24, Mixed.....	1:30 p. m.

BURLINGTON TIME TABLE

No. 25, Pass. (daily ex. Sun.) leaves	7:25 a. m.
No. 26, Pkt. & An. (daily ex. Sun.) leaves	4:30 a. m.
No. 27, Pass. (daily ex. Sun.) arrives	4:30 p. m.
No. 28, Pkt. & An. (daily ex. Sun.) arrives	1:30 p. m.

North Opera House

Monday, January 21.

The Dramatic Event of the Season

Wilson Barrett's

Great Play.

"THE SON OF THE CROSS"

Endorsed by both press and clergy of New Hampshire.

The most impressive play of the kind ever produced.

Stupendously presented—Magnificently Carved—Complete in every detail.

Prices \$1, 75c, and 25c.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

What This Great British Institution Represents.

At first sight there is not much likeness between the comfortable country gentlemen, retired lawyers, blame men of fashion and liberal subscribers to party funds, who now drop into rather than frequent their magnificent hall, and "the mail covered barons, who proudly to battle led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain" in the days of the Henrys and Edwards, but in one point the house has always maintained its character through centuries—it is an aristocracy of birth, but it is still more emphatically one of wealth. The law of entail and primogeniture has kept the landed estates together as far as the law can. Many have passed by heiresses to new names or been sold by spendthrift lords, many holders of ancient titles have lost the wealth that gilded their ancestors' coronets, but new peers are almost always rich, and a title is still an attraction to an heiress. We sometimes hear that the house of lords represents nothing. This is false. It represents property. Tennyson's new Lincolnshire farmer, whose horse's hoofs trotted "property, property, property," is the type of a vast number of Englishmen. Such men are not only content, but proud, to be represented by the house of lords. They know that as long as the lords have their say "property" will have a staunch body of organized champions.—William Everett in Atlantic.

NATURAL KITCHENS.

Places Where Cooking is Done in Boiling Springs.

There are one or two countries— Iceland, for example—where washday is not dreaded, because nature provides the hot water at one's very door in the shape of steaming springs of spouting geysers. But there is only one country where the native women do practically all their cooking by unaided nature, and that is the North Island of New Zealand. Here is a wonderland of a thousand square miles so volcanic that a fire may be lighted by inserting a few sticks in the earth, and wherever one makes a hole he speedily has a pool of boiling water, into which a pudding may be lowered incased in a cloth and cooked expeditiously.

Frequently in perfectly cold streams a boiling hot current may be seen and felt running along the edge of the river, and here the Maori women do their own and the white man's washing. Naturally the volcanic region of New Zealand is a dangerous country to wander in without a guide, and many

tourists have lost their lives as the result of such carelessness. Maori servants boil coffee and eggs in this way.—New York Tribune.

A Vile Performance.

On the occasion of his brother's benefit Edwin Booth was standing behind the scenes when a character actor who had been giving imitations of noted actors was about to respond to an encore.

"Whom do you imitate next?" inquired Booth.

"Well," was the reply, "I was going to represent you in Hamlet's soliloquy, but if you look on I'm afraid I shall make a mess of it."

"Suppose I imitate myself?" remarked the tragedian, and, hastily putting on the other actor's wig and buttoning up his coat, he went on and delivered the well known lines.

Next morning the newspapers stated that the imitations ruined the performance, "the personation of Edwin Booth being simply vile enough to make that actor shudder had he seen it."—Toledo Blade.

Costly Windsor Castle.

No royal castle has cost Great Britain more in hard cash than that of Windsor, says the London Chronicle. When George IV. announced his intention of making it a family residence parliament granted him £200,000 toward its reconstruction. For four years the work went merrily on under fresh grants, and the king then took possession of the private apartments. That did not end the expenditure however. By the time William IV. had satisfied himself that there was nothing more to be done the castle had swallowed up close to a million pounds.

Pope's Skull.

The skull of Alexander Pope, the poet and satirist, is in the private collection of a phrenologist. During some alterations in the churchyard where Pope was buried it was necessary to move his coffin, which was opened at the time to ascertain the state of his remains. By bribing the sexton of the church possession of the poet's skull was obtained for the night, and in the morning a different skull was returned instead. The cost of the skull, including the bribe, was £50.

His Stubbornness.

"Haven't you and your friend got through that argument, yet?" asked a parent of his youngest son.

"It isn't any argument," answered the boy. "I am merely telling Jimmie the facts in the case, and he is so beastly stubborn that he won't understand."—Chums.