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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1907.

R. G. STROTHER, Editor
F. K. STROTHER, Manager

RENEWALS—The date opposite your name on your paper, or wrapper shows to what time your subscription is paid.

ADVERTISING—Responsible subscribers will continue to receive this journal until the publishers are notified by letter to discontinue, when all arrears must be paid.

CHANGE IN ADDRESS—When ordering a change in the address, subscribers should be sure to give their old as well as their new address.

The state meeting of the Young Men's Christian association will be held here on February 7, 8 and 9, with over two hundred delegates in attendance.

Down in Texas Senator Bailey did not propose to take any chances on re-election. Keeping in mind the old saying that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," he made sure of his re-election and then let the investigating committee investigate.

There is no good reason why the meetings of the board of regents of the state university should be held in secret. The meetings of boards of education, city councils, and all public bodies are held open and above board.

The Union Pacific railroad is contemplating either enlarging our present passenger depot, or tearing it down and erecting a new one. Columbus with all its branch roads is certainly entitled to a nice new commodious passenger depot.

The Commercial Club considered a proposition for a chautauque, to be held here July 28 next. Ordinarily we could greatly favor the holding of a chautauque meeting in this city.

were instrumental in having the original rate established, and seeks to correct the abuses that have grown under present conditions. The legitimate newspapers are to enjoy the same privileges, but the so-called story papers and kindred literature used primarily for advertising purposes are to be classed at a higher rate.

DOINGS BEYOND THE COUNTY LINE

The boy stood on his father's neck And did he did not peep— Because he lived in Fuller-ton Where all are dead asleep.

The contract has been let to Norfolk parties for the erection of a \$14,500 Methodist church. The furnishing will cost about \$2,500. The structure is to be pressed brick with stone trimmings and will make a very nice improvement for Albion.

On Wednesday last at the home of the bride's parents, in St. Edward, occurred the marriage of Miss Mary M. Sisson to Mr. George E. Graham of Albion. Both bride and groom are popular young people in their neighborhood, and the bride, Miss Sisson, will be remembered in Columbus as a relative of Lester Sisson, who lost his life in the Spanish-American war.

Edward Vail, a well known young attorney and a resident of Albion went to Omaha the other day on business. What business he had will be seen by the following comment by the Omaha Bee: "Edward Vail and wife of Albion Neb., registered at the Iler Grand hotel Wednesday afternoon for a short stay in Omaha and were assigned to the bridal chamber. The young couple will return to Albion after a wedding trip. Mr. Vail is a prominent young man of the Nebraska town."

Nance county which joins Platte county on the west is about to undergo a change of its western boundary line, providing the bill in its favor which is now before the legislature is passed. The Fullerton News-Journal says: "Senator Gould of Greeley has prepared a bill to change the boundary of two counties, Merrick and Nance. The bill does not propose the transfer of much territory. There is a strip of land three quarters of a mile wide and nine miles long on the west border of Nance which by mistake in old surveys or descriptions of the boundary lines still remains as a part of Merrick. As a result, a portion of one tier or sections is in Nance and the other portion of the same sections in Merrick. Senator Gould has a ranch which extends across this narrow strip. His land is in five counties, Merrick, Boone, Greeley, Nance, and Howard. People living at the north end of the narrow strip have to go south twelve miles to vote. A map has been prepared by Senator Gould to show the land which he desires to have transferred."—News Journal.

The community in and around St. Edward, in Boone county, the citizens have recently experienced an electrical period which caused considerable damage in a financial way. It was not an atmospheric eruption, but a general invasion, to the locality, of two or three quack doctors who claimed to do everything but tell the truth. They convinced enough of the well-to-do citizens that they secured and sold notes to the amount of \$1,300 that their electrical appliances was just the thing to restore youth, make hair grow on a bald head that never did grow a wad of hair as big as a peanut, take creaks out of a rheumatic limb, and even claimed to make the blind see. They told the people that they were suffering from ill that no other remedy but theirs could drive out of their system, and that only for their strong constitution they would long ago have been in the grave. This spell had a tendency to frighten the victim, and before aware of the situation had signed a note and the quack was in the buggy headed for the nearest bank to get his money. One good reliable farmer was touched for \$300 which he paid P. T. Baranov told the truth when he said the American people liked to be humbugged.

Last Wednesday night at Albion a number of the leading business men met to discuss the probability of securing a new railroad for that place. A gentleman by the name of Waterman, and promoter of the new proposed road was present and before the audience unfolded his plans and thoroughly discussed what the new enterprise meant. He explained to his hearers that the new road is to be an independent trunk line and is sure to be built from Omaha to the Black Hills. The only point he uttered on was the trail thru Boone county. It might run thru Albion and up to Beaver; it might run thru Boone and up Plum Creek or it might strike St. Edward and go up the Bcagus. But there seemed to be a sort of psychological feeling prevailing the little gathering that a certain amount of "unrighteous manson" might determine the route. Just how much "filthy lucre" it would take to run the thing straight thru Albion he did not press me to say.

Moderate Price
Caumet Baking Powder
\$1.00 will be given for health found in Columbus

But from certain winks, nods and suggestions would infer that it would take a clean \$20,000 bonus before the citizens of Albion could hear the whistle of the engine on the new road. While that amount does not look big to the people up there and should the road ever be built they will try for a piece of it whether the enterprise does them any good or not.

All Nebraska today is sad over the death of Wm. M. Robertson, of Norfolk, which occurred last Tuesday week, at his home. He was a pioneer in our state, a leading jurist, helped to frame our present state constitution, and widely known in other states as a lawyer of more than ordinary ability. The Albion News in speaking of his worth as a pioneer citizen and a man of honor says: "William M. Robertson is dead. He succumbed at 1 o'clock Tuesday morning at his home in Norfolk. Attorney of state wide reputation, twice a prominent candidate for the republican nomination for governor and in many other ways a distinguished member of the party, prominently mentioned in connection with the forthcoming appointment of a district judge in the Ninth judicial district, past exalted ruler in Norfolk lodge No. 653, Benevolent and Protective order of Elks, and up to the time of his death president of the Norfolk Commercial club. W. M. Robertson closed an active public career at the age of fifty eight years. For the past couple of weeks Mr. Robertson had been ill with an attack of sciatica of the liver, an ailment from which he has been a sufferer for years. Not until a few days ago, however, did his condition become so serious as to alarm his family and friends. Late Saturday night Dr. Somers of Omaha was called in consultation over the case and he confirmed the statement of Dr. Salter that there was practically no hope for recovery. Mr. Robertson is survived by a wife, one son, S. D. Robertson, and a daughter, Mrs. Williams of New York. Mr. Robertson enjoyed the respect and esteem of the legal profession of the state and he was a man with many friends, not only in Norfolk but in all parts of Nebraska. He was often called upon to speak for various occasions. A year ago he delivered an address at Albion at the Commercial club banquet. Three years ago last fall he delivered an address at the Neigh carnival. He delivered the funeral oration over the remains of the late Otto Lappert and on the second day of last month he delivered the address on the occasion of the annual memorial services of the Elks in this city. His closing paragraph in that address is significant at this time. He closed the speech—and it was his last public utterance—with these words: 'We little know what the future has in store for us. We can not lift the veil and get a glimpse of the future, but let us press on doing the best we can, so far as life's duties are concerned, with the hope that the world will be better and not worse on account of our having lived in it.' Mr. Robertson has been an active republican all his life, and has held a number of prominent offices. He was a member of the Nebraska constitutional convention of 1875, which drafted the present state constitution. In 1887 he was appointed by Gov. Thayer as commissioner to represent Nebraska at the centennial of the adoption of the constitution of the United States held at Philadelphia, was a delegate to the republican national convention in 1888 to 1892. He was appointed register of the United States land office at Neigh by President Harrison and served three years, and has served one term as mayor of Norfolk. He was a member of the G. A. R., the R. H., a member and past exalted ruler of the B. P. O. E.

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

Coal
We have the following Coals now on hand: Rock Spring Lump and Nut and Slack, Colorado Lump and Nut, Kearney Lump, Trenton Lump, Weir Nut, Semi Anthracite Furnace Coal, Hard Coal both sizes, Best Pennsylvania.

NOTICE FOR CONSTRUCTIVE SERVICE.
Sophie E. Farrell, defendant, will take notice that on the 25th day of January, 1907, Everett J. Farrell, plaintiff herein, filed his petition in the district court of Platte county, Nebraska, against said Sophie E. Farrell, the object of a prayer of said petition being to secure a divorce from said defendant, from the bonds of matrimony and to have the marriage contract declared null and void and of no further force and effect, on the grounds that said defendant willfully deserted said plaintiff for a period of more than two years.

NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENT.
Strans Brothers Company will take notice that on the 30th day of January, 1907, John Rattmann, County Judge of Platte county, Nebraska, issued an order of attachment for the sum of \$25.00 in an action pending before him, wherein John H. Kersnowbrock is plaintiff and Strans Brothers Company, a corporation, is defendant; that said sum of \$25.00 is due and owing to said plaintiff from said defendant on account of a shortage resulting from the sale of certain fixtures on or about the 25th day of September, 1906, by said John H. Kersnowbrock plaintiff, to said Strans Brothers Company, defendant, and that the sum of \$25.00 is due and owing to said plaintiff from said defendant on account of a shortage resulting from the sale of certain fixtures on or before the 18th day of February, 1907, at the house of the defendant, on the sum of \$25.00 is due and owing to said plaintiff from said defendant on account of a shortage resulting from the sale of certain fixtures on or before the 18th day of February, 1907, at the house of the defendant, on the sum of \$25.00 is due and owing to said plaintiff from said defendant on account of a shortage resulting from the sale of certain fixtures on or before the 18th day of February, 1907, at the house of the defendant.

The Siren

By Basil Tesser
(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles)

The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the coroner's decision. Deceased, they said, had clearly not taken poison. Neither had he died of apoplexy. Seemingly he had been in excellent health on the very day of his death. In the small hours of the morning, according to the evidence, his valet, who slept in a room adjoining, had heard deceased breathing unusually heavily. Becoming anxious, he had entered his master's room and there found the young man pale as death and quite unconscious, with wide-open eyes and pupils extraordinarily dilated.

At once he had hastened in search of a doctor, but by the time the doctor had reached his master's room life had been quite extinct. Deceased, though pronounced by his friends a man about town, had not, they said, been addicted to violent dissipation. Neither had he been addicted to drugs or to alcohol. A rather remarkable feature in connection with the case was the statement that no less than four other young men of social standing had been found dead in their beds under circumstances almost exactly similar, and that within the last few months. As on the previous occasions the verdict returned this morning was that of "Death from natural causes."

Phoebe Vincent let the paper drop from her hands and smiled. A very beautiful woman in the prime of her life, and gowned to perfection, few knew whence she came or who she really was. Rumor had it that her husband had died under a cloud, also under circumstances said to have been "mysterious." But nobody much cared, least of all the men—men of position, all of them, and not a few of rank—who figured so largely among her visitors. Indeed it had come to this, among a certain set, that not to know Phoebe Vincent was to argue yourself out of the world.

"Poor boy," she said at last. "I almost feel sorry at times, and yet—" She looked steadfastly for some moments at a framed photograph on her silver table. Then her gaze rested



"You lie!" She exclaimed.

ed on several portraits, framed and unframed, on the mantel. They were portraits of men, most of them, the majority portraits of men well under 40. Some were portraits of mere boys. "Fah!" she exclaimed. "I shall do it again. I know I shall. It gives me pleasure, such intense pleasure. Perhaps it gratifies me even more than it gratifies them—while it lasts."

After a little while she rose and pressed the bell. "I shall want the brugham tonight," she said, as the maid entered. "Tell John I am going to the opera." "Tristan and Isolde" was over. In the portico of the opera house policemen and others bellowed down the line of carriages. Within the hall men and women mingled, awaiting their turn to depart.

Beside the inner entrance a tall and remarkably good-looking youth, exquisitely groomed, stood wrapped in admiration of an extraordinarily handsome woman waiting alone not many yards away. Seemingly the woman was ignorant of his presence, of his very existence. Yet presently she turned her head carelessly and at once she smiled at him and almost bowed. Taken aback he instinctively raised his hat. A moment or two later he stood beside her.

"I believe I have had the pleasure—" he began rather awkwardly, but the woman set him at once at his ease. "It is charming to meet you," she said, with another entrancing smile, and extending a well-shaped hand from beneath her handsome opera cloak. "My brugham is so long coming, could you, I wonder—it would be so dear of you—find out where it is? I am quite alone."

She looked at him meaningly and he returned the glance. Then he disappeared in the chattering throng. "How very bold you must think me," she said, as she drove together through the badly lighted thoroughfares. "I wonder, now, if you know my name."

He mentioned it at once and she gave a delightful little laugh.

As they passed swiftly down Broadway a gloved hand presently stole softly into his and the fingers very gently pressed his own. At the touch his whole soul seemed to thrill. A moment later he had succumbed to the temptation and was kissing her passionately on the mouth. "How wicked of you," she said roughly. "Really you quite hurt me. Do you often get like this?" "I love you dreadfully," he half-whispered, "dreadfully. I have seen you so often. I have so often longed to speak to you. But I never got in-

troduced." "So you thought to-night you would waive the introduction," she said lightly. "Do you kiss everybody like that you are introduced to? Perhaps," she went on presently, "I say only perhaps, I have sometimes noticed you before tonight."

Four months had passed. In the boudoir of a Fifth Avenue flat a young man lay half recumbent on a settee. Over him bent a woman. The man looked rather weary. His eyes sagged slightly. And the woman peered down at him attentively. "Arthur."

"My darling!" "Look at me—look right up into my eyes."

Bather reluctantly he turned his gaze up to hers. "Arthur," she said, after a little while, during which she had seemed to him to peer into his very soul; "tell me, Arthur, have you loved any woman but me since that night—since the night we met? Tell me the truth."

"Why, of course I have not," he replied with emphasis, which though exaggerated, carried no conviction. "You lie!" she exclaimed, her whole attitude changing on the instant. "You lie! And yet you swore to me you wouldn't—you swore you would never more love anyone but me!"

Her eyes seemed to glitter. She was trembling strangely. A great wave of feeling appeared to control her. And yet at that moment she looked to the man more entrancing than ever. "Really, Phoebe, my darling," he began, but she checked him. "You should not lie to me," she said presently, more composedly and seemingly half in jest. "It is dangerous to lie to me."

He laughed at her a little as he hung aside his cigarette and made himself more comfortable. "Phoebe," he said. "I love you dreadfully, as I told you the first night we met, and I always shall love you." As he spoke he drew the beautiful face down to his and kissed it. She offered no resistance. Somehow on this evening she appeared to him more seductive than ever. Presently—wondered then he had not noticed it before—her breath seemed to fall quite heavily upon his brow. He could not quite tell why, but as it did a sense of intense gratification came over him, a feeling that was strangely soothing. And now he felt distinctly she was breathing purposely upon him and allowing, perhaps also purposely, her breath to fall across his face. It held him spell-bound. His very will was fast weakening. His mental faculties were dying.

"You like that?" The voice sounded at a distance. He sighed heavily. At once she bent over him still more. Now her eyes were riveted to his. Then, of a sudden, all life was blotted out from him, his heart and brain throbbing painfully; reason and consciousness alike had fled, leaving him pulseless, stupefied, inert.

With a visible effort she recovered herself and rose. Her face was flushed. Her eyes glistened curiously. A strange, unnatural fever made her hot and restless. She crossed the room and rang twice. Her own maid answered the summons. "Call a cab, Aphelle," she said quickly. "He is ill."

The cab arrived soon. As Phoebe heard it stop she turned. "Come, Arthur," she cried rather loudly. "You must be going now. Come along."

He rose and looked stupidly about him. She helped him into his coat, then handed him his hat. "Good night," she said, extending her hand. "Good night—Phoebe—my darling." His speech was slow. His voice sounded hollow. His eyes, widely distended, with enormous shining pupils, lacked all intelligence. Mechanically he took her hand. Mechanically he passed slowly down the flight of stairs. Mechanically he pulled himself into the cab and told the driver his address.

"It is extraordinary—most extraordinary." The speaker was one of three members of the medical profession who chanced to be seated together in the otherwise empty smoking room of a rather well known club. "To what do you yourself attribute death?" asked another member of the group.

"I can throw as much light on the problem as both of you can—which is none at all," he answered grimly. "And you say this is the sixth case of the sort that has occurred in New York?" "Yes, and that within a period of ten months."

"It is most interesting." "Most perplexing." "As I say, it is quite as extraordinary a case as its predecessors. Well," glancing at the clock, "my time is up." "I must be off, too."

"And so must I. Good night to you." "Good night."

Weaving Done by Nature. As a weaver nature produces fine work. Certain tree barks and leaves furnish excellent cloth, as for instance, the famous tapa cloth used in the South Sea Islands. Nature is a glassmaker, too, according to the Indian Review. By discharging her lightning into beds of quartz sand she forms exquisite little pipes of glass. She makes valuable ropes of various kinds in the shape of tropical vines and creepers.

Fancy Groceries
AT KEATING and SCHRAM'S

If you are not a customer at our store we ask of you to at least call and see our provision counters. All goods fresh—delicious and quality no better to be had—call on us though you don't buy

KEATING and SCHRAM
Eleventh Street. Columbus, Nebraska.

IN THE RUSSIAN STYLE. Curious National Customs Observed at a South Dakota Marriage.

A double wedding in the Russian colony at Rosedale, S. D., south of Alexandria, lasted through an entire day and into the evening. The names of the principals were Joseph Mandel and Katherine Hofer, and Michael Waldner and Katherine Gross.

The ceremony was begun in the morning in the little stone church, in which the old custom of the men and women sitting on opposite sides still prevails. The Russian priest delivered a long sermon, and at 11:20 o'clock he called the principals to the front of the edifice, the women going first and being followed by the young men. The ceremony proper was spoken in Russian, and lasted but a short time. It was followed by a prayer and a song and then brides and bridegrooms returned to their separate seats.

The bridal costumes of the couples were very simple, the maidens wearing fine flannel gowns with a handkerchief tied over their heads. The bridegrooms, however, were dressed a little more fastidiously, in that they wore regular wedding suits, chief of which was a long coat. A peculiarity about the coat is that it is worn by every bridegroom in the settlement, two coats being kept in the settlement in case of a double wedding, and whether the bridegroom be tall or short, large or small, the coat must do its duty.

With the ceremony over, the guests and the bridal couples went to the eating house, where a big dinner composed of noodle soup, bread, beef, sauerkraut, whiskey and wine was served. The women occupied one long table and the men another, but the bridal couples were allowed to sit together. With the dinner over came the interesting part of the ceremony, and that is the love scene which follows a Russian wedding. The company went to what is called the love-room in one of the houses, where before the assembled crowd the brides and bridegrooms sat with arms around each other, billing and cooing, oblivious to the comments and watchful eyes of the others. As a sort of break in the monotony for the brides one of the young ladies filled the aprons of the brides with peanuts and candy, which they munched with complacency as the joyous festivities proceeded. At nine o'clock the love scene broke up and the day of the wedding came to an end.

Queer Things Made From Milk. You could build a house of milk, if you liked, and it would be as strong and lasting as though made of Aberdeen granite, says M. Glen Fling in Technical World Magazine. More over, all the fittings could be made of the same substance, and they would outlive the finest ordinary material that was ever constructed. Billiard balls, combs, faney boxes and many other things are made from the new substance, galalith, which is made from milk.

There is really no limit to the articles which can be made from galalith. It takes dyes readily and inferior grades are colored. The best remain white, however, for white galalith brings the highest price because of its similarity to ivory. The first grade of white galalith is made up into knife handles, and it brings almost as high a figure as would so much ivory.

Galalith is the best substitute for ivory ever discovered, for it is smooth to the touch, retains its soft, creamy tinting for years, is not marred by soap and water and, unlike celluloid, is proof against fire. It does not chip or crack like bone, and can be cut into the most delicate shapes, being tough and not easily broken. In Austria something like 100,000 quarts of skimmed milk are used daily for the purpose of making galalith, and the industry is largely on the in-

crease. The article describes the process of making this queer substance.

Didn't Come in Blue. A woman who wanted soap of a certain make asked for a blue cake. "It doesn't come in blue," said the clerk. "It is made in yellow, white and green."

The woman seemed disappointed, and finally bought another brand of soap in the desired tint. "That is a queer fact," said the clerk, when she had gone out. "Many women are carrying the color scheme to such extremes nowadays that they use soap that matches the furnishings of the room. In order to meet this demand manufacturers are turning out soaps that almost every known tint. The color they are most deficient in is blue."

The Divine Collapsed. A certain eminent preacher in a little New England town was asked by one of his flock who was more noted for his wit than his religious tendencies, if he had heard the latest definition of Intemperance and Eternity. He replied that he had not, and received the following definition: "That intemperance was a wife of the devil, and eternity was a devil of a white!"

Kaiser's Appointment Startles. Emperor William has started Germany by appointing Bruno Paul, the caricaturist of Simplicissimus to be director of the Berlin Industrial Art school. Herr Paul's appointment is a triumph for sessionist art and may signify the death blow to many old-fashioned ideas.

Odd Things in Animals. Unlike most animals, horses have no eyebrows and hares are minus eyelids. Consequently the eyes of the latter can not be shut and a thin membranous substance covers them when asleep. The eye of the owl is also peculiar, seeing that it is immovably fixed in its socket and can not stir in any direction. To compensate for this seeming disadvantage it can turn its head almost completely around without moving its body.

If you were to keep a frog's mouth open many minutes it would soon die, as, owing to its peculiar construction, it can breathe only with the mouth closed. On the other hand, fishes are compelled to keep opening and closing their mouths in order to give their respiration organs full play. A curious fact about the eel is that it has less life in its head than in its tail, consequently, when killing an eel the fisherman smashes its tail; it also has two hearts. Snakes usually have their teeth in the head, but one variety in Africa, whose principal food is eggs, is provided with a substitute for them in its stomach.

Wrong. This story is told of a college professor who was noted for his concentration of mind. The professor was returning home one night from a scientific meeting, still pondering over the subject. He had reached his room in safety, when he heard a noise which seemed to come from under the bed.

"Is some one there?" he asked. "No, professor," answered the intruder, who knew the professor's peculiarities. "That's strange. I was positive some one was under my bed," commented the learned man.—Judge.

The Woman's Way. Many a married man who might make a fortune is handicapped because his wife demands too much of his attention. "That's right. Just as soon as fortune begins to flirt with him his wife gets jealous.