

RENEWALS—The date opposite your name on your paper, or on your card, shows when your subscription expires.

ADVERTISING—Rates for advertising in this paper are on file at the office. For a copy of the rates, apply to the office.

CHANGE IN ADDRESS—When changing your address, please send us a card giving your new address, and we will change it for you.

Watch the dirt fly on the Columbus power canal between now and July 1, 1907, and then say the Columbus Journal told you so.

In addition to having the legislature on his hands, Governor Sheldon is now confronted with the problem of appointing new members of the Omaha fire and police board.

The Thaw murder trial moves slowly on in New York city. The young wife deliberately swears her own character away and the character of the murdered man, in order that she may save the life of her degenerate husband.

The manager of one western railroad system traversing nine states notes that two-cent fare bills are pending in every one of them, with good chances of success in several.

This week the treasury department at Washington will decide where the new Columbus post office building will be located.

George Wandlin a young and popular railroad man of Norfolk was killed last week at West Point. The Norfolk Daily News pays tribute to the unfortunate man as follows: "George Wandlin a brother of Miss Anna Wandlin and grandson of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Alberry of this place, was struck by a passenger train at West Point Wednesday forenoon and almost instantly killed."

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President Roosevelt has induced the San Francisco school board, together with its mayor, to come to Washington for a conference. There are only a handful of Jap children at San Francisco, and the people of California are so pleased to have the immigration of Japanese laborers stopped that they have practically accepted the offer of the Japanese government.

DOINGS BEYOND THE COUNTY LINE

Donald McLeod, of Schuyler, Monday of last week, held his hat and Congressman J. J. McCarthy tossed therein the postmaster's pay for another four years.

Died: On Tuesday morning at seven o'clock, February 5, 1907, Miss Dorothy Cannon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Cannon, of peritonitis.

Two rural mail carriers at St. Edward have thrown up their jobs after enough experience to prove to them that the jobs are no snap, besides their being too small pay for the work required.

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FORGOTTEN LETTERS

Quite recently, according to "the public prints," a "Met Excite-d Pro-ge," as Thackeray would put it, had occasion to regret the writing of certain letters.

He may, if this be true, console himself with the reflection that there are many, many others. There is a man in Washington who, only the other afternoon, experienced perhaps a keener mortification over certain letters that he had written than any "Ex-ite-d Pro-ge" ever did.

It was a rainy afternoon, and his wife was doing some ante-Christmas rummaging in one of her old trunks. From that trunk she picked a package of old, rather faded letters, neatly tied up in corse ribbon, and then she came downstairs to where her husband was attempting to read the newspaper.

"You used to care for me in those days," was her curious way of opening the conversation.

"Huh!" said her husband, looking up vaguely from his paper. "What's that?"

"Used to love me then," she said, untying the packet of letters and pulling one of them from its envelope.

"What days? What was I talking about? What was that?" he asked.

"Oh, some letters," she replied placidly. "Some of your—"

"Oh, rubbish, Matilda!" he broke in. "Please lemme alone. I'm reading."

"Here's one of them, written shortly after we were engaged," she went on unheeding. "I am not a wealthy man," she quoted from the faded page.

"But I can, at least, my darling, strew the path for your adorably dainty feet with wild roses and poppies—"

"Oh, I say," he broke in, "tag that, won't you? What's the answer to all this? Please lemme 'em. Can't you see that I'm reading?"

"And here's another passage," she went on remorselessly. "When I look into your dear violet eyes I feel, stirring within me, the awakenings of a new life, the moving harbingers of something higher and—"

"Please cut it out, my dear," pleaded the husband, his face reddening. "Horrible rot! Wish you'd lemme 'em."

"Here's another one, written about 30 minutes later—you used to write me about nine letters a day then, you know, dear. You say here: 'When I hold you in my arms, and inhale the dewy, sweet-scented fragrance of your sunny hair, I feel as Paris must have felt when he clasped Helen to his heart in the golden antique years—'"

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, can that rot, won't you, please Matilda?" the man begged, but it was no use.

"And then you go on to say: 'Never, since the Chaldean shepherds watched their flocks in the dews and twilight of the ancient world, has woman been worshipped as I worship you—'"

"Great Caesar, what a muff, what a muttonhead, I must have been!" groaned the husband. "What a—"

"Why, I think it's real nice, really," said his wife, with a sort of rosy, respectful smile on her face. "I couldn't understand a good deal that you wrote, of course, because you know you were such a—er—florid and stylish writer, my dear, but— Well, here is something that I understood, though: 'At the outset of the dear journey which we are to take, hand in hand, I promise you that never once shall you hear so much as an unkind word cross my—'"

"Say, look here, Matilda, that junk all runs for Sweeney. Please forget it. What the deuce is your idea in springing it on me now, when—"

"This sounds nice, too: 'Those precious, lily-white and hyacinth-sweet hands of yours shall never have to be soiled with—'"

"You used to think so much of my ears, too. Listen to what you said of 'em here: 'They have the dainty, elusive tint of such a beauteous seashell as that in which Venus must have risen from the sea, and—'"

"There may have been worse jobbers than I was when I uncoupled all of that superheated steam, but if there were I'd like to have a peek at 'em just for the sake of—"

"And my nose, too, you used to be so fond of: 'Shaped like Cypriote's, and with the most adorable little solitary freckle perched right on the bridge, and—'"

"It's hard to believe that I ever took my pen in hand to scribble such infernal gibberish. Don't believe I wrote such stuff at all. Don't believe I ever was such a noody-nuddy as to—"

"And here's where you say: 'I shall idolize you even when you are old, and when your dear head is all silvered over, and the little lines of Time's making are—'"

"That'll be about all o' that," said the husband then, bounding up. "Ma for out of doors. Swell gag, when a dozen years ago he was a young boy just starting out for himself. He scored a position in the News as a pressman, where he remained as one of the most faithful and industrious workmen who ever hung his coat in this institution."

"Always on hand to do his share and a little more, assuming responsibility and carrying it out, he was of that solid and reliable type of man whom the world is overlooking for. Of generous and kindly disposition, he was a favorite among carrier boys on the paper whom he used to remember at Christmas time with little gifts of candy and fruit. He finally left the printing business to learn the railroad work, because there was more money in it and he stuck steadily to his work on the cars from that day until a few hours ago when, getting between a pair of rails that carried a train upon him, life was ended.—Battle Creek Enterprise.

J. H. GALLEY'S Semi-Annual Clearing Sale Commencing Monday, February 11th, 1907 and continuing 10 days.

HAVING just completed invoicing we find that we have on hand the following merchandise that must be disposed of before our SPRING STOCK arrives. All Mens and Boys Clothing and Overcoats, Ladies, Mens and Childrens Underwear, Mens Sweaters, Gloves and Mittens, Woolen Hosiery and Socks, are going at greatly reduced prices during this Special February Clearance Sale.

Cloaks and Skirts Now is the time to get a Skirt cheap. All \$4.00 skirts now \$3.20. All \$5.00 skirts now \$4.00. All \$6.00 skirts now \$4.80. All \$7.00 skirts now \$6.00. All \$8.00 skirts now \$6.80. 20% Discount On all Tailor Made Suits and Skirts.

Special Clearing Prices On all Mens and Boys Caps, Gloves, Mittens and Mufflers. See Heavy Winter Goods at Greatly Reduced PRICES.

Dress Goods 20% Discount. 32 inch Fancy Mohair, value 20c, now 16c. 40 inch Fancy Suiting, value 35c, now 28c. 36 inch all Wool Suiting, value 40c, now 32c. 36 inch Granite cloth, value 50c, now 40c. 38 inch Brilliantine, value 50c, now 40c. 40 inch Granite cloth, value 65c, now 52c. 42 inch Sicilian cloth, value \$1.00, now 80c. 50 inch Broadhead woven in plain and fancy, value \$1.25, now \$1.00.

Our entire stock of Mens and Boys Clothing and Overcoats during this sale will be offered at 20 per cent. discount. J. H. GALLEY 505 ELEVENTH STREET, COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.

the warmth of the atmosphere, had burst, and a tiny sprout several inches long was growing out of it. "Suffering Caesar!" exclaimed the New Hampshire man, as this caught his eye, "do you hatch out your peaches in this country?"—Harper's Weekly.

EUGENIE AND NAPOLEON. How She Won the Heart of That World-Monarch. At Compiegne, one afternoon, when the fowler of the court was idling round his vint-et-un table, Mile de Montijo, seated at the emperor's right, consulted him from time to time as to her play.

"How!" she exclaimed audibly to her cavalier, "do you permit that creature to push past me!" The next morning Mile de Montijo, with tears in her eyes, stood sadly on the terrace, apart from the others. Napoleon, who had sought her, asked her the cause of her sorrow. "I must leave him her long list of slights and insults. The emperor listened to the beautiful girl, tranquil and smiling. Then, when she had finished, he tore a few green twigs from a bush, deftly twisted them into a crown and said loud, that all might hear, as he placed it upon her head: "Wear this one . . . meanwhile."

British Motor Car Industry. The motor car industry bids fair to become one of our most important manufacturing industries. It may be estimated that the amount of capital now invested in the industry well exceeds \$25,000,000, and the total output of vehicles of all kinds by British manufacturers for the current year can not fall far short of 18,000, with an approximate value of \$21,800,250.—London Economist.

He Turned the Joke on the Yankee Tourist. An American tourist on a visit to Glasgow, on emerging from the railway station, was accosted by a lad with the familiar shout of "Carry your bag, sir!" The gentleman handed the boy the bag and requested to be shown through Glasgow. Crossing George's square, they came opposite to Sir Walter Scott's monument, and the boy said proudly: "That is one of the largest monuments in Scotland."

The Potato Monument. "If I ever get rich enough to present the city of New York with a monument I am going to give a copy of one I saw in Germany this summer," said a man who travels. "That is the most sensible thing in the statue line I ever saw. It is a monument to potatoes. It is certainly unique. The upper part consists of a statue to Sir Francis Drake, who is revered for having introduced the plant into Europe. This, as well as the pedestal, is draped with garlands of the potato vine, with the full grown tubers intact. On the pedestal are inscriptions. The first sets forth that the above figure is Sir Francis; the second explains in words of highest praise what a blessing the potato has been to mankind; the third records that the statue is the gift of a certain Andrew Frederick, of Strasburg; the fourth contains the names of the erectors. It strikes me that a monument to some valuable product of nature is much more appropriate than all the stone effigies of celebrities that cluster our parks at the present time.

Progressing Finely. Lovett—I suppose a fellow ought to have a good deal of money saved up before he thinks of marrying? Marryat—Nonsense! I didn't have a cent when I married and I'm getting along fine now. Lovett—That so? Installation plan? Marryat—Yes, and we've only been married and keeping house for a year and I've got the engagement ring all paid for now.

Tender cuts and prompt delivery at Omaha's market.

NOTICE FOR CONSTRUCTIVE SERVICE. Sophie E. Farrell, defendant, will take notice that on the 26th day of January, 1907, Everett J. Farrell, plaintiff, filed his petition in the district court of Platte county, Nebraska, against said Sophie E. Farrell, the object and 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 no further force and effect, on the grounds that said defendant willfully deserted said plaintiff for a period of more than two years.

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

NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENT. Strass Brothers Company will take notice that on the 24 day of January, 1907, John Kutzerman, County Judge of Platte county, Nebraska, issued an order of attachment for the sum of \$23.45, in an action pending before him, wherein John H. Krossenbuck is plaintiff and Strass Brothers Company, a corporation, is defendant; that said sum of \$23.45 is due and owing to said plaintiff from said defendant on account of shortage resulting from the sale of certain liquors on or about the 12th day of September, 1906, by the said John H. Krossenbuck, plaintiff; that under and by virtue of said attachment proceedings, notice in garnishment was served upon one John Lutzjensson, John Lutzjensson, and the sum of \$100.00 garnished thereunder. You will further take notice that unless you appear and answer on or before the 12th day of February, 1907, at the hour of 2 p. m. of said day judgment will be rendered against you as ordered in the bill of particulars.

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.