

Published at the Postoffice, Columbus, Nebr., as second-class mail matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
One year, by mail, postage prepaid.....\$2.00
Six months.....\$1.25
Three months.....\$0.75

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1907.

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

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

In New York City the Thaw murder trial was delayed several days last week by the sickness and death of the wife of one of the jurors. It now looks as though District Attorney Jerome has made up his mind to either convict Thaw of murder or send him to an insane asylum, as he has changed front regarding admitting evidence, he heretofore objected to.

Down in Texas the Bailey investigation goes merrily on. It gets quite interesting at times and the word "fix" is passed, but without any serious results. When the smoke clears away Senator Bailey will still be the United States senator from the Lone Star state, which will go to show that he thoroughly understood local conditions when he secured a re-election in advance of an investigation.

Mr. Roosevelt faces an embarrassing challenge. That Chicago third term league, becoming aggressive, says that "we challenge his right to refuse to accept the presidency of the United States for a third term in the face of the people's demand." May the league never become so belligerent as to call Mr. Roosevelt a "weakling" for not toying the third term scratch. But his blood is up, and there's no forecasting the consequences.—Springfield Republican.

When the soliciting committee for the new Young Men's Christian association building call on our citizens, let every one give according to his circumstances, and as much as they feel they can afford to give. Donations should come out of the surplus. Moneys that are needed to pay honest debts or for the necessities of life are not for donations. The young men of the city who are earning a fair salary should be willing to give a small amount for a good Y. M. C. A. building, as it will be a great benefit to them.

There has never lived in Omaha or Nebraska a man who has done as much for humanity and Omaha as the late John A. Creighton. He did not wait until he was dead, and do it by his last will and testament, either. Several Columbus men, who are fortunate enough to have more of this world's goods than they or their families will need, now have a fine opportunity to stand up for Columbus, for humanity and good morals. They may not be able to do as much as Mr. Creighton did—it is not expected that they will, but let us all remember that when the time comes that we must leave this mortal world, we cannot take anything with us. So be liberal, men of Columbus, and help to build and equip a fine Young Men's Christian association building that will be a credit to Columbus and a monument to yourselves, and be of immeasurable benefit to our rising young men and boys.

It looks as though the present legislature is going to pass a state wide primary law. This seems to be demanded by the wave of reform that is irresistibly going over the land. Such a law will mean that we virtually have two elections, where we now have one, and the extra expense is to be borne by each county. It will also mean that every man who wants to be a candidate for any elective office must first submit to an election within his own party, and then again before the whole people. In this county, where the republican party is in the minority, it is hard enough now to induce a good man to run for office, and it will be still harder to get good men to run for nomination and also election. Now, what are to be the benefits of a state wide primary law? We have never heard any mentioned, except that under such a law everybody will have a vote in saying who shall be nominated, as though now under the present law anybody is so prevented. We cannot say that under the proposed new law corporations still have as much or more power than now. Everybody has a guess coming as to that. A state wide primary law may be a good thing for large cities like Omaha and Lincoln, but it is a delusion and a snare for small cities and rural districts.

DOINGS BEYOND THE COUNTY LINE

When it comes to donating or raising funds for most any thing reasonable our sister town Schuyler certainly is right in line. The Sun published at that place says: "We believe that Schuyler is one of the best towns in the state when it comes to raising funds for a truly worthy cause. Note for example the amount raised for the tabernacle and revival services last fall, and the song sung the Methodist people raised for their pipe organ, and just this week two Presbyterian ladies started out to raise funds for repairing their church, and in less than two days raised \$351. They wish to raise \$500, and we haven't the slightest doubt but that they will have that amount before another week is gone. Surely the people of Schuyler are no laggards when it comes to contributing to a worthy cause."

In speaking of the death of a pioneer citizen of Colfax county the *Howells Journal* says the following high tribute: The death of John Pruss, on Saturday evening last, deserves more than passing notice as he was one of the pioneers of northern Colfax county, a man highly respected in the community in which he has made his home so many years. He was an old fashioned, Christian gentleman, quiet and retiring by nature, and the news of his sudden death was a shock although it has been evident for months that his footsteps were becoming more and more faltering as he wandered along the pathway of life that led him nearer and nearer to the river that flows between this life and the hereafter. The deceased was born in Bohemia eighty-seven years ago. At the age of 49 years, in 1868, he came to America with his wife and family and located at Omaha. In 1871 he took up his residence in Colfax county on a home stead in this precinct, where the family made their home for almost twenty years, and in 1890 he and his aged wife moved to town where they have since resided. Four children were born to them, but only one child, Mrs. Anton Seda, is living to mourn with her mother the death of the loved one. The other children who preceded him to higher life were Joseph, at one time a prominent business man of this place, who died in 1889, Anton, who departed this life a few years later, and Mrs. Mary Schmidt, who passed away at Omaha four years ago. The funeral was held Tuesday morning, when a brief service at the family residence preceded the solemn service held at the church at Taber, where the family worshipped for many years, after which the remains were laid to rest in the cemetery adjoining the church, Rev. Drbal of Heun having officiated. The sympathy of their friends is extended to the sorrowing relatives.

To fight the battle of Shiloh again, Wils King of Newman Grove has received word from National headquarters of the Battle of Shiloh survivors that the association will hold a meeting on the battlefield of Shiloh on April 6 and 7, being the forty-fifth anniversary of the battle. Mr. King is one of the survivors of this noted battle, having been taken prisoner there, and is contemplating making the trip to the cold battle ground.

A demented man with shot gun near Central City shoots city Marshal and causes terror to the citizens for a while. The "Record" has the following account: About 10 o'clock Monday forenoon Wm. May received a telephone message from the north part of the city stating that George Rogers, who had been living with his parents in that part of town, had become mentally deranged and was threatening violence to members of the family. City Marshal Ernest Clark was notified and proceeded at once to Mr. Rogers' residence. He learned that George had taken a shot gun and gone into a cornfield just north of the house. In company with Dennis Batholomew, a near neighbor of the Rogers', he proceeded to search the field. The demented man seems to have been lying so close to the ground that they passed by his hiding place without seeing him and were very much surprised when two shots were fired at them from one side and considerably to their rear. Both charges of shot took effect in Mr. Clark, one in the neck and face and the other in his arm and back. Mr. Batholomew also received one or two shots but was not seriously hurt. Walter Drego, who happened to be in the vicinity with Ross, Dye & Cowgill's delivery wagon, was signaled, and the injured man was driven as quickly as possible to the office of Drs. Benton & Benton. Examination revealed that while he was pretty well loaded down with lead, none of the shot had gone deep enough to endanger his life, blood poisoning or something of that nature being the only complication about which apprehension might be felt. After being made as comfortable as possible Ernest repaired to his home, where he has since been receiving the mingled condolences and congratulations of his many friends. He will be very sore and lame for a long time, but no permanent disabilities will result from the shooting. Upon hearing of the trouble Sheriff Hollister and Deputy Porter drove out to the place where the shooting had occurred. Men were placed around the outer edge of the field and the officers then went in and took the unfortunate man into custody. He will be taken to Norfolk as soon as arrangements can be made for his accommodation. The many friends of the young man sympathize deeply with them in this their latest misfortune. The long drawn out sickness first of Mrs. and then Mr. Rogers, taken in connection with this sad event, seems to illustrate the old adage that "It never rains but it pours."

Advertisements in the Journal for quick results.

A DESPERATE BATTLE

By HARRY SINCLAIR.

The following story was told us by a stalwart Indian, who, having been among the French half-breeds a good deal, had received from them the French name of Baptiste. He told us the story as we were huddled around a campfire on the eastern side of Lake Winnipeg, from which we and our dogs had been driven by a bitter, blinding, blizzard storm. He said: "One summer, long ago, I was with a large party of Indians. We were making a long journey over the rolling prairies from one place to another. That we might have plenty of meat to eat, two of us were appointed to keep about two days' journey ahead of the company to kill all the game we could. "The reason why we kept so far apart was because we had dogs, and babies and women in our party, and, you know, they all make much noise, so they would scare the animals far away. "Well, we two hunters had kept far ahead. Some days we had good luck and killed a great deal, and then other days we did not kill much. What we got we cached, so that the party could easily find it by the sign we gave them when they came along. We at last came to a place where the trail forked. There we could push on, looking for more. "One day as we had passed several valleys and had seen nothing that was worth our while, we came to the top of a pretty large hill and cautiously looked over. There was a sight that we shall never forget. "Right down before us, within gunshot, was a very large grizzly bear with two big buffalo bulls. Well for us the wind was blowing from them to us. They were very very angry looking and were preparing for a big fight. The buffaloes seemed to know that the bear was an ugly customer, and he looked as if he did not know how to manage the two of them at once. "After a while both of the bulls suddenly lowered their heads, and together they charged the bear. As they rushed at him he quickly rose up on his haunches, and as they closed in upon him he seized one of them by the head and neck, and with a sudden jerk so quickly broke his neck that he fell down as dead as a stone. "The older buffalo, which had charged at the same time, gave the bear a fearful thrust with his sharp horns, one of which pierced him between his ribs, causing an ugly wound, from which the blood soon began to flow. The bear, having killed the other buffalo, tried to seize this one also, but he, having given the bear the ugly wound, quickly sprang back out of his reach. He ran off for a little distance, but as the bear did not follow he came back again. There they stood looking at each other, both very angry, but both very cautious. As they kept moving around it seemed to us as though the buffalo and so came around on the windward side of the bear that he caught the scent of blood from the wound. The smell of blood always excites to fury these animals, and so, lowering his head, he furiously charged at his wounded yet still savage enemy. The bear rose up on his hind quarters to receive him, and seizing him as he did the other killed him on the spot. "We saw him go from one buffalo to another and smell them both, but he did not offer to tear or eat either. We could see that he was very badly wounded from the way he kept twitching his side, from which the blood was running. It was an ugly wound, and he was a very sick bear, but he looked so mean that we were not in a hurry to let him know anything about us. "Imagine, if you can," said Baptiste, while his eyes flashed at the recollection of this royal battle, "how excited we were as we lay there in the long grass and watched this great battle. "Then we thought: Now if we can only kill that wounded bear we will have plenty of meat for the whole camp—enough to last a long while. But although we had our guns, we were none too anxious to begin the battle with such a bear as that one, so we crouched low and watched him. It was very fortunate that the wind, which was quite a breeze, blew as it did. He never seemed to suspect that our foes were near, so he went off a little distance and laid down in the long grass, which rose up so high around him that we could not see him. We waited long for him to get up, but as he did not, and we could not stay there all day, we prepared for a big fight with him. We put our knives where we could instantly draw them, and carefully examined our guns to see that they were all right. Then we began to crawl down through the grass. "We got very close to him, although not near enough to see him. Then, hearing no sound, we made a little noise; but he did not stir, so we got up and crept forward, when we found him as dead as the buffaloes. Without firing a shot we had a great quantity of meat."

The recital of this story has brought the whole so vividly before Baptiste that he became very much excited, and concluded with: "What would you not have given to have seen that battle? And what would I not give to see another like it."

One Method of Practising Law. When Grover Cleveland was practicing law at Buffalo, says the *Sunday Magazine*, among his associates was a young lawyer, who, though a bright fellow, was rather inclined to laziness. He was forever bothering Cleveland about points of law rather than look them up himself. At last Cleveland became tired of it, and the next time the young man came to him in Cleveland knew what he wanted and, getting up, pointed to his bookcase and said, "There are my books. You are welcome to them; you can read up your own case."

The fellow was caught, but he rose to the occasion. "See here, Grover Cleveland," he said, "I want you to understand I don't read law. I practice entirely by ear, and you and your books can go to thunder."

OCEAN IS HAUNTED

GHOSTS OFTEN SEEN AT SEA, SAYS A SAILOR.

Come Aboard, Seemingly, to Visit, and Not to Do Harm—Their Appearance Looked Upon as a Warning.

"An old sailor told me that ghosts are common enough at sea," says a writer in the *Manchester Guardian*. "He says that some parts of the ocean are full of spirits, and that others have none. "They are not often seen. Only common ghosts are seen, according to the old sailor. He says that they often come aboard ships, but not to do harm; that the early morning is the best time to see them, a little before turn-to time, before the ship's cook has the coffee ready. "There is an old story of a ship which carried an extra hand who had never signed articles. The crew discovered, when they were in blue water, that one watch had a man too many. "I once knew a sailor who had sailed in a haunted passenger steamer. She was one of the ships plying between the Plate and Liverpool, but I cannot mention her name, as she is still afloat. She has one peculiarity, a poop as big as the poop of an East Indiaman. "This poop is haunted. The sailor who told me of the ghosts was one of the ship's quartermasters. On one passage, when the ship was in the tropics, he had the middle watch below. The fo'c's'le (which happened to be aft, under the poop) was so hot that he could not sleep. "At last he turned out of his bunk, took a blanket and a pillow and went on deck to sleep. He made up his bed on the poop to leeward of one of the boats, and settled down to rest at about three in the morning, just as the dawn had begun to change the color of the sky. "He did not know how long he slept; but he woke up with a start to see a line of men brooming down the poop toward him with a bucket of water on the deck as they worked aft. He saw them as plainly as I see my dinner on my plate, some three or four yards away, all working hard. They were so near that he sprang to his feet at once, grabbing up his gear lest it should be wet. "He had hardly taken his gear in his hand when he thought with a shock that he had overslept himself at least an hour and a half; that it was now half past five, since they were washing decks; that he hadn't been to muster and that he would get a bee in his ear, if nothing worse, for going on deck to sleep without leaving word where he could be found. As he got up he saw that the boatswain and the hands took no notice of him, though one of the sweepers looked in his direction. "He was a red-headed fellow," said the quartermaster, "and he'd got a scar across one cheek like he'd been hit by a club; an ugly looking lad he was. So I knew at once he wasn't one of our crowd. "And I saw him as plain as I stand here, and he looked at me; and I saw the boatswain as plain, too; I saw him tell the red-headed fellow to leave 'round on his broom and not go dreaming like a God send Sunday fellow. No, I didn't hear him say that. I only saw him. "And the fellow, he went on brooming down directly I seen him get told. I felt queer all over; it was so natural. I wasn't dreaming. I was awake all right. It was a vision. Or if it wasn't a vision I'll tell you what it was—it was sent. "It was sent as a warning. That red-headed fellow was a warning. Some time I shall meet that red-headed fellow, and you mark my words, he'll give me a queer push, sure. "So I shall stand from under when I come alongside of him. I'd know him again if I saw him, all right. Some day I shall see him. "The vision or warning, or whatever it was, kept him awake for the rest of the watch. He went below to the poop, and found that he had been asleep hardly more than 20 minutes. "There is something wrong with that poop. It is not a canny place. "I know of another queer thing which happened there, and of a man who started up from his sleep beside a boat to prophesy of what should happen to him in a year's time. The prophecy seemed to every one the most crack-brained nonsense; but it was fulfilled exactly, almost to a day, certainly within a week of the time predicted."

Dr. Capen Was Ready. Dr. Samuel B. Capen, while president of Tufts College, once delivered the diplomas to the grammar school graduates in Malden, and in his address to the scholars used the word "neither" with the letter "t" silent, but giving some quotations pronounced the same word with an apparent accent on the letter "t." A gentleman who was present asked the learned doctor later whether the word was "neither" or "nither."

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Dr. D. T. Martyn, jr., office new Columbus State Bank building.

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PERSONALITY. Personality is the stern virtue of men of business and the graceful courtesy of princes.—Palmer.

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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 and prayer of said petition being to secure a divorce from said defendant, from the bonds of matrimony and to have the marriage contract dissolved 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. You are required to answer said petition on or before the 15th day of March, 1907. EVANSTON J. FARNS, Plaintiff. By his attorney, G. A. Garlow, Jan. 25-1907.

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.