

CORRESPONDENCE

Route No. 5.
Oleo Oost has re-angled his residence, and is otherwise improving it.

Miss Minnie Gerhold, who has been at Oleo Oost's returned to Columbus Monday.

Route No. 4.
Forest Merrill was transacting business in Columbus Tuesday.

There was a dance in Andrew Ebner's new barn Saturday evening, and there was a big crowd in attendance.

Miss Maud Barnes is in Columbus for three weeks learning dressmaking, and while there is at the home of C. A. Lindstrom.

W. W. Hartman, who has been living on the Dickinson farm, moved to Polk county last week and L. S. Ely of Fullerton moved on the place he vacated.

Route No. 3.
Miss Elise Dahl, returned to North Bend Sunday, after a week's visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Brunkan.

Miss Louise Seefeld, who is learning the dress making trade in Columbus spent Sunday at home.

Peter Coups, having rented his farm to his boys, will move into the new house, which he has just completed, in the early summer.

Mrs. J. G. Louchen and daughter Adele, leave Saturday for Oldenburg, Germany, where they will spend the summer visiting.

The ball game last Sunday between the Shell Creek Athletics and the Blues resulted in a score of eight to twelve in favor of the Athletics.

Peter Schmidt, accompanied by Dan Schroeder, left for Speed, Kan., last Friday, making the trip overland in a covered wagon. Mr. Schmidt owns a farm near that place and he goes to look after it.

Route No. 1.
Bert Ellis is doing considerable fencing this spring.

Nearly all the farmers on our route are plowing for corn.

W. T. Ernst has been appointed road overseer in District 1.

The small pox quarantine on the Beech-told place has been raised.

Joseph Schaefer, on the county farm, shelled and marketed corn this week.

Township assessor Sebort Heibel is out hard at work on our route this week.

Harry Erb is visiting his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Reed, for a week.

"RUBE" IS NO MORE

FARMER FULLY THE EQUAL OF THE CITY MAN.
March of Progress Has Done Great Things in Broadening the Dweller in the Country—Is Now a Leader.

Our comic papers will continue for a time to represent the countryman as a person with hay in his hair, a double handful of beard on his chin, clothing with many patches and boots of cowhide. This blithering bumpkin is depicted as buying green goods of city men, whose wickedness is supposed to count as wisdom. But the truth is that the country man of to-day has cut his eye teeth upon experience and keeps them sharpened on books and newspapers, for which he has more use and reverence than those who have hourly editions thrust upon them.

The rustic can no longer remain the cloidhopper of comedy, even if he would. Those material changes that we fondly count as progress are as inescapable among the hills as they are in the tannery. The village now has its telephone, its electric light—sometimes as many as two—its free library, its high school, its improvement association, its health officer and its occasional lecturer on cows and agriculture; whereas the sole center of authority, intellectual endeavor and social activity was formerly the church.

Now is the farmer distinguishable by his recent acquisition of hand-me-down clothes, for they are shaped after recent patterns and are made of good materials as are other folks'. Indeed, if he lives near one of those New England mills, where they weave woolen cloth that is three-fourths shoddy the chances are that he knows better than the city man what to avoid and gets better clothes for less money. He drives a shiny carriage, has a melodeon—if not a piano—in the house, takes a daily paper as well as a country weekly and has been to Boston or New York or Chicago.

Differences between the farmer and the city man are even less in respect of ways of life and modes of thought than in these matters of clothing and custom. The farmer has broadened out of late. He has a concern in the business of the nation, although he does not view problems and complexities at close range, having in his farm enough for his needs and fewer expenses than the person who is deep in society and whose station or calling demands a large and constant outlay. It is the farmer who for years has been receiving the least for his product and paying most for his "boughten" necessities, and it is the farmer who has been systematically overlooked by the politicians he has helped to office. The material gains which have been forced from capital by trade unions have roused his interest, perhaps his envy, and as he broadens and becomes increasingly worldly minded his demands and his needs must be heeded.

The sons of this ruddy-faced and hearty citizen fill the pulpit and the bench, and they are known on 'change and they head companies. When he is chosen to congress, as men of strength and merit always risk being chosen, the once bumpkin will have a voice in the conduct of affairs.

And this is as it should be. Men must be grounded firmly in nature or they decay, individually and socially. All that will lead men back to the soil, to places of strength and health, to calm, to readiness in self-resource makes for the endurance of the state and of the institutes of civilization. Crime and discontent do not pertain to the tillage of the soil; envy is not a trait of villages; small places have small vices. It is true, of which tipping and gossip are the worst, but they are surrogates of men who take the place of those weakened by the life of towns.

And it is for those men of red blood and free speech that place must be made. The outward marks that proclaimed them country men being lost, we shall the more freely concede those merits that qualify them for station. The bumpkin has passed because his age and his country have called to him to be not a man among cattle, but a man among men.—Brooklyn Eagle.

In the Coming Days.
Husband—Maria, this is going to be a closely contested election, and we've got to get everybody out. You'll have to hurry or you'll be too late.

Wife—Gracious, John! I can't vote to-day. There's no one in talking about it. I haven't a thing that fits to wear to the polls.—Chicago Tribune.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS

White sewing machines. Carl Scherbert. White is king.
Dr. D. T. Mariga, Jr., office now Columbus State Bank building.

Dr. W. S. Evans is having some improvements made upon his residence on West 12th street.

Mr. Rothleitner who has just passed through a severe spell of grippe, is able to be out and at his store attending to business of light nature.

R. S. Palmer the tailor, cleans, dyes and repairs Ladies' and Gents' clothing. Hats cleaned and reblocked. Buttons made to order. Agent Germania Dye Works. Nebraska phone.

The regular services of the Congregational church as follows: Sunday school 9:45 a.m., preaching services 11:00 a. m., Y. P. S. C. E. 7:30 p. m., weekly prayer meeting Tuesday 8:00 p. m. G. A. Munro, pastor.

Services for next Sunday at Methodist Episcopal church: Sunday school at 12:30 o'clock with preaching (services in the evening only at 8 o'clock. These services are held at the Congregational church. The Epworth League meets with the Christian Endeavor society at 7:00 o'clock. Subject for evening session will be a discussion of "Harmful Amusements."

Special services will be held in Grace church on Sunday, April 14, as follows: Holy communion 7:30 a. m.; morning prayer and sermon 11 a. m.; evening prayer and sermon 8 o'clock; Sunday school 10 a. m. The subject of the evening sermon will be "Recreation," embodying the subject assigned by the Ministerial association, "Doubtful Amusements." A special invitation is given to young people to be present.

How the "Tollers of the Deep" catch and prepare the treasures of the sea, from whales to sardines, is fully revealed in Lyman H. Howe's Lifeboats, to be seen in Columbus at North opera house on Thursday, April 25. The picture and hardships of those who "go down to the sea in ships," is illustrated as only Mr. Howe's splendid moving picture can illustrate it. No creature that ever existed—none ever known to science—ever exceeded in size the largest whales. Size is the one thing expected of a whale; and the size of the whales shown in these pictures more than fulfill all expectations. They are so vast that each could readily be mistaken for an island. This is not only the first picture secured of this strange, adventures and little known calling, but in all probability will be the last. The time, expense, patience and risks incurred are so great as to forbid further attempts. Moreover, since science has discovered better substitutes for all that whales once produced, the industry is rapidly vanishing. Therefore no one can afford to miss this reproduction, not only because of its thrilling and sensational interest, but because it is highly improbable that it will ever again be reproduced.

Baptist Church.
Preaching services next Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 8:00. At 7:00 in the evening the young people will discuss methods and wisdom of reading and the pastor will speak on wise reading and how to build up a useful library.

Ministerial Association.
This week's session of the Ministerial association of Columbus was held in the library of the Methodist Parsonage. Four committees reported which, having still more to do, were continued. The chief interest of the meeting was centered in a paper by Rev. Munro on Parish Problems. Large space was given by the author of the paper to the problems which arise from questionable amusements. Most of the frank and hearty discussion which paid tribute to the paper was limited to this phase of the minister's work. It is the unanimous opinion of the association that the ministry dare not wink at such amusements and ought to discharge and hinder them at every turn. We wish to remind the public that the subject to be presented from the various pulpits next Sunday evening is that of Questionable amusements. E. J. ULMER, Secretary of Association.

Acre Property.
We have 100 acres of choice land one-half mile from city limits for sale in 10 acre tracts.
Killett, Spies & Co.

North Opera House
THURSDAY, APRIL 25th
25th Semi-Annual Tour
LYMAN H. HOWE
PRESENTS THE
GROWING
Triumph of Realism
IN THE NEW
MOVING PICTURES.
SPECIAL FEATURES.
PHEASANT WALKING!
OLYMPIAN OUTFITTERS PEAKS!
OLYMPIAN GAMES AT ALPINE!
RELIQUETS OF ST. VERONIQUE!
CARNIVAL OF NICK, 1891!
HARVESTING ICE IN NORWAY!
DARKING HOMEWARD!
MANY OTHERS.

THE WORLD REVEALED!

FATHER'S LETTER

My Dear Son—In this letter I am enclosing the \$4 you want. I find it is getting a habit with me to send money every time I write to you. I won't be mean enough to say that it makes me know my letters are always welcome, and, besides, I don't mind it anyway if all the money goes for as good a purpose as you want this. For \$4 you ought to be able to get a pretty good student's lamp. Remember how A. Lincoln laid in front of the fireplace and studied, and then think how lucky you are.

I hope you will really make this a student's lamp, because your mother is doing without the footwear she wanted for the buggy this winter that you may have it. I have noticed that a student's lamp will give just as much light for the working out of algebra problems. Remember, you're out there to figure the algebra, and not the ante—though both abound in unknown quantities.

Speaking of unknown quantities, I was a little in doubt for a while about something in your last letter. There, where you speak of several "jungle birds" being among the members of the legislative committee which visited the university. You know I never got a diploma, even from what now passes for a grammar school. But I've kept my eyes open out here on the farm most of the time it was daylight, and I fancy I know a little about ornithology firsthand. Guess you didn't know your father had that word in his stock. Well, listen to this—I think a "jungle bird" must be a "rara avis."

Speaking seriously, I know you don't mean any harm, and I understand it, but others may not. So maybe it would be best if you don't try to apply grotesque names to farmers, at least until you've cut your eye teeth. I know we're called "cloidhoppers" and "apple knockers" and "hill billies," and none of us ain't been hurt yet. But it don't sound just right from a young man of your years.

Just remember that if these "jungle birds" weren't pretty smooth fellows they wouldn't be on legislative committees. And recollect that all the time you're practicing with the crew, if you're ever that lucky, that you're just strengthening your back to this corn in vacation, if the boys of that tenant on the back part of the place, who generally do it, should get sick.

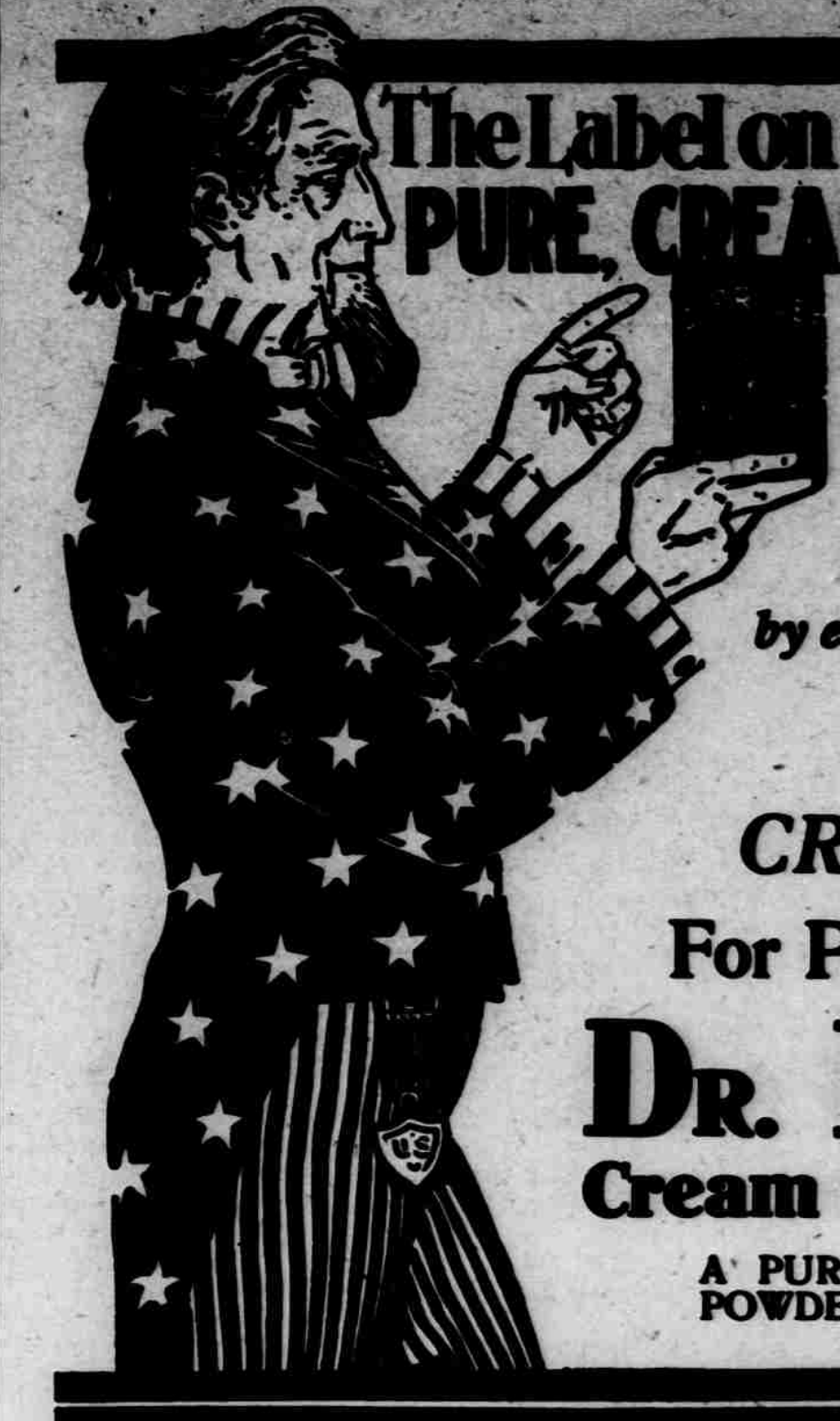
Your early triumph as a freshman has pleased me. You needn't be disappointed that you weren't made class president. None of you boys knows anything about each other yet. In two or three years, after they find out what you're made of, then if you don't get elective honors you may begin to ask yourself questions. In the meantime, of course, you will do your best as well leader of the first-year men—as you call them. I want you to put your heart into it—holer leader, twice as hard if you can, than any of those other fellows. Your early training calling the hogs from the creek pasture will come in handy. You are already beginning to appreciate what a kind father has done for you.

Your mother and I have talked two or three times after supper about the evening clothes you want. Of course, we want you to have plenty of clothes in the evening, in the morning and afternoon, and at night, too, for that matter. At first your mother was kinder in favor of gratifying your high ambition, but she agrees with me that that would be going it a little too fast, even for a young man who is going to have an education with all the frills. My acquaintance with evening clothes—dress suits is the same thing, ain't it?—is rather limited. I've seen three or four lecturers who have come to the hall wear them, and when I've been off to sell a carload of steers I notice the waiters around the hotels. I know you're not going to lecture, or carry around food, and I know that, perhaps, there will come times when you will need a swallow-tail, but for awhile suppose we let her go.

You might forget yourself and accidentally appear in it before the clock struck six, and then the family's name would be disgraced. You'd better wait until you're more acclimated.

Remembering the \$4 I spoke of at first, guess I'll sign myself, Without a Struggle, Your Father.—St. Louis Republic.

ODD YARNS OF THE BORDER DAYS
Bob Thorp, of San Antonio, Tex., is one of the few surviving stage drivers of the early days. He is a native of Columbia, Boone county, Missouri, and for several years drove a mail hack between Columbia and Jefferson City. In relating his experiences recently, Mr. Thorp said:
"The first regular four and six-horse stage that I drove ran from Columbia to Providence on the Missouri river. This was in 1858 and 1859. I next drove in Arkansas, from Pine Bluff to Napoleon. From there I returned to Missouri and drove next from Columbia to Centralia, Huntsville and Glasgow. This was during the civil war and in the time of the Jayhawkers.
"On one occasion just as I reached the place the James and Anderson crowd captured a train, killing 14 of the soldiers having charge of it. They ran the train off some distance and robbed the passengers. There were 60 of the gang. They went into camp near the place to which they took the train. One hundred and fifty militiamen were sent to capture them. The militia did not effect their capture. On the contrary, 86 of the militia were buried in a single grave.
"Next I drove for Barton & Sanders from 1858 to 1876, from Fort Scott to Kansas City. I also drove about of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railway when it was being constructed in the '70s, driving ahead of its terminus until it reached Sherman, Tex.
"Was I ever held up? Yes, more than a dozen times. I was more frequently held up by the James and Anderson gangs than by any others. I was never molested personally. The robbers always took the valuables of the passengers and the registered mail and rifled the express. Sometimes the Jayhawkers would also rob me of my horses, leaving the stage standing lone some in the middle of the road.
"Once when the Jayhawkers held me up their leader, who was named Anderson, went through the express bundles. One of them contained a pair of very fine boots and a box of good cigars for a colonel of a regiment. When Anderson opened the package and saw its contents he sat down, pulled off his own boots and tried the new ones believed of the colonel. He emptied the cigars out of the box and handed the cigars around, giving me several of them. He then told me after the robbery had been completed to give his compliments to the colonel.
"Anderson was a picturesque character. I remember one incident that occurred that impressed me with his admiration of grit and bravery. On this occasion a tall, lanky, rawboned chap was among the passengers. Anderson asked him for his valuables. He replied:
"'I hain't got none.'
"Anderson then asked him where he was going. He said he was going to look for the leader of the Jayhawkers, a man by the name of Anderson. Anderson asked him what he was going to do with him after he had found him. The lanky chap said:
"'Jine him and his gang.'
"'Could you swim the Missouri river?'
"'I guess so, if I had to.'
"Anderson next asked:
"'Could you kill a man?'
"'The would-be recruit replied:
"'Guess so, if I had to.'
"Anderson then spat in the lanky chap's face. He had hardly done so before the lanky one had knocked Anderson down and was on top of him. Anderson's gang, who had been snickoring at the stranger, promptly pulled him off and Anderson got up, shook the dirt off him and said:
"'You'll do; I'll take you.'
"The lanky one asked then:
"'Who are you?'
"'Oh, I'm only Anderson, the leader of those Jayhawkers you have just joined.'
"The stage went on without the lanky passenger. I heard afterward he became one of the most daring and prominent members of the gang.
"On another occasion, just as I got into Huntsville, the Jayhawker gang was there. They had gone into a number of stores, took what they wanted, and had either made the merchants open their safes, which they rifled, or had broken the safes open with a pledge hammer.
"George Damon was a liquor drummer. He was in town when the Jayhawkers were robbing the place and



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MIDLAND ROUTE

cottage in the face of these facts. In reply to the clerk the old fellow said that personally he had never had a doctor, and the only time a medical man had been in his cottage was when his little son had scalded his leg. Under the exceptional circumstances the council decided to adjourn the matter for further inquiries to be made.
The Sin of Untruth.
The absconding treasurer was observed looking over the papers. "Dear me," he remarked, mournfully, "how sad that the newspaper men will lie so. Here's three different ones that have reported me as in Atlanta, Denver and Portland at the same time."
Nevertheless, upon reflection he decided not to try to set the public right.
Speaking of Health.
Cobb Webb—Dr. Bismuth out in our town is the greatest health crank I ever heard of. Why, do you know, he will never buy any sausages until he has tested every link with a stethoscope?
Webb Cobb—Why does he do that, pray?
Cobb Webb—To hear whether they grunt or bark.
A Protest.
"Poets have always had scanty encouragement."
"Too," answered the sad-eyed youth with ink-stained fingers. "The idea seems to be that poetry is something everybody ought to read and nobody ought to write."
He Pulled Through.
When the doctor came to see him and felt of his pulse and looked at his tongue, and learned that he was over 60 years old, he shook his head and said there was no hope.
"But I can't die for several years to come," protested the old man.
"Sorry, but I can't give you over a month to live."
"But, doctor, you must. I have something on my mind, and can't possibly die now."
"You can confess it to me," said the man of medicine.
"Well, then, 45 years ago I attended a circus and menagerie. I took an aversion to the elephant at once, and determined to make it hot for him. I scooped out an apple, filled the hollow with red pepper and gave it to him. His antics for the next half hour beat the circus in the other test."
"Well?" said the doctor as the old man gurgled in his throat.
"Well, they say that an elephant remembers such things for 50 years."
"Yes, I have heard so."
"And the 50 won't be up for five years more, and during that time old Behemoth is sure to come around. I want to be there. I want to see if he remembers me. I want to settle this question of an elephant's memory for good and all."
"Then that's different," answered the doctor, and he took off his coat and pulled the old man back to health.—Rebooth Sunday Herald.
Germes After 1,200 Years.
The ground is usually germ free at a depth of two yards, but living bacteria brought to the notice of the French academy by Dr. M. Bousdon were derived from a depth of more than ten yards in earth that had been undisturbed for nearly 1,200 years. An old Gallic-Roman grave near Trouseput, in Vendee, contained several charred corpses, and skeletons of goats, dogs and cows. Cultures of the enveloping dust, a mixture of sand and water with remains of skins and bristles, gave the coli bacillus and various species of spore-bearing bacteria, and these organisms must have lived in isolation since the grave was made.
Pierce Bugs.
"Yea, I'm looking for a house. The roaches where we are now scare my wife most to death."
"Nothing scares my wife but mice."
"Same with my wife, but these roaches are so big they look like mice."—Philadelphia Press.

That Which Prompts.
A man may be buoyed up by the affliction of his wild desire to brave any imaginable peril; but he cannot easily see one he loves leaving the same peril; simply because he cannot get within him that which prompts another. He sees the danger, and feels not the power that is to overcome it.—George Henry Lewes (1817-1878).