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Roosevelt will have the fight of his life to prevent his renomination for president, and Bryan will have to fight to land his third nomination.

There are said to be one and one-half million political prisoners in Russia. Famine and the most extreme poverty covers the greater part of this empire, and its ruler, the emperor, is said to be losing his mind. Poor, ignorant Russia. What will its end be?

Mr. Roosevelt's failure to enthrone over the proffered support of John Temple Graves of Georgia may be due to his recollection of the fact that Mr. Graves was until recently a most ardent supporter of Hearst. Mr. Graves has not yet learned to stand hatched until the polls close.—Omaha Bee.

The democrats of Lincoln have renominated Mayor Brown, and the Lincoln Star, one of the leading republican papers, supports him for re-election. In municipal elections, party politics should really not figure. Of course, there are undoubtedly many republicans in Lincoln who might make just as good officials as Mayor Brown, but if a man has served the people faithfully and acceptably one term, they usually think he deserves another term.

In a speech made in New York last week, William Jennings Bryan said that he believed in the initiative and referendum, that the democratic platform must endorse it, and that he would drive out of the democratic party any leader that did not believe in the initiative and referendum, and that if the democratic platform of 1906 would not adopt it, they would have no trouble in driving him out of the party. Up to now the socialists and the populists were the only people that advocated the initiative and referendum. The balance of us realize that when it comes to a bond election or matters of that kind, it is all right first to get the exact wishes of the people, but this great country is too large to hold an election every time we want to change, or to promote or to create anything.

Bryan claims that Roosevelt has stolen his thunder, that the republicans are now advocating his theories, and he is trying hard to find a distinct issue which the republicans would oppose. So when he came back from Europe last year, in his first speech in New York, he advocated the government ownership of all railroads, but there was such a dissent, such a protest in his own party against the doctrine, especially from southern leaders, that in less than ten days he materially modified his views and said that after the controlling of the railroads by the government had failed, he would be for government ownership of railroads. And Mr. Bryan will have to modify his views on the initiative and referendum, or in spite of the apparent certainty of his nomination, the democratic leaders will surely defeat him, either for the nomination, or certainly for the election.

There are many people who believe that no state law should actually go into effect until such law shall have been published and printed, that there should be no emergency clause to any enactment, except in the very rarest cases, that even the railroads should have a fair chance. They think as long as such thickly settled states as New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois have no two-cent railroad law, Nebraska should at least have given the railroads a chance to properly readjust their rates. On the other hand, there are many people who believe that our last legislature was the best and the wisest ever had. This is true, however, that under the old law the people had abundant protection in nominating and electing just such representatives as they wanted, and there is no good reason why the last legislature should have passed such a cumbersome, impractical and expensive primary election law.

Is Bryan Out of the Race?
New York Sun.

During Dr. Bryan's absence in the east with his sample case of specifics for all the body politic is heir to, the Commonwealth has eliminated him from the list of presidential candidates in a moment of inspiration. In an ingenious editorial the availability of southern men for the democratic nomination which Dr. Bryan covets as an entry in the free for all competition is considered. It is a handsome tribute to the number and quality of the logical candidates in the south. They are described as statesmen and bidden to stand side by side for review by the national convention. "Let us enter the convention with an eye single to the party," says the Commoner. The sentiment of antagonism to anything that looks like a monopoly of virtue by any individual candidate, active or receptive, pervades the article. All the possibilities from Aconac to Deaf Smith county look alike to the Commoner. No attempt is made to handicap them on account of age or previous condition of servitude in the cause of democracy; all start from scratch. It is submitted with the greatest frankness that the selection must be entered upon not with the view of gratifying any man's ambition or complimenting any state or portion of the union, but with a desire to find the man "who voices the sentiments of the rank and file of the party," etc. If the most available man is a southern man let the candidate be from the south by all means. Nothing could be handsomer. At the same time there is a care not to shut the door of hope, for it is added: "The same is true of the north, the east, the west." But right in the body of the article, caught in the thick of a paragraph where the blue pencil missed it, there is a fly in the ointment: "There are many democrats in the south who would poll the full democratic strength of the north." As Dr. Bryan has never been able to poll the full democratic strength of the north he by plain inference is withdrawn from the list of entries. "As at present advised" by the Commoner he is out of the race.

Thirty-one Years in Prison.
Standard, Boone, Iowa.

Jasper Mason, who was pardoned about two weeks ago, by vote of the legislature, had served time as a prisoner in the Anamosa penitentiary for 31 years for the crime of murder. As Mason tells the story, which is believed to be true, he and a man going by the name of Woods, but whose true name was Munday, were traveling towards Des Moines. It was during the Hayes and Tilden presidential campaign, and one was a Hayes man and one a Tilden man. Political discussion between them was pretty hot during the entire journey. They indulged quite freely in liquor, and at De Soto, had their bottle refilled. About two miles out of De Soto they camped and their discussions increased in bitterness. Mason claims that finally Woods came at him with a knife, and in self defense he shot him with a revolver, from the effects of which Woods died five days afterwards. As Mason owned the team and conveyance, he took it and continued his journey to Jasper county where he was at work. The next morning Woods walked a mile and a half to a farm house, where he died. He made some statements to the farmer, Van Moeter, that agreed with Mason's story but on the trial in Adel it was ruled out on the ground that he was not in a physical condition to be responsible for what he said. As the trial was two years before the passage of the allowing defendants to testify in their own behalf, there was nothing for the jury to do but to find him guilty of manslaughter, the punishment for which was imprisonment for life. But after 31 years, the longest time any one ever served time in the United States save one, he is pardoned, and at the age of 54 years is going to South Dakota to take up a homestead and commence life again as a farmer.

Beggar Epidemic.
Ord Quire.

There is an epidemic of beggars on the road just now. Deaf, dumb, halt, blind, with their ailments made as conspicuous as possible, are coming along with regular order. That fact that they can pay their way, live well, drink good whiskey, smoke high priced cigars, and spend money freely and still come out ahead is proof that people will give to them. This is the worst sort of travesty on charity to such people. Not one of them, is safe to say, is worthy of your gift. A worthy unfortunate is provided for at his home in this Christian land, and has no need of going about the land begging, and they would not do it if they could not make more and have a better time than by staying at home and doing such as they might. Giving to such people is worse than burning your money up. How much better to send it to some suffering people who have not American advantages, and whose sufferings cannot be relieved at home. Probably the three or four beggars who have struck Ord in the past fortnight gathered up a hundred dollars or more. The money was doubtless spent in dissipation and so worse than wasted. How much better to have sent that money to starving China, where you are sure it is needed and will be spent so as to do the most good.

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AN INTERLUDE

HE instant the tall young man stepped into the room he was aware that danger signals were flying. The girl in the pink gown wore her eyebrows in a straight line and one foot tapped the floor.

"I was downtown this morning," she began.

"Were you?" inquired the young man, pleasantly, taking a chair near her.

Quite as though it were accidental she moved to another chair across the room from him. "I thought you said that you were dreadfully busy these days," she resumed.

"I am," said the young man, heartily. "Up to my eyes in work. That case—" He broke off as he found himself withering under her look of scorn.

"There's no need of going into details about the way you are working," she flashed at him, "because I saw you with my own eyes walking down Michigan avenue. If you could have seen how foolishly you were gazing at her, Harry, you—would have been ashamed of yourself. I suppose there is something about her of that color that goes to a man's head, but I should think you could tell bleasch and paint when you saw them."

The young man's face had expressed emotions ranging from surprise to indignation. "That color is real!" he said, stoutly. "And so is her complexion, if you want to know."

The young woman shrugged her shoulders pityingly. Then she attacked again as a fresh thought struck her.

"You seem to be awfully well acquainted with her," she said. "You never spoke about her to me when you told me of all the girls you knew."

General Forgetfulness of the Fact That "Brevity is the Soul of Wit" —Widow Bedott a Good Example.

"A little party of us the other night at one of the clubs endured an infliction in the shape of a story teller who did not know when to quit," said a member of one of the prominent New York clubs. "If he had been able to make a serial of his narrative, with the thrilling points at the chapter ends and given it a time, his story might not have been so hard to endure, but the trouble was that he had to tell it all and all about it, and as he was a man whom no one would care to offend, his listeners were outwardly placid and inwardly profane."

"Memory for detail is an excellent thing to have if you are in a business involving a great many small matters, and, indeed, most callings are of this character, but the man or woman whose memory is so tenacious that it brings up by association a host of particulars clustered round an event, and insists on telling them all, is one of the worst nuisances known to society. In 'Flash Times in Mississippi,' an old book of southern river stories, there is a character endowed with such a memory and his acquaintances sometimes inflicted him on a newcomer by inducing him to tell the 'earthquake story.' The principal feature of this narrative was the fact that nobody had ever heard the end of it, for there were so many little stories hanging to it that had to be told first, and the narrator wandered out of the main road into so many deviant paths and byways that something always happened to break off the story before the denouement was reached. While the yarn was progressing the company would slip out one by one and leave the stranger to his fate."

"The Widow Bedott is a first-class example of one of these particular memories at its best, or, rather, worst, for she could not tell how the late lamented said 'We are all poor critters' without also telling about a thousand other things that occurred to her while jogging along toward the end of her journey."

"Most of us have Widow Bedotts in our own acquaintances, some of us have heard stories like the earthquake story, but nobody ever listened long to a never-ending story without wondering how people like these ever get through life at all, or how they succeed in telling anything. The fault is one of mental perspective; to them all occurrences are of equal importance, all objects are of the same size and so they find it impossible to make a selection, and try to tell everything."



Danger Signals Were Flying.

Why, I couldn't believe it—when you wouldn't take time to go to the matinee with me. Then to find you out for a morning stroll as if you had all the time on earth! But, then, I'm only engaged to you, so I suppose I shouldn't expect—

"Do you mean to say," broke in the young man, "that you're actually mad because—"

The young woman drew herself up. "I am not angry," she said with feeling, "but I am decidedly hurt. I should never let myself lose my temper over anything so ridiculous. You—you have plainly shown that you don't care for me—when you will do as you please."

"Do I gather," said the young man, "that I am to be cast into outer darkness because you saw me walking down the street with another girl whose hair happened to be blonde?"

"W-w-well," wept the girl in pink. "It goes deeper than that! That sounds so—so simple! It shows how dangerously clever-clever you are! I suppose you have been telling me lots of things all along that weren't any more true than that! Of course it is true that you were walking down the street with a girl—but that doesn't express the additional fact that you were beaming with joy and were positively silly! And had deceived me—and everything!"

"It's perfectly scandalous, isn't it?" inquired the young man, shaking his head.

The girl in pink twisted her hand-

LONG-WINDED BORES

FEW STORY-TELLERS KNOW WHEN TO QUIT.

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Where the nails are brittle soak them every night in a little warm olive oil; let it soak in and then rub on vasoline, which is one of the best applications to make the nails nice. It softens the cuticle around the base so it can be pushed back and the half "moons" perfectly shown.

A nail brush should be medium, bristles neither too stiff nor too soft; if it is used every time the hands are washed there will be no need for the usual "digging" under the nails with a sharp instrument. A blunt-pointed orange wood stick is the best, but a bit of soft old linen used on one hand with the nails of the other should be sufficient. It is the use of hard steel points on the nails, under and around them, that makes them all the harder to keep clean because they are roughened. As little polishing powder should be used as possible; it has the effect of making the nails thin and brittle.

Darn the Expense.

Doctor (to parvenc)—Have you really done everything you could to make the child sleep? It can often be done by staging a lullaby.

Parvenc—Ah, I'll engage an opera singer immediately.

A Business Girl.

In Naples there is a girl 11 years old in the fruit business, and she is doing so well that she employs 12 men and boys. She began in her father's fruit stand at six years old. She is now accustomed one of the cheapest bargains in the trade, and it is predicted that by the time she is 15 she will be one of the richest. She cannot read or write, but has to sign her name by making an X. Several fruit dealers have been fined in court for trying to ignore her business.

USE ELECTRIC POTATO PEELER.
Bread Made at West Point Without Touch of a Hand.

The first thing which attracts one's attention is the electric potato peeler—a tublike machine with revolving knives.

A bushel of potatoes is thrown in at a time, a button is pressed and in the space of five minutes the tubers fall into another tub neatly peeled. As four or five barrels of potatoes are used every day the labor saving of the apparatus will be readily understood.

One hundred and fifteen leaves of bread are baked every 24 hours, and nearly 100 rolls, with occasionally 50 spice cakes. Pies are used once a week and 125 are baked.

There is an electric bread-mixing machine, with funnels through which the flour, water and yeast may flow according to the wish of the baker. The leaves are also cut and rolled by machinery, the whole baking being done without a hand touching the bread until it comes from the oven and is placed on the cooling racks.

An electric dough divider is used for cutting rolls. The dough is thrown on an iron plate, and a cutter drops, separating it into pieces of the size required for each roll. These are quickly transferred to a pan and are set to rise.

The eggs used in cooking are beaten by electricity, and the silver used in the dining-room is polished with a brush run by the same motive power.

Dishes are washed by placing them in a wire rack and touching a lever which causes the rack to sink into scalding water, where the dishes are cleaned. Another lever lifts them, and they are turned out on trays to dry.

Ice is made in the basement, and comes from the freezer in 50-pound cakes.

The sterilizing machine is an electric apparatus, and with its aid 187 gallons of milk are sterilized every morning. The milk is poured into a large can and heated to 180 degrees, which kills the bacteria, and in less than three-fourths of a minute it is cooled to 33 degrees.—Lealle's Weekly.

COURT TRIALS OF ANIMALS.

In Olden Times They Were Arraigned Before Justices.

The decision of the southwestern police court (London) magistrate that a monkey may use the pavement if he causes no obstruction, reminds us that, down to a comparatively late period on the continent, the lower animals were considered amenable to the laws. Domestic animals were tried in the common criminal courts; wild animals fell under ecclesiastical jurisdiction. French antiquaries have discovered the records of 32 processes against animals, conducted with the strictest formalities of justice, from 1120 to 1740, when the last trial and execution, that of a cow, took place. Thus, there was a lawsuit that lasted from 1445 to 1487 between the inhabitants of St. Julien and a kind of beetle, and at Lavigny, in 1457, a sow and her six young ones were tried on a charge of having murdered and partly eaten a child. The sow was found guilty and condemned to death, but the little pigs were acquitted on account of their youth, and the absence of direct proof against them.—London Chronicle.

A Lost Opportunity.

Towne—I had the worst luck with that old umbrella of mine last evening at the concert. I put it in the stand with the others—

Brown—And when you went to get it it was gone, eh?

Towne—No, hang it! It was the only one left. I didn't get a shot at the others.

PURE FOOD LAWS

Mrs. Grady Tells Just How They Came to Be Passed.

God mar-sh' to you, Mis O'Toolo; it's dyin' Oi am to see you. Of're smthin' wonderful to till you. It's to do wid thim wimmint' clubbers an' the things we're afther 'atim'. D'yes know, an' O'll bit you don't, that the stoof we ate ain't allus what we're afim' at all. It's three what O'm tillin' yes this blessed mornin'; sum av thim sarrages ain't corsagers at all, anny more than the chickus is rale hin or the rost bafe is bafe; an' the strawberry jam silver seed a strawberry, an' the hamburger stake is doped wid rid. Now, phwat do yes think o' that? The saints save us, did yes iver hear the lottus uv it? O'll till yes as how O' got out uv it.

Wan dhay a wimmint' clubber was attin' kitchup, an' the saints save us, she pulled out a red stiring. Now, phwat do yes think o' that? "Whist," says the clubber, "bring me magnifyin' glass to wunast. Of're made a dischovry; it's a bit o' rid fannin'," said she. "Of're hur-red till uv it at me club," says she. "Did yes iver see the lottus av thim millinयर kitchupers a cooler-in' the stoof wid peaces av their wives' rid fannin' petticoats, an' thim so will able to give their ovid clothes to the nady, an' we're afther attin' thim. How-ly muther, but we'll be afther Ezim' thim," says she.

An' O'ye moind, she told the fithr clubbers, an' iver uv av thim ethard-ed out wid her bit av a magnifyin' glass, toind, o' still an' shly loike an' they was afther gottin' the names av the paple that's a chatin' in the fade, an' thim they w-roto lottus to the stait. "Niver moind," says they to the stait, "that Mormoner wid too many wives; put yure moind on the fade or there won't be anny man anywhere wid anny wife at all."

The stait rade thim lottus, an' phwat do yes think they did wid thim? The saints have mercy on thim, didn't they put thim in a bit av a box an' stait thim to a vault an' thim they sthuck their fate up on the disks an' stharked to smokso so contintid loike. An' whin the wimmint' clubbers heard till uv it, they was fighthin' mad. "Lar's have a matin'," says they, an' they all got together, loike they was goin' to a wake. An' one av thim says, "Loidies, the pure fade bill is dyin', smokhed to dith by the stait; what shall we be afther doin' wid it?" "Lar's tilygraf the presidint," says wan av thim, an' wid that they all clapped their hands an' sthumped their fate. Och, it's no O'm tillin' yes, Mis O'Toolo, but wan dhay whin the presidint was sated at his deak toind av shly loike in his shir-t slaves, in cum's his strectiry an' says: "Mister Prisdint, here's a tilygram; rade it to wunast; it's frum ate hoondurd thousand wimmint' clubbers, axen if yes'll pass the pure fade bill. They're wantin' to know, sorr, to wunast."

"Lit them wate till O'm tough wid me facin'," says the presidint. "O' must refoice me wate the first thing O' do."

"O' do be thinkin' thim wimmint' clubbers are afther gittin' impashun'," says the strectiry; "they're afther wrottin' lottus be the ton to the stait, an' now they're tilygrafed to yure rivrinece an' I want to know who's to hinder thim cummin' on," says he; "if lottus won't do, an' tilygraphs won't do, av course they'll cum thim silves; it's the way av wimmint' clubbers."

"Tilygraf thim to wunast," says the presidint; "say to thim, sthaye where yes are; yes don't nade throtwell yer silves to cum. O'll pass ut all right."

Wid that he trow up the windy to get a bit av frish air.

"Be jabbers, that was a close call," says he.

An at that minit there was another rap at the dure.

"Another tilygram," says the strectiry.

"Rade it," says Mither Roscovit.

An' he rade: "Mooch obleged to yes, Mither Prisdint Roscovit, an' rimbiber that ate hoondurd thousand wimmint' clubbers are watchin' to see if yes kape it."

"The saints in hivin' defin' yes," says the strectiry; "it's had to have wan woman watchin' on yes and openin' yes yav envelope iver Saturday noon, but phwat will yes do wid ate hoondurd thousand av thim all a syyin' on yes? If yes sate yerst an yure pporch at Oyather Bay, yes can't kape thim out. Begorra yes can't avin get a dhrink on the shly widout thim seer-in' yes." "Be jabbers," says the presidint, "O'm up forinast it! O' know what O'll do. O'll use me big shilly-y. Here," says he, "go to the stait to wunast, till thim to pass that bill an' to arriast iver man that chates in fade, iver last uv av thim from the millinयर stockyard portier, in his otyrmobil, to the dago, wid his pushcart. O'll stand iver uv av thim to the pin, at har-ad warrk, if they all annythin' that isn't what it is."

Och, but thim millinयर was tarin' mad. "If yes complu us to sill good stoof to the paple," they says to the presidint, "we-can't be afther makin' the munny to buy jakes av lords for our childer, an' we'd loike to fix yure rivrinece, don't our Americhin jakeses riflet glory on the flag," says they. "Of're no toime to be splidin' on yes," says Mither Roscovit; "it's thurs, yes have yer millinयर an O'd loike to oblige yes, but O'll not be tur-rin' me back on ate hoondurd thousand wimmint' clubbers, be-in' as iver uv av thim has two eyes in the head of her, an' iver last uv av thim is trained to use her spache."

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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—all on us though you don't buy

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Eleventh Street. Columbus, Nebraska.

SADDLE OF HUMAN SKIN.
Remarkable Object in Possession of Philadelphia Man.

Human skins can be prepared, tanned and made into durable articles as successfully as can the skins of horses and other animals. The resulting leather is very much like dogskin or pigskin. William Hansell of Philadelphia has the largest article which has ever been known to be made from human skin—a beautiful pure white saddle—and any one examining it would be at a loss to tell the kind of skin from which it is made. The pores have a familiar look, but the skin itself is of an astonishing thickness. The saddle was made from the skin of a man. A woman's skin, generally speaking, would be too delicate. Human skin leather is a very rare article and there is no general trade in it. Sometimes a physician will have a piece, made into a cover for an instrument case, and occasionally medical students get enough to be made into a purse or a pair of slippers. Patients sometimes have a belt or a book made from a limb which has been amputated.

DAMAGE DONE BY WOLVES.
Ranchmen Suffer Heavily From Depredations of Animals.

Vernon Bailey, of the forest reserve bureau at Washington, who has been making an investigation of the ravages of wolves on the ranches of the southwest, reports that in a certain part of New Mexico he learned that a moderate estimate of the stock killed by four wolves of which he got trace was a yearling cow or a calf every three days, or approximately 100 head of cattle to each wolf. "Counting all as calves," says Mr. Bailey, "at the low rate of \$10 a head, each wolf would cost at this rate cost the ranchman \$1,000 a year. This estimate of \$4,000 for the four wolves leaves out of consideration the five to ten hungry offspring of each pair, which begin to kill stock for themselves in the fall and continue to do so as long as they live."

Made an Impression.

The worthy vicar of a country parish in the north of England was often pained at the apparent apathy displayed by members of his congregation towards matters of religion. He did his best to impress them for good, but somehow he seemed to make very unsatisfactory progress. One day, as he was out for a ride on horseback in his parish, the horse made a sudden plunge, and he found himself lying full length on his back in a ditch bottom. Fortunately, it was soft, otherwise the consequences might have been more serious. He got up and, taking a survey of the place, exclaimed as he walked away:

"Well, there is at least one place in my parish now where I have left an impression."

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