

RENEWALS—The date appears upon your paper, or upon the label pasted upon your paper, when it is time to renew. If you do not renew, your paper will be discontinued at the end of the month, and you will be charged for the paper not received.

CHANGE IN ADDRESS—When changing your address, please send the old address to the publisher, and the new address to the carrier.

Rhode Island will have to get along with one United States Senator until its legislature meets again. We do not think anybody will suffer by it, as Senator Aldrich will take care of Rhode Island interests.

The Jamestown exposition is open for visitors, but from all reports it is not nearly complete. Hotels and restaurants have all doubled their prices, and whoever goes there must be prepared to be held up. The naval maneuvers and the president's opening speech was well worth the price of admission.

The Northwestern railroad company has asked the Nebraska railroad commission for permission to make a lower rate than two cents to points where a competing road has a shorter line. That looks well, and it shows that the railroad companies of Nebraska have good horse sense, and are not going to fight the two cent rate.

Ingalls, one of the great railroad magnates of this country, advises his fellow railroad kings to obey the new laws, quit giving rebates, and all will be well, and that is very good advice. This anti-railroad agitation will soon stop if the railroads themselves will live up to the laws, for every fair minded man knows they are one of the greatest factors in the development of our great country.

In talking with democratic members of the last legislature we find that they voted for new primary law because the state democratic platform endorsed the law, and the republican members say they were for the law because the republican platform called for it. No one really thinks it a good law. The platform committee of each party is largely responsible for the adoption of this law. This condition of affairs simply shows how public sentiment sometimes liable to mislead the best of them. This primary law is all right in the south, it is not a regular election day, the negroes know nothing about it, the democrats have their scrap on primary day, the republicans put up no ticket, and it makes it easy for the democrats. Ex-senator Allen promises to contest the constitutionality of the Nebraska primary law, and the balance of us had better keep quiet until it is declared invalid, or until it is tested and found either wanting or otherwise.

Soon after the effects of the Dingley law brought prosperity to our country the democratic press and democratic politicians denied its existence, and ridiculed the idea, but now everybody cannot help but see it. Figures are going the rounds of the press showing the immense increase in the amount of wages that are being paid out for labor in the Pittsburg district, and it is all over the country. The greatest complaint that manufacturers and merchants are making is, that orders for manufactured goods exceed the ability to manufacture. Labor of all kinds, both skilled and unskilled, is scarce and high. Our farmers are not only blessed with fine crops, but prices of all they have to sell are high and the value of their farms are doubling and tripling. Railroads cannot furnish cars enough to properly and satisfactorily conduct their immense freight business. Merchants are increasing their business. Some pessimists claim there will soon be hard times, but we do not see why there should be. Of course, a failure in crops would temporarily make quite a difference to us in Nebraska, but a well street panic cannot hurt us much if any. Next year a presidential election takes place, and presidential elections often have a disquieting effect, but if it is known that the good old republican party will remain in control of the government, our prosperity will continue.

Sometime in June in the Year 1906, both the republican and democratic parties will put up their candidates for the presidency. There is but little if any doubt that William J. Bryan will be the democratic nom-

inee. There would also be no doubt of Roosevelt getting the republican nomination had he not positively stated time and again that under no conditions would he accept a renomination. We believe Roosevelt means that, and he is absolutely out of the race. Now the question is beginning to be asked, who will be the republican nominee. Secretary Taft is a very strong man, physically, mentally and politically, he represents the Roosevelt ideas, and the people believe in Roosevelt ideas. Ohio will undoubtedly re-elect Foraker for United States senator and instruct for Taft for president. The state of Indiana has two great men, and either one, Fairbanks or Beveridge, will be elected if nominated. At this stage of the campaign it looks as though Beveridge has the better chance of the two. Governor Hughes of New York and Governor Demore of Illinois are dark horses, and not very dark, either. Senator LaFollette is talked of also, as a candidate, but he is too radical, too extreme. If the republican party shall nominate either one of these men, mentioned, it is dollars to doughnuts he will be triumphantly elected.

Pinkey Woman.
Pinkey Mrs. Robert Craft, widow of a prominent Northwestern conductor, proved more than a match for three tramp thieves in her department store today when she seized three pairs of trousers that one tramp had tucked under his coat and then grabbing an empty revolver behind the counter, lined the tramps up against the wall and with the harmless barrel leveled at their head, held them captive till the police arrived. In court they were convicted and sent to the county jail for thirty days.

Hung Editor in Effigy.
Because the Kearney Democrat approved the action of Governor Sheldon in vetoing the appropriation for the Kearney Normal school the editor of that paper was hanged in effigy on a prominent street of that city one night last week. It is needless to say that the work was done at night; hoodlums who perpetrate such outrages don't do their work in daylight, and are in the same class with the anonymous correspondent who hides his identity behind a nom de plume when he makes an attack upon the character of some citizen. Whether the editor of the Democrat was right or wrong in what he said about the veto of the normal school appropriation, it did not give anyone license to hang him in effigy, and such acts should be condemned by all good citizens. —Shelton Clipper.

Burned to Death.
Miss Anna Lynch, age 22 years, of Yankton, S. D., a day nurse in the State Insane hospital here, was burned to death today following an alcohol lamp explosion. Heating paraffin over the flame. Miss Lynch tried, when the lamp exploded, to carry the fire into a bath room. Her gown became ignited and before she could be assisted had been burned off. She ran frantically around the ward and then dashed out of doors upon the veranda. Her breast and limbs were fearfully burned and her hair was burned from her head. She lived six hours. Dr. Young, superintendent, says that Miss Lynch disregarded hospital regulations in using an alcohol lamp and that hot water should have been used to heat the preparation. She had been in this work for seven years. Patients in the ward are said to have remained calm. A brother-in-law arrived from Yankton to take her body home. Funeral services will be held at the hospital.

He Took A "Plane Well Done."
There are lots of real smart fellows down at Grand Island and occasionally one gets up this far and endeavors to teach the natives in these parts a few things. Recently a new freeman was appointed on the Union Pacific passenger between Grand Island and Ord and from what we have been able to learn this is one of the wisest of the guys that make their home in the big city down the road. As the story goes the freeman went into the Smith restaurant and after addressing the waiter at the place as his sister ordered her to bring him a "plane well done." Now the Smiths make it a point to satisfy every want in the eating line and in less time than it takes to tell it Cornell's hardware was communicated with and a smoking hot carpenter's plane was served up to the "freeman" as well done shape as the Smiths could make it. We understand that the friends of the freeman at the Island later heard of the story and it will probably be several months ere he will hear the last of it. —Old Quins.

A New State.
A new state is coming into the Union. And it comes with a new standard. For over a hundred years the constitutional convention of Ohio has been in session. It has

completed its work at last. And a fine piece of work it is. The constitution is to be ratified or rejected by the people on August 6. Here are some of the things for which this new state-temple of the southwest stands. The initiative and referendum; the nomination of all state officers and of United States senators by primary; prohibition in holding state office prohibited; two cent railroad rate for passengers; railroads are not allowed to own any productive agency of a natural commodity, such as local lands; corporations cannot own more than is absolutely necessary in conducting their business a compulsory and separate school system is established. But the provision in the constitution that is attracting most attention is that which relates to the regulation of the liquor traffic. The daily papers, upon which we are depending for these statements, report that "Oklahoma will be a prohibition state, the most stringent liquor law in existence, prohibiting not only the sale but the introduction of liquor into the state, being provided for. The enabling act provided that Indian Territory must accept prohibition for twenty-one years. The convention provided that the whole state shall vote on the question and there is no doubt that the terms of the enabling act will be made uniform over the whole state." —Epworth Herald.

WHY PROPOSAL WAS SUDDEN.
One Thing That Fend Youth Had Taken No Thought For.

"This is so sudden!" As he heard the girl speak these words the astonished young man rose to his feet in bewilderment. "Sudden!" he repeated. "Did I hear right? More than two years ago, I believe it was, since I first met you. For several months after that I only saw you occasionally; then gradually, very gradually, I increased my visits. It took six months to get on a formal calling basis; it took six months more to be a regular visitor; six months more to call you by your Christian name; and it is only during the last few months that I have ventured, with many misgivings, even to hold your hand. And now, after all this gradual development of my love, you tell me that this sudden?" "I do, indeed," she replied calmly. "But for what reason?" The young lady replied, with some degree of hauteur: "Simply this. I hardly imagined you would dare to speak to me like this for another two years at least, considering your present salary."

HOW THE EXPERT KNEW.
Something Even Ordinary Men Might Have Discovered.

"Mr. William Koper is a well-known resident of Denver, Colo., and an artist upon the violin. He is a connoisseur in instruments. A friend of his told him that he possessed a good imitation Stradivarius and Mr. Koper requested that the violin be brought him for inspection. The instrument was in a bad state of repair, and its owner fixed it as well as he could with a generous quantity of glue, before taking it to the expert. Koper drew the violin from its case and drew the bow slowly across the strings. 'Ach!' he exclaimed. 'Does must be a new string.' A new string was substituted and again Koper tried the tone. He bent his ear anxiously to the instrument and his bowed head was almost affectionate. But he seemed still unsatisfied. 'Der las too much glue,' he announced. 'What?' exclaimed his friend. 'Is it possible for you to tell that by the tone?' 'Ach, Herr Joe Nein,' was the quick reply. 'By der schell!'"

The Worth of Nurses.
Contrasting his Indian experiences with those in South Africa, Field Marshal Lord Roberts said that for the first two or three months of the siege of Delhi not a single act of competition survived, and at Lucknow the death statistics were very similar. In fact, it would hardly be possible to describe what the wounded and sick suffered during the Indian campaign from the overpowering heat, the swarm of insects, the stench, the lack of surgical and medical treatment and the want of proper nursing. During the South African war a totally different state of affairs prevailed, and the presence of trained nurses contributed to the difference.

Scared from School.
The small girl in the night school was answering the questions put to her by her teacher, says the Baltimore News. "Why did you stop going to day school, Maria?" asked the teacher, kindly. "I'll tell you," replied Maria, confidently. "I was getting along all right in day school and I was going to keep on until I was real learned, when one day a man came in and 'nambled the children, and what do you think he said? He said that I had to have my tonsils cut out and wear goggles and have all my teeth pulled, and so I went home and told my mother, and she says, 'You kin be stay at home, I ain't gona' to have you larned for no school'—and so I went to work."

Bright Query.
"These goes Marry's widow," remarked Nevitt. "Yes," replied Dunlop, "but he was married twice, you know." "Of course. What of that?" "Well, is she his first or second widow?"

Value of the Classic Drama.
Dramatic—Do you believe in bringing out the classics? Theater Manager—Certainly, at intervals. There is nothing like a classic to make an audience appreciate a second-class production that fulfills.

Calumet Baking Powder
Bake by Test

HAVE LOST CUNNING

COUNTERFEITERS TURNING OUT NO GOOD WORK.

For Many Years There Have Been No Spurious Banknotes to Worry the Money World—The "Monroe Hundred."

There is one lost art among criminals, one trade which United States secret service men have seemingly wiped out to the very last man. This is the art of counterfeiting currency, says the Kansas City Star. Kansas City bank officials say that for eight years not one spurious banknote worthy of passing comment has been handled in the money world. They declare that the day of successful counterfeiting has come to an end.

"Not a banknote which fools the experts is on the market," said R. F. Swinney, president of the First national bank. "There is counterfeit currency, plenty of it," he said, "but it's a kind detected almost at a glance. Inspection of it quickly reveals the flaws. Usually the work is clumsy. But not since the notorious gang in Philadelphia which made the famous 'Monroe hundred' was wiped out has there been a really clever counterfeiter at work. At least, we have no record of any."

The "Monroe hundred" was a \$100 silver certificate with the face of President Monroe stamped upon it. It was a series of 1901, check letter R, Tillman register, Morgan treasurer. It was an absolutely perfect counterfeit. Experts in the treasury department were fooled by it. The notes became so numerous and were accepted so extensively that the government called in its entire issue of the bill, amounting to several million dollars. Even now a "Monroe hundred" is occasionally picked up and is almost impossible to tell whether it is genuine or not.

The only difference between the genuine bill and the counterfeit was in the shape of the figures 3 and 4 and the length of the bill. In the figure 3 the lower loop did not extend up so far toward the center of the figure as it should have extended. In the figure 4 the space between the base and the center cross line was narrower than it should have been. The false bill was one-sixteenth of an inch shorter than the genuine.

"Such irregularities would easily pass the eye of an expert," Mr. Swinney said. "Of course, if a genuine bill was laid before you, and you had the opportunity to compare the two, after some study the defects could be noted. But think of the number of money handlers who had the counterfeit bill who had no opportunity for such comparison."

The gang which made the "Monroe hundred" was arrested in Philadelphia in 1898. The plates which printed the bills were recovered and the counterfeiters sentenced to long terms in prison.

"With the end of that gang," Mr. Swinney said, "there seems to have been an end of successful counterfeiting. Not since 1898 has the government been forced to recall any currency issue. Crooks have learned that to make spurious currency which will pass inspection is a hard task. And they have learned that the penalty Uncle Sam makes them pay when detected is heavy."

Donation Carnegie Refused.
Apropos of Mr. Carnegie's latest gift, an editor, taking out his notebook, said the other day: "I can tell you of a gift of \$150 that Mr. Carnegie once refused to give. Let me read you the letter asking for this gift."

With a laugh he read: "Dear Mr. Carnegie—Understanding that you are blessed at present with an unusual surplus of income, and knowing well your generous spirit and desire to do good to those who will help themselves, I want to ask you to make me a contribution of \$150."

"When I was a young man my mother gave me a hymnbook, which I faithfully used. It is now, thanks to my efforts, worn out, and I think it should be replaced, and you are the man to do this."

"Appreciating to the full the generous deeds that have made your name illustrious in this and other countries, and believing that in making me this donation you will be carrying on the spirit of your work, I am, yours faithfully, 'Mark Twain.'"

"P. S.—Don't send the hymnbook; send the \$150." "M. T."

AN INTERCEPTED DEATH SENTENCE
(A Story of Joseph Chamberlain.)
By JOSEPH KEATING.
(Copyright, by Joseph B. Keating.)

When Denis Cavanagh, the honorable member for Rathfriland, Ireland, left the House that night he felt tired and lonely.

When he put his latch-key into the door he felt as if he were letting himself into a danger. He struck a match and found on the hall table the brown envelope of a telegram. "Cable from army headquarters, central Africa, this morning to O'Callaghan. Their poor son, Tim, court-martialed and sentenced to death for mutiny. Old people heart-broken. Save their boy."

This was a message to try a man. For Denis' simple affection and admiration for the loving wife who signed herself "Biddy" gave everything she loved as he did extraordinary importance in his eyes; and he took it that she meant him to save the life of the unfortunate Private Tim O'Callaghan of the Seventeenth Wicklow Rangers even if he had to fight all the laws of the British empire.

And one little thing could stop him from saving his "misfortunate boy"—Tim might already have been shot. The thought of this gave Denis the twinges: "Bogor! if he is—Biddy'll never speak to me again."

That evening at ten o'clock saw the honorable member for Rathfriland before a vigilant constable on guard outside an ostentatiously closed door.

The policeman cast a wary eye upon Denis as he came up. But all the same, he touched his hat and respectfully to "the honorable member."

"Is 'Misther Chamberlain' inside?" said Denis, casually, as it were, throwing a side nod at the closed door.

"He is—in his room, sir."

"Would ye tell him that 'Misther Denis Cavanagh, member for Rathfriland, would like a word with him?"

"I—dare, dare not, sir. Orders—must not disturb on any account. Important orders—affairs—"

"I'm going in, anyway," said Denis. The policeman dared not lay hands upon a member of parliament—without the sergeant-at-arms beside him. But his body shrank in agony under his uniform as Denis—himself in a quiver—put his knuckles to the oak with the whisper of a knock.

A low but penetrating "Come in!" intensified the horror of the situation. Denis took off his hat, twisted the door-knob, and accepted the invitation.

He saw a green-shaded electric light shining mildly upon a litter of papers, blue, white and yellow, and the tall, grave statesman sitting at the table. Mr. Chamberlain looked pale and tired.

"Well, Cavanagh?" "Before I say a word, sir, I must ask you to put no blame on that policeman outside your door." Denis made a straight point at the shrinking uniform at the open door. "He did he could to keep me out. Told he's to blame for disturbing you. 'Tis I'm to blame entirely."

Mr. Chamberlain smiled at the earnestness of this.

"Well, Cavanagh, I'll forgive him for opening the door, if you'll close it."

Denis went to the door, winked magnificently at the policeman, and closed the door.

"Now—what can I do for you, Cavanagh?"

Mr. Chamberlain said this in the tone of a man who can do nothing at all for the supplicant.

"Ye can do Private O'Callaghan a good turn, sir."

Denis stood at the opposite edge of the table, looking down over the green-shaded lamp anxiously at the severe expression of the great minister.

"I will spare you five minutes, Cavanagh, but no more. Frankly, my time is mortgaged to the bill."

"But your Tim's too, sir."

"But what can I do? The court-martial sentence must be carried out."

Mr. Chamberlain pulled out a paper from a bundle on his left. "Look at that; and perhaps you will see, then, the helplessness of O'Callaghan's case."

Denis took the paper. But the minister's tone chilled his heart and almost took the sight from his eyes.

"I can't read it," said he, putting the paper down by the lamp.

Mr. Chamberlain gazed steadily at Denis. He saw how heavily the Irishman felt about this insignificant soldier. He took up the paper and said gravely:

"The information here is precise. O'Callaghan's officer gave an order, which was openly disobeyed. When they got into camp the officer was bound to report the insubordination. But as O'Callaghan's fighting record was good, the punishment inflicted was slight—guard-room and pack-drill. Then, in his first hour of freedom O'Callaghan got drunk, and went looking for the officer with his gun. As a matter of fact he fired at the officer, but his condition interfered with his marksmanship—usually excellent. The court-martial found the crime punishable with death."

The quiet force with which these facts were stated completely destroyed Denis' idea of debating the question. But, it did not destroy his natural hopefulness.

"Ah, sir," said he, "Ye're looking only at the facts."

"In heaven's name, Cavanagh! what else can I look at?"

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.

surrender the Seventeenth Rangers were when the fighting started? Is it because they fought so well that ye want to shoot them was by ye because the infantry didn't do it? And if ye makes a poor fool of himself in a mad minute—must all that he and his dead comrades fought for and fell for be forgot? Is there no charity due to their memory? And phwat make him disobey orders? Isn't it a notorious thing that the handful of the Seventeenth Wicklow Rangers that day turned a battle into a victory? Didn't the little officer want to save what was left of his brave company and order them off the field? And Tim wouldn't let him go back? And sure, the officer himself must have had no notion of hurting Tim when he put him in the guard room. This while Tim got a mere smell at the canteen—he was wake with all the hard fighting; and the devil tak shold av him; and in



"I Can't Read It," Said He.

the way of no harm, he went walking round shooting at the officer that put him in the guard-room for winning a great battle."

The great minister had kept his eye upon Denis, and Denis' look had never once wavered from him.

Mr. Chamberlain said gravely: "You plead as if the life of this Tim O'Callaghan were a sacred cause, Cavanagh?"

"'Tis like me own flesh and blood he is to me, sir."

"Do you know Tim?"

"Know him, is it? Sure didn't I know him? Tim O'Callaghan before he was born? And don't I know his poor old mother, and his father over in Rathfriland? And if he's shot, now, the news of it will surely kill his old mother. And the poor old man, his father, will be ruined in body and mind for ever."

Mr. Chamberlain looked in silence at the green lamp-shade.

Denis felt his heart leaping within him as the great man pulled out his watch.

"I spared you five minutes, Cavanagh, and I find I have given you nearly an hour. All I can do is to use what little influence I have on the favorable side for your friend O'Callaghan."

"Ah, but the cold people," pleaded Denis. "They're breaking their hearts over 'Rathfriland this night—waiting for me to send the blessed word. And all Rathfriland at this minute, sir, is gazing with wild excitement over Tim O'Callaghan."

"I will do my best. I can promise nothing more. But you are well aware, Cavanagh, that you have made a point."

"Sure, 'tis y'r own good heart, sir." To Denis' utter amazement, the great man stood up and took his hand in a most friendly grip. This act of

good will nearly brought tears to the eyes of the big Irishman. And he returned the handshake with the most fervent cordiality.

"Bogor, y've made a fighting friend of Denis Cavanagh, sir. And I'll be delighted to support any measure y' ever bring in,—unless," he added in a hurry, "'tis injurious to the welfare of Ireland!"

Mr. Chamberlain laughed heartily. "Cavanagh, I hope," said he, "you will have a little of the feeling for me that you have for Tim O'Callaghan! I shall be glad of such eloquent advocacy."

And the honorable member for Rathfriland and the right honorable gentleman, the secretary for the colonies, sworn political enemies, departed sworn personal friends.

"Home, Sweet Home."
"Home, Sweet Home," was first sung in this country at a theater in Philadelphia, in connection with the production of John Howard Payne's melodrama, "Clari, the Maid of Milan." This was in 1823. The play was originally produced in Covent Garden Theater, London, and immediately the sweet air of the song sung by Clari became famous.

As Far as We Could Go.
In his infant breast, possibly, he is cherishing the hope that he will ultimately reach the age when "the fellows will call him Bill," but at the present time he has "just turned two," and Willie is a conventionalized of no mean attainments for his years. The other day he was taken out visiting, and, among other things, was called upon to "count the cars of a freight train." He was compelled to rely upon his memory, but "counting the cars" is a favorite daily occupation as they pass within sight of the windows of his home. This is the way he did it: "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve."

Government Trains Heavily Loaded.
Household economy has been given official recognition by the Federal Government in the establishment of domestic training schools. The curriculum includes the maintenance and cleanliness of dwellings, furnishing, laundry work, cutting, fitting, making and repairing of ordinary garments; cooking, and, in the rural districts, gardening, dairy work and the care of poultry. In addition there are lectures on hygiene, domestic economy, care of children and nursing of the sick. There are both elementary schools and those for advanced pupils. The latter teach dressmaking, lace making, embroidery, flower making and so on.

His Excuses.
"Yeah," m' dear," began Landman, "I'm rather late to-night, but you—see I—"

FOR SALE.
A farm of 145 acres, adjoining town site of Monroe. Good improvements. A large part of the land set to alfalfa. \$60 per acre—a bargain.
Wm. W. Williams, Monroe, Neb.

COLUMBUS MEAT MARKET
We invite all who desire choice steak, and the very best cuts of all other meats to call at our market on Eleventh street. We also handle poultry and fish and oysters in season.
S. E. MARTY & CO.
Telephone No. 1. - Columbus, Neb.