

CORRESPONDENCE

Route No. 1.
Last Friday Martin Meyer drove two cars of fat cattle to market.

Two new cases of small pox have developed during the last week, Otto Heiden and Otto Korte, making four human quarantined on the route.

The funeral of Mrs. Matilda Grotzschman was held at the Lumbis Creek church Tuesday and a large number of people were in attendance to pay their last respects to the deceased. Rev. Danziger conducted the funeral service.

Route No. 2.
Wm. Babbin was in Columbus Tuesday on business.

D. L. Bruce was transacting business on Shell Creek Monday.

Eddie Babbin was taken to the hospital Monday for treatment.

Joe Champ and Miss Bell Newman were visitors at the home of G. A. Camp.

Sherman Dixon and family visited at the home of Mary Kentpiama last Saturday.

H. Ross Rasmussen closed her school in district No. 35 last Friday with an appropriate program.

The Buttermills have postponed baseball for a couple of weeks on account of the small pox in the neighborhood.

The Shell Creek Buttermills defeated the Adams team last Sunday, the score being 6 to 11. A good crowd was in attendance, but the hard wind made it almost impossible to play good ball. The Adams Old Hoppers have changed their name to the Adams Striders.

Route No. 4.
Mrs. Wm. Wills returned from Cedar Rapids last Saturday.

Demogus Bros. were shelling corn for J. J. Barnes Saturday.

Guy My returned last Saturday from a two weeks' visit at Wolbach.

E. M. Biere and son were marketing their case and millet seed Tuesday.

If there are no new developments, the small pox quarantine will be raised from the home of Robert Rapprecht this week.

While planting corn last Monday John Schaff had a lively runaway. He got off the planter to change the wire, and the team became frightened at a passing automobile. They ran around the field and broke down fence posts, and demolished the planter and harness, and were finally captured uninjured.

Route No. 5.
H. L. Olcott completed his building Monday.

John Coffey sold his fat cattle the first of the week, and they were fine.

There will be preaching in the Honser school house, district No. 4, on Sunday, May 19, at 11 a. m.

C. L. Olcott sold his sheep, two hundred and fifty head, the first of the week. He also shipped three horses over the Burlington Monday.

Route No. 6.
Otto Born is painting his new barn.

Jacob Gerber bought a new cream separator last week.

Chas. Fiskus put up a new windmill in his pasture last week.

Oscar Ernst and Arnold Nider left Tuesday for their old home in Switzerland, where they will remain for about three months. It has been twenty-six years since they crossed the water and this is their first trip back.

Last week the matrimonial market was decidedly dull, not one license being issued, but this week Judge Ratterman issued three permits to wed, as follows:

PHILLIPS' 2D ADDITION

This new addition is located north of the city limits and will, within a few years be one of the choice residence localities of Columbus.

Lots in this addition will advance in price rapidly and as an investment they will bring good returns.

During the summer many new residences will be erected in Columbus, and Phillip's addition will get a good big share of them.

We are selling these lots very reasonable and on easy terms, and for a home or a better investment there is no better location in the city.

Phillip's Second Addition is only six blocks from the new government post office and only seven blocks from the Thurston Hotel. We would like to have you look the addition over and let us make you prices.

ELLIOTT, SPEICE & CO. NEBRASKA COLUMBUS

Card of Thanks.
Mr. and Mrs. George Mack and children and Mr. and Mrs. Carl Rhode and family wish to thank all the neighbors and friends for the many acts of kindness shown during the death and burial of George Mack and also for the beautiful floral offerings and the selections rendered by the Mansarcho.

George Mack.
George Mack, a former resident of Columbus, and father of Carl Rhode of this city, died at his home in Staplehurst Wednesday evening at 8:35, aged 63 years and 9 days.

George Mack was born April 29, 1844, at Laugenan, Wurtemberg, Germany. He came to America in 1864 and located at Freeport, Ill., but a year later moved to St. Louis. In 1867 he married Ernestine Worth at Chester, Ill. They resided twenty years at Havana, Ill., and then came west to Columbus, where they lived eight years. For the last ten years they made their home at Staplehurst, where he died last Wednesday evening. He leaves a widow and two children, Mrs. Carl Rhode and a son William, and five grand children, and four step daughters and twenty grand children and one great grand child.

The funeral was held in this city Sunday at the home of Carl Rhode, and the body laid to rest in the Columbus cemetery. After the services, which were conducted by Rev. Mansarcho, the Mansarcho, of which he was a member, rendered a fine selection.

Those attending the funeral from a broad were three of his step daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Zelle of Keany, Ill.; Mrs. John Hicks of Jacksonville, Ill.; Mrs. Wm. McKinley of Peoria, Ill., and the husband of the fourth daughter, who was too sick to attend, Wm. Borgolt, of Havana, Ill.

The Coal Situation.
In an interview with Mr. W. L. Park, General Superintendent of the Union Pacific Railroad he states that the coal situation is the most serious that confronts the people, particularly in the west. The population is growing so fast that the demand upon the mines are very much beyond their capacity.

"It is quite likely that next winter we will see a much more serious condition than existed during the past for the reason that the country west of the Rock Spring mines is settling up very rapidly and requires the entire commercial output at the present time. Recently very little Rock Spring coal has been shipped east of Cheyenne and practically none has left the mine of the Union Pacific or its affiliated lines during the past year.

It may be possible for the consumers along the Union Pacific, east of Rock Springs, to obtain this coal, if the dealers store it during the summer. This we are trying them to do, knowing how much the people appreciate the quality of this fuel. This would also give them some insurance against coal famine in the winter of 1907-1908, to which they are entitled.

"As the railroads will be entirely segregated from the coal business next winter it is up to the dealers to provide such facilities for storing and it is up to the people to see that they do it. Heretofore, the railroads protected the people against coal shortages by selling from their company supply coal to individuals and to dealers. Under the Hepburn Bill this will not be permitted.

"Personally, I intend to lay in a year's supply of coal and I am glad to give the people the tip that they had better do likewise. If their dealers do not store it, it would be wise for small families to club together and put some in storage or those who can afford it, to fill their bins and cellars, of course it will be much better for the dealer to provide facilities for storing, if they will do it.

"It is by no means a question of transportation. The problem will be producing the coal in sufficient quantities to meet increased demands.

"I would not like to see the people doing our line unless they have done in Nebraska and Dakota and in Canada during the past winter, and I want to get on record this early that they must look out for themselves to a greater extent than they have done heretofore, on account of the changed conditions."

Decorated table ware free. We give it with all cash sales. Save your coupons. Galley's dry goods store.

W. H. King, foreman of the Columbus Printing and Specialty house, had the misfortune to get his arm caught in the cylinder press, bruising it badly. While no bones were broken, the injury is very painful and will prevent him from working for three or four weeks.

A dinner set absolutely free. Galley's dry goods store.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Imig are the proud parents of a baby girl who arrived at their home Friday.

FOR SALE.
A farm of 145 acres, adjoining town site of Monroe. Good improvements. A large part of the land set to alfalfa. 900 per acre—a bargain.
Wm. WENSTER, Monroe, Neb.

1894 to 1907.
A period of 11 years intervening, in which good crops and high prices have produced an era of prosperity never before known in the history of the U. S. And the question of to-day, is: Are we entering another year of goods crops?

Will prices continue as high as in the preceding years? If so, we have nothing to fear, no cause to worry. But if the statement of the chief of the weather bureau is correct (and why should we question it) the wet seasons and periods of drought, follow each other in cycles, and having 11 years of moisture plenty why should we not expect a return of the dry season?

An evidence that people expect a change in crop yields and times of the past is, that "business men" and "farmers" are buying Nevada Mining stock as protection against short crops.

One purchaser stating that, as between "the crop prospect this year" and "Nevada stocks" he would take the stocks, as in his judgment it offered a more sure and possible larger return than the crop prospect of 1907, where the buyer was offered an honest pro-

position in which the "fakir" was eliminated and the money used in honest development.

I have used both time and money in obtaining information relative to the stocks I offer the public and an accident that in presenting the Nevada Pearl to the investor, I am offering him a stock that will bring quick and large returns, and that it is a working corporation, honestly and conservatively managed and located in the Bonanza district of Goldfield, three (3) shafts are being sunk as rapidly as men and money will drive them, one being at this date over 300 feet deep and now approaching the sulphide zone and liable to strike bonanza ore at anytime, when the stock will at once be taken off the market and this change to gold.

Stocks rapidly mount to the dollar mark and the high grade ore is found and the rule of Goldfield stocks is, they fly out of the market at \$1.00 but keep on climbing.

What better protection against a short crop year than 1000 shares of Nevada Pearl, I have a few thousand shares for sale and they go at 25 cts as long as they last.

Call at Room 16, German National Bank and see the maps of the District and see the favorable location of this property.
O. C. SHANNON.

A very sad death was that of Mrs. Matilda Grotzschman, wife of Anolph Grotzschman of Sherman township. She was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wilkin of Sherman township, where she was born and grew to womanhood. She was married to Adolph Grotzschman October, 27, 1866, and five children are left to mourn the loss of a kind mother, four boys and one girl, the oldest one also young and the youngest one "year. Besides her husband she leaves a father and mother and one brother and one sister, Emil Wilkin and Mrs. August Leosha. After years of hard work Mr. Grotzschman was just completing a beautiful home and preparing to enjoy life, when his help most was called. The funeral on Tuesday was one of the largest ever held in this locality, and was conducted by Rev. Danziger of the Lumbis Creek church and the burial was in the cemetery of the church.

SILVER CREEK.
From the Standard.
Recently had the referee lawyers and litigants in the Pease Est. case hold another session in this town. The referee gave the litigants 10 days to clean up evidence, appointments etc. and it begins to look now as though these cases were drawing to a close.

George Cronson has purchased the interest of W. V. Strobel in Silver Creek Telephone Co. and takes the position of secretary, while his son Walter becomes coal manager. Mr. Cronson is a man of good business ability and it is to be done on the valley in Park county. He is undoubtedly able to aid greatly in the expansion of the Silver Creek lines in this direction, which will improve the business of Silver Creek and the farmers own there.

Mrs. B. Hutchinson of Columbus came up Sunday evening with Miss Lillian Weeks and Dalea Spuler. She came up to help her mother, Emma Hughes, celebrate her birthday, which was Sunday.

QUIGLEY'S FRIEND

By CARL HEALY.

Quigley had one weakness. He got drunk exactly four times a year—on each of the four consecutive popular days. And when Quigley got drunk he acted like a madman. But Quigley wouldn't really be happy if he wasn't being his money. Money was made round, to go round, he used to say, and there would be lots of it in the world when he was dead and forgotten.

That's what Quigley said on particular days. But he held very different opinions upon the other 361 days of the year. Then money became to him a kind of deity. For this reason he was always an enigma to us.

When I first knew him he was keeping a little soup shop in the bog-side, a crowded district in London-derry. He sold as many bowls of soup at a penny each as kept the wolf from the door, anyhow, and he was always bright and cheerful. He had an interesting and adventurous career. He had been at the Fenian Raid on Canada, and had spent seven years in India. One evening as we sat by his fireside, he related the following episode in his career. It was



Got Drunk Four Times a Year.

In 1867, and I was in my twentieth year. The old Forty-second was stationed at Hamilton, a town 30 miles from Toronto. It was just after the Fenian Raid. Our barracks were formerly an old store and were situated at the extreme end of McNat street. The barracks were built of stone, but the roof offices were of wood. The barracks enclosure was of wood also. I have said that it was after the Fenian Raid. Things had quieted down. That was good for some of us and bad for the rest. To some nature's adventure and excitement are as necessary as food. It was so with me.

Well, the talking about the barracks did not suit my tastes at all. So I took to reading cheap books of adventure. The next best thing to being in a scrape is to read about those who have been. They became tired of things, so had I. They wanted to do great deeds, so did I. They ran away from comfortable homes into the jungle, and had to, I, too, ran away from the best father and mother in Tipperary into the army. Why the army? It was a dull place after all. Here, then, was I, almost in the center of the prairie country where all these adventures had taken place, with nothing better to do than wish away time. Only two miles off was the beginning of the virgin forest. There it was that Deerlayer had fought whole bands of red Indians single-handed, and covered himself with glory. The army was all right when there was fighting to be done, but—well, it didn't exactly suit me in times of peace.

There was a boy in the regiment from my native village of Kill-shellan, one Johnny Houlihan, the store-keeper. He was no scholar, but he could fight, and after all, that was the great matter.

I struggled with the desire to run away as long as I could, but there came a time when I could neither keep silent nor inactive any longer.

"Johnny," I said, when we were alone one evening, "Johnny, I'm going away from here."

"Going away," he repeated, "going to desert?"

"Not desert," I replied, for I didn't like the word. "Just going away."

Johnny smiled.

"You'll be proud of me one day," I said. "When the Kilshellan folks are reading in the papers of my exploits out here they won't forget that Johnny Houlihan was my comrade. Besides, what is there for a fellow here?—Idleness and fourpence a day, with maybe a pension of stipends."

Johnny laughed again.

"No, there is nothing for a fellow here," I continued, "but out yonder, pointing in the direction of the forest, 'out yonder there is life. A rifle and ammunition, that's all that is needed. I will be a chieftain or a hero, one or other. If the Indians dare me I will shoot them down, if they welcome I will become their chief—a leader and a master over them all."

"What if the Indians make up their minds to shoot you?" Johnny asked.

"Shoot me, not likely. A bow and an arrow against a rifle? Nonsense, man."

"But what about food?" asked Johnny.

"My rifle will provide food," I replied.

"I shall never forget your talk," I said, little knowing how true the remark would prove in a way that I never suspected then.

I was waiting for Johnny's coming a few minutes before the third-arrived. As I stood in the shadows by the gallery I began to think I received many substitutes in my past life. I thought of my mother and my sweetheart, and I pictured their amazed faces when they read of my adventures in the great American West. The people in Kilshellan would be proud of me, the greatest of their many great ones.

As these thoughts crossed my mind the clock struck the hour of midnight, and ere the outside had died away, Johnny Houlihan emerged from the barracks as arranged. He approached me unobtrusively, and we shook hands.

"Have you got the ammunition?" I asked.

"Here it is," he replied, showing back his big overcoat and showing the havresack inside. "You have a hundred rounds here."

"Dear old Johnny," I answered, at the same time seizing my rifle and climbing to the top of the fence.

"Johnny," I whispered.

"Well."

"Johnny, we may never meet again. It's a terrible place to the heart of the forest."

"Oh," he said as if with surprise.

"But I'm not a bit afraid, Johnny. Only if I never turn up I want you to write to my mother and tell her—tell her that I did nobly."

"I won't neglect it."

"God bless you," I said, fervently.

"But there's something else. You know little Noah O'Halloran, a daughter of old Thos O'Halloran, the salmon pool. I never knew till now how much I cared for her. Would you tell her—tell her that she was in my thoughts by day and night, and—"

"And that her name was upon your lips at the last," added Johnny.

I reached down and caught his hand.

"Dear, faithful Johnny. There are no hearts so true as the Kilshellan ones."

He climbed up the paling wall way, and with his own hands swung the havresack around my shoulder.

"Good-by, Johnny," I said, preparing myself to leap over the fence. One last look around, and I prepared myself to jump. Only two miles away was the forest of my longing and my dreams. In other years no man would wonder at the death I would do there. It was the grandest moment of my life. Already I felt myself a chieftain—a king among the red Indians. I raised the rifle to my shoulder, and put my hand to steady the havresack on my hip. As I did so the heart sank within me. I had been duped, deceived.

The havresack contained nothing but broken biscuits.

I became frantic and threw directions to the wind. I shouted a terrible application after Johnny. Then, horror of horrors! all the apples in the rooms of the first farmhouse went down as if with a single blow. That was a thousand ounces. Scores of heads peered through, and wanted to know how I had the jungle.

Johnny, the usual, had shamelessly betrayed my secret.

After that night's adventure, I had no further desire to go a hunting the red Indians. And when I had time to think calmly over matters, I came to the conclusion that Johnny Houlihan was my true friend, after all, and that there are no friends as true as the Kilshellan ones.

A Well-Bred Woman.
Women find a dear delight in saying agreeable things about each other when they have a real good opportunity. There was a great charity-fest in progress at one of the fashionable hotels not many afternoon ago, and one of the Katholophonians was showing a non-resident about among the beauties. Presently a handsome woman, handsomely gowned and a thoroughbred as far as the eye could detect, passed by them. She was not a Katholophonian, however. Indeed, she was no modern, so to be the daughter of a handsome, well-to-do manufacturer of handkerchiefs, who had left her a million or more of his money.

"That looks like a very well-bred woman," said the Katholophonian, who approached her in a friendly way and bowed.

FURNITURE

A New line Just Received

The most modern in its structure and design. Each piece has a certain individuality of its own, and this, coupled with the fact that it is made strong and durable make it all the more desirable to Columbus people. We want to please with our Furniture and if you will call we will show you the newest things in furniture. We solicit your patronage.

HENRY GASS

Park Meat Market

Now open for business. Choice cuts of juicy steaks, tenderloins, and pork chops. Fish and game in season. Orders promptly filled and delivered to any part of the city. We will buy your poultry and hides. Call and see us.

Boyle & Talbot

South side Park—Telephone 25.