

CORRESPONDENCE

Route No. 1.
 Louis Leach marketed a car of boys Tuesday of this week.
 Ed Doe of Bismark township is in Columbus last Saturday.
 Louis Warden, who has been on the sick list is improving.
 It is reported that the home of John Seaford is quarantined for small-pox.
 Miss Ethel Moore of Omaha is visiting her parent, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Moore.
 Farmers on the route must have all planted yellow corn, judging from the way it is coming up.

Route No. 3.
 D. A. Bocher was out on his farm Monday.
 Miss Grace Benson is visiting friends on Route 3 this week.
 Corn is coming up nicely, some fields being ready to cultivate.
 A good evidence of spring. Ed Newman shed his fur overcoat.
 Small grain along the route has made a rapid growth since the rain.
 The quarantine for small-pox was raised on the home of A. Rupprecht Monday.
 The family of Ferdinand Sealford were quarantined for small-pox last week, his daughter Sarah being sick.
 There is a good attendance of delegates at the district convention being held this week at the Shell Creek.

Route No. 4.
 Smith Hilliard marketed hog in Columbus Tuesday.
 The Jap boys had Smith Hilliard planting corn for them Tuesday.
 George Stracks, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stracks, and Miss Treese Poffel were married at the Catholic church, Tuesday, May 23, at 9 p. m. There was a wedding reception at the home of the bride's parents, about three hundred invited guests being present.
 Mrs. Thomas Lynch died Friday evening at 5 p. m. Last winter she suffered from an attack of grip and pneumonia, but recovered, and while her health was not the best her death was quite unexpected. The funeral was held Tuesday at the Catholic church in Platte Center and the burial was in St. Joseph's cemetery.

Route No. 5.
 H. L. Olcott has painted his residence.
 The school in the Thomas district closed Thursday. Miss Bebe Bryan, the teacher, will remain at home for a few weeks, and then go to Omaha to spend the summer.
 Joe Nitch is putting in a good grade across Clear creek, between L. Hahn's and Frank Tschauer's, and Otto Ernst has been doing some good work on the roads between the Loop and Platte river.
 The patrons on Route No. 5 believe helping out the carrier when ever they can. On the southeast corner of section

PHILLIPS' 2D ADDITION

Half the addition is now gone but there are still left some of the choicest residence lots

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 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 Phillips' 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 from the Thurston Hotel.

We would like to have you look the addition over and let us make you prices.

ELLIOTT, SPEICE & CO.

Sole Agents COLUMBUS NEBRASKA

LOCATION OF EDEN

MANY REGIONS ASSOCIATED WITH LOST PARADISE.
 Finding of Spot Has Always Been One of the Fascinating Pursuits of Ages, But Quest Seems Hopeless.

Every once in awhile an ingenious theorist arises with the announcement that the Garden of Eden has at last been located. The world is concerned more for the restitution to the race of a large measure of the innocence and happiness that is associated with the lost paradise than it is with the location of the place which is woven into the majestic lines of Milton in his pictures of the creation and the tragedy of the garden. Nevertheless, the strength of human interest in the facts of human origin makes the location of the Garden of Eden one of the fascinating pursuits of the ages. As there is no known spot upon the face of the earth that corresponds with the features attributed to the location of Eden, and as, even admitting the validity of the Bishop Ussher chronology, there has elapsed sufficient time for the utter transformation of the physical aspects of Eden as described in Genesis, the hunt for the actual Eden seems hopeless.

The cradle of the race undoubtedly lies somewhere in the east, and, accepting the Indo-European theory of race identity of the Caucasian races, it would seem as though the approximate birthplace of this branch of the human family could be placed. But ethnologists are themselves astounded as they endeavor to track the path of humanity and to trace the breakup of the race into its many branches, through the evidence of language and other enduring records. They are nonplused and cannot arrive at a common agreement, excepting that, after research has reached to the farthest limit, the borderland of civilization appears to be brought little nearer.

Nevertheless, there is no tradition among the nations so entrancing as that of Eden. Hardly a nation of the ancient east but that retains the story among its folk-lore. But the tradition has traveled westward and has spread over the whole world. Even the Sandwich Islanders, the people of the Pamirs, and it is even said the Eskimos, have traditions of the story of Eden. The records of the Aztecs disclose the story of the serpent delineated unmistakably in the picture language of that ancient people. But while the valley of Mexico has the credit of being one of the spots identified with the location of Eden, on the other hand the north pole is a candidate for the honor, it being claimed that Eden was wiped out by the advance of the ice sheet during the glacial ages. South and Central America, Mexico, the Sahara desert, the jungles of the dark continent—almost every tropical country—has its defenders in this respect.

The point of these claims usually rests upon evidence of the existence of a race earlier than any of which history has knowledge. But as these ancient stocks are scattered throughout the globe, this appears to prove nothing. But tradition, world-wide, enshrines the Garden of Eden among the beliefs of widely dissimilar peoples, and this fact itself indicates the early identity of the races of mankind. The Mexican tradition, relating as it does to this continent, has special interest. This assumes there was a race of human beings on this continent many thousands of years ago, and this is to some extent confirmed by discoveries along the Pacific coast of South America. Traces of a race and a civilization have been discovered there, which go far back of recorded time. It also seems that in some way or other there was land connection between America and the east. This appears to be given some plausibility by explorations of the oceans. There are reasons for believing that a continent which once stood between this country and the east sank into the sea and the fabled Atlantis was a part of it.

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 operate in season.

S. E. HARTY & CO.
 Telephone No. 1 - Columbus, Neb.

MORE THAN QUEEN

WAS DOLLY MADISON IN THE LONG AGO.

Rated Long Over American Hearts, the First Lady of The Land—Marriage with Matthew Was Her Second.

Dolly Madison! Truly the name it self is one to conjure with. To one even who forgets all the dates and battles and great generals and other momentous events of history, it clings with persistence like the lingering perfume of some old sweetmeat, writes Cora A. Moore in Broadway. It means dimples and coquetry and laughing eyes and all the charm and wit that make some women wonderful. All this Dolly was, the demure Quaker maiden from Philadelphia, who burst from the chrysalis of a sumner girlhood to the brilliant butterfly existence of a womanhood that found her the absolute queen of society, the arbiter of the positions of the day, the first lady of the land!

Her parents, who were Friends, had moved from Virginia to Philadelphia for the advantages of the religious associations here afforded. Dorothea—they called her Dorothea then—used to walk on Chestnut street in that afternoon promenade which Chestnut street still celebrates, and she wistfully watched the ladies of fashion in their gay brocades and bright-colored silk stockings that peeped beneath their petticoats; for her heart dearly loved all the staid, pretty fancies that her faith rebuked. At 13 she married, as her parents wished, John Todd, a staid and proper Quaker, a lawyer of Philadelphia. At 23 she was a widow, and then it was that she began to develop as herself.

Aaron Burr had asked permission to bring to call on her one of the rising statesmen of the day, and all in a flutter the gay young widow wrote a woman friend that the "great little Madison is coming to see me this evening." She got herself up in a mulberry satin gown that set off to advantage the pearly white and delicate rose tints of her complexion, and when, in her mother's candle lighted parlor, she extended a soft, dimpled hand to the unimpressive little man in a suit of black, with ruffled shirt and silver shoe buckles, he was almost overcome by the radiance of her beauty, the laughing eyes of Irish blue and the saucy black curls that escaped from the demure cap of white tulle. She was the loveliest woman he had ever met, and he went at once about his wooing. In a few months the rumor of an engagement was afloat in society. Martha Washington, with the privilege of a family connection, made bold to ask Mrs. Todd how matters stood. When the widow blushingly admitted the truth, she was assured that it was all right and that the match should have the blessing of President and Mrs. Washington.

There followed a splendid wedding. The dun colored Quaker abode in Philadelphia was not grand enough, and so it was celebrated in Virginia, at Harewood, the home of the bride's sister, and it was a very different scene from the first wedding that took place in the Friends' meeting house.

Fair Division of Property.
 "Well, they are divorced."
 "Amicably?"
 "Oh, yes. He got the dog and she got the rubber plant."

23 there were seven boxes, all on posts, but this week August Fickel put up a wheel with the boxes on it, and now the carrier has but one stop to make at that corner, as he can revolve the wheel and put the mail in each box as it is turned around. Those who have boxes on this corner are August Fickel, O. W. Roberts, Wm. Viergutz, Frank Flegman, Albert Soultz, C. W. Shorup and Louis Jahn. A similar wheel has been put up on the northwest corner of section 23, the following having boxes at that place. Christ VonEimern, Frank Stachura, Barney Stachura, Fred Krueger and August Viergutz. Such conveniences as these are appreciated by the carrier, as it means a saving in time for him.

TERRORS OF RUSSIAN WINTER.

It is So Cold That All Human Activity is Nearly Suspended.
 "Winter in Russia," said a traveler, "is a time of rest. The only work possible in the country is woodchopping, and since very few can engage in this profitably the majority of the peasants spend the cold months beside their stoves—sleeping."
 "When the first snow falls they heap it up against their huts, and it helps to keep them warm. In the towns every street is piled with mounds of snow ten feet high, restricting the fairway of traffic to half the usual breadth of the road."
 "Thieves burn at all street corners, round which the policemen on duty, the errand boy and the casual loafer stand chattering out frozen toes and trying to gain comfort in the cheery sight of the blaze. In Moscow the municipality has this year erected hundreds of little huts warmed to fever heat with stoves. Between these and the government drink monopoly shops a great many worthy citizens, who, but for that terrible wind, would be seeking work in a score of different directions, hover to and fro. Vodka is consumed in astonishing quantities, and it has the property of enabling the generous drinker to withstand this icy blast for hour after hour—in fact, so long as the stuff is procurable. But there is no credit in the government drink monopoly shops, and when they do close the streets become strangely deserted by all but the few well-to-do who care to face the cold on business or pleasure bent."
 "The only garment that will keep out frost and wind is the Siberian dakh; ordinary fur-lined coats with huge collars embedding the head covered with well-wadded fur cap, are useful only for short drives; for anything over a few miles the dakh is indispensable. This is preferably reindeer hide without and some heavy, close fur within, and is made large enough to envelop the wearer with clothes and ordinary fur coat, if need be, as well."
 "It is astonishing what extremes and sudden changes the human frame will accustom itself to. You sit in a warm house at a temperature of 65 degrees one moment and the next you are out in the street breathing with exhilaration generous lungfuls of air at 40 degrees below the opening of the first fur and the closing of the third—you always have at least three doors to get in and out of during a Russian winter."

Park Meat Market

Hunters in Church.
 The hunt of Saint Hubert at Rallye-Chambly, France,—the seat of Prince Murat—is especially interesting, owing to an ancient custom having been revived and still kept up. Every year there is a grand mass held at the church, which is brilliantly illuminated for the occasion. The whippersnappers and the whole hunting establishment, wearing the livery of the house, which is red, with tricorn hats embroidered with gold, ranged down the nave. At the elevation of the host the men sound their horns and the priest solemnly blesses the hunt. This is quite a grand feat.
 One can faintly imagine the picturesque tout ensemble of this scene, not only the dogs, riders and beautiful horses but the magnificent carriages, with the most fashionably dressed ladies, and the chic impromptu luncheon. All very fascinating, accompanied with the light-heartedness of spirit and simple grace of the aristocratic French woman. It is a sight that lingers long in the memory, so instinct with charm and beauty is it—Gentlewoman.

Korgie & Valosek

South side Park—Thirteenth St.
 Columbus, Neb. Both phones

The Snowshoe Rabbit.

Nature has tried many means of saving her own from the snow death; some, like the woodchuck, she puts to sleep till the snows shall be over. Others she teaches to store up food and to hide—so she deals with the woodmouse. To still others, as the moose, she furnishes stiles. The last means she employs is snow shoes. This, the simplest, most scientific, and best, is the equipment of the snowshoe rabbit, the *Wabasso* of Hiawatha—a wonderful creature, born of a snowdrift crossed with a little brown hare.
 The moose is like a wading bird of the shore that has stiffs and can wade, well for a space, but that soon reaches the limit beyond which it is no better off than a land bird. But the snowshoe is like the swimmer—it skims over the surface where it will, not caring if there be one or 1,000 feet of the element below it. In this lies its strength.
Wabasso has another name—the varying hare—because it varies in color with the season; and the seasons in all its proper country are of two colors, brown for six months, white for six. So all summer long, from mid-April till mid-October, the northern hare is a little brown rabbit. Then comes the snowy cold, the brown coat is quickly shed, a new white coat appears, the snowshoes grow fuller—and the little brown hare has become a white hare, the snowshoe hare of the woods.—Everybody's Magazine.

Some of Art.

Donald, who was a fisher, started to dress his own flyhooks. He was met by a crocodile one day, who said: "I hear you're begun to dress yer ain hooks too, Donald? Is that true?" "It's a' that," answered Donald. "An' can yer put them up anything natural-like?" inquired the crocodile. "I dinna ken for that," replied Donald, "but there wis a spider ran awa' wi' two o' them yesterday."
 A Good Beginning.
 "My boss," said little Elsie, "is going to be an admiral."
 "Indeed?" replied the visitor. "A cadet of the naval academy, I suppose?"
 "Oh, he hasn't got that far yet, but he's had an anchor tattooed on his arm."—Catholic Standard and Times.

COFFEE

We are sole agents in Columbus for the Trans-Mississippi Gold Medal Coffee and we have the exclusive sale of this popular brand in this city. If you are not satisfied with the coffee you are using, try this brand. Send in an order for a package and compare it with what you are using. Our stock of Groceries is new and fresh.

H. F. GREINER

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

ENGLAND SAYS NO ALUM IN FOOD

In England and France the Sale of Alum Baking Powder is prohibited by law because of the injurious effects that follow its use. The law in the District of Columbia also prohibits Alum in food.

You may live where as yet you have no protection against Alum. The only safe protection against Alum in your Baking Powder is to

Say plainly—
ROYAL BAKING POWDER
 ROYAL is made from Absolutely pure Cream of Tartar,—a pure Grape product. Aids digestion—adds to the healthfulness of food.

