

# 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

### CORRESPONDENCE

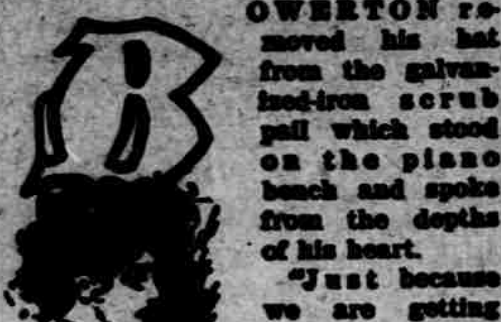
**Route No. 1.**  
Mrs. Wm. Brown of Schuyler is visiting Mrs. Henry Reider.  
Tuesday Leopold Plath was doing some work for Gerhard Loeche.  
Miss May Reed left Sunday for Fremont, for a week's visit with friends.  
Mrs. Nora Marler visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hongler, last week.  
Last Friday the small pox quarantine was raised on the home of Gerhard Loeche.  
The first man to cultivate corn on the route is John Mulgrus. He began last Saturday.  
Last Friday the Third and Fourth grades of the Columbus schools held a picnic in Browner's grove.

**Route No. 3.**  
Miss Emma Binson of route No. 2 is at home this week.  
Gustav and Chas. Brunken were Fremont visitors Sunday.  
Milton Miller was a guest at the home of Martin Dirks Sunday.  
Miss Julia Fox of Columbus spent Sunday with Miss Mary Newman.  
Oto Gnotelnschen was a guest at the home of Martin Dirks Sunday.  
J. F. Godkin was transacting business in Fullerton last Thursday and Friday.  
Alice and Clarence Newman visited their brother Harvey, east of Columbus, Sunday.  
Miss Emma Binson was the guest of A. Watta, west of Platte Center, over Sunday.  
August Brunken of Leigh spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Brunken.  
Mrs. Diedrich Brunken left Saturday for Chicago, for a two weeks' visit with relatives.  
The small pox quarantine was raised from the home of Ferdinand Seefeld last Friday.  
Miss Dora Epenhausen arrived Tuesday from Chaucery, N. Y., for her annual vacation.  
Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Binson and family visited with Grandpa and Grandma Loeche over Sunday.  
Miss Ruby Bousman and Carl Becker were guests at the home of E. M. Newman Sunday afternoon.  
Some of the young folks on the route enjoyed a pleasant time at a party held at the home of Gerhard Rosche in Grand Prairie township Sunday evening.

**Route No. 4.**  
Farmers on the route have been compelled to replant some of their corn.  
Miss Minnie Mayberger and her niece, Miss Kate McDonald of Humphrey left Tuesday for a visit with relatives at Denver, Colorado Springs and Tampa, Colorado. While there they will take in other points of interest in that state.

**Route No. 5.**  
The Platte river has been on the rise

### HOW HE HELPED



OVERTON removed his hat from the galvanized scrub stool which stood on the piano bench and spoke from the depths of his heart.  
"Just because we are getting ready to move," he said, "and feeling, is not a good reason for my handkerchiefs in the soap box in which we keep nails and picture books. And, really, what was the use of using a barrel as a breakfast table? Just to live up to the spirit of the occasion? I might add that I saw a cut-glass bowl sitting sociably with the andirons—"  
"I wish you would go along to the office," said Mrs. Bowerton, a trifle sharply. "A man hasn't the slightest idea what it means to move, to say nothing of packing up to move by train. He gets out of it all. If you had to find a place to put forty-seven things that haven't any place—and with the children about me and the cook ready to leave—I'm simply tired to death."  
Bowerton was not sympathetic, because his best cigars had been crushed under a pile of books. "You don't get at it with system," he persisted.  
"System!" snapped his wife. "Moving is chaos, and if any one can infuse system into chaos I'd like to meet the person."  
"Anyhow," Bowerton said, magnanimously, "I'll be on hand the last day to help you out."  
"After everything is all packed and ready," suggested his wife, with deadly sweetness.  
Bowerton was true to his word. On the day the movers were to come for the goods he even sat on one box and uncomplainingly ate breakfast off another box and did not allude to the fact that he had no napkins.  
Mrs. Bowerton turned the hot water on the few breakfast dishes and spoke over her shoulder. "Please wrap these and put them in that open barrel," she said.  
Fifteen minutes later as she hastened through the kitchen she found her husband gazing with pride on the lumps sticking up through the excelsior in the barrel.  
"Now what?" he asked, brightly. "Any one with human intelligence,"

said Mrs. Bowerton, "would put the cover on the barrel. Did you think it would go safely that way? And to think that Jamie should have the carcase on this of all mornings!"  
When the chief mover announced that they couldn't box the piano because the whole front of the box was gone his apparent unconcern aroused wrath in Bowerton's soul. The disaster with the piano was the remotest difference to the mover.  
"There was a whole piano box when we moved into this flat," Bowerton asserted, indignantly.  
"Well, there hasn't now," said the mover. "Bill, are yeh goin' to the fight to-night?"  
A few minor troubles such as couches that were not roped and boxes that flew open and spilled the contents and the discovery that her tailor suit she had planned to wear was packed and gone and that the table leg had pierced Bowerton's new hat were met and passed over grimly. There really did not seem to be anything for him to do, but Bowerton did it with all his might.  
When the last thing had vanished into the huge wagon Bowerton stood on the walk watching its departure. Grimms, who lives down the street, came by.  
"Working hard?" he asked.  
Bowerton beamed at him with the conscious virtue of one who has labored for a cause.  
"It's no joke," he said, valiantly. "Been getting things off. Of course, my wife had been sort of getting things together, but when it came to the real work I took a hand myself. I tell you, it was no picnic."  
At the open windows Mrs. Bowerton heard. A vision of the last ten days swam before her eyes.  
"That isn't just like a man!" she thought. "Well, when I'm born to this earth again I'm going to be one of the helpless kind. It's a lot easier."  
—Chicago Daily News.



**MORE THAN HE COULD HANDLE.**  
Brother Jones was a Few Thousand Beyond His Capacity.  
It was a little out-of-the-way church just after the hot weather had been observed, which is a custom followed by that particular religious sect of people, that the preacher announced that the congregation would join in singing hymn No. 22, "My God, Be on Thy Guard, Thou Thousand Hosts." Mr. Jones, a red-faced, broad-chested giant, tried to get on a lot of

energy and sing them, for this was a special occasion, and he seemed to be the whole church, since he was musical director, and the only clerk they had, as well as justifying his position in that he did everything but preach. He ran up and in plianter-like steps began to sing in a pitch too high. When he got to the second line ("The ten thousand host," etc.) it was necessary for his voice to rise beyond his capacity, and he broke down. The congregation began to titter, and a brother in the front row said: "Fears to me like you're a little too high." And the old gentleman in his shirt sleeves, over in the amen corner, rose up with a judicial air and droned out: "Bye we just try 5,000."—Judge's Library.

**HAD BORROWED A PAST.**  
Pittsburg Man's Unique Scheme for Pleasing His Bride.  
There is a man in Pittsburg who will be married in a short while, and will occupy the house a few rooms of which he has used during his bachelor days. He takes the greatest pleasure in showing his intimate friends about the place, and is especially delighted at the astonishment they express when his own "den" is reached. He has always been a quiet, studious fellow, but as refitted the room gives the appearance of the lounging place of a regular roue. There are racks of long pipes; photographs of actresses are stuck about the chimney glass; a shelf of beer steins runs all the way around the room, and a few feminine gloves, handkerchiefs, and fans are scattered about. "Great Scott, Jack!" the last visitor gasped, "where did you get this outfit, and why?" "Bought out a college fellow," was the complacent reply. "Just think how pleased that dear little girl will be when she sees all this truck, and thinks how much wickedness she has won me away from!"—Harper's Weekly.

**Sleep and Old Age.**  
There is no question that the quantity of sleep required steadily diminishes from infancy to old age. This is a rather interesting exception to

seven days a week, and sometimes foregoes as much as 24 hours in six weeks over an area of 500 square miles. Various reports and statistics of the day show that in some cases also be produced.

**Spotlight Farming.**  
A Scotch lad took his new plowman to look for the watering furrows which were the result of his work. "Your drills are not nearly as straight as those Angus made," he said, severely. "The would not have left such a groove as this." "Angus didn't lay his work," said Tommie, calmly, contemplating his employer with an indulgent gaze. "Ye see, when the drills in crumple the sun gets in on a side, an' 'tis then ye get early 'tillies."

**Sanctify the Great Disinfectant.**  
Let plenty of sunshine into your house. Sunshine is the greatest of disinfectants. It will also discourage "bugs" of all kinds, great and small. No room is fit to inhabit if the sun doesn't shine full into it for a couple of hours daily. Carpets and hangings! Yes, of course it will fade them. If you value your carpets and hangings more than the health of yourself and family by all means keep out the sun.

**LIKE ONE LARGE FAMILY.**  
People of Newfoundland Have No Need of Hotels.  
I need scarcely say there are no hotels on this coast, and consequently no hotel bills. The traveler selects his own house when he enters a settlement, walks in and sits down by the stove. Indeed he scarcely waits for the invitation to "sit in" when the family goes to meals, the people of this coast being much given to hospitality. When night comes on he simply takes off his boots and—stays. It may be he will have to share a bunk with one of the household, or perhaps he has a bed in "the room," that depends on his social position. If room is short he will turn in on a settle, or simply lie down on the floor. I have slept on a settle under which the bees lived in winter and rested as soundly as on any feather bed, the

### COLUMBUS SAILED IN 1492

## The Columbus Bargain Store Starts

THEIR SALE

### Saturday, June 8th, and ends June 20th

Come and See Us.

All our Orientals, in white, cream and ceru, 15, 18 and 20 values to be sold at, per yard..... 10c  
50, 65, 75c and \$1.00 all over laces, in white, cream, and ceru at, per yard..... 39c

**EMBROIDERIES**  
We are closing out all our embroideries, insertions, bands and edges at, per yard..... 10c  
All our Embroideries worth 50c per yard, now..... 33c  
All our real Nottingham Curtains, 50c to 1.98 values \$1. to \$3. at.....

Children's parasols, in all colors, 50c values, now... 29c  
10c values in wash towels 5c. Big stock of new shoes at half price. For \$5 you can buy at this store, an all wool suit, which we guarantee as good as any \$10 suit in town. Suits worth \$15 to \$20 at \$12.48. Boys' suits at half price. A sam ple line of mens' hats to be sold below cost.

**GROCERIES** Our 25c coffee in lb. packages at 18c a lb. Our 15c coffee, 8 lbs for \$1. If you buy \$2.00 worth of Dry Goods, you can buy 21 pounds of sugar for \$1.00.

## Columbus BARGAIN Store

Simon Burdy, Proprietor.

only inconvenience being that now and again I had to grope after the rooster, which persisted in thinking it was morning long before I did. The first question asked a stranger on his entering a house will not be "What is your business?" It is certain to be "Have you been to tea?" For our national drink is tea, and a drunken man is seldom or never seen. Indeed we have become a prohibition coast.—London Standard.

**NEVER ON THE THIRTY-FIRST.**  
Bridgeman's Second Visit Would Be One Day Afterward.  
Rev. Dr. William H. Fishburn, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, most sunny day in the world and likes nothing better than a good, wholesome joke, even if it is turned against himself. He was visited in his home on last St. Patrick's day by a prosperous looking couple who de stroyed his kindly office in making them one. The man was an ironmaster from Pittsburg and the bride-elect was a Jersey woman. The business was quickly dispatched and the happy bridegroom came to the question of "Just ask yourself as to that," said Dr. Fishburn as his eyes rested upon a thick roll of bills the ironmaster had dug out of his trousers' pocket. "Well," said the newly-made husband, "in this is the seventeenth of March '91 make it \$17, and good luck to you." "My friend," said the dominie, "I wish you the greatest happiness in the world, but if ever you happen to want me again just call around on the thirty-first of the month." "No, sir," replied the bridegroom as he walked away. "It came on the first."

**A Queer Habit.**  
A New Jersey dog has a most peculiar habit, which is that regularly every Sunday and holiday he fights with some of his canine friends. Ordinarily days he is the most quiet and peaceable dog imaginable, and would no more think of picking a quarrel than of refusing a bone. But always on Sundays and holidays that is in his light, tall coat and hair bristles. He never fails to find one, either! Why he does this no one has ever been able to find out, but there seems to be something in the air on those special days that excites his fighting instincts, and he never misses an opportunity.

**A Pleasant Prophet.**  
There has been found recently in Cuba a strange plant which has extraordinary powers in forecasting the future. When these are to occur twigs and leaves perform peculiar movements, each having its definite significance. By observing them weather forecasts can be made from two to

### THE RED SIGNAL LIGHT

"Dig me if there wasn't a lot of discussion about these signals," said the first engineer. "A fellow would be piling along about 45 miles an hour with a heavy train 'n' come up again: the signal at Danvers Crossin' all stands!"  
"Now, Danvers Crossin' was a bad spot to get stopped, 'n' it didn't seem to smooth anyone's feelings to lay there the required time for automatic signals 'n' find everything all right."  
"Of course, there was only one explanation, Spookin'."  
"Oh, yes, we decided that at a protracted session of the stove committee. Farmer Bailey and his two children were killed at Danvers Crossin' during that winter 'n' it was only natural that their departed spirits should get back by tamperin' with the signals and set the operatin' department of the road by the ears."  
"What seemed to make the spook theory more plausible was that the tamperin' with the signals did not begin until after negotiations with the railroad company by Bailey's relatives for damage claims had become dead-locked."  
"But I wouldn't fall for any such thingamajigs in mine. However, the signals up that way continued to play hook with us, 'n' reports 'n' complaints at the main office didn't bring any improvement. There was a reign of terror among the train crews."  
"I was comin' east one night with first 86, the livestock express, 'n' only had just as much time as the law allows to get in 'n' make the export steamer with 'em. I wasn't thinkin' much about spooks or spirits, but just merely payin' attention to business."  
"I was shakin' 'em along right lively when comin' along there by Danvers Crossin' the red light on the signal pole was shinin' as brightly as the big ruby in the rajah's crown. I kept steamin on just as long as I possibly could, thinkin' that the signal would turn to white. But it didn't, 'n' I came to a dead stop."  
"From what I could see the track in the block ahead was just as clear as a politician's conscience. However, I had to wait the required ten minutes before proceedin'." Well, sir, the last-guess I used about spooks 'n' automatic block signals in general while we were standin' there would have sterilized milk."  
"All of a sudden down behind a bush near the tracks was a splashin' waller's sound, as if some one had slipped 'n' made a false step in the ditch. Immediately I thought it a part of my duties to go down there 'n' investigate. Mebbe I might see Farmer Bailey's shade 'n' talk him out of this foolishness of tryin' to get hep tamperin' with our signal system."  
"I ran down the bank toward the bush. The spook saw me comin' 'n' evidently not wishin' to be interviewed, started to leg it across lots, me in full pursuit."  
"It beat any Marathon cross-country race you ever saw, my contest with that shade. He was pretty swift on his spindles 'n' I'm no sellin' plater myself."  
"I was closin' the gap on him pretty rapidly 'n' I was just mad enough to give that ghost a good slap on the halo when I caught up to him. Comin' to a little brook crossin' the lot the spook decided not to take the Liverpool 'n' he stopped so suddenly that I nearly went through him."  
"Well, I says, swingin' him aroun', 'the pleasure is all mine. You can't—"  
"No," he returned in a voice strangely familiar, but that belonged to no spook, "It's all mine. I saw it first. You just hike back to your train 'n' move on."  
"I just felt as cheap as a fur overcoat in hades. There I'd been chasin' the superintendent of signals."  
"You see the company had been tryin' a little test just to see who was who 'n' up to snuff on the automatic signals to find out what engineers were observin' the signals properly. Of course they hadn't thought it necessary to take us into their confidence 'n' except for the super's false step we wouldn't be wise yet."

**Children Who Contradict.**  
A natural habit of every child is to contradict, and this should be overcome as soon as a boy or girl develops it, for of all disagreeable and overbearing persons those who aggressively contradict are among the worst. Parents cannot be too particular in teaching their sons and daughters to disagree courteously, which is not at all incompatible with doing it positively. "I beg your pardon, but that is a contradiction as saying 'It isn't,' and it is far better manners. "I thank you are mistakes" is another way of expressing the opinion. A mother need not be afraid of making her child a prig by teaching him such little things. They are as important to him as a knowledge of how to speak grammatically.

**Feudalism.**  
A certain man, who was recently re-elected to a position that he had held for many years, met a friend who congratulated him on his continued good fortune. To this the other replied: "Yes, but it can't always last; I'll have to give it up some day. I feel a great deal like a man I knew who worked in one place for 40 years, and when discharged at last on account of old age remarked: 'Well, when I came here I knew I wouldn't have a steady job.'"

**Samplers Changed Hands.**  
It was in a country tavern where a newly arrived commercial traveler was holding forth. "I'll bet my cap of samples," he said, "that I've got the hardest name of anybody in the back part of the stove. 'To will, will ye?' he drawled. "We-d, I'll have to take ye up. I'll bet \$10 against your sample that my sample'll beat yours." "Dunno," cried the salesman. "I've got the hardest name in the country. I've got it in stone." The old man expostulated. "Dunno," he said, "is harder."

### MEAT MARKET

We invite all who desire choice steaks, and the very best cuts of all other meats to call at our market on Broad Street. We also have poultry and fish and operate in season.

## S. E. HARTY & CO.

Telephone No. 1 - Columbus, Neb.

**GLORIOUS ARGUMENT INTER.**  
Merrill Idea of Poultry Society.  
The suitability of Moorish women strikes me greatly, says a writer in the National Review. I visited some the other day. They were full of healthy interest. They liked my fair hair, they liked my clothes; one old crane suggested how lovely I should be were I to paint my cheeks a brilliant red, stain my under lip coal black, adding three black vertical lines on my forehead and one in the middle of my chin, also stain my teeth with walnut juice, my hands with henna! I therefore rubbed my cheeks with my handkerchief till they turned crimson; that amused them highly, and they laughed and said I needed no paint, but did need henna and blacking!

**Milk Peddler's Trick.**  
"Of course, in this city," said a Philadelphia milk inspector, "the milk is pure, but I've been in some towns where impure milk dealers have played some funny dodges on me. You know how I work? I sneak along the streets, hold up a milkman, and take a sample right out of the can? Well, it has been a common thing when a milkman has known me by sight for him to pretend to trip on seeing me come, fall headlong and upset his can of milk all over the pavement. You, that trick worked the first time, and I wanted a lot of pity on the man that played it."

**Hotel Counter Service.**  
Some sharp pieces of sarcasm flash across the hotel counters at times. The other night an unhelpful individual drifted into the Imperial, whose appearance did not prove at all satisfactory to the clerk. "Sorry, we shall have to ask you to settle in advance," said the clerk. "But you see you don't know you." The response of the arrival was cool. "What difference does that make?" "Why, so many swindlers have done us lately, you see—"  
"Oh, I thought there was professional courtesy among swindlers." And he walked out indignantly.—San Francisco Call.

**The Grave of Goldsmith.**  
That Oliver Goldsmith was buried in the churchyard of the Temple has been placed beyond doubt by the entry in the register. But the stone on the north side of the Temple church, around which the enthusiasts of the Goldsmith club gather, has been placed on a spot purely conjectural, for the exact position of the grave has never been discovered. The real site was remembered as late as 1836. In that year the sexton, a very aged man, who apparently was present at the burial, still venerated an elder tree, which, he said, marked the site of Goldsmith's grave. This elder tree seems to have stood a few feet south of the present stone, near the old vestry.—Westminster Gazette.

**The Wandering Woman.**  
Of all the women born into an ungrateful and unprosperous world none can compare to the really charming one. We may admire the beauty and gaze in awe at the blossoming of the "dear things of our acquaintance" and trump the "good sort" on the back, but in the presence of a personality which "charms" us we remain in speechless and almost breathless fascination. Truly of every such woman can it be said which was said by St. Simon of one of the most fascinating women of his time, that she walks "like a goddess on the clouds."  
—L'Influence.

**Peel the Wino Skin.**  
Latham, one of the great men of literature, who died in 1716, wished to join a society of alcoholists who were prosecuting a search for the philosopher's stone. He compiled a letter from the writings of the most celebrated alcoholists and sent it to the society. The letter contained of the most obscure terms he could find and he himself, he said, did not understand a word of it. Alas! he was thought ignorant the society invited him to its meetings and made him an initiate.

### Park Meat Market

Now open for business. Choice cuts of juicy steaks, tenderloin 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.

## Kory & Valosak

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