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People who predicted a dry season for Nebraska this year have not a word to say now.

Next Friday is Flag day. The design of the United States flag, was adopted on June 24, 1777, or 230 years ago, and it is the most beautiful and most honored flag of all nations.

After considerable controversy for a long time the Burlington has finally decided to build a depot at York. It will be a substantial structure costing in the neighborhood of \$40,000, and construction work will begin at once.

Bryan says he is irrevocably opposed to a third term presidential election for Roosevelt. Some democratic leaders are likewise irrevocably opposed to Mr. Bryan's third presidential nomination, for they know it means defeat.

Who pays for publishing the Flag day proclamations asks one of the Nebraska City editors? Turn about is fair play. What protects that editor and his business more than any other one thing in this country? For shame on such greed!

The campaign has been formally opened in Wisconsin, declaring Senator LaFollette the strongest and most logical candidate for the presidency. The organization of the presidential boom was opened by 150 of Mr. LaFollette's supporters.

Whether the city, Mr. Heintz or anyone else owns and operates the electric light plant in this city, a city the size of Columbus should have electric power in the day time. Electric power can be used for a hundred different useful purposes during the day.

The Union Pacific railroad are furnishing the seed and giving their right-of-way ground free to farmers along the branch lines that will cultivate the same. The farmers get the benefit of the land and the railroad keeps away the weeds in this manner. There are other purposes, less liability in setting fire to dried vegetation and giving a practical demonstration of the value of alfalfa as a crop.—Schuyler Quill.

The Howells Journal printed the assessed valuation of the property of Lincoln precinct last week and in the same issue appears the bank statement of the two Howells banks. According to the former there was \$36,175 money on hand and on deposit subject to check. The bank statement shows the deposits on May 25th to be \$145,751.10 subject to check, and \$193,045.31 time certificates of deposit. The bank deposits jumped quite rapidly in the past 60 days.

The murder trial of Haywood at Boise, Idaho, continues and is daily reported all over the world. Orchard, the principal witness, admits he committed about twenty murders himself, and was hired and paid by Haywood, the defendant. The question is, will the jury believe him? Will the jury believe the word of an assassin, thief and spy? Corroborating facts and circumstances strongly show that he is telling the truth, yet we doubt greatly whether the jury will believe him.

It is again asserted that the railroad companies of Nebraska will go into court and endeavor to beat the two cent law. If they can show that the new rate will not pay them on their investments, they can do it, but not otherwise. In former years it was claimed that rates can not be regulated by law, but we have all seen the new light, the Roosevelt light. It is also admitted by all that congress has the power to control inter-state commerce and fix rates for inter-state traffic, and now the question is raised, can congress regulate railroad rates within a state, because the railroads carry U.S. mail. Our southern democrats will surely fight that proposition, that would jeopardize state rights. Congress would deal more fairly with railroad corporations than some of our state legislators.

We believe in party organization.

We believe that in a republican form of government like ours there should always be two political parties. When there are more than two, the third or fourth is usually an offshoot or branch of one of the others, its auxiliary. In the case of the populist party the branch came near to being the democratic tree itself, but the populist party in Nebraska now, is a thing of the past, a party in name only. The primary law as passed by our last legislature, by abolishing our great county and state conventions, makes a long step towards doing away with party organizations. We do not like that; very few people do. Even John C. Sprecher, in his Free Lance, advises the repeal of the primary law, but the primary law is a law now in force, and herewith we give some of its most essential features. In city elections in cities of less than 25,000 inhabitants, this primary law does not apply. The first primary election under this law will be held the first Tuesday in September, and every first Tuesday in September hereafter. Sixty days previous to that day the governor must issue a proclamation to that effect. A candidate who wants his name on the official ballot must notify the county clerk at least thirty days previous, must have twenty-five signers on his petition and must pay \$5.00 to the county clerk. Candidates for district judge must pay \$10.00 to go on the ticket. Hours for holding the primary are from 12 till 9 p. m. The clerks and judges of the primary election shall be the same as at the November election, the county board must provide boxes and ballots and pay all expenses. Each party has a separate ticket, and each voter can only vote for his party's candidates. A pluralist nominates. On the second Saturday after the primary the candidates for each party meet and elect their county central committee, and this central committee elects its own chairman and secretary. Congressional candidates and district judges appoint their own committees.

The Spaulding Sentinel, edited by O. M. Mayfield, suspended publication last week and the plant was moved to Belgrade, where Mr. Mayfield will start another paper. The competitor, the Enterprise, in that city will assume charge of the subscription list. In speaking of the Sentinel, John E. Kavanaugh, editor of the Enterprise, spoke in very glowing terms of the Sentinel and Mr. Mayfield. He says in part: "Mr. Mayfield conducted a good newspaper and our business relations with him were always cordial." Spaulding is too small to support two papers; and it was no fault of Mr. Mayfield or the business men of that town that the paper did not sustain itself.

County Attorney J. H. Grosvenor of Hamilton county is just boiling over with indignation because some unscrupulous Burlington official reported to the railway commission that he had a pass. He swears vengeance by all that's good and great and declares there will be "something doing" if he sees the color of the man's hair that said such an awful thing. It might be barely possible that J. H. has turned in his old postboard yet, or perhaps the officials forgot to mark him off the list.

State Treasury Fall. The Nebraska state treasury receipts for May were the largest on record, aggregating \$938,132.56. Cash on hand at the close of May was \$1,035,029.83, the largest amount deposited in the history of the depository law. If the money could be used for the purpose of paying off the state's indebtedness it would almost completely wipe it out, but it cannot be used for that purpose. The treasurer had on hand May 1, \$726,212.00. He received during May, \$938,132.56, paid out \$621,541.37 and has on hand a total of \$1,042,903.67. Of this amount, \$7,773.84 is cash, and the balance, \$1,035,029.83 is in state depository bonds. The finances of the state are in a very flush condition and this alone is a testimony to the discretion and business tact of those now in power.

Harriman Immune. Considerable comment is being expressed concerning the action of the President and other executives regarding the fact that they have decided not to prosecute Harriman, basing their decision upon his own testimony before the Inter-state Commerce commission in New York recently. The Journal is not in position to censure or to fully accept the conditions, but it is satisfied that Harriman gave the authorities some pretty good reasons for granting immunity or it would not have been granted. The general public are only too sentimental and quick to give voice to those questions which offenses are too voluminous and embroiled in too much personality to give them the full truth of the facts.

contingent. Examples can be sighted in most every event in history for many years back when, had the public sentiment prevailed, calamity and chaos would have resulted and the whole affair been a most unfortunate occurrence. What is needed in this country is more confidence in our executives to do the will of our laws. The President has got a big stick and he has demonstrated that he is not afraid to use it.

Books and Eyes. A merchant's best friend is the newspaper. Wireless politics—Well that's worse and more of it.

Now let's all warble about Nebraska's beautiful weather.

It is safe to predict some editors have mollic-o-diddle-brainstorms.

If you wish to succeed in this life you should "get hold and hang on."

Now what do you think of a town like Kearney without a commercial club?

Why is it that most of things people are anxious to know are none of their business?

Advertising is just like the Irishman's whisky. "All of it is good, but some better."

One girl said, "All the world loves a lover, but damn the lover that loves all the world."

Don't borrow trouble. Tell your wife she talks too much, and you'll have plenty of your own.

Luck is a happy combination of accidents. But somehow or other it takes brains to combine them.

The trouble with a great many people in Columbus is, they are so busy they never get time to do anything.

Cupid's game laws run the season round. Don't be afraid to go hunting just because you can't kill everything you see.

If your lawn is growing up to weeds and dandelions, don't sit on the porch and watch your neighbor mow his lawn. It's your duty to act.

The York Times remarks that everything has gone up but newspapers and shaves. Well, they are the only two classes of business that are not in the trust.

In an interview in New York the other day, Bryan spoke "as a western farmer." Yes his farmer Bryan, the good old farmer who farms the farm—Kearney Hub.

We wish that eastern prognosticator who predicts the world will come to an end July 3, would have it happen just three days earlier. It would save us quite a little—for we always pay our bills on the first.

An Essential of Industrial Growth.

Touching upon the great economic value of the railway as a factor in industrial expansion, Senator Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana contributed an interesting article to the Reader magazine that forcibly depicts two important factors governing railway operation. Senator Beveridge says: "If the railways are honestly and efficiently run, they are the greatest single element of our economic well-being and national solidarity. But if the nation begins their national regulation, as the nation has done under the leadership of Theodore Roosevelt; and if demagogues in the various states try to emulate, not his methods, but his popularity, and ignorantly and evilly assail the railroads in periods of popular prejudice by grotesque and uneconomic laws, we shall have our great national transportation system so gagged and hampered that its legitimate purpose will be prevented and its good effects nullified.

For example, there has been an outcry against railroad consolidation. The truth is (eliminating their well-known evils and preventing the thievery that has attended some of them), railroad consolidations are as beneficial as they are inevitable. Reformers sometimes run into inconsistencies. For example, we demand that railroads shall abolish rebates, treat everybody alike, etc., and yet, when they attempt consolidation necessary to accomplish this very purpose, we assail their consolidation. We are not against railroads and corporations just because they are called railroads and corporations; we are against their evils only. We seek not to exterminate anything but wrong."

Senator Beveridge shows that the railroads are, where absurd legislation may lead, and why more or less consolidation is necessary. In an address a few days ago before the Synagogue Chamber of Commerce, Senior Vice-President Brown of the New York Central lines clearly indicated the necessity of expansion as the only real solution of the railway problem when he stated: "Unless the agricultural, commercial and industrial development and expansion of the nation is to come to a very abrupt standstill, the demand and necessity for increased transportation facilities is as urgent today as it was for any transportation facilities before the day of the canal and the railroad."

Not satisfied with the bare statement of a general fact, Mr. Brown shows why the "car shortage" problem is not a thing which can be adjusted by the enactment of law, but must be faced as an economic issue in which a demand for cars and service must be first met with an increased trackage and terminal facilities. "For a great many years," says Mr. Brown, "the transportation facilities of the United States were constantly in a state of her agricultural, commercial and manufacturing development; but during the last 10 years, and more especially during the last 5 years, the increase in these latter industries has been by leaps and bounds, and the railroads, in spite of the most strenuous efforts, are fully 2 years behind in their ability to promptly handle the traffic which is upon them."

On previous occasions the Prairie Farmer has presented data showing that the real root of the evil has been the immense agricultural and industrial growth of the country, particularly the west where hundreds of thousands of hitherto virgin acres are being put under the plow each year, and the inability of the railways to keep pace with the growth. Thoughtful men are looking at the transportation question as an economic problem. With the more general adoption of this view, we may expect to see an ultimate solution of the question of "car shortage."

AN OLD HAT AND A WEDDING DINNER

Ah, father, you know well that's no decent hat for a man to wear to his daughter's wedding!" exclaimed Margaret Collins.

"The old man! Wana't it the bride or your mother's heart—rist her soul!—from the very day we were wed, back in the Old West? What sins ye, certain' shame on what was good enough for her that's in paradise!" and both father and daughter crossed themselves, as he thought of the gray-eyed collier who had plighted troth to him so many years ago, she of the sweet old mother who had blessed her as she died.

But in a moment the daughter returned to the fray, a new fire in her eyes.

"Now, father dear, it's well you know mother always wanted you to have the best. The hat's like no one's in the town now. She'd never have you shame Margaret."

The old man turned away, a sort of obstinate sorrow expressed in every line of his stooping figure, and Margaret must needs keep silence for a while.

Old John's hat was a sore subject in the Collins family. The two daughters at home, handsome, well-dressed girls, tried every Sunday of their lives to adjust their minds to the trial of going through the streets to meet with their father—and the hat.

It was an ancient beaver of the bell-crowned variety, and had graced the marriage of its owner many years ago. When the young couple crossed the ocean to the new home which promised so much, the hat box was their most valued bit of luggage. When they settled in "the west" and the lad got work on "the ditch," where so many strapping young Irishmen laid the foundation of their fortunes all down the Des Plaines valley, the hat was the talisman of their respectability. It proved that its owner was no common "greenhorn," but a married man of substance, and the young wife adored it and its wearer.

John wore the headgear in sublime unconsciousness of the changing fashions of this frisky land, and after the little wife died he cherished it as a memento of his wedding day. Now he wore it not only to church but to the cemetery of the day besides, except when he sat at the head of his table. Sunday visitors noted it, the older ones with a shake of the head and a whispered "well, 'tis that himself do be keepin' her in mind so well—but I dunno would she be wantin' him to wear that old thing av she could be let see."

And now Margaret was to be married, and she shuddered as she thought of that hat in the second carriage. She approached her father once, but recoiled in dismay as he turned upon her with something like a snarl.

"Av Parrell Cloonan don't like me hat he'll do well widout me daughter," was what he said.

Then John's handsome gray-haired sister-in-law tried. "John," she instigated, "John, don't ye think ye'll be needin' a new suit soon? You know Margaret's to be married this day two weeks."

"The order is with Casey these three months back. It'll be ready in toime," he replied with a wary glance.

"That's false, John," she answered. "Now, where did you say you bought that hat to go with it?"

"Twas a hat that's good enough for many a wedding, I'd have ye to know, Maggie," he replied warmly, and his old eyes lighted and his lips set.

The suit came home from Casey's, and the heart of the bride-to-be sank within her. There was no hat box. Rendered desperate by the near approach of the event, she tried again, but—

"'Tis a grand month, Jane, for a wedding," said the old man, his eyes looking far away. "Ye'r mother and me was married in June. Th' hawthorne was in bloom be the chapel dure. But that's long ago!"

The morning of the wedding old John Collins left the house without a word to any one. He wore his new clothes and the battered beaver, which had reflected the sun of many summers. The ceremony was set for ten o'clock, and it was 9:30 when they called him, but he had not returned. They waited and worried until it seemed as if they would be obliged to telephone the police for help, and the priest to postpone the wedding, when in walked Collins.

He carried himself with savage dignity, and wore a shining silk hat of the very newest style.

The ceremony was over and the bride, still dazed, with the hat glimmering before her eyes, headed the procession from the carriages into the house where "relatives and immediate friends" were to enjoy a wedding dinner.

FOR SALE.

A farm of 165 acres, adjoining town site of Minerva. Good improvements. A large part of the land set to alfalfa. \$80 per acre—a bargain.

Wm. WEAVER, Minerva, Neb.

"By their words ye shall know them." When ye want good Job getting, and best-looking call on the Journal office. Now looking on Eleventh street.

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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—call on us though you don't buy

KEATING and SCHRAM Eleventh Street. Columbus, Nebraska.

Facts Concerning Herring.

Some new facts concerning the herring are contained in the scientific section of the fishery board for Scotland. According to a paper by Dr. Wemyss Fulton, certain theories as to the growth and age of the fish which have been accepted for the last quarter of a century are not well founded. It now appears that the herring is a fish of slow growth, and is barely 2 1/2 inches in length when one year old. It does not reach maturity and spawn until five years old, and is then of an average length of 9 1/2 inches. Herrings over 12 inches long, like the large Loch Fyne fish, may be ten years old and more, and the large specimens that are occasionally caught, measuring from 14 to 15 inches, are probably over 15 years old, and may be 20. Investigations are in progress to discover the reason for the decline in the herring fishery of Loch Fyne in recent years. An interesting method which has been adopted to trace the migrations of the fish consists in marking some of them while in the seine net with a printed silk tag and setting them free. Over 500 have been thus marked, but so far, only five have been caught again, and these were near the place of liberation.

Fashions in Japan.

Fashions change in Japan most rapidly when they are the changing badge of wealth, and when social status ebbs and flows and people are known by what they wear. Among men the fashion of the hair, which had to do with the warrior's headgear, has gone wholly out of style. The man of official rank wears his clothes in foreign style as becoming modern tasks, though he returns to his native costume for his hours of ease. In the matter of hairdressing it is not only that certain styles belong to certain periods or ages, but may not be affected after some fixed date, but within the limits set by age there are variations according to fashion's whim.

Lizards Prey on Fish.

Jerry Thompson, of Howe township, Perry county, an experienced fisherman, says that the scarcity of fish in the Juniata river is not due so much to the baskets and nets as to the ugly black lizards. The river is said to be full of these reptiles and they live entirely on fish spawn and fish. Many of these lizards have been caught in nets and killed, and upon examination have been found to contain fish from one inch to six inches long. Whence they came is a mystery, but the damage they are doing, according to Mr. Thompson and other fishermen is no secret.—Philadelphia Record.

Strange Story of a Title Deed.

A remarkable story was told at the Easter vestry meeting at Wimborne Minster, Dorsetshire, according to the London Tribune. It was stated that the document regarding the payment of 10s. 6d. yearly to a clergyman to preach a Good Friday sermon at Holt Chapel-of-Ease was missing from the parish chest until some time ago. This deed was recovered by the merest chance. A sister of the vestry clerk bought a drum at Thame fair for her children, the toy being marked "Made in Germany." Subsequently the drum was broken and an examination of the parchment showed it to be the original title deed setting forth the conditions governing the payment for the Good Friday sermon.

Long Beard to Be Sold.

A beard over 14 feet in length is shortly to come up for auction in London. The late owner, Amos Broadhurst, who died at Whaley Bridge a short time ago, was for several years one of the "freaks" at Barnum & Bailey's and Wombwell's menageries. When not exhibiting his beard he used to wrap it up in tissue paper and coil it inside his waistcoat. His mustache when fully stretched were over two yards long. The sale has been authorized by the dead man's brother.

Her Shoes Too Comfortable.

"Why is Mabel so disagreeable to day?" "She's putting because her new shoes don't fit." "No?" "No. They don't hurt her a bit."

Special Sale on Buggies!

We sell the well-known Staver Buggies, and are making the following prices for a short time only.

- \$85 buggy \$75
\$75 buggy \$65
\$55 wagon \$50
\$65 buggy \$55

And all other buggies in proportion.

L. W. WEAVER & SON.

