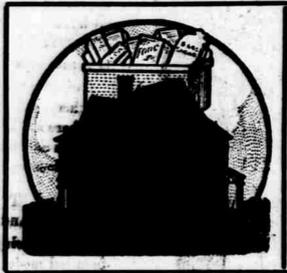


Good Things In The House

don't count unless you include the pantry
Wife knows when husband is tired and
hungry she must reach his heart through
his stomach.



THE BEST OF GROCERIES
is what you get from us. Price is as
cheap, too, as most others charge for
what's inferior. Buy of us and get
what's good.
18th St. **HENRY RAGATZ & CO.**
Columbus

HUMPHREY

From The Democrat:
Mrs. Peter Schmitz and children went
to Columbus Wednesday to celebrate
the 4th with home folks.

Mrs. McKenna of Omaha, and sister,
Mrs. Bowers of Columbus, were guests of
Dr. and Mrs. Morris several days last
week.

Lloyd the fifteen months old baby of
Dr. and Mrs. E. E. Evans died Monday
evening at six o'clock after an illness of
only a few days with the measles. Fun-
eral services were held at the home at
one o'clock conducted by Rev. Dyo of
the Baptist church and the little body
was laid to rest in the cemetery near the
Baptist church nine miles south of town.
They have the sympathy of the entire
community in their sad bereavement.

The day is not far distant when "ord
of thanks" will be a thing of the past.
When death enters a home neighbors
never fail to do all in their power to
place a silver lining back of the dark
cloud, and they do not expect or desire
any thanks through the public press.
One subscriber, however, not to be out-
done, sent in the following: "Mr. Editor:
I desire to thank the friends and neigh-
bors most heartily in this manner for
their co-operation during the illness and
death of my late husband, escaped from
me by the hand of death on last Friday,
while eating breakfast. To my friends
and all who contributed so kindly to-
ward making the last moments and the
funeral a success, I desire to remember
most kindly hoping these lines will find
them enjoying the same blessing. I have
also a good milk cow and roan gelding
horse, eight years old, which I will sell
cheap. "God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform. He plants His
footsteps on the sea and rides upon the
storm." Also a black and white short
cheap."

PLATTE CENTER

From The Signal:
D. P. M'honey arrived here Sunday
noon from South Dakota, having made
final proof on his homestead.

John G. Regan, now located at Steele
North Dakota, arrived here Tuesday for
a week's visit with relatives and friends.

Mrs. Gerhard Gronenthal and Mr. Fred
Gronenthal were Columbus visitors over
Sunday at the bedside of Joseph Gron-
enthal at St. Mary's hospital.

Mrs. P. L. Hageman, who underwent
an operation at the hospital in Columbus
some three weeks ago, for gall stones,
has so far recovered as to be able to come
home Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed A. Sheehan, of Cedar
Rapids, Iowa, arrived here Tuesday noon
for a visit with the family of Mr. and

GENOA

From The Leader:
Gay Slaughter pulled into Genoa from
San Francisco on Saturday evening. He
missed connections at Columbus and
was compelled to drive from that city.
Madame Ramor is responsible for the
statement that Gay will not return to
California alone, but will be accompan-
ied by one of Genoa's fairest.

ALBION

From The Argus:
Stanley Cramer went down to Colum-
bus Saturday and returned with his little
son Warren. Mrs. Cramer, who is taking
treatment there, will remain a few days
longer.

MADISON

Star Mail:
Fred Brink of Ponca who was placed
in the Norfolk Asylum three months ago
after being tried and acquitted of the
murder of his sweetheart, Bessie Newton,
returned home Monday evening a free
man being discharged as cured. The
people of Ponca never thought he was
insane.

CENTRAL CITY

News Item:
Judge Reader, who came up from Col-
umbus Tuesday night to hold an adjourned
session of court, has been engaged for
a week past in hearing the celebrated
Bonson-Murphy suit at Seward, hav-
ing taken the place of Judge Good who
was sick. This is a case in which a bishop
and a priest of the Catholic church are
involved and has been in the courts for
many years. The issues hinge principal-
ly on the rules and laws of that church.
Judge Reader has taken the matter un-
der advisement.

Leo Keister was up from Columbus
Saturday and Sunday. While on his
fishing trip to Cushing, Mr. Keister was
unfortunate enough to shoot himself in
the foot with a target rifle.
The wound while not serious, is very
painful and prevents him from working.

LEIGH

From The World:

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Munro of Colum-
bus, are visiting at the J. S. Craig home
north of town. Rev. Munro accepted an
invitation from Rev. Conrad and filled
the Congregational pulpit last Monday
evening.

A horrible accident occurred at the
state industrial school at Kearney last
Saturday afternoon just as the day's
work in the hay fields has been com-
pleted, that Eddie Sawyer, a 17 year
old Lincoln boy, his life. He, with five
other boys had been on top of the stack
and got on the stack carrier to come
down. It seems that Sawyer was hold-
ing to one of the teeth of the stacker in
such a way that when the carrier struck
the ground the force of the impact and
his own weight drove the stack upward
through his vitals the point coming out
in the left shoulder causing instant
death. No one was blamed. U. G.
Sawyer father of the boy is engineer at
the state capital.

BELWOOD

From The Gazette:
Mr. and Mrs. L. Henfling, who went
to Omaha the fore part of last week
returning to Bellwood Saturday steering
a \$4000 tourist car. Its large enough to
carry five passengers and is a model of
neatness throughout. There are only
two more such cars in the state. Mon-
day Mr. Henfling took a spin in his new
machine to Shelby. From Shelby he
ran a race with the U. P. passenger train
to Rising five minutes ahead of the
train. No flies on Lewis.

A David City politician was asked by
his wife to lay aside politics long enough
one day to dig the potatoes in the gar-
den. He consented and after digging for
a few minutes he returned to the house
and said he found a coin. He washed it
off and it proved to be a silver quar-
ter. He put in his jeans and went
back to work. Presently he went to the
house again and said he found another
coin. He washed the dirt off it and this
time it was a silver half-dollar. He put it
in his jeans. "I have worked pretty hard,"
said he to his wife. "I guess I'll make a
short nap." When he awoke he found that
his wife had dug all the rest of the pota-
toes. But she found no coin. It then
dawned upon her that she had been
"worked."

A thief or two or three of them stole
about fifty two-pound spring chickens
from A. West on Thursday night of
last week. Who ever it was that com-
mitted the theft had with them a team
of horses and wagon, which they backed
up to the chicken house as close as
possible. Next morning a number of
citizens of Bellwood and vicinity made
by a shake-purse and telephoned for
the Beatrice blood hounds. The two
dogs, in charge of a man came into
Bellwood Friday evening on the passen-
ger train. On being taken to West's
chicken house, one of the dogs, ran the
rail to the wagon track and stopped.
When the other one picked up the
wagon, or horse trail and ran the trail
right to the business house of a chicken
dealer at Columbus and would go no
father. The chicken man at Columbus
is said to be a honest; man but it seems
that the thief, or thieves must have been
in that neighborhood and worked some
kind of a scheme in order to avoid a
rust. The chicken man at Columbus
stated that he had not purchased
chickens from any person for several
days; but everybody in Bellwood
seems to think that the dogs did good
work. The dog that ran the trail to
Columbus strictly confine his smell to
horse trails and will pay no attention
to a man trail, while the other dog con-
fines his smell to a man trail and will
pay no attention to a horse trail and
while out on a hunting expedition, it is
said, neither of them will eat anything
but will drink water. No further clue
has reached the ears of any person con-
cerning the theft; but people owing
chickens in this neighborhood, now sleep
with one eye on their "queen ann"
Harry Housen and Robt. Chahand, it is
also had children stolen recently.

BOB HAMPTON of PLACER

By RAYMOND PARSONS AUTHOR OF
"THE MURDERESS WHO SANG" "THE LAWYER OF THE NORTH"
"HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS, ETC."

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CHAPTER I
Hampton, of Placer.
It was not an uncommon tragedy of
the west. It might be chronicled in
the musty and nearly forgotten re-
cords of the Eighteenth regiment of in-
fantry.
Yet the tale is worth telling now,
when such days are past and gone.
There were 16 of them when, like so
many hunted rabbits, they were first
securely trapped among the frowning
rocks, and forced relentlessly back-
ward from off the narrow trail until the
precipitous canyon walls finally
halted their disorganized flight, and
from sheer necessity compelled a rally
in hopeless battle. Sixteen—ten in-
fantrymen from old Fort Bethune, un-
der command of Syd. Wyman, a gray-
headed sergeant of 30 years' contin-
ous service in the regulars, two cow-
punchers from the "XL" ranch, a
stranger who had joined them un-
invited at the ford over the Bear Water,
together with old Gillis, the post-
trader, and his silent chit of a girl.
Sixteen—but that was three days be-
fore, and in the meanwhile not a few
of those speeding Sioux bullets had
found softer billet than the limestone
rocks. Six of the soldiers, four al-
ready dead, two dying, lay out-
stretched in ghastly silence where they
fell.

Then the taciturn Gillis gave sud-
den utterance to a sobbing cry, and
a burst of red spurted across his white
beard as he reeled backward, knock-
ing the girl prostrate when he fell.
Eight remained, one helpless, one a
mere lass of 15. It was the morning
of the third day.
The beginning of the affair had burst
upon them so suddenly that no two in
that stricken company would have
thought the same tale. None among them
had anticipated trouble.
In all the fancied security of un-
questioned peace these chance travel-
ers had slowly toiled along the steep
trail leading toward the foothills.
Gillis and the girl, as well as the two
cattleherders, were on horseback; the
remainder soberly trudged forward on
foot, with guns slung to their shoul-

ders. Wyman was somewhat in ad-
vance, walking beside the stranger, the
latter a man of uncertain age,
smoothly shaven, quietly dressed in
garments bespeaking an eastern tailor,
a bit grizzled of hair along the tem-
ples, and possessing a pair of cool,
gray eyes. He had introduced himself
by the name of Hampton, but had vol-
unteered no further information, nor
was it customary in that country to
question impertinently.
Hampton, through the medium of
easy conversation, early discovered in
the sergeant an intelligent mind, pos-
sessing some knowledge of literature.
They had been discussing books with
rare enthusiasm, and the former had
drawn from the concealment of an
inner pocket a diminutive copy of "The
Merchant of Venice," from which he
was reading aloud a disputed passage,
when the faint trail they followed sud-
denly dipped into the yawning mouth
of a black canyon. It was a narrow,
gloomy, contracted gorge, a mere pass
between those towering hills shadow-
ing its depths on either hand. A swift
mountain stream, noisy and clear as
crystal, dashed from rock to rock close
beside the more northern wall, while
the ill-defined pathway, strewn with
boulders and guarded by underbrush,
clung to the opposite side, where low
scrub trees partially obscured the view.
All was silent as death when they
entered, yet they had barely advanced
a short hundred paces when those ap-
parently bare rocks in front flamed
red, the narrow defile echoed to wild
screams and became instantly crowd-
ed with weird, leaping figures. It was
like a plunge from heaven into hell.
Blaine and Endicot sank at the first
fire, while Wyman's stricken arm
dripped blood. Indeed, under that
sudden shock, he fell, and was barely
rescued by the prompt action of the
man beside him. Dropping the opened
book, and firing madly to left and
right with a revolver which appeared
to spring into his hand as by magic,
the latter coolly dragged the fainting
soldier across the more exposed space,
until the two found partial security
among a mass of loosened rocks litter-
ing the base of the precipice. The
others who survived that first scorch-
ing discharge also raced toward this
same shelter, impelled thereto by the
unerring instinct of border fighting,
and flinging themselves on their flat
protecting bowlders, began responding
to the hot fire rained upon them.
Scattered and hurried as these first
volleys were, they proved sufficient to
check the howling demons in the open.
It has never been Indian nature to
face unprotected the aim of the white
men, and those dark figures, which
only a moment before thronged the
narrow gorge, leaping crazily in the
riot of apparent victory, suddenly
melted from sight, sinking down into
leafy coverts beside the stream or into
holes among the rocks, like so many
vanishing prairie dogs. Now and then
a sly brown arm might incautiously
project across the gleaming surface
of a rock, or a mop of coarse, black
hair appear above the edge of a gully,
either incident resulting in a quick
interchange of fire. That was all; yet
the experienced frontiersmen knew
that eyes as keen as those of any wild
animal of the jungle were watching
murderously their slightest movement.
Wyman, now reclining in agony
against the base of the overhanging
cliff, directed the movements of his
little command calmly and with sober
military judgment. Little by little,
under protection of the rifles of the three
civilians, the uninjured infantrymen
crept cautiously about, rolling loosened
boulders forward into position, until
they finally succeeded in thus erecting
a rude barricade between them and the
enemy. The wounded who could be
reached were laboriously drawn back
within this improvised shelter, and
when the black shadows of the night
finally shut down, all remaining alive
were once more clustered together,
the injured lying moaning and ghastly
beneath the overhanging shelf of rock,
and the girl, who possessed all the pa-
tient stoicism of frontier training, rest-
ing in silence, her widely opened eyes
on those far-off stars peeping above
the brink of the chasm, her head pil-
lowed on old Gillis' knee.
Twice during the long night volun-
teers sought vainly to pierce those

Health and Good Cheer

Cheerfulness results from a
healthy state of mind and body.
Did you ever know a person ac-
casionally takes a glass of good
beer, who could not "crack" a
joke, or indulge in a hearty
laugh himself? Beer is for good
health. Healthy persons are
natural cheerfull. A glass of

COLUMBUS BEER

Is Brimful of Health
and Good Cheer.

Our beer is healthy drink be-
cause it is made of pure vegetable
products, in one of the cleanest
and best equipped breweries in
the world. From the time that
the malt is smashed and boiled to
produce the "wort," until the
finished product is placed in casks
and bottles for aging, its manufac-
ture is under the guidance of a skillful
brewmaster, whose attention to
every detail has made Columbus
beer a beer second to none in qual-
ity, flavor and nourishing ele-
ments.
The next time you order a glass
of beer ask for the Columbus beer.

Columbus Brewing Co.

HAND MADE SPRING WAGONS

Let us build you one. We put
nothing but the very best material
and workmanship in them. The
price is right.

Farmers, Bring in your tools
and implements to be sharpened
and repaired now. It will save
you time when the spring work
opens up.

We keep only the latest and
best in
Buggies and arriages

All kinds of
Farm Implements.

Our Horsehoes stick and
don't lame your horse—try them.

Louis Schreiber.



Hampton Fired Madly Right and Left.
Lines of savage watchers. A long,
wailing cry of agony from out the
thick darkness told the fate of their
first messenger, while Casey, of the
"XL," crept slowly, painfully back,
with an Indian bullet embedded deep
in his shoulder. Just before the com-
ing of dawn, Hampton, without ut-
tering a word, calmly turned up the collar
of his tightly buttoned coat, so as
better to conceal the white collar he
wore, gripped his revolver between his

Losing Money Every Day AND DON'T KNOW IT.

A Hole Somewhere!

is it in the toe of
YOUR STOCKING

WEAR

Interwoven TOE AND HEEL

They beat anything you ever saw for wear. They are
a fine list, fit perfectly and can be had for 25c per pair.

SOLD BY
GERHARZ-FLYNN CO.

tooth, and crept like some wriggling
snake among the black rocks and
through the dense underbrush in
search after water. By some miracle
of divine mercy he was permitted to
pass unscathed, and came crawling
back, a dozen hastily filled canteens
dangling across his shoulders. It was
like nectar to those parched, feverish
throats; but of food barely a mouth-
ful a piece remained in the haver-
sacks.
The second day dragged onward, its
hours bringing no change for the bet-
ter, no relief, no slightest ray of hope.
The hot sun scorched them pitilessly,
and two of the wounded died delirious.
From dawn to dark there came no
slackening of the savage watchfulness
which held the survivors helpless be-
hind their coverts. The merest up-
lifting of a head, the slightest move-
ment of a hand, was sufficient to de-
monstrate how sharp were those savage
eyes.
Another long, black night followed,
during which, for an hour or so in-
terval, the weary defenders slept, toss-
ing uneasily, and disturbed by fearful
dreams. Then gray and solemn, amid
the lingering shadows of darkness,
dawned the third dread day of un-
equal conflict. All understood that it
was destined to be their last on this
earth unless help came.
For two days Wyman had scarcely
stirred from where he lay bolstered
against the rock. Sometimes he be-
came delirious from fever, uttering in-
coherent phrases, or swearing in pit-
iful weakness. Again he would par-
tially arouse to his old sense of sol-
dierly duty, and assume intelligent
command. Now he twisted painfully
about upon his side, and, with clouded
eyes, sought to discern what man was
lying next him. The face was hidden
so that all he could clearly distinguish
was the fact that this man was not
clothed as a soldier.
"Is that you, Hampton?" he ques-
tioned, his voice barely audible.
The person thus addressed, who was
lying flat upon his back, gazing al-
tently upward at the rocky front of
the cliff, turned cautiously over upon
his elbow before venturing reply.
"Yes; what is it, sergeant? It looks
to be a beauty of a morning way up
yonder."
There was a hearty, cheery ring to
his clear voice which left the pain-
racked old soldier envious.
"My God!" he growled savagely.
"It is likely to be the last any of us
will ever see. Wasn't it you I heard
whistling just now? One might im-
agine this was to be a wedding, rather
than a funeral."
"And why not, Wyman? Didn't you
know they employed music at both
functions nowadays? Besides, it is not
every man who is permitted to assist
at his own obsequies—the very unques-
tioned of such a situation rather appeals
to my sense of humor."
The sergeant, his teeth clenched
tightly to repress the pain racking
him, stifled his resentment with an
evident effort. "You may be less
light-hearted when you learn that the
last of our ammunition is already in
the guns," he remarked, stiffly.
"I suspected as much." And the
speaker lifted himself on one elbow to
peer down the line of recumbent fig-
ures. "To be perfectly frank with
you, sergeant, the stuff has held out
considerably longer than I believed it
would, judging from the way those
"dough boys" of yours kept popping at
every shadow in front of them. It's
a marvel to me, the mutton-heads they

take into the army. Oh, now, you
needn't scowl at me like that, Wy-
man; I've worn the blue, and been
some service where a fellow needed to
be a man to sport the uniform. Be-
sides, I'm not indifferent, old chap,
and just so long as there remained
any work worth attending to in this
skirmishing affair, I did it, didn't I?
But I tell you, man, there is mighty lit-
tle good trying to buck against Fate,
and when Luck once finally lets go of
a victim, he's bound to drop straight
to the bottom before he stops. That's
the sum and substance of all my
philosophy, old fellow, consequently I
never kick simply because things hap-
pen to go wrong. What's the use?
They'll go wrong just the same. Con-
sequently, upheld by my acquired
philosophy, I'm merely holding back
myself for myself, as a sort of grand
stand for my friends, and another for
that little girl out yonder."
These words were uttered slowly,
the least touch of a lazy drawl ap-
parent in the low voice, yet there was
an earnest simplicity pervading the
speech which somehow gave it im-
pressiveness. The man meant exactly
what he said, beyond the possibility of
a doubt. The old soldier, accustomed
to every form of border acrobaticry,
stared at him with disapproval.
"Either you're the coolest devil I've
met during 30 years of soldiering," he
commented, doubtfully, "or else the
craziest. Who are you, anyhow? I
half believe you might be Bob Ham-
pton, of Placer."
The other smiled grimly. "You have
the name tolerably correct, old fellow;
I should be delighted to see you lately
honored by my residence. In brief,
you have succeeded in calling the
turn perfectly, so far as your limited
information extends. In strict confi-
dence I propose now to impart to you
(Continued on last page.)

SCHUYLER
From The Free Press:
Prof. Hike of Columbus, with his vi-
olin, accompanied by a harpist, furnished
the music for a social dance held in the
Krug hall on Tuesday evening.
Our city council has ordered a street
lamp on thirty days trial, and if it proves
satisfactory they will install four of them
The lamps are supposed to give one thou-
sand candle power light each and four of
them should light the main part of town
in good shape. This is something we
have needed for a long time.
From The Quill:
A number of threshing machine own-
ers held a meeting recently with a view
of raising prices of threshing this year.
Two and one-fourth cents a bushel for
oats and four and a half cents for a
bushel for wheat was decided upon.
This is a fourth of a cent rise on oats,
and a half cent rise on wheat over last
year. Some of the threshers of the
county will continue at the old price
and one machine owner declares that he
will thresh at last years prices but the
farmer must pay for the coal. At this
rate the price is higher than decided
upon by the machine men who held a
meeting. Increased prices for coal and
help is the excuse of the threshers for
anting higher prices. Coal has ad-
vanced 50 cents a ton and may possibly
go higher, and help is higher and scar-
cer, than last year. One owner of the
threshing machine was in the city last
week offering \$5 a day for an engineer.

FRISCHHOLZ BROS.

SHOES CLOTHING Gents' Furnishing Goods

RELIABLE GOODS AT
RIGHT PRICES.

FRISCHHOLZ BROS

405 11th Street, Columbus.

July Bargains

at Herrick's

Both Phones

UNDERTAKING

Everybody Gets a Prize