ITEMS OF INTEREST

ABOUT OUR NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS CLIPPED FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

CRESTON.

From The Statesman.

Miss Ada Phillips is at Columbus this week visiting with the Misses Sine and Lizzie Matzen. Miss Phillips has been engaged to teach the school in Dist. No. 37, Stanton county.

H. O. Studley went to Monroe on Sunday last returning via Columbus on Monday. Mrs. Studley, who had been visiting at Monroe and Columbus, returned home with him.

Word was received here the first of the week from Elsie Dixon, now living near Idaho Falls, Idaho, that their little girl underwent an operation for appendicitis last Friday, at the hospital in Idaho Falls. She stood the operation well, and is getting along nicely.

MONROE.

From the Republican.

Born, on Wednesday, August 21, to Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Growcock, a son.

Miss Alice Luth of Columbus was a guest of Mrs. Anna Young one day this week.

Miss Ethel Baker of Columbus came up Thursday for a visit with Miss Susie Niemoller.

Hugh Hill, who has been spending the summer in Ireland, is now in New York and expected home the last of next week.

Robert and Roy Clayburn came up from Omaha Saturday. Bob will visit the home folks for a week or two and Roy left Wednesday evening for Denver for a short vacation.

S. C. Terry and family leave this week for an extended visit at Mr. Terry's old home near Baltimore, Md. They expect to visit the Jamestown exposition and other points of interest while absent.

Monroe friends have received invitations to the wedding of Miss Fannie Weeks to Joseph T. Shepherd, which will take place at her home at Auburn, N. Y., on August 28. The Misses Maude and Ida Hill of Monroe, who are visiting in the east, will be the bridesmaids.

LEIGH.

From The World.

Henry Bakenhus of Shell Creek purchased last week the Tom Dean farm which adjoins his farm for $85 per acre.

Mrs Siert and daughter, of Omaha, who are visiting the Henry Bruhn family spent a few days at Columbus, returning yesterday.

A little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nick Veedstrom, living northwest of town, got one of her fingers caught in a cream separator and so badly mangled that Dr. Alger had to amputate the injured member.

Last Tuesday morning a team of gray mares was missed from the Philson livery barn. A search was instituted and the horses were found tied to a stump of a tree on the hill back of the German Lutheran church. It is quite evident that some one is trying to cause Mr. Philson continuous trouble for last Saturday night some scoundrel presumably the same one that led the team off, besmirched the seats of all the buggies that were standing in front of the barn with axle grease. It is a deplorable fact that some persons in the community show the weakness in their characters by committing such deeds.

SILVER CREEK.

From the Sand.

Misses Maud Bond and Ruth Roth visited Columbus Tuesday.

Mrs. F. C. Shumaker was a Columbus visitor Tuesday.

Billy Bryan was in a railroad wreck at Belvidere, Ill., Tuesday and suffered nothing but the dislocation of his necktie. This was the fourth railroad wreck he has gone through and he evidently bears a charmed life and is getting ready for his third presidential wreck.

The old water tank, which has done service for the Union Pacific for 24 years was torn down this week, as was also the windmill tower. The pump house has been moved to its new location at the recently built well and a great change in appearances has been made to the town's benefit. The double track has been laid through the town and is being used. The north side switch has also been lengthened, running west.

Otto W. Meir, a fusion candidate for supreme judge, says that he gets his democracy from God, or words to that effect. If so, God must be in league with the devil, or there wouldn't be fusion with the pop's. However, isn't it possible that Otto may be mistaken? Your Uncle Sand was a member of the democratic party for a number of years and during all that time he never saw any Godly attributes connected with it as a political organization. Some democrats pray but their political shibboleth is to vote early and often.

People who get results advertise in the Journal.

PLATTE CENTER

From the Signal.

Mrs. William Schroeder, of Columbus, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Scheidel, sr.

Mrs. Ezra Mahaffy, of Columbus, is visiting at the home of her mother, Mrs. J. J. O'Neill.

Mr. and Mrs. John Moffett arrived home from their eastern trip last Friday evening. They report a very enjoyable trip.

A little sprinkle of rain Sunday night and another Tuesday night—just enough, and we could use plenty more in our business.

Banns of marriage between Miss Katie Cronnin and Frank G. Reilly were announced at St. Joseph's church last Sunday morning.

Mrs. F. F. Doody, accompanied by some of her children, of Cheyenne, Wyo., arrived here last evening for a visit with her many friends and relatives at this place.

Miss Agnes Carrig went to Omaha last Friday to attend the funeral of her aunt, Mrs. Mary Riely. She was accompanied by Miss Nellie Sullivan and Mrs. C. J. Carrig.

Joseph Soulliere died at his home two miles west of town last Saturday afternoon, after an illness of several weeks' duration, of liver trouble. He had not enjoyed very good health for several years, but until stricken with the last trouble he enjoyed life fairly well. The funeral was conducted from St. Joseph's church Monday morning, and interment was in the Catholic cemetery.

Mrs. Omar Cooley, of Lincoln, formerly Bessie Hopkins, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Geo. N. Hopkins, spent last Friday and Saturday here calling upon many of her childhood acquaintances and visiting familiar scenes. It is something over six years ago that Bessie left here with her parents, and this was her first visit since. She was accompanied by her younger sister, Florence, who makes her home with Mrs. Kenyon in Columbus.

Ed Higgins arrived home from his visit to Ireland last Friday. He left here on the 23d of April, so that he was nearly four months, though a few weeks were spent visiting in the east, both going and coming. Of course he enjoyed every minute of the time he was gone. He says conditions in Ireland have materially changed since he left there 37 years ago. People there live as well as they do here, although the rush and scramble for wealth that is seen in every direction here is not in evidence there. Ed says that notwithstanding he had the time of his life, "there is no place like home," and he is mighty glad he is there. Many of his friends here are rejoicing in souvenir remembrances which he brought from the "old sod" for them.

HUMPHREY.

From the Democrat

Carrol Evans of Columbus was in town Monday calling on friends.

Otto Boen visited with his parents at Columbus Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Nettie Drake went down to Columbus Friday noon to spend a week with friends.

Mrs. Frank Schilz, who has been visiting friends and relatives in this vicinity the past week, returned to her home in Columbus Tuesday.

Miss Mamie Weber came up from Columbus Tuesday evening to spend a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Weber, and other relatives and friends.

Misses Caroline Polle and Lena Godberson went to Columbus last Friday and spent the day with the former's sister, Anna, who is in the hospital at that place.

Misses Clara and Lucy Batterman and Grace McTaggart of Columbus, were in town a few hours calling on friends and relatives. They were on their way to Corning for a few days visit with Geo. Bender and family.

E. G. Brown came up from Columbus Saturday night and remained until Sunday noon visiting his family. Mr. Brown expects to sell his residence property here and buy in Columbus. It seems impossible to find a desirable residence to rent there.

Henry C. Lachnit and Miss Mamie Griffin were united in marriage in the Holy Family church at Lindsay Wednesday. Most people in this part of Platte county know both the bride and groom. The bride is one of Lindsay's popular and accomplished young ladies. The groom is a brother of Jos. and Fred Lachnit of this place, and he enjoys the confidence and esteem of those who know him. A number of Humphrey people were over to Lindsay to attend the wedding. In the evening a wedding dance was given in the opera house. The Democrat joins in extending congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Lachnit.

GENOA.

From the Times.

Mrs. A. J. Mason has gone to Columbus to visit with relatives until the first of October.

Mrs. Thos. Cain is erecting a new house in St. Edward which she will occupy when completed. She has sold her Genoa property.

A sad accident happened last Thursday at the home of Henry Shotkosky south of the Loup. His little son, aged 18 months, was playing in the yard near the house, when he fell into a water tank and was drowned. The funeral was held Saturday.

From the Leader.

Miss Margaret Becker of Columbus has been a guest of Miss Anna Ames the past week.

As announced in these columns last week, Wells, Abbot & Nieman have sold their elevator, the purchasers being the Webster Grain Co. of Lexington, Nebraska. The new owners demonstrated that they possess good judgement by retaining Smith May as their local manager.

News was received this week from Fitzgerald, Georgia, to the effect that Schuyler Clark, formerly a resident of this city, is in jail waiting trial for an attempt to kill his wife and children while under the influence of booze.

In talking with one of our sturdy old citizens—a student of these things, the question was asked "what was God's best gift to man?" and he was of the opinion that the command to earn his own bread by the sweat of his brow work—was the greatest. There are few of the rising generation that have been taught the dignity of labor. The son of God himself dignified labor in that he was a carpenter and the son of a carpenter. And how wonderfully well has the lesson been forgotten by some. Parents who do not teach their children to work send them out to fight life's battles handicapped and to become easy subjects to the prey of corrupt, dishonest and immoral practices. Work helps to builds character and is a preserver of it."—Nehawka Register.

Wanted—Men.

Men are wanted for the navy. Large black type at the head of a poster containing further particulars make this announcement to Lincoln's unemployed.

"It is the d sire of the navy department to obtain a large number of able bodied Americans" says the announcement, "who will be given every opportunity for advancement." What inducements is the navy department able to offer to get this large number of men? The poster tells us: Apprentice seamen, who must be between 18 and 35 years at $19, carpenters at $25, blacksmiths at $50, and so on. To this is added "rations" medicines, and medical attendance," and the hope of some day becoming a petty officer at $70 a month. The term of enlistment is four years.

A Lincoln employment agency reports that the railroads of the state, like the war department, are desirous of obtaining a large number of able bodied Americans, or foreigners either, and wishes it could find 150 such to put to work tomorrow at from $1.50 to $2.25 a day. Farm hands are wanted also at $25 a month with "rations" thrown in, and no requirement like the formidable one of a four year enlistment. Uncle Sam may have to raise his bid or wait for hard times to fill the vacant places in his new warships.

MORE THAN QUEEN

WAS DOLLY MADISON IN THE LONG AGO:

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

Dolly Madison! Truly the name itself 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 sweetness, writes Cora A. Moore in Broadway. It means dimples and coquetry and laughing eyes and all the charm and witchery that make some women wonderful. All this Dolly was, the demure Quaker maiden from Philadelphia, who burst from the chrysalis of a somber 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 sinful, pretty fineries that her faith rebuked. At 19 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.

Great Slaughter of Salmon.

In the Sea of Okotsk the salmon are suicidal and one of the most startling examples of the spendthrift side of nature may be found in the rivers that run into this sea. When six years old the salmon begin a voyage of death. Ascending the river of their infancy they race in countless thousands upstream until lack of food and lack of elbow room kill them off. A recent traveler declares that, however many millions of salmon may run up the river, not one ever reaches the sea again alive. What becomes of the rivers of dead salmon? The seagulls wheel down upon the scene and feast upon their eyes, scorning anything less dainty. Bears, wolves, foxes and sledge dogs are made comfortable for the year.

To Tell Horse's Character.

It is easy to tell a horse's character by his nose, according to an army officer. If the profile has a gentle curve and at the same time the ears are pointed and sensitive, the animal may be depended on as being gentle and at the same time high-spirited. On the other hand, if the horse has a dent in the middle of his nose it is safe to set him down as treacherous and vicious. A horse with a slight concavity in the profile will be easily scared and needs coaxing, while one that droops his ears is apt to be both lazy and vicious.

Lye Ruins Eyeglasses.

A Ludlow woman learned by experience what any chemist could have told her, that lye will ruin eyeglasses, says the Kansas City Star. The woman was making soap and spinished a drop or two of the mixture on her glasses. She took a cloth and endeavored to clean them, but was amazed to find that all the colors of the rainbow were reflected in the lenses. No amount of washing would remove the colors, and it was necessary to get new lenses.

Corn and Wheat Food.

It is a matter of custom rather than of reason that we should use so much wheat and so little corn in our daily ration. Practically all the wheat produced is converted into food for man. It is probable that not one bushel of corn in 50 raised in this country goes upon the table. That is a regrettable anomaly when we consider that two bushels of corn can be produced to every bushel of wheat on a given area and that the national corn crop is four times the national wheat crop.

Not What He Wanted.

"I am selling a new burglar alarm," said the gentlemanly agent. "Can I interest you in it? This contrivance will fix it so that everybody will be awakened the moment a burglar steps inside the house. It can't—"

"I don't want it. If you have any kind of a contrivance that will keep my wife from waking up when burglars break in, come around and I will talk business with you."

ERRORS OVER THE 'PHONE.

Some Are Amusing, Others Humorous—One of the Latter.

If some enterprising gentleman should set to work to write a treatise entitled "Errors Over the Telephone," he could find a sufficiency of them in any single community, says the Boston Herald. Some of these are rather annoying; some cause considerable irritation, as any person who resorts to the 'phone frequently can testify; and some, again, are so funny in their results as to take away the annoyance caused by the blundering.

One of the latter happened one evening last week. The hour had arrived when two men, professional associates and occupying the same room in a prominent building, decided that they should dine. To avoid having to wait for their meal when they reached the establishment they intended to patronize, they decided to order it over the telephone.

A couple of fine steaks, with the usual trimmings, were agreed upon, and the order therefor was made in due form. Soon afterward with good appetites they entered their restaurant. Everything was ready, and the courteous waiter escorted them to their table. The steaks were already there—two fine, large raw sirloin steaks.

Of course there was a surprise. "How's this?" said one of the gentlemen. "What do you mean by setting before us this raw meat? We're not in training for an arctic expedition."

"Beg pardon, sir," said William, the waiter; "that's what you ordered over the 'phone."

Both of the patrons understood at once. They had ordered rare steaks, and the order as the chop house people got it from the telephone was raw steaks. The mistake was not so serious as to put either of the gentlemen in a bad humor. The waiter was the only one who felt put out about it, and he remarked sub rosa to himself as he carried the steaks back to be broiled: "Blast them telephones, anyhow."

Pays for Stolen Apples.

Horace Richardson, for many years a leading grocer, but now retired, is in receipt of a letter mailed in this city from an unknown writer, reading: "Mr. Richardson, when I was a girl, a few years ago, I was in your store, with other girls. I took some apples unknown to you, which we ate. I didn't know it was wrong, but I have learned since I grew older, and I inclose 25 cents in stamps, which will fully repay you for all loss by my act."

No name is signed to the letter, but the writer adds: "You do not know who I am, but if we both go to heaven then you will know."—Indianapolis News.

Poor Horse!

"You look grouchy this morning," said the first horse. "What's the matter, are you sick?"

"Yes," replied the other; "sick and disgusted. I feel like an automobile."

"I heard the ostler telling the boss yesterday I was 'out of order.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Did He Have 'Em?

Bacon—What becomes of all the bugs in winter?

Egbert—You can search me!—Yonkers Statesman.

There's a Difference.

Patch by patch is good housewifery, but patch upon patch is plain beggary.

Success Explained.

It takes a lot of good luck to enable some men to reach the top.

LAST OF LONDON'S OLD INNS.

Travelers of To-day Stop at the Tavern of Pickwick and Sam Weller.

A century ago London was noted for its coaching inns. To-day only one remains in London proper to recall the gayety of coaching parties that assembled in the comfortable parlors for an evening of pleasure. George's inn, the last of the famous taverns where the nobility of England gathered in years gone by was probably the most popular that lined the roadways of the English capital. It was through his association with the people who frequented George's inn that Charles Dickens began to attract widespread attention as a novelist and writer. More than three score years ago he was a familiar figure when revelry held sway in the now antiquated tavern. Here it was that Mr. Dickens met Mr. Pickwick and the various characters he immortalized in "Pickwick Papers" and bounded at once into popular favor as a humorist and close student of character. The attractiveness of the old inn is still maintained at a high standard, and it is to-day a favorite stopping place for travelers and coaching parties. Nothing has been removed from the place to dim the memories of the past. The same old-fashioned chairs, benches, tables and furniture are there that were in use a century ago, and the decorations have never been altered. Ownership has remained with the same family for many generations, and it is said the present owner is a direct descendant of the man who originally opened it.

THE TALE OF A FISH.

As Related to His Friends by the Veracious Jenkins.

They had been discussing fish and fishing, when Jenkins suddenly added: "Did I ever tell you about Pitti Sing, my pet Japanese fan-tailed goldfish? Bought her from Jake Hope for $45, and she is no longer than your finger. But about her intelligence. Of course, she comes when called and eats out of your hand and all that childish nonsense; but here's a thing she did which indicates thought, reasoning, brainwork. One day a candlestick fell from the mantel on to the thick glass bowl in which Pitti Sing was dreaming. The candlestick cracked the bowl and knocked a small hole in it. Pitti Sing, all alone in the drawing room, saw the water that was essential to her existence flowing through the hole, and what do you think she did? She plugged up the leak with her tail, and in that position I found her on my return an hour or so later. She had saved her life, but the end of her tail, from exposure to the air, was all shriveled and cracked. I had to massage it with cold cream before the poor little thing could swim again." There was painful silence for a few minutes; then when Dumpy said it looked like rain everybody but Jenkins followed him out.

Addicted to Profanity.

An aged negro was called as a witness in an Alabama court. Before he was sworn the presiding magistrate directed the usual question be put to the negro: "Do you know the nature of an oath?" The old man shifted himself from one foot to the other before replying. A sly grin crept into his face. "Well, judge," said he, "I caint say how 'tis wid moo' folks, but yo' honah, I reckon it's sorter secon' nature wid me."

A Compliment.

"Of course," said Miss Clumsey, "Mr. Kidder's language is not always elegant, but he can be very complimentary in his rough way." "Yes?" asked Miss Wise. "Yes. He says I'm a bird." "Huh! So is an ostrich."