

In the Kitchen

Handy articles for comfort and cleanliness are just as necessary and as fully appreciated as articles for other parts of the house.



Mops, Brushes, Brooms,

As well as clothes lines, Pearline, Sapolio and other items, can always be had here, "Johnny-on-the-spot," and at lowest possible prices. Leave an order. You know you need them.

13th St. **HENRY RAGATZ & CO.**
Columbus

ITEMS OF INTEREST

ABOUT OUR NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS CLIPPED FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

CRESTON.
From The Statesman.
Mr. and Mrs. Earl S. Weaver were up from Columbus on Wednesday.
Miss Zinnecker of Columbus is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. M. Jackson.
E. T. Graham had another train load of cattle shipped from South Omaha for his feed yards on Friday last.

BELLWOOD.
From The Gazette.
Mrs. Hadcock and two children of Columbus visited with her mother, Mrs. Severn, on Tuesday.

Rev. Gideon and his "band" arrived in Bellwood the latter part of last week and Mr. Gideon held down the pulpit in the Methodist church Sunday morning and evening. He seems to be well liked.
St. Peter's Catholic church is going to have three bran new altars at a cost close to \$1000. A new Sister's school is also talked of at no distant day. Rev. Hoffman is a worker in behalf of Catholicism and has the good will of his people.

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Eochiman met with quite a bad accident last Saturday. They were riding on a load of hay near their home on the table land, when wagon and hay upset, throwing both to the ground. Mrs. Eochiman fell on her back and it is feared injured her internally, at she has been very ill since the accident occurred. Dave was badly shaken up, but not seriously.

ALBION.
From The Argus.
Andrew Tietzhammer has not been feeling well for some time so took the train for Columbus, Friday, to consult a doctor.

Talk about climate, why George Packard brought a load of hogs to market Friday, last week, and they got so hot they panted.
Edwin Vail received the sad news that his father (also brother of Atty H. O. Vail) died at his home at Wichita, Kan. They left Monday to attend the funeral.

Arthur Foreman and family returned to Albion from Idaho where they went a few weeks ago to make their home. Arthur says they have a very nice country there, but he could not stand the weather.

Geo. Bilsten writes us from Oakland, Cal., that they intend to return to Boone county next March. He says California keeps shaking more or less and he can't get used to it. Come on George, everything is solid here, even the corn.

and a half ago. This purchase gives Mr. Clausen, with what he already had, a very good half section farm.

SILVER CREEK.
From The Band.
Mrs. C. E. Metzger visited Columbus Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Pat Dwyer and son John took a ride on the cars as far as Columbus, Thursday.

Mrs. B. F. Hobert and her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Graves visited Columbus Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Brian came over Saturday from northeastern Polk county for a couple days visit with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Davis.

There has been a little flurry in the local grain markets lately. Two of our enterprising merchants Messrs. M. A. Roth and F. E. Layton, concluded that the Omaha elevator company was not paying as much for grain as it should and went to buying for the good of the community. It hurt and the Omaha people agreed to keep the prices equal to those in surrounding towns if they would quit. They have quit and now it is up to the Omaha people to make good. They will be watched.

Why is it that a "Sanctified Christian" can break the laws of God 7 days in the week without losing caste but kicks like fury when an unregenerated saloonkeeper breaks the Slocum law occasionally? Is it that man's laws only were made to be obeyed and God's laws simply to be scoffed at? Wouldn't it be better if we should all try to be good? "How can't thou say to thy brother, Brother, let me pull out the mote that is in thine eye, when thou thyself beholdest not the beam that is in thine own eye?" But why quote further? Humanity is prone to err and "every tree is known by his own fruit."

HUMPHREY.
From The Democrat.
Born to Mr. and Mrs. Emil Hellbush, a son.

Mrs. J. E. Hugg went down to Columbus last Friday and spent the day visiting Mrs. E. G. Brown.

Walter Hinman, Bert Cummins, Arthur Graham, Lloyd King and Leroy Huff spent Sunday with Columbus friends.

Albert Wilde informs us that Mrs. Wilde, who has been in Oregon for some time for the benefit of her health, had the misfortune to fall a few days ago and fracture four of her ribs.

Dr. and Mrs. Matzen, of Columbus, were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Condon last Saturday afternoon a short time. They had been over to Leigh to visit friends and stopped off on their way home.

The Ziegler family who have been Humphrey their home for the past several years moved to Columbus this week where we understand Mr. Ziegler and Otto Kuhn have secured employment for the winter.

We have heard of all kinds of fish stories, but Omas O'Neil tells a potato story that certainly takes the prize. From some Wisconsin potatoes which he planted last spring, he says he took from one hill just forty-four good size potatoes. If anybody can beat this just step up and claim the ribbon.

Marshall Huff and Sam Lang were Columbus visitors last Friday, being called there as witnesses the case where in Mike Mostek was being tried for taking a horse which did not belong to him, but which he claimed he had purchased. Early last week a stranger had the horse in question at the Union Pacific stock yards in Humphrey. Mostek took the horse, evidently, during the owners absence, claiming he had purchased it for a few dollars. The stranger had Mostek arrested for stealing his horse and the trial resulted in Mostek being convicted, but the court was lenient, and let Mostek go upon his promise to pay the costs in the case and return the horse to its rightful owner.

PLATTE CENTER.
From The Signal.
Miss Alice Zingy was a guest of Columbus friends last Sunday.

The bottom has dropped out of the potato market in Platte Center and prices are down.

Will Mylet received word from his sisters at Elba, Neb., last Friday that Miss Sara was seriously ill with small-pox, but was improving.

Mrs. Fred Bipp was taken to the hospital at Columbus again, yesterday, not having fully recovered from her recent attack of typhoid fever.

The P. F. Luschinger family has this week moved from the farm into the house recently purchased of Mrs. Kittie Gentleman. Mr. Luschinger has made many improvements and repairs on this property since he purchased it.

We learn that Fred Ostas, who lives in Bismark township, had the misfortune while crossing Shell Creek on the bridge east of Pete Schmidt's mill, to have the bridge collapse and let his team through, both of which were killed. The bridge, we understand, had been condemned.

The published list of names of those who drew claims in the Lower Brule reservation in South Dakota the first of this week does not contain one of those who went from this place, some seven or eight in number. J. H. Evans, from Creston, is the only lucky one from Platte county.

Last Monday T. H. Regan closed a deal whereby he became the owner of the Hugh Edwards farm, twelve miles northwest of Platte Center, in the Postville neighborhood. This farm contains one hundred and sixty acres, and is considered one of the choice ones of the neighborhood. The improvements are good, including a fine flowing well. Seventy-five dollars an acre was the price paid. In addition to the land Mr. Regan bought Mr. Edwards' entire personal property on the farm, including



IT PLEASES THE COOK

to know, that the Way Up brand of flour will form the basis of her bread, cakes, pies and pastry, because it "rises" so easily, because its easy to knead, because it bakes so evenly. Those who profit by her culinary skill also rejoice over Way Up flour. Containing all the wheat that's fit to eat, it nourishes, strengthens, sustains.

Columbus Roller Mills.

horses, cattle, hogs, implements and grain. In fact Mr. Edwards retains nothing but his household effects and gives immediate possession.

MONROE.
From The Republican.
Born, on October 3, to Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Coffey, a daughter.

Mrs. R. G. Strother left Tuesday for a short visit with relatives and friends in Council Bluffs.

Nels Nelson killed an eagle this week that measured seven feet from one tip of the wing to the other.

While burning off a potato patch Wednesday Henry Holden burned up a part of his corn field.

P. E. Lindblad, who has been at the hospital in Columbus for some time on account of injuries received from falling off a hand car, returned home Monday, and is slowly improving.

Will Graham, formerly of this place, but now of Modale, Ia., has disposed of his farm there at a good round figure and is looking for a new location. Will has been away from Monroe for some time and we may expect that his next choice of a location will be in this locality.

While driving down from Spalding Ethel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Swisher fell out of the buggy, breaking her nose and bruising her face. On account of the accident Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Swisher remained here until she was able to be taken home, which was Wednesday of this week.

From The Looking Glass.
Elder Talbitor read us an excellent sermon last Sunday, and announced that there would be regular service each Sabbath at 11 o'clock whether we secured a minister or not. You will be sure of a good sermon, so come.

L. M. Parsho absconded on the 10th. It is strange that a man of apparently brilliant parts should think to escape a small sum in such a manner. He is to be pitied, for he loses more than he gains. We are sorry for him.

We are in receipt of a letter from each of the ministers written to about supplying the Monroe church. Both of them decline to consider the field at the salary, so we suppose we will have to raise up a lay preacher or two of our own, and in the meantime try to build a parsonage, while our ten dollar contributors get rich enough to increase the amount of forty or fifty, say one dollar per week for the Lord's work.

GENOA.
From The Times.
Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Regan were visitors in Columbus Monday.

Mrs. Lottie Rife and Miss Margaret Becher of Columbus, where guests of Miss Anna Ames Tuesday.

Several farmers south of the Loup have lost hogs on account of the cholera that prevails. Out of seventy hogs—large and small—Joe Swallock has thirteen left; and Sam Tucksberry has lost twenty-three out of 110.

There was a merry time at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mike Micholik last Tuesday evening. The occasion was the marriage of their daughter May to Tony Stoyek. Several people from Genoa were present and participated in the festivities.

A few days ago Ole Berry of Council Creek packed his grip and departed for Omaha to attend the Ak-Sar-Ben For fifty-six years Ole has been trotting in single harness, and it was generally conceded that he would continue to so travel the balance of his life. Shortly after Ole had departed, it was whispered around among his neighbors that the Ak-Sar-Ben was not the only attraction; that he had gone east to fulfill an engagement with a certain lady. The rumor proved true. Monday Ole returned accompanied by a lady whom he introduced as his wife.

From The Leader.
Frank and Anna Ames went to Columbus the last of the week and spent the Sabbath with friends in the city.

Columbus is now after a condensed milk factory. Old Columbus has evidently wakened to the fact that it takes factories to build up and support towns beyond a certain point.

Erie Johnson departed for parts unknown on Sunday last and it is generally reported that he went after a wife, and the lord knows the Leader hopes so, as Erie ought to have been married many moons ago, but he has either been too particular or too shy, and here's hoping reports may for once be true. My son, follow not in the footsteps of

the loafer, make no example of him who is born tired, for verily I say unto you his business is overcooked, the seeds on the corner are all occupied. It is better to saw wood at two bits a yard than to whistle at the whittling match and abuse the government. My son whistle though hast in thy skull the sense of a jaybird, break away from the cigarette habit, for lo, thy breath stinketh like a glue factory and thy mind is less intelligent than a store dummy. Yes, thou art a cypher with the rim knocked off.

THE MORAL OF PORT ROYAL.

Something We Can Learn from the Teachings of History.

It is possible to crush and destroy that which was meant in the mind of God to be a power for good in the church. And it is possible on the other hand, for holy and noble souls to make mistakes and to be overmuch occupied in attention to one aspect of truth, to forget that the whole is greater than the part, and that the whole body must be "fitly framed and knit together through that which every joint supplieth," if the body is to be built up in love. There is nothing which we more neglect than the teachings of history; there is nothing which will at once so cheer and so warm us as those teachings. In a book, the value of which is out of all proportion to its size, an eminent professor of ecclesiastical history has told us how to use these teachings. The diverging tendencies of spiritual thought alike "spring from the teaching of our Lord himself. They are not antagonistic, but complementary, they are both necessary to the church." When shall we learn this lesson, when will those who keep the Christian creed whole and undivided recognize that there always must be divergencies? The Puritan, the Catholic, or as it is so well put in Dr. Biggs's book, the mystic and the disciplinarian, will always be found side by side in the Catholic church. The story of Port Royal is the story of these divergencies in thought—Jesuit and Port Royalist represented two tendencies. The seventeenth century was not ripe for toleration. Port Royal was crushed, and crushed because it stood for what was unworidly as against the worldly world.—From "The Story of Port Royal," by Ethel Romanes.

BIG FORKS FOR ESKIMOS.

Table Implements That Had to Be Made to Order.

Six hundred and forty forks, silver plated and each a foot long, formed a part of the baggage of E. Tunnell Doey, who left Philadelphia recently for Point Barrow, Alaska, says the Philadelphia Record. Each of the forks weighed a pound and a half, and the whole accordingly weighed nearly half a ton. The forks were in packages of 10 each, 64 packages in all, and the whole divided into two piles of 32 packages each. Mr. Doey takes them to Point Barrow, the most northerly point in American Alaska, as presents to the chief Eskimo tribes there and their members, in pursuance of a promise made two years ago. Then the forks of a visiting American party enormously impressed the natives, who watched their use with deep interest. Some criticism having been offered to the small size of the fork, which, perhaps, suffered by comparison with a walrus harpoon, Mr. Doey had these made to order. He left for Seattle on his way northward and expects to return with a large supply of walrus ivory, timing his return trip with the "open water" of 1908.

Gigantic Potatoes.

Big potatoes which weigh as much as a man are not often seen. A small consignment of them, however, has just been sent off from the West Indies. There were just six potatoes, and each was large enough to feed a big family. Yam is the popular name applied to this variety of giant sweet potato. The tubers usually attain a length of three feet and an average weight of 30 pounds. Yams weighing from 100 to 150 pounds, however, are by no means uncommon in the West Indies and other parts of the tropics where they thrive. In appearance the yams look much like the ordinary potatoes on a greatly enlarged scale. They are black or brown externally and pale within, and are rich in starch. When boiled they have a very pleasant flavor.

Seven Years After.

A married man sat in a roof garden, looking up at the starry sky dreamily. "Why are you so sad?" "I'll tell you," he replied. "This morning I went into my wife's room in her absence, and on a desk lay a packet of my love letters—old letters that I had written to her before we were married—seven years ago." He smiled, sighed, shook his head. "Foolishly," he said, "I read those letters. I read all of them. Every word, every word." He gazed at the stars that glittered above him and at the lights of the city glittering below.

Causes of Napoleon's Fall.

There is no doubt Napoleon fell through the sheer dizziness of the height he had climbed to. "The Duc de Raguse," says Comtesse de Boigne, "once explained to me the nature of his connection with the emperor in a phrase which is more or less applicable to the whole nation. 'When Napoleon said, "All for France," I served with enthusiasm. When he said: "France and I," I served with zeal. When he said, "I and France," I served with obedience. When he said "I" without France, I felt the necessity of parting from him.'"

La Belle Sauvage.

We may educate and civilize woman as we will, but the instinct of savagery will cling to her still. If lovely woman can adorn herself with anything in the nature of scalp, or set herself a-jangling with beads and tinkling gew-gaws, she never loses her opportunity. She is now decking herself forth with jeweled imitations of creeping things innumerable.—London World.

People in Doubt as to Where is the Best Place to Buy Their

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CAUSE OF ROME'S FATE.

Decay of the Citizen a Prelude to its Downfall.
Not long ago the Esquiline cemetery was excavated, and there was discovered a pit 1,000 feet long and 300 feet deep. It was an ancient burial ground for slaves, who were thrown into it along with the carcasses of animals and the refuse of the city. If it be true that methods of human burial indicate the value which is placed on human life, these Roman slave pits are in themselves sufficient to indicate the spirit that lay behind Roman civilization. The collective tyranny was reproduced in the acts of the single citizen. His voracious egotism was expressed in the boast of Roman capitalists that their own domains and their own slaves supplied them with almost every article that they needed, and made them independent of the fluctuations of the markets. That is the picture of a society breaking up. It is for such reasons that if the decline of an empire is, as Gibbon called it, "the most awful scene in the history of mankind," it is a scene which cannot find its ultimate explanation in the narrow formulae of politics and economics. For a nation is a collection of individuals whose actions contain elements of surprise, and are incalculable, and the sum of their characters is the national conscience. Hence the national conscience may vary from century to century. On the private tombs of the Romans there have been discovered dedications to Nemesis. But we cannot measure every step of that long and insidious process of deterioration in their private character, which at last caused her name to be written, with deeper meaning, on the tomb of the state.—From "The Nemesis of Nations," by W. Romaine Paterson.

ONIONS GROWING IN FAVOR.

Aromatic Vegetable Very Much in Order for Lunch Baskets.

Surely the famous London divine who has sorrowfully declared that more fortunes have been wasted in dining out than in any other way must approve of the simple luncheons which society packs into its baskets when whirling away on an auto tour or some other pleasure excursion. In fact, a well known woman was heard to say when giving orders as to what should fill a lunch basket which was to be taken along on a fishing trip the other day, "Please have 15 or 20 onion sandwiches put in." They evidently struck the waiter as something new, for he ventured to ask, "Did you say onion sandwiches?" "Yes, put this slices of Bermuda onions between slices of bread. They are delicious, and in the woods one can eat as many as one likes." They have the added virtues of being good for the complexion and good for the health, and that is something which women look for in their diet in these days, when invalidism is out of fashion. Interesting invalidism the foolish used to call it, and the real sufferers were generally those who paid the bills.

Couldn't Stick Him Again.

A bishop accosted in Fifth avenue by a neat but hungry stranger, took the needy one to a hotel and shared a gorgeous dinner with him, yet, having left his episcopal wallet in the pocket of a different episcopal jacket, suddenly faced the embarrassment of not possessing the wherewithal to pay the guest. "Never mind," exclaimed the guest, "I have enjoyed dining with you, and I shall be charmed to shoulder the cost. Permit me." Whereupon the stranger paid for two. This worried the prelate, who insisted: "Just let me call a cab and we'll run up to my hotel, where I shall have the pleasure of reimbursing you." But the stranger met the suggestion with: "See here, old man! You've stuck me for a bully good dinner, but hanged if I'm going to let you stick me for caffeine."—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

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