



IN SONG
and verse, or prose, when our coffees are spoken of it's to extol their virtues. Tired nature hasn't a speedier or more refreshing renewer than these

Excellent Coffees
Don't be deluded into buying what is claimed to be just as good, whilst ours is just as cheap.

White House Coffee
in one and two pound cans.

Chase & Sanborn's
Seal Brand in one and two pound cans.

Richelieu
in 1 and 2 lb. cans, also in bulk.

Ragatz Coffee
in two pound cans.

Vienna Coffee
in one pound cans.

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

ITEMS OF INTEREST

ABOUT OUR NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS CLIPPED FROM OUR EXCHANGES

SILVER CREEK.
From the Standard.
Mrs. Frank Holden returned Sunday from a visit to her parents at Columbus. Joe Zimba and Mary Zant were married Wednesday at the home of the bride's father, Gus Zant.

FULLERTON.
From the Post.
Bob Adams has given up his position in Seattle and together with his wife and sister, Miss Edith Baldridge, has again gone into the Salvation Army. They are now in Lincoln and Miss Edith spent Sunday here with her brother, Willis, and cousin, Miss May Dolson.

An insane man was caught near Glenwood school house and was taken by Sheriff Babb to the Hastings asylum Tuesday. The man gave his name as George Jones but no trace of any relatives could be found and nothing learned about him except that at one time he had been an inmate of an Indiana asylum.

HUMPHREY.
From the Democrat.
George Brown was up from Columbus over Sunday visiting Squire Follet and other school friends.
Herman Greening was up from Columbus the first of the week visiting at the home of Edo Winkten.
Miss Elizabeth Sheehan of Columbus came up Friday evening and visited at the Condon-Ottis home until Sunday noon.

Miss Lizzie and Nellie Weber of Omaha and Miss Mamie Weber of Columbus were here this week attending the Weber-Botschneider wedding.
Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Veit will leave next Monday for their new home at Okarohio, Oklahoma. Mr. Veit purchased a farm down there some time ago. The Democrats and their many friends here hope they will enjoy their new home and prosper to the fullest extent.

PLATTE CENTER.
From the Signal.
Miss Martha Schnpbach of Columbus spent the week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Leuchinger.
Cards are out announcing the marriage of Christ Martens and Miss Alma

Losecke, which will occur next Wednesday.
Miss Katie Riley, who has been visiting her uncle, John Kuta, for several weeks, returned to her home in Columbus Tuesday.
Medames Laughlin and Jenkins came up from Columbus Wednesday and while here were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Kramer.

Announcement of the approaching marriage of E. J. Marks of Grand Prairie, and Miss Rose Glass of Carroll, Iowa, was made in St. Joseph's church last Sunday. Just why Ed should go to Iowa for a wife when this neighborhood is heaping full of eligible young ladies is a question which will probably never be known. Come to think of it that's his business.

ST. EDWARD.
From the Advance.
Ed Dadds arrived Wednesday from Columbus on a visit to St. Edward friends.

Mrs. Fay Moore and Miss Ruth Moore of Plum Creek visited Dr. and Mrs. G. O. Thompson the fore part of the week. Mrs. Moore has been in very poor health for some time and Tuesday was taken to St. Mary's hospital at Columbus for treatment.

E. T. Long went down to Columbus today on business. When he bought his ticket he remarked that the price was easy as compared with travel in the early days of Boone county when he used to haul wheat to Columbus with an ox team and walked the entire distance prodding the patient bovine along.

Mr. J. H. Reed died Tuesday, Jan. 21, 1903, after a long illness, cause of death being dropsy. Funeral services were held Wednesday from the Methodist church of which she had been a faithful, conscientious member a number of years, Rev Lang officiating. Caroline Shoop was born in Pennsylvania, August 30, 1836 and was married to Israel H. Reed March 1860. To this union thirteen children were born, four of whom are living, Mrs. J. Nola, Mrs. Ora Louden of St. Edward and Mrs. Wm. Wisley of Silver Creek and Harry of Moline, Ill.

HARD AND SOFT COAL—ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY. P. D. SMITH LUMBER CO.

FRISCHHOLZ BROS.

SHOES CLOTHING Gents' Furnishing Goods

RELIABLE GOODS AT RIGHT PRICES.

FRISCHHOLZ BROS.

405 11th Street, Columbus.

BOONE.
From the Republican.
Mrs. Manington was the guest of Genoa friends and relatives a few days last week.

John Koster, with a few of his intimate friends, celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday.
M. Bruhn, who has been living in W. J. Kelley's residence, moved to a farm east of Columbus this week.

Mrs. John Kelley went to Fullerton last Saturday to visit her son Lester, and also to St. Edward, where her son Will lives. She returned Tuesday.
Mrs. L. Q. Mann and two boys left Monday for Stearns, S. D., where they will visit Mrs. Mann's mother, Mrs. Clayton, and look after their homestead.

E. L. Smith showed us some winter wheat that he pulled out of Ernest Hoar's field that was as healthy and fine as ever you saw, and no bugs in it; either.
Mrs. E. D. Jeninson was called to Boone last week on account of the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. Harris. Mrs. J. Baker and Mrs. J. Dack, sisters of Mrs. Harris, went to Boone Monday.

Mrs. Ryba and two children leave Friday for Creston, after a visit with Mrs. Ryba's sister, Mrs. A. E. Priest. After a short stay with her parents, she will leave for her new home in Janesville, Minn.
The Virginia City, Mont., Times of January 17, tells of the death of a lady, Mrs. George Willis of Sheridan, Mont., who was born and raised in the Postville neighborhood, her maiden name being Edith Minnie Nelson, second daughter of Nels F. Nelson. Mrs. Willis resided with her parents on the home place, eleven miles northwest of Monroe until 1902, when they moved to Montana. She was married about a year ago and leaves a husband and a little son to mourn her loss.

GENOA.
From the Times.
Former citizens of Nance county, who drew land in the Rosebud lottery have made good. Bert McFayden writes to the St. Edward Sun that land in the Rosebud country is selling for \$3,000 to \$3,500 a quarter.

The weather department of the government report that 57 years ago the country enjoyed the same brand of weather that has prevailed this winter up to the present time. Fruit trees in the New England states were in blossom the middle of February and no frost appeared after that time.

About twice a year H. C. Stange, a Madison county farmer living near Battle Creek, comes to Norfolk and exhibits a small nugget of gold which he claims was "found in the crav of a duck killed the other day." One peculiar thing about Baron Munchausen Stange's find is that it's the same old nugget.

From the Leader.
Mrs. W. H. Pugsley and Miss Faye Pugsley went to Omaha the last of the week and spent a few days viewing the sights in that city.

We understand that Mrs. W. O. Pugsley has decided to move to town the first of March into the house occupied by Mr. Wimberly.
The remains of Tom Fox, who died the first of the week at the insane hospital at Hastings, was brought to Genoa yesterday and buried in the cemetery south of town.

Fred Jackson arrived in town from California on Saturday morning last. No, he did not come to stay this time, not until next time. He returned after his team of horses which he will ship together with a quantity of hay and feed. He says that hay is higher than a cat's back out in that country.

HOWELL.
From the Journal.
The bans have been published announcing the marriage, next Wednesday, Jan. 29 of Henry Busch, jr. and Miss Lizzie Fehige.
Miss Mary Brichacek accompanied Dr. Meyers to Omaha yesterday morning where she was operated on Tuesday for appendicitis. Her mother also went down with her.
Henry Blackwell has rented his Stanton county farm to Wm. Wise, and we understand that he and his children will spend the greater part of the coming year visiting with relatives in Germany.

A number of carp have been caught in maple creek the past week. Last Friday night the water was let out of the Pimper dam and some of the large fish in the deep pond above it came down with the water and was caught in the creek below. The fish caught weighed from four to ten pounds, the largest one having been captured by Emil Snohan.

BELWOOD.
From the Gazette.
Mrs. Charley Hoshor returned Wednesday to the hospital at David City for further treatment.
A green bug, or bug, it is said is playing havoc with many wheat fields in different parts of the country.
Mrs. Mesgrove of Norfolk, formerly Miss Mae Lillie of this place, visited between freights with her many friends on Thursday last week.

Geo. Simms, formerly of Bellwood, but now of Weyburn, Canada, among other things, writes us this week that they have had no bad weather there this winter, but that they have a little sleighing. He also states that all the Bellwood people, now living in his section of Canada, are doing very well. He said "better half" wish to be re-annexed to their old friends at Bellwood.

Real Estate Transfers.
Boeber, Hochberger & Chambers real estate agents, report the following real estate transfers filed for record in the office of the county clerk during the week ending Jan. 25, 1903.
Frank Shoop to Miss Kalk, lot 2, blk 124, Columbia, col. \$100 00
C B Spalte to H J Hillenback, lot 4, blk 1A, Platte Center. 7000 00
W E Farmer to Chas H Kelley, lot 4, blk "E", Genoa, Mo. 1000 00
Eben H Mann to Chas H Kelley, lots 1 and 2, blk "F", east add to Meador, wd. H I Hancock to S M Hanson, part blk 60, Cap. add to Columbus. 175 00
D I Clark to G H Palmer, pt east lot to Creston, wd. 471 00
F C Anderson to W J Hochberger, east of 14-27-28 4000 00
L J Volk to F R McKillop, apt of 22-20-1st, wd. 10000 00
Minkinda Munkia to Mando Winslow, s w 2-23-24, col. 1 00
Nick Panger to Mando Winslow, s w 2-23-24, wd. 400 00
Cyrus Taber to S J Simpson, lot 28, 2d, wd. 12000 00
J G Rasmussen to J W Rasmussen, so 6, no 7-25-26, wd. 1 00
John Blomquist to Emma Hallgren, s w 2-24-25, wd. 500 00
Thirteen transfers, total. \$20,000 00

COFFIN WAS A BACK NUMBER.
So Pennsylvania Man Sold It and Will Purchase Another.

Isaac Coffman of Hatton, Pa., has sold a coffin he made many years ago. He sold it not because he felt he would have no use for it, but because his wife insisted that it was out of date. Mr. Coffman is nearing his eightieth birthday. He explained to a friend that he constructed the coffin 20 years ago. It was built of chestnut because, as he put it, "Many's the time I have sat beside a cheery blaze of chestnut logs and heard them crackle and burn merrily. It makes such a homelike noise that I picked it up in preference to other woods." It was his desire to have the coffin as cozy as possible, and I rejected the frivolities which so many persons affect in the matter of coffins. In order to have it handy I kept it in the garret. But my wife tells me that styles have changed, and since I have accumulated a little fortune she will not permit me to die unless I consent to get an up-to-date casket. To avoid trouble I agreed to sell the old one. But at the same time I think that the coffin which was good enough for me in my poorer days should satisfy me now, and I shall always feel out of place in the new-fangled affair."

METHODS ARE TOO STRENUOUS.
Why Yankee Salesmen Have Not Succeeded in South America.

In the matter of salesmen abroad, we must have men who not only speak the language but who are also thoroughly conversant with the customs and idiosyncrasies of the people with whom they deal, says the Engineering Magazine. The South American, in his buying is in almost everything else, is a most deliberate person as well as a sensitive one. A salesman who will call, strike a cigarette, talk inconsequently about the weather, the theater and the races, and answer questions—should any happen to be asked—rather than make assertions about his goods, will outsell, five to one, the liveliest hustler that ever opened up a sample case. This is a thing so contrary to the instinct of the American salesman that, to date, in his wanton disregard of it, he has constantly played into the hands of his more experienced European rivals. "Your Yankee drummers," says the latter politely, "are the greatest salesmen in the world—in America."

Advance in Microscopy.
The wonders revealed by the ordinary microscope are increased a hundredfold by a recent invention, which enables the use of a high-power lens as large as six inches in diameter—thus bringing the whole of objects instead of details only under observation. By this means a common house-fly is magnified in parts, but all at once, till it appears to be as large as an ostrich or a condor, and being inclosed in an open space, where it is kept directly within the field of the glass and yet has ample room, considering its size, to move about and engage in its usual occupations, the opportunity for studying it are immensely in advance of anything previously enjoyed by scientists. Vest words of microscopic life. Hitherto our dream of, are suddenly open to the gaze of mankind, and discoveries of immense value can doubtless be made.

Byron's First Shoes.
Speaking of Byron, I once owned the first pair of shoes that he wore. writes "The Lounger" in Putnam's. They were given to my father by a woman who had been the poet's nurse. She had cut them down to fit the feet of a doll belonging to one of her children. It must have been a pretty good sized doll, for the shoes—little soft things made of braid—were none too small for a child. I gave them to the Players because I knew that they would be well taken care of (not because Byron was a playwright), and to the best of my knowledge and belief they now repose under a glass case at 16 Gramercy park.

Why Letters Are Unwritten.
Why not keep up writing-desk supplies just as conscientiously as those for the pantry? asks a writer. Few households would get along a week without sugar, salt or soap, yet how many letters are unanswered for the lack of a good pen, a stamp or an envelope? It is not the expense, but lack of thought, that keeps an insufficient or meager supply of the necessary articles on hand.

Dignity of Ownership.
"I saw a sign in a restaurant down at Galton the other day," said a Cleveland man, "that struck me as an effective means of upholding the dignity of the establishment. The proprietor of the restaurant is a big man, weighing about 200 pounds and put up like a prize ox. His sign says: 'If You Want to Know Who Runs This Place Just Start Something.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

DIARY OF AN APARTMENT DWELLER

Monday.—Met Miss Neuhara in the hall to-day. Somebody had told her what I had heard about her, and she stopped to tell me there wasn't a word of truth in it, and that she had always behaved herself enough right better than those who tried to run her down just because they were jealous, and that she wasn't going around talking about somebody else all the time. She said Mrs. Salikins was only a mischief shooter in a cheap restaurant before she met him and that Mrs. Wright used to clerk in a toy store. It seems as though folk who get their start that way would be more careful what they said about others.

Tuesday.—Spent the evening with Mrs. Holcomb and Mrs. Burton. Mrs. Holcomb showed us some fancy work she is doing—going to get it away. She's awfully stuck on her work, and claims to have taken lessons, but as I told Mrs. Burton I'd be ashamed to have such a looking thing around the house, much less give it away.

Wednesday.—Went to the matinee with Mrs. Roberts and Mrs. Burton. Mrs. Holcomb was going, but when Mrs. Roberts asked me if I was going and I said yes, Mrs. Holcomb remembered she had another date she had forgotten all about. Don't see what made her act so to-day. She was awfully disagreeable. We went up in the gallery, just for fun, as Mrs. Burton said. The play was about a Frenchwoman who got awfully mad one time and kicked her slippers off and talked perfectly awful. I didn't hear much of it but that, for we were so busy talking. Mrs. Roberts and Mrs. Burton seemed to know almost every woman in the house, and I learned a lot of things about them. Miss Browning sat downstairs with a gentleman. Mrs. Burton said it was funny a girl who claimed to be working for a living could get off to go to a matinee, and with a man, at that. Mrs. McCuen was there, and she had the loudest looking friend with her. Saw lots of people I never expected to find there.

Thursday.—Well, I am mad clear through. Here I invited Mrs. Burton and Mrs. Roberts and Mrs. Stevens to play cards to-night, and planned a chafing dish luncheon and just as it was going nicely and I had the coffee in my new percolator the manager slipped a note under the door saying there was no cooking allowed. Didn't have the nerve to tell me to my face. I suppose. I was out of sight. All we had to eat was ice water and wafers. I wish all the rules and the manager would go hang, and that apartment houses had never been discovered.

Friday.—The laundress never showed up this week, and it was up to me to wash out a few pieces in the washbowl. Such a time. I got along all right with the handkerchiefs, but when it came to the flannels I was stuck. I put them to soak in the bathtub, and then found I had no place to dry them. Put them over the radiators and turned on the steam. They dried, all right, but if Charley doesn't have to use a shoe horn to get into his underwear I miss my guess. This apartment house life is great maybe.

Saturday.—Mrs. Watson told me they were out to the theater last night and got home about 12, and that some young woman in the building had had a fellow and he was just leaving when they came in. She didn't know who the girl was, for she didn't see her, but she knew it was so, for the fellow got out of the elevator just as they got in. I don't see what they are thinking of here in the house, having men hanging around, until that hour, even if the women know no better.

Sunday.—Had a good joke on Mrs. Watson. She was telling Mrs. Waltermire about seeing that man who had been calling on that girl, and what she thought about it. When she described him Mrs. Waltermire laughed and said that was her brother, that he brought her up to the house, going as awful cheap. You can't be too careful what you say in a place like this, and jumping at conclusions is wrong anyway.

Some Hat Lore.
With the ancient Greeks the hat was simply an appurtenance of the traveler. The free citizen preferred to go bareheaded and only put on his broad-brimmed petasus for protection against the sun when on a long journey. Indeed, the uncovered head was part of his dignity, for the slaves and workmen wore always a kind of pointed skull cap, the pilus, which therefore stood for a badge of servitude. Much the same scorn of habitually covering the head prevailed among the Romans. In England the hood was not finally given up until the early part of the fifteenth century.

Clothes You Can't Drown In.
A Norwegian inventor has patented a suit of clothes which will protect its wearer against drowning. The clothes are lined with a non-absorbent material made of specially prepared vegetable fiber which without being too heavy will effectively hold up the weight of a man in the water. Twelve ounces of the new material will, it is claimed, save a person from sinking. The invention has been tested with favorable results at Christiania. Successful trials were also made with rugs made of the same material, capable of supporting two persons in the water.

"CHILDREN'S DAY" WITH ANTS.
Youngster's Pretty Idea of the Gathering of the Small Creatures.

"Mamma, next Sunday is to be Children's day. Shall I have my new white dress for that day? All the little girls are to be dressed in white." "Yes, Gertrude, I will promise you your dress for that day." "And shall I have my dress, too?" asked two-year-old Roy, the little sunbeam of the family. "Oh, you are only a little bit of a boy, just the 'sunbeam' of my home. You don't go to Sunday school,

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The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

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you know." "Can't I go Children's day, mamma? Can't I go, papa?" "Well, why not, little sunbeam, I should think you might, on this great day for children." And so it was decided that little "Sunbeam" should go, if he would promise not to get tired, and also promise to be a "good boy." It was a very proud little boy who joined with the infant class, and marched out into the main room, and tried to join in with the singing. He watched the other classes march in two by two, and it made a very great impression on him. On the following day he was playing in the grounds which surrounded his home, when he noticed what seemed to him to be an army of ants, all going in the same direction. He ran breathless to his mother, calling, "Mamma, come quick, and see!" It must be children's day with the ants."

REASON FOR THE PREFERENCE.

Husband Evidently Shared in Dainties Meant for Wife.
The Lady Beautiful of the parish was going her rounds and called at a cottage occupied by a "model" peasant, whose wife had been an invalid for some years. "And how is Mary to-day?" inquired the visitor. "Just about the same, thanks kindly, mem," was the reply. "Did she enjoy those little things I sent her yesterday?" asked the lady. "The things come all right, mem, an' we be greatly obliged; but, if I might make so bold, would ye not send her any more of that jelly? Some jam—strawberry jam—be much more sootable, mem." "Why, doesn't she care for the jelly?" was the natural query. "Yes, mem, she do; but I can't say as I does."—Judge's Library.

Fashion in Medicine.
A curious communication has been made to the French Academy of Medicine by Dr. Grimbart, who has a fondness for statistics. The doctor has been making inquiries with a view to finding out whether there is a fashion in medicine. He has discovered that the old-fashioned medicines, such as opium, laudanum, iodine and bismuth, are sold in about the same quantities as they have always been. The sale of lozenges has diminished. In 1876 50,000 were sold by a certain number of chemists' shops in Paris, but this year the same shops sold only 12,000. The glyceric-phosphates and antipyrins sold 50 per cent. less than they used to and quinine has gone down 24 per cent. As for the newer drugs—pyramidal, aspartine, etc.—their sale has increased enormously.

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REFERENCE—Blaine State Bank, Blaine, Kansas, Citizens' State Bank, Frankfort, Kansas, State Bank, Frankfort, Kansas.

UNION PACIFIC TIME TABLE

| WEST BOUND. | EAST BOUND. |
|------------------------|------------------------|
| No. 11..... 2:30 a.m. | No. 8..... 6:35 a.m. |
| No. 12..... 11:25 a.m. | No. 12..... 4:15 p.m. |
| No. 1..... 11:25 a.m. | No. 14..... 12:25 p.m. |
| No. 3..... 11:50 a.m. | No. 15..... 1:25 p.m. |
| No. 5..... 12:50 p.m. | No. 16..... 2:25 p.m. |
| No. 7..... 2:50 p.m. | No. 17..... 3:25 p.m. |
| No. 9..... 4:50 p.m. | No. 18..... 4:25 p.m. |
| No. 11..... 6:50 a.m. | No. 19..... 5:25 p.m. |
| No. 13..... 8:50 a.m. | No. 20..... 6:25 p.m. |
| No. 15..... 10:50 a.m. | No. 21..... 7:25 p.m. |
| No. 17..... 12:50 p.m. | No. 22..... 8:25 p.m. |
| No. 19..... 2:50 p.m. | No. 23..... 9:25 p.m. |
| No. 21..... 4:50 p.m. | No. 24..... 10:25 p.m. |

BRANFORD.
No. 77 mtd. 4:45 a.m.
No. 29 p.m. 4:15 p.m.
No. 20 p.m. 4:50 p.m.
No. 10 p.m. 4:50 p.m.

BRANFORD & ALBION.
No. 79 mtd. 4:00 a.m.
No. 31 p.m. 4:15 p.m.
No. 70 mtd. 4:50 p.m.
No. 70 mtd. 4:50 p.m.

☐ Daily except Sunday.

NOTE:
Nos. 1, 2, 7 and 8 are extra fare trains.
Nos. 4, 5, 15 and 16 are local passes.
Nos. 1, 2, 7 and 8 are local freights.
Nos. 30 and 31 are small train only.
No. 4 runs in Omaha 4:45 p. m.
No. 6 runs in Omaha 5:50 p. m.

ALL FOND OF MAKING NOISE.

It's the Way of Mankind to Seek to Create an Impression.
"Lincoln," said Mr. MacGillhamby, "told a story about a little steamboat running on the Wahash river with a whistle so big that when the captain blew it he had to tie up to the bank for an hour or two to get up steam enough to go on. He had only a little boat, but he wanted to make as much noise as anybody on the river. And isn't it so, in a way, with our friends the automobilists? If you don't see it you can't tell by the sound of the horn whether the machine coming is a veritable battle ship of a car with a limousine body and with 14 extra tires clamped to it, and with hampers and baskets strapped to it all over, and with seven trunks on the roof, a regular house on wheels driven by 100 horse-power engine; or a rickety little second-hand two horse-power runabout, for the floppy little runabout is altogether likely to carry a bigger and louder horn than the majestic touring car. And still, are steamboat men and automobilists the only people that like to put up a big front? Don't we all of us, big and little, like to make all the noise we can in the world?"

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