

HOT WATER HEATING

For the Farm Home

All the comforts of town life can now be had on the farm. Heat the house with hot water, and get the maximum amount of comfort at a minimum cost. The day of the base burner in the country home is rapidly passing.

WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST

The time to install a heating plant is from now on. Once installed, they last a lifetime. Come in and let us tell you about it, or drop us a card stating what you want.

A. DUSSELL & SON
Plumbing and Hot Water Heating
COLUMBUS, NEB.

Route No. 5.
Mrs. O. G. Adkins and son left Tuesday for Wymore, where she will visit her brother-in-law.

Walter Wade is building an addition to his house.

Hy. Eayart had an operation for cancer last Thursday.

A crowd of Wilmer Barn's friends dropped in on him last Friday evening and gave him a pleasant surprise. Refreshments were served at a late hour and all report a good time.

Miss Anna Bonner is able to be up and around the house, but Miss Ella will be compelled to remain in bed a few days longer. They are recovering from a stage of typhoid fever.

H. J. Houser has purchased a house and lots in Columbus, located on Sixteenth street, south of the Third ward school.

Miss Marie Wilson, who attended the party at J. J. Barnes' Friday night, visited until Sunday with the Misses Edith and Florence Barnes.

The Barnes young folks and Miss Marie Wilson visited Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Donoghue.

Why Gold Ericks Sell.
"De man dat answers a gold brick circular," said Uncle Eben, "makes de old mistake. Instead o' tellin' Satan to git behind 'im, he thinks he kin git ahead o' Satan."

A Black Record.
"There goes a man of low life and dark deeds."
"Mercy on us! What does he do?"
"Cleans cellars and shovels in coal."
—Baltimore American.

Words of Advice for Fools.
There is a fool born every minute, so we are told, but there is also a great mortality among them. There are fewer active ones alive to-day than there were last week, or than there will be next Monday morning. It seems useless to say much to this kind of people, but we do wish to give a few suggestions in the interest of those who are not fools, but friends and relatives of fools. Unless you are an expert boatman, do not take a boat out on the water, and in no event unless you are able to control all those who are in it. Do not try to see how deep you can dive nor how far you can swim into danger. Do not try to see if your automobile can make 70 miles an hour, as guaranteed by the man from whom you bought it. Do not blow your brains out simply because the girl doesn't like you or because you can't pay your debts. Let others do the worrying.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Scotch Modesty.
Love of country is so fine a virtue that it seems difficult to carry it to excess. A resident of a small village in the north of Scotland paid a business visit to London the other day. He happened to call on a merchant who was unknown to him but had once made a stay in his native place. In the course of conversation the visitor made use of an expression that led the other to exclaim: "Surely, you come from Glen McLuskie?" The assertion, however, was denied. Presently, to the merchant's surprise, another Glen McLuskie expression was heard. "My dear Mr. MacTavish, I feel convinced that you are a Glen McLuskie man after all," insisted the merchant.

"Well," returned the other, "I'll deny it any longer."
"Then why didn't you say so at first?" demanded the Englishman.
"Well," was the calm response, "I didn't like to boast o' it in London."

What Bothered Him.
A peculiar instance of conjugal affection occurred some time ago in Vermont. An aged couple, who through half a century of married life had wrangled with each other, were in all probability soon to be separated. The husband was taken sick, and was believed to be near his end. The old wife came to his bedside and after carefully examining and taking stock of his condition, exclaimed: "Why daddy, your feet are cold, your hands are cold, and your nose is cold."
"Wa'al, let 'em be cold."
"Wa'al, let 'em be cold."
"Wa'al, let 'em be cold."
"Wa'al, I guess I know what I'm bout."
"Daddy, wa't's to becum of me if you die?"
"I dunno, and I don't care. Wa't I want to know is, wa't's to becum of me?"



The Big Ball Room Scene in "The Man of the Hour"
NORTH THEATRE, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13th

RUSSIA'S INLAND WATERWAY

Barges Ten Afloat on the Volga Waiting Their Turn at the Wharves Not an Infrequent Sight.

Russia's great waterway is the Volga; it has a navigable length of 1,500 miles, some 260 miles further than the distance from St. Louis to the sea by the Mississippi. The Russian winters are so cold that the season of navigation is barely six months' long, as against ten to twelve months on the lower Mississippi from St. Louis.

From the head of barge navigation the Volga communicates with St. Petersburg by way of the Schekana river and a series of canals, making a grand water way, connecting the Baltic with the Caspian.

When J. A. Ockerson of the Mississippi river commission was at Ryzinsk, at the junction of the Volga with the Schekana last summer he saw barges lying ten abreast in the stream, waiting their turn at the wharves.

A strange thing about the Volga is the fact that the heaviest tonnage is upstream. The trade in petroleum and its products alone runs above 8,000,000 tons annually, there are upward of a thousand boats engaged in it exclusively.

Steel tank barges of 1,000 tons are much used in this oil traffic. St. Petersburg, separated from the Volga by hundreds of miles of river and canal, nevertheless receives from it more than seven hundred thousand tons annually.

At Nijn-Novgorod, on the upper Volga, the boats arriving have numbered as many as 7,500 in the course of a six-months' season. So rapidly has the traffic been growing that the number of vessels engaged in it increased 100 per cent. between 1884 and 1895, and has a further increase of 66 per cent. since. Most of the boats are built in Russia.

The steamers at burn oil. The government project, according to which the river has been improved, provides for a depth of eight feet.

Cleopatra and Corsets.
If Cleopatra wore corsets she may rank as a royal champion of them with Catherine de Medicis, who is credited with having introduced the bused corset into France from Italy. Male monarchs have been less friendly. Joseph II. of Austria tried to discourage the corset by making it part of the costume of a convicted woman of bad character; Napoleon, shaking his head over the tight lacing of his day, told Dr. Corvisart that he saw in it a sign of frivolous tastes and a menace of coming decadence. The Restoration kings, Louis XVIII. and Charles X., were equally hostile. Formerly, said the latter, France had been full of Venuses, Dianas and Nubes, but now there were only wasps. The revolution alone temporarily put down the garment that has triumphantly defied kings.

Regulating Morals by the Clock.
Isn't it perfectly marvelous how a certain act may be legal until the clock strikes and a crime thereafter? There is piano-playing, for instance in the city of Washington anybody who pleases may bang on a piano until midnight without interference, but as soon as the clock strikes 12 piano playing becomes a crime, and the player is liable to be marched off to jail and locked up: To our mind, nine tenths of all piano banging is criminality, no matter at what time it takes place; yet we fail to understand why banging at 11:59 p. m. is less reprehensible than similar banging at 12:01 a. m. Do we run our morals by the clock?—Savannah News.

New Sort of Valedictory.
"Usually the graduates fire a lot of oratory at the committee and the committee hands the graduates a lot of advice. But we had something new at the commencement last night."
"How was that?"
"The valedictorian said he wanted work, and the gentleman presiding gave him a job."—Washington Herald.

A Suspicious Sign.
"Old Moneybags is afraid that prince he bought for his daughter is a bogus one."
"Why so?"
"When it came to settling up he asked for the prince's debts, and the fellow told him he hadn't any."—Baltimore American.

Belief in Charms

SAID TO BE GENERAL IN BRITISH ISLES.

Words Used to Cure Disease or Work Evil—Curious Reason for Diligence to Giving Names to Strangers.

Two writers in the Occult Review, published in London, England, contribute an interesting article on the "Survivals of Old Magical Customs in Great Britain." The majority of the cases mentioned by them are connected with a belief in the power of words, which may be either charms, that is words having a magical power of their own when written or spoken, or the power conferred by the possession of names over the people or things they indicate, for in a certain stage of mind culture the name is regarded as actually being part of the owner.

It is said that in North Ireland and Arran many of the natives absolutely refuse to tell their names because the knowledge would enable the inquirer to "call" them, no matter how far he was from them and whenever he cared to do so. Moreover, they also believe that any spell worked on the written name would have the same effect as if worked on the owner. All over Great Britain this instinctive dislike to giving one's name to a stranger exists.

Dislike to the pronunciation of their names is not confined to human beings. Certain Scotch and English fishermen believe that the salmon and pig have a similar objection to being named, but they may be called the "red fish" or the "queer fellow."

Nowhere is the power of words greater than in Ireland, where the chief weapon of the poet was the satire. A poet would recite a satire which would blight crops, dry cows or raise ulcerous blisters on the face of his object.

Word formulae were generally used to cure disease, a formula used for epilepsy runs: "I conjure thee by the sun and by the moon and by the Holy Gospel of the day, delivered by God unto his servants Hubert, Giles, Cornelius and John, that you arise and fall no more." This had to be whispered into the patient's ear just after an attack.

In a Roman Catholic church in Ash-ton-in-Makerfield there is still preserved in a white silk bag a hand which is still held in veneration, and cures are said to have been wrought by it. The hand is said to have been that of one Father Edmund Arrow-smith, who was executed at Lancaster in 1628 for apparently no other offense than that of being true to his faith. After his execution one of his friends cut off his hand, which was preserved for many years at Bryn hall in Lancashire and afterward removed to Ashton.

Kind-Hearted Maiden (fishing for a stray penny in her purse)—I suppose you poor blind people feel your misfortunes keenly?
Blind Mendicant—Yes, indeed. The Lord only knows how I miss the pleasure of being able to look into the beautiful faces of the handsome and lovely ladies who are kind enough to donate—

Kind-Hearted Maiden (fishing out a shilling)—Here, poor fellow, take this. I'm sure you are deserving.—Scrap.

Her Dearest Friend.
"Check sent me a handsome mirror for my birthday."
"O, that accounts for it."
"Accounts for what?"
"Yesterday he asked me if I thought you ever got too old to be pleased by a look."

A Lost Art.
Unfortunately, the American tendency to "talk shop" on every occasion, added to the necessity for every one being expert in some special line, making some one thing always paramount in his mind, has gradually penetrated into the drawing-rooms and the clubs, until generalities of conversation become impossible. The situation is such that after one individual delivers himself of his monologue the next man, always awaiting impatiently for a cue, starts upon his and so it goes the rounds. Small wonder, then, as the Atlantic Monthly puts it, the women, with their versatility of interest, are disgusted with the situation.

It is difficult for a woman to listen politely to a dissertation on the stock market fluctuations when she finds herself in masculine society, and while women are generous in giving every man credit for being master of his own particular specialty, they pine for some indication that he will relate and give attention to them. The men themselves, some of them, realize the state of affairs, but they are helpless.

A Lost Day.
The most completely lost of all days is that upon which you have not laughed.—Chamfort.

Funny, By Gum.
One of the funniest sights in the world is a toothless man trying to "chew the rag."—Manchester Union.

Horses and Mules
I have a car of choice broke horses, and mules, and will sell them reasonable.
I will also buy horses and mules.

JOHN RANDALL.
One half mile northwest of Columbus.

Palace Meat Market
CARL FALK, Proprietor

Solicits a share of your patronage
Thirteenth Street

TESTING STRENGTH OF BRAIN

Simple Means by Which One May Determine on Which Side of Boundary He Is.

If the theory of a New York magistrate is correct it is easy to ascertain one's state of mind without hiring an expensive alienist and submitting one's self to an embarrassing volley of questions. Any one who has a lurking suspicion that perhaps the strain of life is too great and who wants to know the truth without evasion or polite subterfuge, has but to close the eyes and try to put the tip of the index finger of the right hand on the end of the nose. According to the metropolitan judge this is an unerring test of sanity. Whoever is able to do this at the first trial is presumably sane. If the finger and the nose do not touch there is a screw loose somewhere.

It would perhaps be well for every one who has a conscientious regard for the welfare of others and who wants to maintain an even mental balance to apply this test every day, say, the first thing in the morning on arising. If the finger and the nose come into conjunction promptly all is well. If there is a failure to occult it is time to take advice. So simple a test can be conducted secretly. It is unnecessary to ask "Is my nose on straight?" No mirrors are required. No one need be called in to help. Just touch the nose with the eyes shut and the day begins sanely. That will be a great comfort to many a man who now rises without perfect assurance that he is on the right side of the faint line that marks the boundary.

TAKING A MEAN ADVANTAGE
Negro Pugilist's Amusing Reason for Refusing to Continue Fistic Combat.

A negro watter in a Paducah hotel had an idea he was a prizefighter, being stirred to deeds within the squared circle by hearing of the prowess of Peter Jackson and John Johnson. They matched him with a Swede from Chicago, and the fight came off in a barn. Early in the first round the Swede landed a hard one on the negro's nose, fattening that organ about six degrees more than nature did. The crack bothered the negro, and the Swede was quick to take notice of it. The Swede kept pounding at the negro's nose, pounding it steadily. After he had the negro's nose spread away round by his ears, in the third round, the negro rushed to his corner and began tearing madly at the gloves.

"Here!" shouted his second, "ain't you going to fight no more?"
"No, sah," replied the negro, with great dignity, "I ain't goin' to fight no more wiv' no gentleman what don't scatter his blows."—Saturday Evening Post.

He Knew.
Great novelist (dictating)—The storm increased in fury, rain fell in torrents and the gale shrieked all night like—like—what shall I say?
Secretary (father of three)—Like a baby cutting its teeth.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Plot.
"You told me there was a plot in your show," said the auditor, reproachfully.
"Well," answered the musical comedy manager, "there is. I'm trying to locate one now. I think the leader of the beauty chorus has organized a conspiracy to break up the comedian's topical song."

HOBBIES DON'T MIX

WIFE ADORED OLD CHINA AND HUSBAND LIKED CATS.

And the Two Likings, in Conjunction with Swedish Cook, Threatened to Break Up Once Happy Home.

"Aunt Eunice," said young Mrs. Billings, putting down her pen and pushing back the pile of scribbling paper in front of her, "Aunt Eunice, why does a woman who loves china want to marry a man who adores cats?"

Aunt Eunice went on with her placid knitting and deftly avoided a direct answer.

"Is that a conundrum?" she asked. "I never guessed one in my life. And if it's the theme of a problem novel, Nan, you needn't tell me, because I don't like them."

Mrs. Billings laughed. "No, it isn't a conundrum," she said. "It's a catastrophe—almost, and it looks as if it might resolve itself into a problem novel at any moment. I'm the woman—I love china; Ned's the man—he adores cats; and the result is that three of my best soup plates and four of my cherished oatmeal saucers have been smashed to atoms in the last fortnight. You know, Hilma feeds the cats, but Ned is always sure and so, as soon as he gets back from recitations, he feeds them again. In the shed, of course, and with my best china, and then Hilma comes along on her earnest Swedish feet and does the rest. I'm getting discouraged."

Here the library door opened and Prof. Billings stood on the threshold, a broken plate in his hand, his manner wavering between nonchalance and anticipation.

"Another victim, Nannie," he tried to say cheerfully. "Hilma walked heavily again. Fortunately it's an old—"

But Mrs. Billings had flown to his side and was examining the fragments.

"Old! I should say it was! That's just the trouble," she cried with tragedy. "It's my best, my only piece of real pink luster. Oh, Ned, how could you take it? There were tears in her voice and in her eyes, too."

"Nan, I'm awfully sorry!" said her subject husband. "I promise I'll never take anything but a tin dipper after this," and his air of subdued and sincere melancholy was so genuine that Mrs. Billings smiled in spite of her grievance.

"Very well," she scolded, "but don't ever let me hear you say again that 'The Ring and the Book' is your favorite poem, because it isn't. It's 'I love little pussy.'—Youth's Companion.

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NORTH THEATRE
Wednesday, Oct. 13
WM. A. BRADY AND JOS. E. GRISMER ANNOUNCE
THE MAN OF THE HOUR
BY GEORGE BROADHURST.
NOW IN ITS FOURTH PHENOMENAL YEAR
THE PLAY THAT HAS MADE ALL AMERICA TALK
Presented here exactly as seen for two years at the Savory Theatre, New York
Five months at the Illinois Theatre, Chicago
Six months at the Tremont Theatre, Boston
And four months at the Garrick Theatre, Philadelphia
"The Best Play I Have Ever Seen"—COLONEL ROOSEVELT
Prices, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 \$1.50.

Horses and Mules
I have a car of choice broke horses, and mules, and will sell them reasonable.
I will also buy horses and mules.
JOHN RANDALL.
One half mile northwest of Columbus.

Palace Meat Market
CARL FALK, Proprietor
Solicits a share of your patronage
Thirteenth Street

The Purity Drug Store
Union Block, Olive street
Will be open for business
Tuesday Noon, Oct. 12, 1909
Everything is new, fresh, bright and clean
Call and look us over.
Souvenirs for all, opening day
Horstman & Kersenbrock
DRUGGISTS