

# La-Book

One-fourth off on all Hats purchased with Suits.

Popular Priced Store

Our Thanksgiving Sale will open Tomorrow Tailored Coats, Suits and Dresses at \$10, \$15, \$22 and \$25

Route No. 4.  
 Lem Coppel of Fullerton is husking corn for Liebig Bros.  
 Mrs. Thomas Kula of Columbus visited at the home of Charles Kula a few days last week.  
 Mrs. George Simpson returned last week from an extended visit with her parents at Bethany, Mo.  
 Julius McKim of Halsey, Neb., arrived last Saturday for a few days' visit with August Johnson and family.  
 Mrs. W. T. Beasley of Syracuse, Neb., arrived Tuesday for a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Frank Seidan.  
 Frank Hall and Clara Patterson are helping E. M. Blore with getting out his squash seeds during vacation week.  
 School in district 71, Miss May Donoghue, teacher, closed last Friday for the annual corn husking vacation of one month.  
 Last week Chris Hillier bought what is known as the old John Gibb place, on the divide between Shell creek and Lost creek, for \$117 per acre.  
 A year ago Foley Bros. bought the old Warner place, paying \$100 per acre for it, and last Wednesday they sold it for \$125 per acre, clearing \$4,000 on the deal. They then bought the Achen place of 240 acres, northwest of Osceola, paying \$26,000 for it.

## EXTINCT VOLCANO THEIR HOME

Remarkable Abode and Still More Remarkable Industry of People of Saba.

Saba, in the West Indies, is one of the most extraordinary places in the world. It is really nothing more than the summit of an extinct volcano sticking up out of the sea. Inside the crater live the only inhabitants of Saba. They live there because there is nowhere else for them to live, the outside slopes being nearly as steep as the sides of a house.

The place belongs to Holland, and the people are all Dutch. Nevertheless, they speak English as their native tongue. They call their crater town Bottom, because it is situated on top of a mountain.

Although surrounded on all sides by the sea, they often spend weeks without seeing it, for that involves a long climb up to the rim of the crater. Still less frequently do they touch salt water, because to do so they must, in addition, climb downward for a distance of 1,500 feet by a precipitous rock-hewn path, known as the Ladder.

It is, however, in regard to their staple industry that these Dutch people who speak English, and who live aloft in a volcano in a summit city called Bottom, reach the extreme of topsy-turvydom. One might imagine them making balloons or kites, or, in fact, anything but what they make, which is ships.

Not ocean-going liners, of course, but good, serviceable schooners and jiggers, whose reputations are great all over the Windward Islands. The ships, when finished, have to be hauled up to the rim of the crater and then lowered over a precipice into the sea.—Stray Stories.

## CHASED INTO RIVER BY BULL

Two Jersey Men Have Narrow Escape from Being Gored to Death in Saving Woman.

Montclair, N. J.—In saving Miss Ruth Manning of Paterson from an enraged bull near Singac, Reynolds Thomas and Guy Taylor of this city had a narrow escape from being gored to death.

The bull was owned by a farmer named Pier, who lives not far from the home of Mrs. Schumann-Helike, near Singac. It was rampaging up and down the road when Miss Manning came along. Some crimson ribbons from her gown aroused the bull to attack.

Bellowing furiously, the bull charged on Miss Manning, who turned and ran. The young men arrived on the scene just as the bull started after her.

Young Thomas hit the bull with a stone and it turned on him and bowled him over. The bull was trampling on Thomas and attempting to gore him when Taylor smashed him over the head with a fence rail.

The bull rushed at Taylor, who dashed off at a ten-second clip. The bull was young and speedy, too, and began to gain on Taylor. Feeling that he could not keep up the pace for long, Taylor turned toward the Passaic river, which runs parallel with the road at this point.

Into the river Taylor dashed, followed by the bull, which, after wading out shoulder deep, abandoned the chase.

At this juncture the owner of the bull and farm hands arrived, and with pitchforks finally drove the bull back to the farm.

Young Thomas was not severely hurt when trampled on by the bull and Taylor did not mind his ducking. Miss Manning warmly thanked the two young men.

A Curiosity.  
 The Pennsylvania engineer who stopped his train to rescue a kitten asleep on the track is no doubt an object of curious interest to automobilists.—New York World.

## NOTES ABSENCE OF HONESTY

Few Articles Forgotten in Cars Turned in by Passengers, Declares Conductor.

The man in the rabbit hutch was talking.

"It's wonderful what a difference the pay-as-you-enter makes with lost articles," he said. "I guess we turn in about one-tenth the stuff we used to pick up in the cars before we were confined to this box. You see, we used to walk through the car for fares, and if there was an umbrella or a grip, or anything of that sort, left in one of the seats, we ran a good chance of seeing it and restoring it to the owner. Now we can't do that. We have to stay here at the rear, and we have hardly any chance at all to pick up anything left on the car."

"But the passengers turn in some of the things they find, don't they?" I asked.

There was a great and sad knowledge of human nature in the conductor's smile.

"Do they? Not much," he said. "Ask the man who has charge of lost articles out at the De Baliviere station. He'll tell you that we handle almost nothing there now, whereas we stored quantities of stuff to the owners under the pay-when-discovered system."

My eye but what thieves we are!

"Why, I used to pick up an umbrella or two on my car every day, and now there is not one handed over to me in seven days," he resumed.

Here, then, is a valid objection to the pay-as-you-enter—one, we have never thought of: It is making all of us thieves!—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Also Somewhat Rare.  
 The best treasure among men is a frugal tongue.—Hesiod.

Cathedral Insured for Large Sum.  
 St. Paul's Cathedral, London, is insured for \$475,000.

## OFFICE ON EDGE OF FOREST

Mountain Stream Furnishes Power for Plant of Western Newspaper—Enviroms Wild.

Seattle, Wash.—Perhaps the most picturesque situated newspaper office in the country is that of the Megaphone at Quilcene, Wash. The owner is M. F. Satterlee, a pioneer newspaper man. He says:

"It is hardly possible there is another newspaper in the world situated in a similar way to the Megaphone establishment. On the one hand, within less than four rods of the office, is a virgin forest, extending back to Walker mountain, while on the other are the waters of the Pacific ocean, which pay daily visits within one hundred feet of the huge water wheel driving the Megaphone press. The wheel is turned by a sparkling mountain stream that flows in front of the office and then empties into the bay. We can reach out of the window of the establishment and pick from the tree Early Transparent apples, while within twenty-five feet are apples of eight other kinds and pears, prunes, plums and cherries are but a few steps away.

"Of wild fruit there are blackberries and salmon berries within a rifle range of the editorial desk. Then we can go out on a wharf, 200 feet from the office door, and catch salmon trout, salmon, perch and rock cod, while the beach is one spread of clam beds; and fuel, in the shape of fir bark, broken in the proper lengths for the office stove, floats to us on every tide, as it loosens from the log-booms in tow to the mills. The Megaphone office nestles at the foot of Walker mountain, whose shadow in summer falls upon the spot at four p. m., and where the morning sun, flashing across the Taraboo peninsula, casts its beams at an early hour. In winter the place is sheltered from the blasts of the sou'easters which roar over the sound. From the Megaphone place can be seen the moonbeams glistening on the waters of Quilcene bay and miles out on Hood canal.

## COBRAS EAT SNAKES

Awful Clash at Meal Time in Philadelphia Zoo.

Solons of "First Families of India" Fall to Appreciate Atmosphere of the "City of Brotherly Love."

Philadelphia, Pa.—Three snakes are raising Cain out in the zoological gardens. They are raising so much Cain that all the zoo men, from Superintendent Carson down, are getting snakes. They arrived at the gardens the other day, and ever since then have been whipping up one constant row and shattering the nerves of everybody roundabout.

It is easy enough to understand, even in the case of hardened and seasoned snake men. For these three troublesome serpents are variously known by such nerve-soothing epithets as snake-eating cobras, or the tree-climbing cobras, or giant cobras. And when they bite they kill. Their venom has no antidote.

It might be added that this species is the only variety of real snakes that will show fight to a man without being first attacked by him. In the zoology of the imagination there are, of course, other well-known varieties of equally active serpents, but they are pink or blue or green or yellow in color, and they are hard to grasp, while these snake-eaters at the zoo are a plain stony gray and can be distinctly felt, if any one cares to try.

They are the latest and snappiest thing in the cannibal line, are these cobras, and the story of their transportation to the gardens and of their subsequent lively pranks is no mere silly season yarn. It is a story, as the critics of fiction would say, "filled with the whips and the bite of real life."

They come of one of the first, best and rarest families of India. They are scarce and they are valuable. There are plenty of your common, man-eating cobras in India, but your snake eater is a prize.

Consequently, when Robert D. Carson, superintendent of the zoological gardens, heard that three of them were en route to New York in a wooden box he hurried over and bought them, eating up a good slice of zoo money in the transaction. He bought them of an Indian wild animal trainer.

When they arrived at the zoo they caused great excitement, for every well-informed zoo keeper knows the reputation of the snake-eating cobra.

The next day these snakes boiled up into one of the worst and one of the most remarkable stews ever encountered at the zoo. Keeper Hess had thrown in the usual daily meal of one snake per snake to the cobras, on the natural assumption that each snake-eater would make a dive for a detached victim. Some time later he heard the noise of a regular whipping-cracking scarp in the cobra cage and hurried to the scene.

Two of the cobras were trying to swallow the same snake. One had started at the head and the other at the tail of their victim, and when they met swallowing hard, at the middle, in a head-on collision, the air was thick with flying, flashing cobra.

Hess stood electrified and helpless before the strange sight. What to do was a question so he just watched. By and by they sank to the floor and started in a strenuous gulping contest, each trying to swallow the other inside, snake and all.

It resolved itself into a question of which snake had the rudest yawn and the most jaw, and soon the smaller cobra began a slow and unpleasant journey down his brother cobra's mouth.

That was too much for Hess. To swallow one's brother is hideous. Hess raised a narrow portion of the sliding door, pulled the head of the two-snake-awallowing snake out a little way, and then unteleported the smaller cobra, which he afterward slowly deprived of the lunch that was in him by drawing him off the snake that was half inside him and half inside the other cobra.

This was a perilous task, as cobra number three was in the offing, winking his weather eye at the wholesale disgorging. But Hess got away with the job and is now recovering from the strain.

That is the story of those three scrapping snakes to date. The gentle creatures are among the choicest prizes that have been gathered in by the zoo officials in recent years.

# Special Hosiery Sale

## Saturday, November 6

Beginning at 9 a. m.

Hosiery for women and children at twenty-five per cent less than its real worth. Plain black hose, fancy drop stitch hose, hose with white heels and toes, hose with white feet, plain colored hosiery, all in fast colors in balbriggan and lisle; worth regularly 15c, 20c, 25c, 35c, 50c and up to 75c per pair. There are about fifty dozen in the lot, and they will be placed on sale Saturday morning, at Niny o'clock sharp. No more than four pairs will be sold to any one customer. Choose and pick as you will. Your choice of any pair of hose in the lot

ONLY 15c

# GRAY'S



## G. S. on Himself.

Like all men, I play many parts; and none of them is more or less real than another. To one audience I am the occupier of a house in Adelphi terrace; to another I am "one of those damned Socialists." A discussion in a club of very young ladies as to whether I could be more appropriately described as an old jossor or an old gesser ended in the carrying of an amendment in favor of an old bromide. I am also a soul of infinite worth. I am, in short, not only what I can make of myself, which varies greatly from hour to hour and emergency to emergency, but what you can see in me.—George Bernard Shaw in the London Nation, in Reviewing G. K. Chesterton's "George Bernard Shaw."

## The Airship in War.

Defense in warfare usually keeps pace with the attack, and already special artillery is being designed to cope with the airship peril. At the worst an airship could only carry out an annoying exploit. The risk, however, is great enough to make it advisable that the next Hague conference should turn its attention to this subject. Man kind may, perhaps, discover solidarity enough to decide that the last of its great discoveries shall be innocent.

## Cows Vanish with Wife.

Washington, Pa.—James Edmonds of Manford reported to local officers that his wife and four cows disappeared simultaneously after he had left to go to work in a mine. No trace of the woman has been discovered. Edmonds says his wife shipped a sewing machine, three trunks and a barrel containing household goods to Pittsburg.

## The Way to Happiness.

To look fearfully upon life; to accept the laws of nature, not with meek resignation, but as her sons, who dare to search and question; to have peace and confidence within our souls—these are the beliefs that make for happiness.—Materlinck.

## Truthful Evasion.

"Have any luck fishing yesterday?" asked the man who gibes at angling. "Sure," replied the truthful fisherman. "I brought home a fine string." Then, to ease his conscience, he added, under his breath: "There wasn't anything on it, however."

# Ladies' Cloaks, Skirts and Jackets

Our New Fall and Winter Line of Ladies' Suits, Cloaks, Skirts, Children's Cloaks and Coats is now complete. We can save you money in this department. Call and be convinced. We are always glad to show our goods.

We are showing a complete new line of Ladies, Gents' and Children's Sweaters

The Celebrated SCHMIDT KNIT Sweaters for golf, autoing and outing wear. They are all the vogue.

SPECIAL THIS WEEK—Gents' "Four In Hand" Ties, 20 cents each, 3 for 50 cents. In all the late colors.

We also carry a Complete Line of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, Comferts, Blankets, Carpets and Shoes

# J. H. GALLEY

505 ELEVENTH ST. COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA

## SEES SON IN DREAM

Boy Had Been Missing for More Than Ten Years.

Mother's Vision Impels Her to Write Naval Authorities in Washington for Information Regarding Lad.

San Francisco, Cal.—Mrs. Hannah Friedman, a resident of this city, saw in her vision her eldest boy, who had been missing for ten years, in the uniform of a blue jacket of the United States navy. So vivid was the impression upon her by the dream that she obeyed an inexplicable impulse to write to the naval authorities at Washington. The officials not only substantiated the vision, but were able to bring the mother and son together.

The finding of one son led to the finding of another. Both young men now are working in this city, striving to save sufficient money to pay their mother's railroad fare from New York.

Mrs. Friedman and her husband were living happily together ten years ago. Their two boys, Mervyn, eight years old, and Jesse, six, were attending school. The little family had little or nothing to worry them.

Then Friedman began to neglect his wife for other company. He gathered together whatever funds he could, and in company with his affinity and the two children, he went to New York.

At the age of 16 Mervyn was entered in the United States navy by the father. Jesse, who had some talent as an amateur actor, appeared successfully in theaters in New York.

The mother never gave up hope of seeing her boys. Had she not moved she would have heard from them, for the boys, never forgetting their parent, wrote to her at various times, but the letters were returned. This led them to think she was dead.

Mrs. Friedman dreamed that her eldest boy was in the United States navy. He stood before her as in real life, grown stalwart, looking every inch a blue jacket. Then she awoke.

The more Mrs. Friedman thought of the vision the more she felt that it was true. She wrote to the navy department at Washington in the hope of ascertaining whether a boy named Mervyn Friedman was in the ranks. The letter was referred to the bureau of navigation. The roll was examined, with the result that the boy was found.

The things were sent to the mother, who was overjoyed at her good fortune. She solved the few effects she had, and with barely enough money to pay her fare, she hurried on to New York. She went to the home of her sister, Mrs. E. Schumacher, and at the first opportunity visited the navy yard.

With her heart full of expectation, she boarded the Prairie and asked to see young Friedman. The boy came on deck. Mother gazed upon son, son upon mother. There was no recognition. The mother yearned to take the boy of her dream in her arms, but she feared that she might be mistaken.

Her voice trembled as she asked if he were Mervyn Friedman and whether he came from San Francisco. Then the boy quickly identified himself. When the mother told of her own life he mingled his tears with hers.

Young Friedman then told of his brother Jesse and of his father. Jesse, through his aid, was soon found. Then there was a joyful reunion.

Having found his mother, Mervyn declared he wanted to return to civil life that he might be with her. He did not want her to work any more. Jesse also joined in the idea.

As Mervyn had two more years to serve in the navy, it was impossible for him to get his release unless influence was brought to bear on the authorities at Washington. Mrs. Friedman enlisted the services of Senator Bourne of Oregon and Congressman Julius Kahn of this city. She wrote letters to each, telling of her

## Horses Are Scarce.

Washington.—Quartermaster General Aleshire has received a report from an officer who has been investigating that horses suitable for cavalry and artillery are scarce and high in most of the central western states. The officer said he did not believe an order for five or six carloads of horses could be filled in Iowa.

## Shelter for Foot Soldiers.

In military maneuvers the infantry must do more or less work under cover, and it is frequently essential for the soldier to work his way along the surface of the ground by creeping or crawling. In order to facilitate this a genius of Stuttgart has invented a device, consisting of wheels, rollers or runners, attached to a frame or to tent poles, knapsacks or other suitable parts of the equipment. The utility of this invention remains to be proved by practical experience, but there can be no question of its novelty and originality.

## Rain Bares Radium Mine.

Telluride, Col.—That a deposit of pitchblende, which Thomas F. Walsh recently declared was likely to be found in the mining districts of Colorado, exists near here, and has been laid bare as an effect of the recent floods, is the declaration of a party of prospectors. The announcement has caused considerable excitement and a party of experienced miners will go at once to the yellow sandstone cliff which it is said contains traces of the precious radium mineral and thoroughly investigate it.

## Woman Professional Musician, Unable to Secure Berth, Signs with Crew and Paid for Labor.

Boston.—It isn't often that a professional pianist comes to this country as a member of a steamship's crew and in paid good money for her services as a stewardess, but that's what happened to Miss Hermine Luders of Hamburg, according to her statement on the Bethania, shortly after the liner arrived from Hamburg.

Miss Luders, who says she gave pianoforte lessons to Miss Ethel Roosevelt, told reporters she was unable to secure passage on any of the regular liners leaving Europe because their accommodations had been filled by returning tourists. At her wit's end to get to this country at the earliest possible date, Miss Luders applied to an official connected with one of the great steamship companies for advice. The result was that the young woman was signed as a stewardess on the Bethania and therefore was entitled to the wages of that position and what tips passengers might bestow. Miss Luders thought the whole affair a good joke and told of her experiences in white cap and long apron to a party of friends at the pier. She remained in Boston a few days and then left for New York to fill engagements.

## Enigmatical Calamity.

Men have often abandoned what was visible for the sake of what was uncertain, have not got what they expected, and have lost what they had—being unfortunate by an enigmatical sort of calamity.—Demetrius Phalereus.

## False Pretense.

Mrs. Hyup—"I was so disappointed in Dr. Pullem!" Mrs. Hyer—"In what respect?" "Mrs. Hyup—"I understood he was a great bridge expert, but he was only a dentist!"—Puck.

## To Keep from Catching Cold.

The best means of preventing a "cold" are: Never sit in a room that is not thoroughly ventilated, and avoid especially any room occupied by a person suffering from a "cold."

## BIGGER GUNS IN OUR NAVY

Reduction Gear Being Perfected Which is Aimed to Transform Modern Marine Architecture.

Pittsburg, Pa.—"The reduction gear invented by Rear Admiral Melville, John H. McAlpine and George Westinghouse is expected to result in arming the United States navy with 14-inch guns instead of 12-inch guns, which are now carried," said a personal representative of George Westinghouse, and it came out later that for some time a representative of the navy has been at the Westinghouse shops watching the tests of a new reduction gear for turbines, which is expected to transform ocean craft by reducing the weight of engine room equipment.

Within the past week a representative of the British government visited East Pittsburg and looked over the models to make a report to the British navy.

The Westinghouse interests at Pittsburg decline positively to give any detailed description of the new gear, saying it is not yet complete and that there are some things which they have been obliged to withhold even from the navy experts. They admit that by the new invention it is hoped the turbines on ocean going vessels which have made up a great portion of the weight will be greatly reduced in size and weight and still do more effective work.

The lighter machinery on a battleship will permit additional displacement to be given over to the heavier guns, according to the ideas of the Westinghouse people.

A savings of at least \$2,500,000 in the construction of the heavier ocean liners is also claimed.

## PIANIST SAILS AS STEWARD

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## Forakes the World.

Determined to get away from all influences of home, relatives and friends during her novitiate of three years, so as to minimize all probability of her changing her present purpose to devote her life to the church, Bernadette Inwalle, the beautiful young daughter of Henry Inwalle, mayor of St. Bernard, left Thursday for Namur, Belgium, where she will enter the convent of Notre Dame.

Her father and mother are heart sick at the thought of losing their only daughter for all time, but, convinced that she would be unhappy if they should try to prevent her from carrying out her resolve they have acquiesced in her determination.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

## Falsely Pretense.

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# BUGGIES

We are overstocked on Buggies, and as we are going into the automobile business, we will give a liberal discount on Moon, Veils, John Deere and Marshalltown Buggies.

Call and look over our large stock and get first choice.

# W. J. VOSS & CO.