

FRISCHHOLZ BROS.

**SHOES
CLOTHING
Gents' Furnishing Goods**

RELIABLE GOODS AT
RIGHT PRICES.

FRISCHHOLZ BROS.

405 11th Street, Columbus.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

ABOUT OUR NEIGH-
BORS AND FRIENDS
CLIPPED FROM OUR
EXCHANGES

From the Journal.

Bruno Bogner, who has been receiving treatment at Omaha for weeks following the accident which resulted in breaking his jaw, has so far recovered as to be able to return home, arriving here Friday evening.

Chas. Jones, who expects to leave about March 1st for South Dakota, disposed of his personal property at public sale on Tuesday. We are told that there was a good crowd out and that satisfactory prices were realized for everything sold. One team of horses brought \$480.

Last week Will H. Dickinson shelled and hauled to market the corn from a 47-acre field he had raised on his father's farm south of town. By weight it showed a yield of 63½ bushels per acre. Some time ago the land on which this corn was raised sold for \$120 per acre and it's worth it.

From the Leader.

The post office department has announced that after February 1st no pennies will be gathered for postage from the rural mail boxes by the carriers. So govern yourself accordingly.

Ed Ford informs us that he has received the appointment as Farmer at the Indian school and will assume his duties the first of the month. Ed will make things hum all right providing the Indians don't scamp him the first day.

Farmers report that the cover crop for the past two months has practically cleaned out the soil in this section, and that there are apparently mighty few left to breed a new crop. The law protecting grain in this section of the state should be repealed. One severe winter cleans them out more effectively than all the hunters you could possibly turn loose among them.

From the World.

We heard a rumor during the week that Gus Herchenhau and Rudolph Wurdeman intend traveling over the country this summer exhibiting their \$500 team of horses and \$540 span of mules (at so much per admission) as the two highest priced teams ever bought in Platte and Colfax counties.

The Carl Stubb place was sold the first of the week to E. W. Abels for a consideration of \$2,000. Mr. Stubb expects to erect a residence on his land north of the German Lutheran church, as soon as the weather will permit. Mr. Abels also purchased the acre of ground adjoining the Stubb place belonging to Henry Lueschen.

A fire, the origin of which is unknown, was discovered early Wednesday morning on the Wm. Albert farm, in a building used by Mr. Albert as a granary and workshop. The building, which was 18x20 ft., was burned to the ground and 1,000 bushels of shelled corn, which were stored in the granary side, were badly burned though not completely destroyed. A. E. Albert, who is staying at his father's home during the absence of his wife who is at the Wise Memorial hospital in Omaha, was the first to rise that morning and on going outside discovered the fire and gave the alarm, but it was too late to save anything. The loss is partly covered by insurance. One might think that Mr. Albert "has corn to burn" but he assures us that such is not the case.

ST. EDWARD

From the Advance.
Meadames Carl Becker and Frank Schram of Columbus are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Nels Hasselbalch, and Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Kennedy.

Miss Julia Reed left Monday for Lincoln where she will study music. Her brother Samuel accompanied her as far as Columbus where he will study at the commercial college.

Dolph Wood was operated upon for appendicitis at St. Mary's hospital, Columbus, Wednesday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wood, his parents, were both in Columbus until yesterday, and report that Dolph is recovering nicely.

Geo. Reeder was taken to St. Mary's hospital, Columbus, Thursday, noon. His condition is reported as being very critical and it is feared his right foot will have to be amputated. Every effort is being made, however, to avoid this and his physicians still hold out hope that he may recover without any operation.

Mrs. A. G. Cain left Monday for Palmer on a brief visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dunning. The Advance understands that Mr. Cain will take charge of the St. Edward creamery after Feb. 15. N. C. Peterson, the present manager, has not fully decided upon his plan for the future, but he says possibly he may move to his farm in Kimball county.

J. A. McKelvey and sons, F. H. and Harley, and E. D. Vieths and son Edward, returned home Monday afternoon from Haswell, Colo., where they had gone a week ago to look the country over. All express themselves as highly pleased with the locality. F. H. McKelvey and Harley McKelvey each filed on a half section of land, and E. D. Vieths and Edward each contested a half section.

From the Republic.

Miss Grace Lankner of Columbus was an over Sunday visitor at the Hill home. Ray Griffin and sister Miss Daisy went to Spalding Wednesday to attend the silver wedding of a sister.

The Misses Carrie Sacreider and Velma Truesdale arrived here from David City Saturday to visit relatives.

The quarantine which has been on the John Gibson home for the past month for scarlet fever was raised Monday.

Mrs. Harry Hill who has been a patient at the Columbus hospital for the past month returned home Saturday.

Geo. Niemoller will return to Canada in February, and his father will come home for a visit. George said they had 400 acres of wheat in last year that made thirty bushels to the acre, and they sold it for eighty-six cents a bushel. They are only a mile and a half from a town of 500 and like it first rate.

Those who are behind the project of putting in a pontoon bridge at this place have been getting estimates on the probable cost, and expect to soon be able to know what can be done. Monroe certainly needs some kind of a crossing over the Loup, and it would also be a great convenience to Loup township farmers.

Jim Thomazin shipped his fat cattle to South Omaha Monday night, and while they were putting his car on a main line train, Jim was looking at the sights, and did not notice it until the train had pulled out. He was compelled to ride a passenger train to Omaha, but he says this beats a stock train and besides he got there in time to get a good night's rest.

CENTRAL CITY.

From the Nonpareil.
Bryson Baird continues to hold the local record for the prices paid for thoroughbred hogs. At the Thompson Bros' sale at Dimey's barn Monday afternoon he paid \$275.00 for the sow "Fond Giantess."

Work on the Union Pacific depot was resumed the latter part of last week and the brick work will soon be completed. The mortar is warmed as the workmen use it and rapid progress is being made with the construction. The four big stone columns are being placed at this time. Construction has been suspended for several weeks owing to the cold and snowy weather, but it is hoped that the building can now be completed without further interruption.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Troh are guests of Sheriff Her and will be for the next thirty days. It is the same old offense, too much association with John Barleycorn. Friday night they went to Grand Island in company with George Odell and returned with ten quarts of whiskey. They were arrested by Marshall Tooley and Mr. and Mrs. Troh had their hearing Saturday with the result as above stated. Mrs. Troh tried to take a bottle of liquor into the jail with her, but Sheriff Her discovered it before locking her up. George Odell had his hearing Tuesday and was given the same dose, thirty days under Sheriff Her's care.

Only Half Price.

A quarter will pay for The Lincoln Daily News until April 1, just half-price, and the paper will stop then unless you send in money to renew it. This is one paper that don't try to force itself upon people. Not a name is put on the list unless paid for and every fellow is cut off when his time is up. You're not helping to pay other people's papers. We don't have solicitors and other expensive methods, but do business through Uncle Sam's mails, which is the cheapest way. The News is a live one. You'll like it no matter whether you are satisfied with things or are a kicker. The News is plain, frank and fair. Its not afraid of tramping on somebody's toes. Goes right to the bottom of things. Invest this quarter and you'll be more than satisfied. Send direct to the publisher or give to your postmaster. Don't ever let some smooth canvasser come around and work you with some premium scheme. You can trust your money with your postmaster.

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Brilliant
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Columbus Light,
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MEAT MARKET

We invite all who desire choice steak, and the very best cuts of all other meats to call at our market on Eleventh Street. We also handle poultry and fish and oysters in season.

S. E. MARTY & CO.

Telephone No. 1. - Columbus, Neb.

WHY NOT TRY THE PACIFIC HOTEL

COLUMBUS, NEB.

The big brick hotel one and one-half blocks south of west depot crossing. 25 rooms at 25c; 20 rooms at 50c; meals, 25c.

HARRY MUSSELMAN, Proprietor

Facts About Hailstones.

If it was not for the countless trillions of dust particles that float separately, invisible in the atmosphere, there could be no raindrops, snow crystals or hailstones. From a perfectly dustless atmosphere the moisture would descend in ceaseless rain without drops. The dust particles serve as nuclei about which vapor gathers. The snow crystal is the most beautiful creation of the aerial moisture and the hailstone is the most extraordinary. The heart of every hailstone is a tiny speck of dust. Such a speck, with a little moisture condensed about it, is the germ from which may be formed a hailstone capable of felling a man or smashing a window. But first it must be caught up by a current of air and carried to the level of the lofty cirrus clouds five or six or even ten miles high. Then, continually growing by fresh accessions of moisture, it begins its long plunge to the earth, spinning through the cloud and flashing in the sun like a diamond bolt shot from a rainbow.—New York Tribune.

The Nerve of a Boy.

"Speaking of the nerve displayed by small boys," said a man who had a trip through the southwest, "reminds me of an incident that occurred in the Santa Ana mountains, in southern California. An eleven-year-old boy, a member of a family making their way to the coast, left the camp early one morning to stalk deer. He found tracks and had followed them until he was five or six miles from camp. In reaching up on a rock he disturbed a large rattlesnake that was sunning himself, and the snake without warning struck, wounding the boy on the middle finger of his right hand. Knowing that unless prompt action was taken the wound would prove fatal, the youth placed the finger over the muzzle of the gun and pulled the trigger. Making a figure above the wound to stop the flow of blood, he killed the snake and walked back to camp, where he fainted. The finger was blown off close to his hand, but he recovered."—Exchange.

WANTED
The right party can secure an excellent position, salary or commission for Columbus and vicinity. State age, former occupation and address. Address L. W. R. BOX 328, Lincoln, Neb.

**UNION PACIFIC
TIME TABLE**

| WEST BOUND. | EAST BOUND. |
|------------------------|-----------------------|
| No. 11..... 8:45 a.m. | No. 1..... 1:45 p.m. |
| No. 12..... 1:15 p.m. | No. 10..... 8:22 p.m. |
| No. 1..... 8:55 a.m. | No. 11..... 5:55 a.m. |
| No. 9..... 11:41 a.m. | No. 12..... 2:46 p.m. |
| No. 10..... 2:55 p.m. | No. 9..... 9:06 p.m. |
| No. 11..... 6:23 p.m. | No. 10..... 3:46 p.m. |
| No. 12..... 6:50 p.m. | No. 11..... 6:06 p.m. |
| No. 1..... 6:25 a.m. | No. 12..... 5:50 p.m. |
| No. 9..... 8:45 p.m. | No. 10..... 7:42 a.m. |
| No. 11..... 11:20 a.m. | No. 12..... 1:20 p.m. |

FRANCHISES.
NORFOLK. No. 77. Mtd. d. 7:30 a.m. No. 20. Pass. d. 1:40 p.m. No. 18. Mtd. a. 6:30 p.m.
SPALDING & ALBION. No. 79. Mtd. d. 6:00 a.m. No. 21. Pass. d. 1:30 p.m. No. 22. Pass. d. 6:20 p.m. No. 30. Mtd. a. 6:30 p.m.

Daily except Sunday.
NOTE:
Nos. 1, 2, 7 and 9 are extra fare trains.
Nos. 1, 2, 12 and 14 are local passenger.
Nos. 9 and 20 are local freight.
Nos. 9 and 16 are mail trains only.
No. 14 due in Omaha 4:45 p.m.
No. 6 due in Omaha 5:50 p.m.

**C. B. & Q.
Time Table**
No. 22. Pass. (daily ex. Sunday) leave 7:25 a.m. No. 22. Frt. & Ac. (d'y ex. Saturday) arrive 1:00 p.m. No. 21. Pass. (daily ex. Sunday) arrive 9:30 p.m. No. 21. Frt. & Ac. (d'y ex. Sunday) arrive 6:15 a.m.

WORTHY OF CONFIDENCE.

An Offer Backed by One of Our Most Reputable Concerns.

We pay for all the medicine used during the trial, if our remedy fails to completely relieve you of constipation. We take all the risk. You are not obligated to us in any way whatever, if you accept our offer. That's a mighty broad statement, but we mean every word of it. Could anything be more fair for you?

A most scientific, common-sense treatment is Rexall Orderlies, which are eaten like candy. Their active principle is a recent scientific discovery that is odorless, colorless and tasteless; very pronounced, gentle and pleasant in action, and particularly agreeable in every way. This ingredient does not cause diarrhoea, nausea, flatulence, griping or any inconvenience whatever. Rexall orderlies are particularly good for children, aged and delicate persons.

If you suffer from chronic or habitual constipation, or the associate or dependent chronic ailments, we urge you to try Rexall Orderlies at our risk. Remember you can get them in Columbus at our store, 12 tablets 10 cents; 36 tablets 25 cents. Pollock & Co., the druggists on the corner.

A Pleasant Old Legend.

Many years ago, sailing from Constantinople to Marseilles, we passed close under the lee of Stromboli, off the north coast of Sicily. The irreconcilable old volcano was not in active eruption, but from the crater a reddish smoke was rising, while from the fissures in its sides burst now and again tongues of lurid flame. "Ah," observed a sailor—the vessel was an English one—"old Doty is at it again!" So far as I can remember there is a legend that one Captain Doty, a master mariner trading to the Mediterranean in the seventeenth century, became so notorious for drinking and swearing that he was seized upon by the fiend and carried off to the interior of Stromboli, from which he has continued ever since to utter profane language by means of tongues of fire and puffs of smoke. This, however, did not prevent the ghost of the profane skipper from frightening his widow, who resided in Lower Thames street, half out of her senses by appearing to her at supper time smelling strongly of brimstone.—London Times.

The Elephant's Revenge.

In the autobiography of Mr. Lindley Murray a passage occurs from which it appears that one of the clearest heads that ever engaged in the business of analysis was well high cracked by a simple agent for a small offense. In the year 1771 he visited the elephants at the queen's palace and, from whatever motive, ventured to withdraw a portion of the hay which one of them had been collecting with his proboscis on the floor. The little affront offended the sagacious animal highly. The keeper remarked that he would never forget, and it was obvious from the rapid convulsions of his trunk that he only wanted an opportunity to avenge the misappropriation of his property on the spot. The grammarian, however, kept out of his way, probably thinking no more of the matter, until he chanced to revisit the same place after an interval of several weeks. On this occasion a number of other persons were present, but of the whole the elephant singled out his enemy and aimed a desperate blow at his head, which, fortunately, neither proved fatal nor took effect.

There Was No Duel.

Colonel Crisp when in the Missouri legislature was one of the central figures in a scene which promised bloodshed, which ended in a hearty laugh and which was the cause of an astounding remark from Hon. John W. Farris, the then speaker, said Champ Clark. Crisp and another member got into a debate which grew into a quarrel. They shook their fists at each other and roared like a pair of Numidian lions. Everybody expected and many hoped to see a regular old fashioned knockdown and dragout fight, which expectation and hope were frustrated and dashed to the ground by Speaker Farris' remarking: "If you gentlemen do not quit fussing and take your seats I will order the chaplain to take you into custody," which so amazed the bellicose legislators that they stood in a state of lingual paralysis, while the spectators laughed till they were red in the face. Humor saved the day.

Mind Over Matter.

"Much may be done," said the acute observer, "by an authoritative voice. Now, if a man says to a dog, 'Come here!' with a note of absolute authority in his voice the dog comes immediately." "Yes," said the traveler, "I've noticed it. And it is especially marked in oriental peoples. Why, when I was in Khalsandjhar I heard a man say, with that authoritative note in his tone, 'O king, live forever!' and immediately the king lived forever."—Carolyn Wells in Success Magazine.

Disinterested Affection.

"I'm afraid, Edward, you're marrying me only because I've inherited from my uncle 100,000 crowns." "Why, Blanche, how can you think that of me? Your uncle is nothing to me. I would marry you no matter from whom you inherited the money."—Ter Floth.

Successful.

"I started out on the theory that the world had an opening for me, and I went to find it." "Did you find it?" "Oh, yes; I'm in a hole."—Baltimore American.

A Double Hold.

Miss Moonlight—Er—let me hold the reins, please. Mr. Bashful—What will I do then? Miss Moonlight—You might hold the holder of the reins.—Boston Herald.

A Failure.

Wigg—At the first night of Scribner's new play I understand there was a big house. Waggy—Yes, but most of the audience left early to avoid the rush.—Philadelphia Record.

The torpedo leaves the gun at a rate of 40 knots an hour.



**Vernon
The Great**

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VERNON, The Great

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Hypnotic Comedy Co.

Prices, 10c, 20c, 30c.

Ladies Free Monday Night.

FOOTBALL TANGLES.

Queer Situations That Have Developed on the Gridiron.

In the fall of 1899 Young, the Cornell quarterback, received a bad bump on the head during the first half of one of the early games and was so dazed that he gave the signal for the same play eight times in succession. The rival eleven, unable to comprehend such generalship, or, rather, lack of it, became just as bewildered as the injured quarterback and in the effort to understand the unintelligible let the Cornell backs through for a quick touchdown.

The calling out of numbers while the opposing quarterback is trying to give his team the signal for the next play has resulted in numerous tangles. In one of the Army and Navy contests the quarterback of the latter eleven became so confused in one instance when the Army players were shouting out various numbers while he was trying to direct the next play that he actually gave his men one of the series of numbers the Army men were suggesting. The incomprehensible signal and the subsequent mixup may be better imagined than explained.

On the Yale squad in 1906 there was a man who was not only a good player, but an excellent comedian. It was told of him that more than once he put this gift to good account in a game. An amusing remark here, a bit of a story there, then a touch of burlesque, and his rival in the line would forget for the moment that football is too serious a matter for laughter. It is unnecessary to add that the comedian was never so interested in his own dramatic efforts as to fail to take advantage of their effect on the other man.—Outing.

A LITERARY SIN.

The Fabrication of Quotations Is a Censurable Practice.

Plagiarism is hardly so great a crime as the fabrication of quotations—a practice which has caused many an earnest student to waste hours in a fruitless endeavor to trace the passage cited. Among the guilty Samuel Warren deserves special mention. On one occasion he took part in a debate during which Roebuck boasted that he was not a party man, whereupon Warren rose and said that "my learned friend's boast reminds me painfully of the words of Cicero, 'He who belongs to no party is presumably too vile for any.'" At the conclusion of the debate Roebuck came over to compliment his adversary on having made a successful hit, adding, "I am fairly well up in Cicero, but I have no idea where I can find the passage you quoted." "Neither have I," said Warren. "Good night."

That literary sin, the fabrication of quotations, leaves its legacy of trouble behind it long after it has been committed. Only the other day to a week journal's correspondence column where the venerable question as to where in the Scriptures is to be found a reference to "oil on the troubled waters," a quotation countless preachers and writers have used for centuries, but neither Cruden's "Concordance of the Bible" refers to it nor has Notes and Queries or its industrious correspondents ever been able to throw a light upon its origin.—London Chronicle.

The Mahogany Tree.

There is no such thing as a forest of mahogany. The mahogany tree lives by and for itself alone. It stands solitary of its species surrounded by the smaller trees and dense undergrowth of the tropical forest, rearing its head above its neighbors. Two trees to the acre is a liberal estimate for mahogany "timber." More frequently perhaps only one tree will be found over a larger stretch of territory. True

mahogany is the only species of the Swietenia mahogany, the name Swietenia having been given to it in honor of the celebrated Baron von Swieten, physician to Maria Theresa. It is distinctly a native of tropical America and frequently towers to a height of 100 feet, the trunk being often twelve feet in diameter. It is of exceedingly slow growth, and the time of its arriving at maturity is probably not less than 200 years. Occasionally small specimens have been found in southern Florida.

DIPLOMACY.

A Vague Threat That Meant Nothing, but Brought Quick Results.

The late Lord Salisbury some years ago sent a foreign office emissary to make some demands of a South American republic. Before setting out on his mission the emissary, to whom his lordship had explained the exact nature of the demands, desired to be informed as to the course to take if, after he had said everything, there was a refusal.

"Oh," answered Lord Salisbury, "this is not a matter in which we have the least thought of fighting; if the president refuses, why, you will simply have to come home again."

The emissary went and had his say to the president of the republic, who blankly refused to give in, and the diplomat retired to think things over. A few hours later he wrote to the president:

"I regret that your excellency does not see your way to recognize the justice of the claims which I have had the honor to present. I have now to say, on behalf of her Britannic majesty's government, that unless your excellency yields on all points which I have named it will be my painful duty to act on the second half of my instructions."

Under this vague and significant threat the president yielded at once.—London Telegraph.

HAUNTED ALASKAN ISLAND.

Ghosts of Russian Exiles Who Died of Starvation or Torture.

To the south and west of Kodiak, distant about 100 miles and forming one of the Semidi group, is the island of Chirikof, the haunted island of Alaska.

Enshrouded for a great portion of the time with almost impenetrable fog, this lonely isle is an object of terror to the natives, who claim it is haunted by the ghosts of Russian exiles. The natives will not go near the island, saying it means certain death to invade the canny confines, and there are few men in the far north who have the temerity to test the truth of the many and weird tales told of this forbidding and barren island.

Shipmasters and sailors passing the place assert that the agonizing cries of Russian exiles sent there to starve or die by torture are sometimes heard on quiet nights, while the creak of chains and the sound of blows are testified to in an affidavit by a white man who once attempted to remain there for a week and who nearly lost his reason.—Tanner's Tribune.

No Misunderstanding.
"I hear you have had a misunderstanding with your old political friend."

"No," said Senator Sorghum; "the worst of it is the impossibility of misunderstanding. We have expressed our opinions of each other in terms so explicit as to be unmistakable."—Washington Star.

Papa's Plan Prevents Proposal.
He (impudently)—But you say yourself that your father is anxious to get you off his hands. She—Yes; that's why I don't think he'll listen to you.—Exchange.

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