

NORTH THEATRE

Wednesday, February 23d

An Extraordinary Offering

... Augusta J. Evans' Stirring Narrative ...

ST. ELMO

DRAMATIZED BY GRACE HAYWARD
Author of "Graustark"

Greatest Book Play of the Decade

Nothing quite so Interesting or Unique has been produced in years

The Story of the Triumph Over a Blackened Soul

PRICES.....25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00

Route No. 5.

The cold snap of Tuesday and Wednesday stopped work on the Platte river bridge for a day or two.
Carrier No. 5 now has to employ two conveyances to serve the route. One of them, the regular mail wagon, is kept at the home of Charles Klaus, south of the Platte, and the other one, which makes the trip from town to the Platte bridge, is at the carrier's home. But there is hope that this inconvenience will be done away with in a few days.

Route No. 3.

Born, on Sunday, February 13, to Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Clausen, a daughter.
Henry Bergman, in company with his brother Fred of Riverdale, left last Saturday for Herkimer, Kas., for a ten days' visit with relatives.
Fred Dyke, who is attending school at the state normal at Kearney, came home Monday to attend the funeral of his sister's little girl, near Creston. The little one died from bowel trouble and typhoid fever.
A wedding is scheduled for the route this week, the groom being August Woodrich of Benton Harbor, Mich., and the bride is Miss Mary Borchers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Borchers of this route. The couple will make their home at Benton Harbor, Mich., where the groom owns a farm.

Advertised Letters.

Following is a list of unclaimed mail matter remaining in the post office at Columbus, Nebraska, for the period ending February 16, 1910:
Letters—Miss Grace Cowdery, N. J. Davis, Miss Jennie Harris, C. V. Rundell, Cards—John Holy, Isaac Nelson, A. J. Welsh 2.
Earliest calling for any of the above will please say advertised.
CARL KRAMEK, P. M.

A Rattlesnake Story.

In "Life and Sport on the Pacific Coast" Horace A. Vachell relates one of his narrow escapes from a friend's bullet. "My cousin and I had been camping and hunting for several days in a sort of paradise valley. One day during a long ride on horseback we had seen a great many rattlesnakes and killed a few, an exceptional experience. That night my cousin woke up and saw by the light of the moon a big rattler crawling across my chest. He lay for a moment fascinated, horror-struck, watching the sinuous curves of the reptile. Then he quietly reached for his six shooter, but he could not see the reptile's head, and he moved nearer, noiselessly, yet quickly, dreading some movement on my part that should precipitate the very thing he dreaded, and then he saw that it was not a snake at all—only the black and yellow stripe of my blanket, which gently rose and fell as I breathed. Had he fired—well, it might have been bad for me, for he confessed that his hand shook."

And They Didn't Exercise.

William M. Evans, who lived until he was nearly ninety, said he kept his health by never taking exercise. The celebrated Dr. William George Mead, who lived to the surprising age of 118 years, spent nearly all of his time in the open air and played a little golf. Dr. Mead used to drink two or three quarts of water every day, and perhaps there is a suggestion in that. Old Dubois, who lived in Canada for the better part of 119 years on the north shore of Lake Erie, never worked and never took exercise. He spent seventy-five years of his life fishing with hook and line and ate nothing but baked apples and milk and brown bread and unsalted butter. Perhaps you can live that long if you do nothing but fish and eat what old Dubois did. But take notice that these long lives never exercised.—New York Telegraph.

He Didn't Know It.

"What are you doing here?"
"Waiting for prosperity."
"Why, prosperity passed this way two months ago!"
"You don't say! That accounts for the twitchin' in my jints. I had a idee that somethin' or other had run over me."—Atlanta Constitution.

Too Entertaining.

Salesman (lately promoted to curio department)—This necklace, madam, was originally made for the Duke of Buckingham, who gave it to Anne of Austria. We're selling a lot of them.—London Punch.

Painfully Particular.

"She's a delicate creature, isn't she?"
"Very. She even insists upon having the eggs from one hen."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE UMPIRE WAS GAME.

And He Made the Kickers Play Out the Last Inning.
Speaking of the doings of the veteran umpire, old-time claims that Homer Kelly is entitled to the record for freak doings among the indicator handlers. Back in the American association days, in a game played on the old Union grounds in Allegheny, Galvin was pitching for Pittsburgh against Casey of the Athletics. Kelly was the umpire. In the ninth inning, with the score 5 to 0 in favor of the Athletics, the first man up for Pittsburgh made a home run hit to center, and the visiting team at once set up claim that it was too dark to play. The center fielder came all the way in and pretended that he could not see the ball in the gathering darkness. "Here," said Kelly, "give me a glove," and with that he started for center field. "I'll see how dark it is out there," he said. "You, Casey and Galvin, but me out a few." Players and spectators gasped, but Kelly made good his bluff. He went out to deep center and, with the smoke of the mills lying low about him, actually caught ten or fifteen long line drives and high flies from the bats of the two pitchers without missing one.
Then the umpire came in and, taking his glove, said: "Play ball. If I can see 'em out there, you fellows can." The game was resumed, and the Pittsburghers won in a great battling rally by 6 to 5.—New York World.

ANCIENT LONDON.

When Danger and Lanterns Were Abroad After Dark.
Less than 200 years ago the watchmen of London town, carrying horn lanterns and halberds, dressed in long coats and knee breeches, walked up and down the cobbled streets of the world's largest city chanting the following verse:
A light there, maids! Hang out your light
And see your horns be clear and bright,
That so your candle clear may shine,
Continuing from six to nine.
That honest men that walk along
May see to pass safe without wrong.
It is beyond our comprehension and imagination in these days of flaming arc lamps and brilliantly lighted streets to picture the streets of London in the lawless age when only a candle with a cotton wick was hung out here and there on dark nights. It was an age of lanterns, of flambeaux and hukboys, when every one made his will and prepared for death when he ventured out at night.
It is so written that it was a common practice in that city for a company of a hundred or more to make nightly rambles upon houses of the wealthy to kill and rob, and it is recorded that when night was come no man durst venture to walk in the streets.—Springfield Union.

WET AND DRY MOONS.

Old Superstition and Cold Facts From the Astronomers.
There is an old superstition which dies hard, and that is that the position of the horns of the new moon tells what the weather will be. If the horns of the crescent are on the same level it will hold water, and hence it is a dry moon, but if it is tipped up then the water will run out, and it is a wet moon.
One thing has helped keep this belief alive. The moon is "dry" in the part of the spring that is usually fair, while it is "wet" during the season of autumn rains.
If this were a sure sign of the weather we could have our predictions published many years in advance, for an astronomer can predict the exact position of the moon at any time in the future.
The cause for the different positions of the crescent is simple. The moon is south of the sun in the autumn and north of it in spring. The crescent is found by the light of the sun falling on the moon, and the horns are naturally in a line perpendicular to the direction of the sun from the moon. That is all there is to this old superstition.—Boston Herald.

Confucius.

Confucius regarded his own life as a failure. He spoke against ambition, yet he coveted high office, nothing less than that of political adviser to some great ruler. A man of the highest lineage in China, he was yet poor and early supported himself by teaching. His pupils showed him an extraordinary devotion. The pick of the young men in his native state of Lu sat at his feet, and it was they who transmitted his tremendous influence. But Confucius saw not his immortal success, but his temporal failure. Only for a few brief years did circumstances permit him to exercise his practical genius for government. He became first a magistrate, then chief criminal judge in Lu, and, to quote Professor Legge, "crime ceased." Confucius, however, became dissatisfied with the ruler whom he served, a weak man who neglected his duty and gave himself up more and more to dissipation, so he resigned his post and banished himself.—London Spectator.

Don't Give Up.

Among some skaters was a boy so small and so evidently a beginner that his frequent mishaps awakened the pity of a tender hearted if not wise spectator.
"Why, sonny, you are getting all bumped up," she said. "I wouldn't stay on the ice and keep falling down so; I'd just come off and watch the others."
The tears of the last downfall were still rolling over the rosy cheeks, but the child looked from his adviser to the shining steel on his feet and answered, half indignantly:
"I didn't get 'em new skates to give up with; I got 'em to learn how with."
Life's hard tasks are never sent for us to give up with; they are always intended to awaken strength, skill and courage in learning how to master them.—Selected.

Narrow Escape.

She—Of course he bored me awfully, but I don't think I showed it. Every time I yawned I hid it with my hand. He (trying to be gallant)—Really I don't see how a hand so small could—hide—er—that is—beauty weather were having, isn't it?—Philadelphia Press.

Gas Engine

FOR SALE at a Bargain

One new 2 H. P. Foos Engine, with pump jack, all complete.

GEO. F. KOHLER

OUR POOR LITTLE EARTH.

A More Speck Compared With Some of the Monster Suns.
The main facts of astronomy are highly interesting. It is only dry text books that have made us turn away from them. Read a good popular astronomy and you will gain a dim, remote idea of infinity and eternity. Sometimes you think you see a big star, but you do not. You merely see the light from it which has been 2,500 years in reaching us.
Almost everybody knows that our earth is a third rate planet in our solar system. Jupiter would scarcely condescend to notice us. But they do not know that our sun itself sits below the salt. It would not be admitted to a congregation of important heavenly bodies. Canopus, the largest star that we see, is 10,000 times the size of our sun, and our solar center is hopelessly outclassed by Aldebaran, Rigel, Sirius, Betelgeuse and countless others.
Mark Twain put this fact very well in one of his stories, "Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven." When the captain arrived and announced that he was from the earth the recording angels could not remember ever having heard of such a place before. One finally recalled that it was a poor little planet belonging to a poor little solar system away down in a dark corner of the heavens.—New York World.

A BRIGHT IDEA.

Unusual Sagacity That Was Lauded by the Professor.
That the proverbial absentminded professor is sometimes ably abetted by his wife is illustrated by a story told of Professor Bunsen. One evening about the usual hour for retiring he took it into his head to run over to the club just as he and madam were returning from an evening call.
"But," said the lady, "I must have the front door locked before I retire."
This emergency staggered the professor, and as he looked bewildered at his wife the lady, seized with an inspiration, continued:
"I'll go in and lock the door and throw you the key from the window."
This program was carried out, and when he reached the club the professor related the incident to a friend as evidence of his wife's unusual sagacity.
The friend greeted the story with a roar of laughter.
"And why, my dear professor," he said, "did you not simply admit your wife, lock the door from the outside and come away?"
"True," ejaculated the learned man of science, "we never thought of that."
The climax of the incident was reached an hour later when, returning home, the professor discovered that the lady in her excitement had thrown out the wrong key.

How They Got Out.

Uncle Ephraim had two hogs, which he kept in a pen at the rear end of his little lot. They were of the "rasor-back" variety, and, although they were fed bountifully with kitchen waste, it seemed impossible to put any fat on their attenuated frames. One morning when he went out to feed them they were not there. They had disappeared, leaving no clew to the manner in which they had made their escape.
"What's the matter, Uncle Eph?" inquired a neighbor, noticing the deep dejection with which the old man was looking down into the empty pen.
"My haws is done gone, sah," he answered.
"Stolen?"
"No, sah; I don't see no signs dat anybody tuck 'em."
"Did they climb out over the top?"
"No, dey couldn't 'a' done dat."
"How do you think they got away?"
"Well, sah," said Uncle Ephraim, "my 'pinion is dat dem haws kind 'o raised themselves up on aidge an' croke through a crack."—Youth's Companion.

Wonderful Memories.

We are told that Pascal never forgot anything he had seen, heard or thought. Aricenus could repeat by rote the entire Koran when he was ten years old, and Francis Suarez had the whole of St. Augustine in his memory. In three weeks Scalliger, the famous scholar, committed to memory every line of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." Another scholar, Justus Lipsius, offered to repeat the "Histories" of Tacitus without a mistake on forfeit of his life.

Writing For Money.

Fond Father—Yes, my boy at the varsity has written several articles for the magazines.
Friend—But he's not a professional writer, surely?
"What do you mean by 'professional'?"
"Why, he doesn't write for money?"
"Doesn't he? You ought to see some of his letters to me."—Exchange.

Possibly True.

Mamma (to a friend who is lurching with her)—I don't know why it is, but I always eat more when we have company than when we're alone.
Tommy (helping himself to the third piece of cake)—I know why it is; 'cause we have better things to eat.—Brooklyn Life.

Insult Upon Injury.

"And to make matters worse," complained the employee who had just been blown up by a premature explosion in a quarry, "when I claimed damages the foreman called me a blasted fool."—Lippincott's.

Bind together your spare hours by the cords of some definite purpose.—William M. Taylor.

NOT A LAW CASE.

Just Wanted to Know Her Rights and How to Get Them.
In Washington some years ago there was a colored woman who demanded all that was due her. On one occasion, at a period when less care was given to the water supply than is now the case, the colored woman accosted a man who was just leaving the District government buildings. "Mistuh," she said, "I wants ter state a case."
"I am not a lawyer, aunty."
"Tain't no law case. I ain't gwine to sue nobody. I jes' wants to know what my rights is an' how to git 'em."
"You see any of the clerks here if it's government business."
"I ain't got no piece o' paper to show in at de window no's to get noticed. But I's bel'n' 'acriminated against."
"What's the trouble?" was the kindly inquiry.
"I ain't gittin' proper 'tention. Ev'ry once in awhile I hyabs it read out o' de paper dat somebody has got a eel out'n his hydrant."
"Well, an eel is a very cleanly sort of creature. It doesn't do any harm."
"You didn't sink I was a-sayin' of 'em, did you? De case I wants to lay befo' de government is dis: I pays extra rent to kiver de water tax. I's had a hydrant in my back yard foh fohleen years an' I ain't nebbor got no eel yet."
"What I wants to know is how does dey distribute dem eels? Is dey prizes or is dey favoritisms or what is dey? If dar's any eels comin' to me I's hyab wif my back, ready to take dem home right now, 'case we ain't got no money to buy meat, an' we's kin' o' hongry foh feesh anyhow."—Youth's Companion.

ENTIRELY TOO CAREFUL.

Fate of the Flowers the Master Placed in Water.
A certain good natured doctor whose doorbell rang late one Saturday night, supposing that the summons was from some one who needed his services, rose from bed, put on his dressing gown and went to the door.
A workman stood there, holding a huge paper package, from which buds and leaves were protruding.
"Is Miss Caroline Ward in?" he asked.
"She has retired," returned the doctor.
"Miss Caroline Ward was his cook."
"I'm sorry, sir, to call so late. Something went wrong with the tramcar I was in. I'll leave this for her, sir, if you will kindly give it to her in the morning."
"Certainly," said the doctor. He took the flowers into the kitchen, placed a dishpan in the sink, drew a few inches of water in it, carefully pressed the base of the package into the water and went back to bed, thinking how pleased the cook would be.
The next morning he found the cook holding a dripping bundle. She was angry.
"If I 'ad the pussons 'ere wot did this," said she, "I'd empty the kettle on 'em! I'd let 'em see if they could put the 'at what my young man bought me in a dishpan, I would!"
The doctor left the kitchen somewhat hurriedly.—London Scraps.

Might Change His Mind.

Sir Frank Lockwood was defending a man accused of swindling and in an eloquent peroration talked of his much injured client as an angel of light. When Sir Frank had finished his speech his client whispered that he wanted to shake hands with him.
"When first my solicitor told me what he was saying you," said the client, "I grumbled, but since I have been listening to you I have come to the conviction that the money was well spent, and I apologize. That half hour talk of yours about me has done me good. It is many years since I have experienced the luxury of self respect, and it is worth the money."
"Oh, that's all right," said Sir Frank genially, "but you take my advice and go out of court. Sir Edward Clarke, the lawyer on the other side, is just going to speak."

Poorly Paid Toy-makers.

The toy-makers of Sonneberg are among the worst paid work people in Germany. It often happens that the earnings of a Sonneberg workman and his family, working sixteen hours a day, do not exceed \$2.40 a week. About three years ago there was an exhibition of home industries in Berlin where articles from Sonneberg were displayed, the making of which was paid for at the rate of 4 cents an hour. Numerous instances are on record of children after school hours working six hours at a stretch coloring and polishing the heads of dolls for a pittance of 1/2 cents an hour.—Chicago News.

The Kings of Denmark.

The dust of the Danish kings is kept in a great cathedral at Roskilde, an old town twenty miles from Copenhagen. Every year the entire royal family always pay a visit to Roskilde in obedience to an ancient custom. On one of the pillars are marks showing the height of Peter the Great, Nicholas the Iron Czar, Alexander III. of Russia, the king of England and many other kings. The cathedral was built in the eleventh century. It has two mighty towers, which can be seen at a long distance. The oldest grave is that of King Harold I., who died in 987.

His Mistake.

Irate Customer—See here! That student lamp you sold me a week ago is no good. It won't work.
Dealer—Beg pardon, sir. I ought to have told you it was a college student lamp.—Puck.

Made It Very Clear.

"How do you suppose she manages to keep up appearances on her husband's income?"
"What is her husband's income?"
"I don't know; but, of course, it can't be as big as it would have to be if they could afford to live as they do."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The New England Spirit.

One thing we New Englanders like about us is our all around superiority to the people of the rest of this great and glorious country.—Springfield Union.

Better Plumbing

MANY homes should have better bath rooms than they now have. We have always tried not only to do better plumbing than we ever did before, but better than anybody else can do. The volume of work we are now doing shows how we are succeeding.



We use only genuine "Standard" plumbing fixtures and employ only experienced workmen. Our repairing service is prompt and reliable.

A. DUSSELL & SON,
Columbus, Nebraska

HER ONE QUESTION.

The Woman in the Case, as Usual, Had the Last Word.
When Mr. Jenkins went to his bedroom at half past 1 it was with the determination of going to sleep and with another determination that he would not be interviewed by Mrs. Jenkins. So as soon as he had entered the door and deposited his lamp upon the dressing table he commenced to undress and to make his speech:
"I locked the front door. I put the chain on. I pulled the key out a little bit. The dog is inside. I put the kitten out. I emptied the drip pan of the refrigerator. The cook took the silver to bed with her. I put a case under the knob of the back hall door. I put the fastenings over the bathroom windows. The parlor fire has coal on. I put the cake box back in the closet. I did not drink all the milk. It is not going to rain. Nobody gave me any message for you. I mailed your letter as soon as I got downtown. Your mother did not call at the office. Nobody died that we are interested in. Did not hear of a marriage or engagement. I was very busy at the office making out bills. I have hung my clothes over chair backs. I want a new egg for breakfast. I think that is all, and I will now put out the light."
Mr. Jenkins felt that he had hedged against all inquiry, and a triumphant smile was upon his face as he took hold of the gas check and sighted a line for the bed when he was startled by the query from Mrs. Jenkins, "Why don't you take off your hat?"—Argonaut.

THE MICROSCOPE.

It Has Its Prototype in Every Spherical Drop of Water.
Nature offers a free microscope whenever one is wanted. She has been dealing in free optical instruments and optical phenomena ever since the first dewdrop formed or the first raindrop fell earthward. Every dewdrop and raindrop and spherical water drop has all the powers and principles of a microscope. To get one of nature's microscopes in operation take up a drop of water between the two points of two sharpened sticks, say matches, and hold the drop over the minute object to be examined. The result will be that the object will be magnified about three diameters. The supposed invention of the microscope was nothing more than shaping a piece of glass into an imitation of a water drop so as to be easily handled. Spiders have made suspension bridges for ages. The rough edge of straw grass gave the inventor of the microscope the rough blade for the harvester. The buzzard has been using the aeroplane for flying a good many centuries. By tapping on an end of a long beam the man at the farther end can hear you telegraphing the sound traveling through the timber. Fishes have been using bladders of wind for balloons, lifting them in water for countless years. Water has been a camera ever since the world had sunshine. Help yourself to nature's store of all things man needs, but never say anything about the invention. Nature is unvented; you can only arrange and combine facts.—St. Louis Republic.

WATER EXPERTS.

Feats of Diving That Are Performed by Swedish Swimmers.
The Swedes delight in "combination diving," and two men will perform many clever feats together. One of the most grotesque of these is when one man stands upright on a springboard and tightly clasps another man's body round the waist, holding him head downward and putting his own head toward the man's legs. When the upright man springs from the board he throws his legs into the air so that the two men, clasping each other tightly round the waist, turn a somersault, and when they reach the water the man who started upside down arrives feet foremost.
The handspring dive is a very effective specialty of Swedish swimmers. The performer takes off from the diving board with hands instead of feet, turning his body in order to descend feet foremost or somersaulting to arrive head downward.
Very graceful also is the back dive, in which the spring is made backward, the body turning toward the springboard.
Double somersault dives are made from platforms thirty to fifty feet high, the diver making two turns in the air and entering the water feet foremost.—London Saturday Review.

London's Police Press.

An article in the Illustrated English Magazine gives an account of the printing department of Scotland Yard and the astonishing amount of work it turns out. Four times a day a broadside is issued to all the police officers. At 9 in the morning the first is sent out, giving an inventory of all property lost. At noon is issued a list of all persons missing, and this often occupies several pages. At half past 6 the broadside contains both subjects, and also at half past 10. A habitual criminal register is distributed and every few days an account of persons released on tickets of leave. A sheet of missing articles is sent to every pawnbroker, and as many as 4,000 copies of this document are needed. This is only a small part of the work done by the Scotland Yard press.

When You Can't Sleep.

There is an old theory, which many people believe and which is certainly harmless, that sleeplessness may often be cured in the following odd way: Move your bed out into the room so that no part of bed or covers will touch the wall. Then place under each corner of the bed a piece of rubber or a rubber overshoe or set the caster in a thick glass dish. Then go to bed, making sure the covers do not touch the wall. Thus the bed and yourself will be cut off from all electric contact by floor or wall. Such absence of electric contact, it is claimed, will make you sleep better. It is said to have cured stubborn cases of insomnia.

How to Open a New Book.

The best way to open a new book without risk of injuring it is to place it on its back upon a smooth or covered table, let down the fore and then the hind board, hold the leaves in one hand and open a few of the fore and afterward the end leaves until you reach the center of the volume. Do this several times and you will not break the back of the book.

His Way of Putting It.

Sillicus—Do you believe there is honor among thieves? Cynicus—No; they are just as bad as other people.—Philadelphia Record.