

# NORTH Theatre

ONE NIGHT ONLY  
Monday, March 7

Return of the popular  
WILLIAM GREW PLAYERS

The Great Drury Lane Theatre  
London, success

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Beautiful Scenery, Costumes, Effects

Cast of Fifteen People  
Direct from the Barwood Theatre  
Omnibus

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**COMING**  
Frederick Thompson's  
"Polly of the Circus"

David Belasco's  
The Girl of the Golden West

"Polly of the Circus"

The story of Frederic Thompson's "Polly of the Circus," with pretty Fay Wallace in the leading role, which comes to the North Theatre soon relates the love of Polly, the pet of the circus, who having suffered a severe injury in a fall from her horse, is carried into the paragon adjacent to the circus lot, and of the young parson into whose heart she is carried as well. There follows her to the paragon, much to the disgust of several parishioners, the old clown, Toby and "Big Jim," the boss canvasser of the show. They have been the self-appointed guardians of the girl ever since her babyhood, when her mother, herself a bareback rider, died. They leave her to the kindly care of the parson and go their way. Polly recovers in due time and soon, under the careful tutelage of the young minister, forgets her slant of the dressing room and road, and becomes a ray of sunshine to the lonely pastor and the children of the flock. The story is followed out logically and simply to the end. The cast is a capable one and the scenic equipment is elaborate and novel. This is the same production that played for one solid year at the Liberty Theatre, New York.

### Advertised Letters.

Following is a list of unclaimed mail matter remaining in the post office at Columbus, Nebraska, for the period ending February 23, 1910:

Letters—Ralph A. Chappell, R. G. Gilchrist, Ralph Plummer, Miss M. M. Hogan care Madison Hotel, Miss Lucy Schreiber, Conrad Schreiber, Cards Hounts Miller, Ralph Plummer, M. Strak.

Parties calling for any of the above will please say advertised.

CARL KRAMER, P. M.

Men of better mind manifest themselves in their equitable dealings, small minded men in their going after gain.—Confucius.

### A SECOND MEETING.

The Earl of Stanhope and the Trusting Highwayman.

One night when the Earl of Stanhope was walking alone in the Kentish lanes a man jumped out of the hedge, leveled a pistol and demanded his purse.

"My good man, I have no money with me," said Lord Stanhope in his remarkably slow tones. The robber laid hands on his watch.

"No," Lord Stanhope went on; "that watch you must not have. It was given to me by one I love. It is worth £100. If you will trust me, I will go back to Chevening and bring a £100 note and place it in the hollow of that tree I cannot lose my watch."

The man did trust him. The earl did bring the note. Years after Lord Stanhope was at a city dinner, and next to him sat a London alderman of great wealth, a man widely respected. He and the earl talked of many things and found each other mutually entertaining.

Next day Lord Stanhope received a letter, out of which dropped a £100 note. "It was your lordship's kind loan of this sum," said the letter, "that started me in life and enabled me to have the honor of sitting next to your lordship at dinner."

A strange story, but the Stanhopes are a strange race, and things happen to them that never did or could occur to other people.—London Spectator.

### A TURKISH LEGEND.

The Red Rose Sprang From a Drop of Mohammed's Blood.

"A truly religious Turk looks upon the rose with great reverence," said a florist. "The rose is beyond question the prettiest flower that blooms, and it was so considered by the Turks many years before the conquest of Granada. There is a religious legend generally believed in throughout Turkey that the red rose sprang from a drop of the great prophet Mohammed's blood. Everything beautiful in nature is ascribed to him. The Turks, therefore, have great reverence for the flower and allow it to bloom and die untouched, except on state occasions and for the purpose of making rose-water.

"After the conquest by the Turks they would not worship in any church until the walls were cleansed and washed with rosewater and thus purified by the blood of the prophet. It is used on the body for the same purpose. A Turk whose conscience is stung by some act or deed he has committed will caress and pay reverence to the rose to appease the wrath of the prophet and Allah.

"With these ideas inculcated in him from youth it would shock him severely to see the pretty flower strewn in the path of a bridal couple, thrown on the public stage or banded up in hundreds at a swell reception or party to be crushed and spoiled in an evening."

Ignorance. Elsie: They're twins, aren't they? Bob (scornfully): Twins, you duffer! Can't you see one's a boy and one is a girl?—London Opinion.

Do not put off under false pretenses.—Homer.

### NOTICE OF SALE UNDER CHATTEL MORTGAGE.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a chattel mortgage dated on the 22nd day of November, 1909, and duly filed in the office of the county clerk in and for Platte county, Nebraska, on the 22nd day of November, 1909, and executed by E. P. Williams and C. D. Williams to A. M. Jones and E. B. Foster to secure the payment of the sum of \$50.00, and on which there is now due \$27.25, default having been made in the payment of said sum, and no suit or other proceedings at law having been instituted to recover said sum or any part of said debt, therefore I will sell the property therein described, viz: One model 1907 Buick Touring Car, No. 2004, at public auction at the garage of Jones & Foster, in the city of Columbus, county of Platte and state of Nebraska, on the 23rd day of March, 1910, at one o'clock p. m.

A. M. JONES AND E. B. FOSTER, Mortgagees. Dated March 2nd, 1910.

### Romance of an Inkstain.

Pens and furniture used in the signing of famous treaties and documents recall Archibald Forbes' experience after Sedan. After witnessing Napoleon's interview with Bismarck at a wayside cottage and his subsequent surrender Forbes and a fellow war correspondent slept at the chateau which the fallen emperor had occupied the night before. The bedroom was just as Napoleon had left it and by the bed the open book which he had read himself to sleep. It was Lytton's "Last of the Barons." Sitting at the adjoining writing table, Forbes wrote his dispatch, while his companion gnawed at a ham bone, their sole remainder of food. Irrate at the little eating it furnished, he flung it across the room and upset the inkstand into which Forbes was dipping. When Forbes revisited the chateau a month or so later the inkstain was pointed out as caused by Napoleon's rage on learning the German terms of peace.—London Chronicle.

### Diplomatic.

The late Lord Savile used to say that high diplomats had always to be on their guard against intriguing women, mainly Russian agents, who would use any wile to extract information. During the Russo-Turkish war, when Europe was always on the verge of a crisis and Russian statesmen were most anxious to know what England would do under given circumstances, a lady came up to him suddenly at a ball and said:

"I hear that the Russians have made a forced march and entered Constantinople," hoping, no doubt, that he would be surprised into some indiscreet expression.

He merely replied:

"Indeed! And I suppose the sultan has conferred on them the order of the Turkish bath?"

The lady continued gravely:

"And they say in Paris that if England does not interfere the eastern question is settled in favor of Russia."

"And that," replied his excellency, "is, I suppose, the new judgment of Paris."

### The Raising of Rice.

The cultivation of rice extends back into the dim past, and there are no authentic records as to when it first began. Evidence points, however, to the Chinese having been among the earliest people to cultivate it, and such great value was attached to it that in the annual ceremonial sowing of important plants inaugurated by the Emperor Ch'ing-mo so far back in the past as 2800 B. C. the rice had to be sown only by the emperor himself, while the four other plants of the ceremony might be sown by the princes of his family. In India rice has been cultivated from time immemorial. It was introduced at an early period into Syria, Egypt and other parts of northern Africa. In more modern times rice has been sown in Spain, France and Italy, the first cultivation in the last named country being stated to have been near Pisa in 1468. The plant is believed to have been introduced into America in 1647, when Sir William Berkeley raised a crop of thirteen bushels from half a bushel of seed.

### The Waiter's Tip.

"Splitting a five dollar bill with a waiter when you reach a hotel and promising him the other piece when you leave if well served is a poor game," said a veteran waiter in one of New York's biggest hotels.

"A man tried it on me once, and it made me sore. I took pains to serve him poorly, showing that I did not care for his money. I was so careless that when he was leaving he refused me the other half. I had him sized up for a cheap skate, so I pointed out to him that the piece he had was no good to him as it was offered to buy it from him for \$2. He thought deeply a minute and declined. Then I offered to sell my half for \$3. Somehow or other this appealed to him, and he bought it and seemed happy. I'll bet he hasn't stopped figuring out yet whether he won or lost. One thing he's sure of—he didn't tip the waiter."—New York Sun.

### A Gentle Hint.

A certain butcher is renowned among his contemporaries for the quaintness and originality of some of his remarks. On a road leading to a neighboring parish he one day met a gentleman who at the time owed him for some meat. After a salutation the gentleman remarked:

"That's a fine fat dog you have, Alexander."

"Sae weel he may, sir," was the reply, "for he has an easy conscience and is out o' debt, and that's mair than you or I can say."

The hint was taken, and the butcher got his money next day.—London Answers.

### Waiting to Find Out.

Cincinnati Tourist (who for the first time has just entered a restaurant in Paris)—Have you ordered? St. Louis Tourist (who has reached the table some minutes before and who looks up from a French bill of fare)—Yes, Cincinnati Tourist—What did you order? St. Louis Tourist (impatiently)—How do I know?—Chicago News.

### The Funny Doctor.

Dr. McCree—My dear Mrs. Goodman, how could you bring out a young child on such a day as this with such a strong east wind blowing? Mrs. Goodman—Ah, doctor, you will always have your little joke. How can a child of this age possibly know what wind it is?—London Answers.

### Perfectly Cool.

Mr. Figg—Gasser says he kept perfectly cool last night when that burglar got into the house. Mrs. Figg—So his wife told me. She found him trying to hide in the refrigerator.—Boston Transcript.

### Food and Fresh Air.

You can live forty days without food, but you cannot live four minutes without air. These things being true, is it wise to stuff ourselves with food and starve ourselves for want of air?

### Not Always.

Tommy—Pop, what is the difference between a probability and a possibility? Tommy's Pop—A probability, my son, is something you want to happen.—Philadelphia Record.



Ask for Cooper Wells & Co.'s No. 99 and get stockings that not only look well and fit perfectly with no seams to annoy, but which give remarkable service. We recommend them.

**J. H. GALLEY**

505 Eleventh St. Columbus

### In the Nick of Time.

The steamer was on the point of leaving, and the passengers lounged on the deck and waited for the start. At length one of them espied a cab in the far distance, and it soon became evident that the driver was doing his level best to catch the boat.

Already the sailors' hands were on the gangways, and the cab's chances looked small indeed. Then a sportive passenger wagered a sovereign to a shilling that he would miss it. The offer was taken, and at once the deck became a scene of wild excitement.

"He'll miss it!"

"No; he'll just do it!"

"Come on!"

"He won't do it!"

"Yes, he will. He's done it! Hurrah!"

In the very nick of time the cab arrived, its occupant sprang out and ran up the one gangway left.

"Cast off," he cried.

It was the captain.—Pearson's Weekly.

### An East Indian Verdict.

In a case in one of our Indian courts a jury had before it evidence that could not be in any way shaken. When the concluding stage had been reached the following interchange of conversation took place between the judge and his colleagues in the administration of justice:

"Gentlemen, are you ready to give your verdict?"

"Yes."

"What is your verdict?"

"Our answer is, sir, that you can do as you like with the men that have confessed, but we acquit all the rest."

"But is it possible that you have weighed the evidence?"

"Evidence like this can always be fabricated."

"Do you find that as regards these prisoners it has been fabricated?"

"Evidence can be fabricated."

"Unless a man confesses who can tell he is guilty?"—Bombay Gazette.

### The Fun of the Feros.

It is related that the manager of a theater consented to hear in his room a young man who had an unfortunate impediment in his speech read a short farce, the sole condition being that it should not occupy more time than it took to finish the cigar the manager had just lit. They both started, the one reading, the other smoking, but as the mild Havana gradually grew shorter the worse the young author spluttered. They finished together. Of course the question was immediately put, "What do you think of it?"

"Well," replied the manager, "it's not a half bad idea. Father, mother, lover, daughter, all stuttering, will be novel!"

The author, furious, exclaimed: "They don't stutter! It is only my misfortune."

"Oh, then, the play isn't funny at all! Sorry that I can't accept it," returned the manager.

### Above Her Business.

The tall man came into her little blue kitchen and looked over the shelves which were just beneath the level of his head, but above hers. He ran his finger over one shelf, then showed it to her. It was pretty black.

"You are a nice housekeeper," he said.

"This kitchen wasn't made for tall people," she explained flatteringly. "It was made for little ones."—New York Press.

### Crude Logic.

It is told of an East Indian law student that he once threw his examiners into confusion by declaring matrimony to be an illegal state. "How so? How so?" he was asked by the perturbed examiners, many of them married men. The student smiled beatifically. "Marriage," quoth he, "is a lottery, and lotteries are forbidden by law."

### A Frequent Insecurity.

"The man's own words prove him a prevaricator," said Mr. Quibbles.

"In what way?"

"He writes me an insulting letter and signs it 'Yours respectfully.'"—Washington Star.

### Politics.

Notice—They tell me that a man can't go into politics and remain honest. Old Stager—Yes, he can. But it isn't necessary.—Chicago Tribune.

Success doesn't "happen." It is organized, pre-empted, captured by concentrated common sense.—Francis H. Willard.

**Gas Engine FOR SALE at a Bargain**

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

**GEO. F. KOHLER**

### A Knockout.

A young lawyer was engaged in a case when a witness was put in the box to testify to the reputation of the place in question.

This witness in answer to a query as to the reputation of the place replied, "A poor shop."

The lawyer inquired, "You say it has the reputation of being a 'poor shop'?"

"Yes, sir."

"Whom did you hear say it was a 'poor shop'?"

The witness did not recollect any one he had heard say so.

"What?" said the lawyer. "You have sworn this place has the reputation of being a poor shop and yet cannot tell of any one you have ever heard say so?"

The witness was staggered for a moment at the words of the lawyer. The lawyer was feeling triumphant when the witness gathered himself together and quietly remarked, addressing the lawyer:

"Well, you have the reputation of being a poor lawyer, but I have never heard any one say so."

### Why Hindoos Don't Go Mad.

Why are there so few lunatic asylums and so small a proportion of insane persons in India? That is a question which many a traveler has wonderingly asked. The Hindoos regulate their lives entirely in accordance with their religion—that is, their working, eating, sleeping, as well as what we usually regard as our "life" in the religious sense of the word. Everything is arranged for them, and they follow the rules now just as they did 2,000 years ago. This constant observance of the same rules for twenty centuries has molded the brains of the race into one shape, as it were, and although their rites are queer enough, yet there is but an occasional example of that striking deviation from the common which is called insanity in countries unhabited by the white race. They are fatalists too. With them it is a case of "what is to be will be" carried to the extreme. This has in time given them the power to take all things calmly and so freed them from the anxiety that drives so many white men into the lunatic asylums.

### Thought It Was the Monkey's.

A diamond necklace was possessed by Mme. Geoffrey de St. Hilaire, the wife of the famous French naturalist. It was one of the chiefest of her "conquests," as Hindoo women aptly term their jewels. One day madame missed her necklace. There was a terrible turmoil in the house, and all the servants down to the foolish fat scullion were suspected, but in turn proved their innocence. At last it was remembered that M. de St. Hilaire had a pet monkey, and on a search being made in the "glory hole" of the quadrangle the precious bauble was discovered hidden away with a white satin shoe, several cigar ends, a pencil case and a decomposed apple. The renowned naturalist calmly observed that he had frequently seen the monkey playing with the necklace. "Why did you not take it from him?" indignantly asked his spouse. "I thought it belonged to him," replied M. de St. Hilaire. He evidently thought there was nothing unnatural in an ape possessing a diamond necklace as his personal property.

### The Monasteries of Tibet.

Every Tibetan family is compelled to devote its firstborn male child to a monastic life. Soon after his birth the child is taken to a Buddhist monastery to be brought up and trained in priestly mysteries. At about the age of eight he joins one of the caravans which travel to Lassa. There he is attached to one of the local monasteries, where he remains as a novice until he is fifteen, learning to read the sacred books and perform the religious rites of his faith. The firstborn son, being thus sent into the church, as we should say in this country, the second becomes the head of the family and marries. Unlike some other semi-civilized races, these young Tibetans have the right of choosing their own wives. Nor can a Tibetan girl be married off by her parents without her own consent. The curious custom in regard to the eldest sons results of course, in nearly every Tibetan family acquiring the odor of sanctity, numbering a monk among its members.—London Telegraph.

### Slow but Inexorable Justice.

In October, 1900, Pietro Giacconi and Marie Bonelli were tried at Rome on a charge of sextuple murder by poisoning committed thirty-one years before. In England Eugene Aram was hanged for the murder of Clarke fourteen years after the offense. A man named Horne was executed for the murder of his child in the eighteenth century no less than thirty-five years after the offense. There is also the well known case of Governor Wall, who was executed in 1802 for a murder committed in 1782. Sherward was hanged at Norwich for the murder of his wife after a lapse of twenty years. But Sir Fitzjames Stephens recalls what is the most remarkable case of all. He prosecuted as counsel for the crown in 1863 a man who was charged with stealing a leaf from a parish register sixty years before—that is, in 1803. In this case the prisoner was acquitted.—London Standard.

### Prohibited Coffee Houses.

So many coffee houses sprang into existence in England during the reign of Charles II. that he, entertaining a belief that many political intrigues had their beginning in those places, issued an edict ordering them to be closed. In this proclamation the following words occurred: "The retailing of coffee or tea might be an innocent trade, but it was said to nourish sedition, spread lies and scandalize great men. It might also be a common nuisance."

### Concoited.

Phyllis—Harry is the most conceited man I ever met. Maud—What makes you think so? Phyllis—Why, he first asserts that I am the most adorable woman in the world, the most beautiful, intellectual and in every respect a paragon, and then he wants me to marry him!

### Scandalous.

"What do you think? Mrs. Zizel, who never goes to church, has won the first prize in the church lottery?"—Meggendorfer Blatter.

# HORSE SALE

I will sell at Public Auction at  
**Ernst & Brock's Barn**  
COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA

On  
**Wednesday, Mar. 9**

Commencing at 1 o'clock p. m.  
**50 HORSES 50**

Consisting of some good matched pairs of mares and geldings, weighing from 2,400 to 3,000 a span; a few driving horses, also three or four spans of mules.

These horses are from 4 to 7 years old, and everyone a good broke one, and as good a quality as you will find anywhere in one bunch of horses.

If you have any old fat horses, bring them in, and if I cannot buy them, there will be a number of buyers who will.

TERMS: 10 months' time, at 8 per cent, on bankable paper.

**THOS. BRANIGAN**  
BRUCE WEBB, G. W. PHILLIPS,  
Auctioneer Clerk

### Knew the Wrong Man.

It was with a good deal of confidence that he walked up to the magistrate's desk in a Philadelphia station notwithstanding the fact that a police man had a firm hold on both sleeves. He waited quietly till one of the policemen made the accusation of "drunk and disorderly" and then asked the magistrate if he might speak.

"Yes," replied the magistrate. "What have you to say?"

"Well, judge, I was drunk last night, but it does not often happen. I have lived in this ward nearly all my life, and any one can tell you that."

"Oh, lived here all your life, have you? Do you know any one in the ward that can speak for you?" asked the magistrate.

"Yes," said the prisoner. "I know — He can tell you all about me."

"You know him, do you? Well, so do I. Ten days," was the result.

### To Rest His Eyes.

The people who quit reading "just to rest their eyes" might take a hint by inference from the reply made by an old illiterate. A passing man found him apparently deeply interested in a paper.

On looking close it became apparent that his paper was upside down, and he was asked forthwith why he held it thus.

His reply almost knocked the questioner out. It was:

"Just to rest my eyes!"

### A Reversal.

"I suppose you talked a lot of nonsense to your wife before you were married."

"Yes," answered Mr. Meekton. "Before we were married she thought my nonsense sensible. Now when I try to talk sense she thinks it's nonsense."—Exchange.

### Justification.

The old ducky had driven his fare to the hotel and was now demanding a dollar for his service.

"What!" protested the passenger. "A dollar for that distance? Why, is isn't half a mule as the crow flies?"

"Dat's true, boss," returned Sambo, with an appealing smile. "But, you see, sah, dat old crow he ain't got free wives an' ten chilluns to support, not to mention de keep for de boss."—Harper's Weekly.

### He Had.

The kind hearted man had given the panhandler a nickel.

"Haven't you got anything smaller?" asked the panhandler.

"Well, here's a dime; that's smaller," answered the good natured man, displaying the coin for a moment and walking away.—Buffalo Express.

### Musical Note.

A thief was lately caught breaking into a song. He had already got through the first two bars when a policeman came out of an area and hit him with his staff. Several notes were found upon him.—London Mail.

### Bright and Dark Days.

There are bright days and dark days, and we must take advantage of the former and be as little discouraged as possible by the latter. They are all in a lifetime.

Common sense is the knack of seeing things as they are and doing things as they ought to be done.—Stowe.

### Notes on Speed.

The maximum speed acquired by the average person in swimming comfortably is thirty-nine inches a second, while oarsmen in an eight oared boat acquire a speed of 197 inches in a second. Skaters average from nine to ten yards a second. The horse can gallop six miles in an hour for a considerable length of time. The swift otter dog in the world, the borzoi, or Russian wolfhound, has made record runs at the rate of seventy-five feet in a second, while the gazelle has shown measured speed of more than eighty feet a second, which would give it a speed of 4,800 feet in a minute if it could keep it up. The whale struck by a harpoon has been known to dive at the rate of 300 yards a minute. A species of falcon known as the wandering falcon flies from north Africa to northern Germany in one unbroken flight, making the distance in eleven hours.

### Rules of Sleep.

Those who think most, who do most brain work, require most sleep, and time "saved" from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to mind, body and estate. Give yourself, your children, your servants—give all that are under you—the fullest amount of sleep they will take by compelling them to go to bed at some regular early hour and to rise in the morning the moment they awake, and within a fortnight nature, with almost the regularity of the rising sun, will unloose the bonds of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system. That is the only safe and sufficient rule, and, as to the question how much sleep any one requires, each must be a rule for himself. Great nature will never fail to write it out to the observer under the regulations just given.—London Globe.

### There They Were.

"I am here, gentlemen," explained the pickpocket to his fellow prisoners, "as the result of a moment of abstraction." "And I am here," said the incendiary, "because of an unfortunate habit of making light of things." "And I," said the forger, "on account of a simple desire to make a name for myself." "And I," added the burglar, "through nothing but taking advantage of an opening which offered in a large mercantile establishment in town."

### Bunched His Blunders.

"John," said Mrs. Billus after the caller had gone away,